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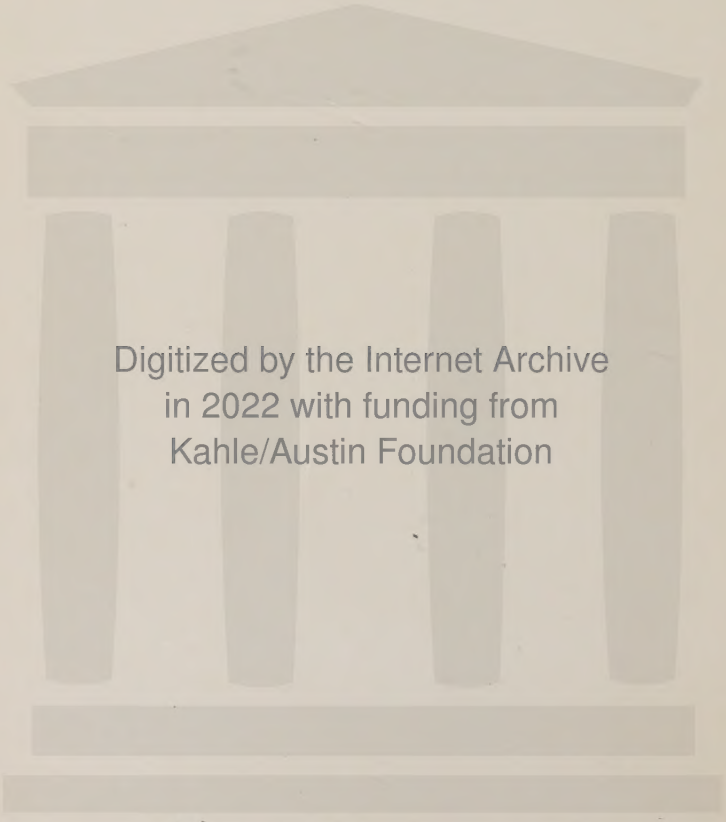
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The Labor Movement and Socialism.



THE relation of labor unions to the Socialist movement is in many countries the subject of sharp differences of opinion, even of bitter strife. The situation is by no means everywhere the same. In England, for example, after the break-up of the Chartist political movement in 1848 the union movement increased greatly and became a mighty organization of the masses of the workingmen. But this great body of workers remained indifferent to Socialism, or even inimical to it, and the Socialist party remained a small sect. In America the labor movement developed according to the English pattern. In Germany and Belgium, on the contrary, the situation is exactly reversed. There the Socialist party grew mightily in the first place; then the workers, who had learned how to conduct the fight on the political field, began the struggle for better conditions against individual employers. On this account the unions remained in these countries closely connected with the Socialist party; in Belgium, in fact, they are an organic part of the Socialist movement. Here they are, however, comparatively weak, and it is to be expected that as they increase in strength they will make themselves more independent.

This division is imposed by the different objects of the political and labor union struggles. The Socialist party holds to a great and far-reaching purpose; a purpose not immediately understood by everyone; a purpose which, in fact, is often mis-

understood and therefore has to meet opposition, prejudice and hatred which can be overcome only through extended educational propaganda. The objective of the unions, on the other hand, is an immediate one, the securing of higher wages and shorter hours. This is instantly intelligible to everyone; does not demand deep convictions, but appeals rather to immediate interest. On this account quite undeveloped workers must not be hindered from joining the unions because of their prejudice against a world-overturning force like Socialism. As soon as the unions attempt to take in the great mass of the workers they must be absolutely independent. Of course a friendly relation to the Socialist party can still be maintained.

This is the situation in Germany. The unions are independent organizations; they are "neutral," i. e., they ask no questions as to the religious or political opinions of their members. They remain, however, constantly in friendly touch with the Socialist party, even if now and then a little friction does occur. "Party and union are one," is the oft quoted expression of a prominent union leader; this is taken for granted because of the fact that the party members and the great body of union adherents are the same persons, the same workingmen.

The need of having unions to improve the immediate situation of the workers and the advantages which grow out of these need not be examined. But the goal of the working class is the complete extermination of capitalism. Have the unions any part in this struggle for the complete liberation of the proletariat? Before this question can be answered we must make a closer investigation into the general conditions of the struggle for the freedom of the workers.

* * * *

Why does the great body of workingmen still permit itself to be ruled and exploited by the capitalists? Why are they not in a position to drive the minority of exploiters from power? Because they are an unorganized, undisciplined, individualistic and ignorant mass. The majority is impotent because it consists of a divided crowd of individuals each one of whom wishes to act according to his own impulse, regard his own interests, and in addition has no understanding of our social system. It lacks organization and knowledge. The minority, the ruling class, on the contrary, is strong because it possesses both organization and knowledge. Not only does it have in its service scholars and men of learning; it controls also a strong organization, the state administration. The army of officials, government underlings, law-givers, judges, representatives, politicians and soldiers works like a gigantic machine which instantly suppresses any attack on the existing order; a machine against which every individual is

powerless and by which, if he opposes it, he is crushed like a troublesome insect; a machine which, indeed, can easily shatter in a struggle even a great organization of workers. In this machine each works as a part of the whole: in the working class each man acts for himself or a small group. No wonder that the few, through their superior strength, rule the majority with ease.

But things are already changing. Economic development is always producing greater machines, more gigantic factories, more colossal capitalizations. It gathers ever greater bodies of laborers about these machines, forces them into organized trade under the command of capital, robs them of their personal and national distinctions and takes from them the possibility of personal success. But incidentally it suggests to them the thought of organization, of union of their forces, as the only means of improving their position and opposing the overpowering might of capital. Economic development thus brings forth the labor movement, which begins the class-struggle against capital.

The object of the labor movement is to increase the strength of the proletariat to the point at which it can conquer the organized force of the bourgeoisie and thus establish its own supremacy. The power of the working class rests, in the first place, upon its members and upon the important rôle which it plays in the process of production. It constitutes an increasingly large majority of the population. Production proceeds upon a constantly increasing scale, and so is carried on more and more by wage-workers; and the relations of its branches grows constantly more complex. Under these circumstances workingmen find it possible through the strike to bring our whole social life to a standstill. In order that they may be in a position to use this great power in the right way the workers must come to a consciousness of their situation and master an understanding of, and insight into, our social system. They must be class-conscious, i. e., clearly recognize the clash of interests between themselves and the capitalists. And they must have sufficient intelligence to find the right methods of prosecuting the class-struggle and reject the wrong ones. Enlightenment, the spreading of knowledge, is therefore one of the mightiest and most important weapons of the labor movement; this is the immediate purpose of the Socialist propaganda. In the third place, means must be found to turn knowledge into deeds, to apply intelligence in action. To do this we need an organization in which the powers of the individual are joined in a single will and thereby fused into a common social force. The outer form of organization is not the main thing, but the spirit which holds the organization together. Just as the grains of sand are held together by a cement and thus the mass of them becomes a heavy stone, so

must the individuals be cemented together so that the organization will not fly asunder at the first opposition, but rather will conquer all opposition like a mighty mass. This immaterial, spiritual cement is the discipline which leads the individual to subordinate his own will to that of the whole and to place his entire strength at the disposal of the community. It is not the giving up of one's own views, but the recognition of the fact that united action is necessary and that the minority cannot expect the majority to conform to its notions—a recognition which has become a powerful motive for action.

The first of the three factors which constitute the strength of the working class will be increasingly developed by economic evolution independently of our will. The further development of the other two is the task of the labor movement. All our working and striving is devoted to this purpose: to improve the knowledge, the class-consciousness, the organization, the discipline, of the working class. Only when these are sufficiently developed can we conquer the most powerful organization of the ruling class, the state.

* * * *

Now what are the respective parts played in this development of working class power by the political party and the labor union? Through sermons, speeches and theoretic instruction we can never call into being organization and discipline—no, not even social intelligence and class-consciousness. The worth of theoretic instruction lies in the fact that it explains and illuminates practical experience, brings it to clear consciousness; but it cannot serve as a substitute for this experience. Only through practice, practice in the struggle, can the workers acquire that understanding of theoretic teaching and those intellectual and moral qualities which will make their power great.

It is generally known that in western Europe it has been the politico-parliamentary activity which has chiefly contributed to the tremendous increase of the Socialist movement and everywhere given strength to the Social Democratic parties. What is the meaning of this? That the political struggle has given a mighty impetus to the class-consciousness, the insight, the group-feeling, of the hitherto unconscious, unrelated workers. The representatives of the workers took a stand in parliament against the government and the bourgeois parties, tore from their faces the masks of guardians of "the general welfare," revealed them as expressions of bourgeois interests inimical to the workers, and through suggestions for the improvement of the conditions of the laborers forced them to show their true characters; by these means they enlightened the people as to the class character of the state and the rulers. The critique which they carried on in

debate with the mouthpieces of the bourgeoisie and the capitalist system penetrated through the papers to the uttermost corners of the land and roused to reflection those who otherwise remain untouched by public gatherings. The careful following of parliamentary struggles, of the speeches of their own representatives and of their opponents, developed to a high degree the political intelligence of the workers and increased their understanding of social phenomena. Herein lies the significance of the political struggle for the increase of the power of the working class: the totally unconscious are shaken up and induced to think; their class-consciousness awakes and they join the class organizations of the proletariat; the already class-conscious workingmen become better and better instructed and their knowledge becomes more thorough.

Just as important is the activity connected with labor union struggle. The effect of this conflict is to build up and strengthen the workingmen's organizations. Through the efforts of the union to improve the conditions of labor increasing numbers of workers who before kept themselves at a distance are aroused and brought into the organization. The most effective recruiting force, it is generally known, is not the designed propaganda carried on through meetings and tracts, but the influence of strikes and lock-outs. The chief significance of these struggles, however, lies in the development of discipline and mutual fidelity. This becomes tough as steel only when it has been tempered in the fire of conflict. The suppression of egotism, the surrender of the individual to the whole, the sacrifice of the individual interest for the organization, can be learned and thoroughly ingrained only in struggle. Experience of the fact that all together suffer defeat if the individual lacks the necessary feeling of solidarity, that on the other hand victory is the reward of unwavering co-operation, beats into everyone this necessary discipline. It is thus the labor unions which weld the scattered individualistic workers into powerful units, teach them to act unitedly as a body, and produce among them the highest working class virtue, solidarity.

In addition the labor union struggle contributes to the knowledge of the workers. It is in this conflict that most of them learn the A B C of Socialism, the opposition of interests between workingmen and employers. Here they can get hold of this fundamental fact of capitalistic society, which appears much less clearly in the political fight. On this account the unions have often been called the preparatory schools of Socialism; they might better be called elementary schools, for it is the real elementary principles that one learns in the labor struggle. Of course this elementary knowledge of the opposition of interests between employes and employers is not adequate to an under-

standing of our social system; one who knows nothing more will be nonplussed and without resource when he confronts the more complex relations, the rôle of the other classes, of the office-holders, of the state, for example, and other political and ideological phenomena.

On the other hand, the political struggle has an essential significance for the organizations of the working class. The union organizations always have their limitations; they include only members of a particular craft, and so develop with the strong solidarity of the fellow craftsmen their guild spirit, their isolation, yes, often an unfriendly jealousy of other crafts. This narrowness is swept away by the political struggle. In politics class stands against class. There the delegates of labor speak not as the representatives of the carpenters or the miners; they do not even represent the wage-workers exclusively, but the whole body of those exploited by capital. Their opponents are not representatives of definite groups of employers, but of the whole owning class; they fight in parliament against bank capital, colonial capital, land capital, just as much as against industrial capital; their struggle is against all exploiters. Therefore the political conflict extends the view, the intelligence and also the sympathies beyond the narrow circle of the craft interests of the labor union. Where the political party is strong all workers of the most varied trades feel themselves brothers; their solidarity is no longer limited by the boundaries of their crafts, and their labor organizations appear to them as parts, as branches, as batallions in a single great labor army. In Germany, where the political organization preceded the labor union, the guild spirit was unable to develop itself so strongly as, e. g., in England.

* * * *

The relation between political party and union is often represented as though the political movement were to bring about the destruction of capitalism, and the union to effect the improvement of the laborer's condition within the capitalist system; as though the political party were naturally revolutionary and the union naturally reformatory. This may be in harmony with the apparent practice in many lands; but in France, on the contrary, the unions regard themselves as the revolutionary organizations and the political party as a bourgeois creation with merely temporary reformatory functions. In reality the truth is that both are at once revolutionary and reformatory: that is to say, they both carry on the present struggle for direct improvement and both have great significance in relation to the revolutionary transformation of society.

In the class-struggle the conflict must always concern itself with immediate, practical objects. What are the bones of con-

tention in parliament? The introduction of Socialism? One may agitate for a purpose lying far in the future, but cannot carry on an immediate fight for it. The actual fight turns about definite legislative proposals; about social reforms, laws for the protection of laborers, contraction or expansion of the rights of labor, laws in the interest of particular capitalist groups, or measures of taxation in regard to which there is a collision of class interests. Every article of a law becomes the crux of a struggle between the representatives of labor and the bourgeoisie. Labor gains only now and then a direct advantage, a favorable legal enactment; but always an indirect one, the enlightment of the masses as to the nature of society and the state.

The difference between this and the union struggle for direct improvement—of the conditions of labor—lies in the fact that in the political fight more general interests and considerations come into question. Therefore the arguments brought to bear reach a higher level. From momentary questions the opponents reach out to remote purposes; eventually their deepest, most general convictions, their world-views, come into conflict. Socialist speakers utilize every particular case to make an attack on the whole capitalist system; their opponents answer with attempts at criticism of Socialist teaching. So the ultimate objective of the proletarian struggle always appears behind the momentary clash, and we always emphasize the fact that this clash gains its significance from its relation to this ultimate objective. So it comes about that apparently the political struggle is carried on in the interests of Socialism, and the union struggle in the interests of reform. And yet both are for reform, for the improvement of the condition and status of labor and against their deterioration. Both of them effect, as we showed above, a steady increase in the power of the working class; pave the way, therefore, for the conquest of political power by the proletariat.

In both there comes about in an analogous manner a limited conception of their function, in that all remote purposes and general interests are sacrificed to the achievement of an immediate reform. On the political field this conception takes the form of a neglect of the class-struggle, a political alliance with the bourgeois parties in a *bloc,* a strife for votes as a main object: this constitutes the tendency within the Socialist movement which is called reformist, or revisionist. The belief that through it we can accomplish more reforms usually proves fallacious, and in addition the revolutionary result of political activity, the enlightenment and organization of labor, usually fails of accomplishment. This tendency can prosper only under undeveloped conditions such as obtain among small capitalists or land-holders, conditions under which the opposition of classes

is not sharply defined—and even there not for any great length of time.

The reformist tendency is much more persistent among the unions. Where on account of particular circumstances the unions have been successful in improving the labor conditions there may easily develop in their ranks a self-satisfied, bigoted conservatism; they give up the thought of a vigorous campaign against capitalism and surrender themselves to the stupor of the "community of interests between capital and labor"; they neglect further enlightenment, isolate their organizations like guilds, look with scorn on the miserable, unorganized mass of sacrifices to capitalism, and become small bourgeois, lacking anything like revolutionary feeling. The classical examples of this are furnished by the English and American trades-unions. In such a labor movement, in distinction from a reformist political movement, the very name of the Socialist enlightenment is proscribed. Under such circumstances a better view of things becomes effective only with great difficulty and as the result of the most painful lessons of experience. In most countries, naturally, the conservative, reformist tendencies are most powerful in the unions; while the political party, on the contrary, represents more energetically the revolutionary standpoint. But the opposite is also possible. Where the Socialist party loses itself too deep in the quagmire of bourgeois parliamentarianism there awakes in the workers a native, primitive class feeling, a disgust at the coquetting with the representatives of the bourgeoisie. Then they repudiate the whole fight on the political field as a quarrel of ambitious politicians which can only compromise the class-struggle; and they come to place their only trust in the natural organizations of the working class, the unions. So in France, chiefly as a result of the *bloc* policy and Millerandism, there has arisen a revolutionary unionism which advocates the general strike as the only weapon whereby labor can accomplish the overthrow of capitalism.

* * * *

The goal of the labor movement, the conquest of the political power, indicates in itself that its attainment can be accomplished only by the working class organized as a political party. Repeatedly has the idea been presented, especially by the revisionists, that this conquest can be brought about in a simple, peaceful, parliamentary manner. In every election we poll an increased number of votes, a constantly increasing number of voters is being converted to our views; and when at last we have won the majority of the people we shall have—universal, equal suffrage being taken for granted—the majority in parliament and will make laws according to our principles. But this beautiful idyll goes to smash the moment we take into account the restric-

tions upon suffrage which the bourgeois parties are in a position to put through so long as they are still in control of the majority. It goes without saying that the ruling class will not allow itself to be so easily discarded. It will attempt to assert itself against us with all the weapons at its command; its wealth, and above all its actual control of the political administration, the bureaucracy, the army and the newspapers, give it a tremendous power; so long as it has a majority in the law-giving bodies it can by legal methods do away with the popular rights which are dangerous to it. Experience has shown that in defense of its privileges it is not inclined either in Europe or America to respect recognized rights. In the face of these facts the workers will be forced to call into the field every power which they possess.

In this final struggle for the mastery—which will not be a single battle, but a long war with many ups and downs of victory and defeat—the unions will play a part not inferior to that of the Socialist party. Or, to put it more clearly, the political and the union movement will come together in this conflict. The workers must present themselves as a single, strongly united class with a definite political purpose—that is, as a political party. They must at the same time come into action as a mass organization, i. e., lead into the field their unions and make use of their union weapon, the strike, for political purposes; they must act as a body against the power of the state. In the mass strike the two proletarian methods become one; political understanding and union discipline are here like the thinking head and the strong arm of an individual combatant.

The more the great body of the workers take part in the war on capitalism, the more will labor union conflicts become social cataclysms, great political events; and thus the unions will be forced to take more active part in the political struggle. In these great struggles the old methods of parliamentary and labor union diplomacy will be found inadequate; the cleverness of sharp leaders and versatile spokesmen will be overshadowed by the power of the masses themselves. In the persons of the leaders, who develop according to the particular demands of each form of action, the political and union movements are different; in the persons who constitute the masses behind the leaders they are identical. Thus where the mass of the workers themselves come into action the dividing line between the two methods of struggle disappears; they march upon the field of battle to a single, undivided warfare against capitalism, armed with the class-consciousness, the discipline, the intelligence and the power of action gained in all previous conflicts; the union constitutes their organization; Socialism, their political intelligence.

Dr. Anton Pannekoek, *Berlin.*

Written for the Review, *and translated by William E. Bohn.*

Nietzsche: Iconoclast and Prophet.

"Oxen that rattle the yoke or halt in the shade! what is that you express in your eyes?
"It seems to me more than all the print I have read in my life."

Walt. Whitman.



HILE all thought is the product and reflex of economic conditions, past and present, it is likewise true that thought has a history of its own, and the fully developed theory of one thinker can often be traced back to the almost amorphous idea of a predecessor. If we retrace the broad stream of the purposeful, constructive, effective thought of to-day, we shall surely be led to the three great names of Hegel, Darwin and Marx. Just as surely, if we seek for the most potent influences that have moulded contemporary literature, especially drama and fiction, we shall be led irresistibly to Ibsen and Nietzsche. Ibsen, the dramatist, unerringly seized upon the dramatic conflict between the ideals of romantic love professed by the bourgeoisie and the hideous facts of bourgeois marriage and prostitution. The degradation of woman implied by bourgeois monogamy and its invariable corollary, prostitution, only became apparent after the requirements of growing capitalist industry and commerce had made it necessary to educate and give mercantile training to hosts of women. So that Ibsen was a true child of his age. Nietzsche, who was far more a literary artist than he was a thinker, for his chief theme seized upon the violent contradiction between the ruthless self-seeking of Capitalism in an age when the cash nexus had become the only tie between man and man and no mercy was shown, no quarter given upon the fields of industrial and commercial warfare, and the religion of love, sympathy and self-sacrifice professed in all capitalist countries. This contradiction only became glaringly apparent with the disappearance of the last relics of that kindly human relation between master and serf characteristic of feudalism. So that Nietzsche as truly as Ibsen was a child of the closing decades of the nineteenth century.

Though most of us have long been dimly aware that Nietzsche's influence was a potent force in Europe and had tremendously affected our comrade, Bernard Shaw, it must be confessed

that few of us have known much that was definite about Nietzsche or what he wrote, and small blame to us, for hitherto little information has been available in English. The standard MacMillan translation of Nietzsche's works is not yet complete. But Charles H. Kerr & Company have recently placed within our reach one of Nietzche's earlier and saner books, *"Human, All-Too-Human,"* written in 1876-77; and Luce and Co. of Boston have issued a very useful and informing volume on *"The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche,"* by Henry L. Mencken, a brilliant Baltimore newspaper man. So that laziness is now the only valid excuse for ignorance about Nietzsche; but, let me hasten to add, my comrades, for most of you that is a sufficient excuse, and one you have no reason to be ashamed of. For we Socialists believe in the right to be lazy, and the comrade who has read what Marx, Kautsky and Lafargue have said about ethics and Christianity, need not feel compelled to puzzle his brain over the unrestrained ravings of the Nietzsche of 1880-89. As Battery Park Dan Finn would say, "Lave that to Sweeny!"

But I have been dabbling in Nietzsche for a couple of years, and want to give you, as briefly as I can, the import of his teachings to working class militants. Though Nietzsche had Polish blood in his veins, he was born in Saxony in 1844. His father and grandfather were clergymen, and as a boy Friedrich was exactly the horrible little prig one would expect. Red-blooded boys did not like him. He entered Bonn University in 1864, subsequently going to Leipsic. At the university for a time he conscientiously cultivated deviltry and did his best to be or seem a gay buck, but in this line he would seem to have been a dismal failure. At any rate he soon gave up the attempt, cut out beer and tobacco for good and all, and later in life he confided to his sister his conviction that no man who drank beer or smoked a pipe could understand his writings. I do not doubt this, and I suspect that most teetotalers find them equally difficult. In 1867 he had to do his turn at compulsory military service; he joined the artillery, but after a few months he was thrown from his horse. His breast muscles were wrenched so badly that he was condemned by a medical survey and discharged. In 1869, when he was only twenty-five, he became professor of philology at the University of Basel in Switzerland. He went to the front in the Franco-Prussian war as a hospital steward, but on the battle-fields of France he fell a victim to diphtheria and cholera morbus, which left him neurasthenic. To relieve his sufferings he resorted to a variegated assortment of narcotics, and continued to be a devotee of dope to the end of his days. From 1880 to the end—the period of his greatest literary productivity—he was a hypochondriac of the most confirmed type, and wandered up and down Europe taking all the cures, baths and massage treat-

ments that doctors and quacks offered him. In 1889 he became hopelessly insane, and died on the twenty-fifth of August, 1900. "Thus Spake Zarathustra," which was from the standpoint of literary art his masterpiece, was published in instalments from 1883 to 1885. Though he raved with frenetic fury against love, sacrifice and sympathy, his own life and work were only made possible by the love, self-sacrifice and sympathy of his devoted sister, Elisabeth.

To understand Nietzsche it is absolutely essential to bear in mind that during the period of his literary activity he was a hopelessly inefficient, hypochondriac invalid. His fiery spirit rebelled against his own impotency, and thus he became the passionate prophet and panegyrist of strength, efficiency and power. He was the true apostle of the life strenuous; by comparison our amusing President is a mere piker and burlesque imitator.

Nietzsche and his disciples are constantly using the terms "apollonian" and "dionysian." What do they mean by them? With Nietzsche they had a three-fold meaning. The first is the most constant and obvious. Where you or I would say conservative or reactionary, Nietzsche said "apollonian"; where we would say revolutionary or iconoclastic, he said "dionysian." To him not only old Greek life, but all life was a conflict between the forces symbolized by Apollo on the one hand, and Dionysos on the other. While in some passages he seems to regard the ideal condition of affairs to be one in which these two antagonistic groups of forces find themselves in a state of equilibrium, he never hesitates to declare himself a fierce dionysian. In this sense we Socialists must recognize him as a brother revolutionary. But it is a very limited brotherhood; for, while Nietzsche looked upon the making of dionysians or Immoralists as his life work, he always had the utmost contempt for the 'herd' or 'rabble' (by which pet names he meant you and me, dear reader) who, he thought, were utterly incapable of becoming dionysians. "The masses have no right to exist on their own account", he tells us, "their sole excuse for living lies in their usefulness as a sort of superstructure or scaffolding, upon which a more select race of beings may be elevated." How far removed is this from the spirit of the Titan dionysian, WHITMAN, with his imperious,

"I know perfectly well my own egotism,
"I know my omnivorous words, and cannot say any less,

"And would fetch you, whoever you are, flush with myself."

After reading Nietzsche, how comforting it is to hear old WALT roar out,

"By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms."

Had Nietzsche ever seen this noble line, he would have at once labelled Whitman a 'Tarantula'.

But 'dionysian' means more than radical or revolutionary. For Dionysos was the God of Life itself as opposed to Apollo the God of Art, or representations of life. From this point of view, the dionysian looks upon the humblest manifestation of real life as of infinitely more importance to living men and women than the noblest work of art. The quotation from Whitman at the head of this essay is a perfect presentation of this dionysian view of the relative importance of Life and Art.

Dionysian has still another meaning, for Dionysos was the Greek Bacchus, the God of wine and joy and sensuous pleasure. From this point of view, the dionysian is the sworn enemy of asceticism and self-denying stifling and starvation of the instincts and appetites. Nietzsche never wearies of repeating that his dionysian or immoralist is one who says "Yea" to Life in all its fullness, including so called evil as well as good. In this sense, Whitman was the King of dionysians; to all life he ever said "Yea":

"I make the poem of evil also—I commemmorate that part also,
"I am myself just as much evil as good—And I say there is in fact no evil,
"Or if there is, I say it is just as important to you, to the earth, or to me, as anything else."

Or again:

"What blurt is this about virtue and about vice?
"Evil propels me, and reform of evil propels me—I stand indifferent,
"My gait is no fault-finder's or rejecter's gait,
"I moisten the roots of all that has grown."

But what is the use of multiplying quotations? His "Children of Adam", from beginning to end, is one triumphal ode in honor of Dionysos, the God of Earthly Joy.

In all three senses the red-blooded Socialist Proletariat seems to me to be dionysian. I would find it difficult to define class-consciousness in terms that would not to a Nietzschean suggest the dionysian spirit. You and I would like to see the Proletariat aware of its own tremendous strength, glorying in it, and resolved to use it to emancipate themselves and humanity; we would like to see them living in the actual world of reality instead of dreaming in the fictitious world of apollonian or bourgeois art; and our highest and ultimate hope is to see them revelling in the joys of the Earthly Paradise, undeterred by any preacher or moralist. Only a dionysian working-class can accomplish the Social Revolution. The rank and file of the Socialist Party to-

day are undoubtedly dionysians; but, unless my eyesight has deceived me, I have surely full oft seen some of our middle-class Leaders, Intellectuals, Parlor Socialists and Christian Socialists ogling Apollo with amorous glances. To those comrades who have of late felt moved to "rebuke sternly" the proletarians who have been insisting on bossing the work of their own emancipation, I would suggest the possibility that the conflict between Intellectualettes and Proletarians that has broken out here and there may be only a new form of the age-long struggle between Apollo and Dionysos, even though some of the apollonian Intellectuals share the dionysian contempt for the rabble of "chumps", "yawpers" and "literary demagogues".

It was Nietzsche's misfortune to preach the Gospel of Dionysos to a bourgeoisie close upon senile decay and moral degeneracy and to live his whole life in utter ignorance of the only class which is in our day capable of breeding dionysians—the Proletariat.

In spite of the similarity between the intense individualism of Max Stirner and the philosophy of Nietzsche, and in spite of Nietzsche's keen consciousness of the relativity of ethics and their dependence upon economic conditions, I am not inclined to agree with Mr. Mencken when he tells us that "Nietzsche probably owed much to Max Stirner and not a little to Karl Marx." I do not believe he consciously drew from either of these sources. Nor am I able to agree with the reviewer in THE NATION (April 2, 1908) who tells us that "even German critics are beginning to recognize that the romantic movement (of which Socialism and Nietzscheanism are the two sociological poles) sprang almost full-grown from Rousseau's teeming head." Our conservative friends appear to me to have fallen into the habit of punishing Rousseau for his resolute refusal to father his own infants of flesh and blood by foisting upon him all the *enfants terribles* of modern thought.

But Nietzsche did consciously borrow the rudiments of his system ready-made from Arthur Schopenhauer, the philosopher of pessimism. From him he took the Will to Live and re-baptized it the Will to Power, which he looked upon as the one great force underlying all human life. To him Intellect or the Reason was secondary, having been brought into being by the Will to Power to effect its own purposes. And in this he was in complete harmony with Darwinian science. Schopenhauer held that this Will to Life produced more painful than pleasurable effects. In his own words, "Pleasure is never as pleasant as we expect it to be and pain is always more painful. The pain in the world always outweighs the pleasure. If you don't believe it, compare the respective feelings of two animals, one of which is eating the other." Schopenhauer held that since the Will to Live was

responsible for this terrible excess of pain, the only road to happiness was to will to kill the Will to Live, that is to stifle and destroy all one's natural appetites and become a sort of ascetic philosophic monk.

Nietzsche accepted all of this philosophy save the ultimate conclusion. He believed that life, as it is, is not worth while; that man, as he is, is fit only for contempt. But he escaped Schopenhauer's terrible conclusions by his audacious, optimistic prophecy of the Superman.*)

To Nietzsche, Man, as he is, is utterly without meaning or significance, but as the forerunner of Beyond-man he becomes of the utmost significance. Listen to his triumphant strains of prophecy:

"*I teach you beyond-man.* Man is a something that shall be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass him?

"All beings hitherto have created something beyond themselves: and are ye going to be the ebb of this great tide and rather revert to the animal than surpass man?

"What with man is the ape? A joke or a sore shame. Man shall be the same for beyond-man, a joke or a sore shame.

"Ye have made your way from worm to man, and much within you is still worm. Once ye were apes, even now man is ape in a higher degree than any ape.

"He who is the wisest among you is but a discord and hybrid of plant and ghost. But do I order you to become ghosts or plants?

"Behold, I teach you beyond-man!

'Beyond-man is the significance of earth. Your will shall say: beyond-man shall be the significance of earth.

"I conjure you, my brethren, *remain faithful to earth* and do not believe those who speak unto you of superterrestrial hopes! Poisoners they are whether they know it or not."

* * * *

"Man is a rope connecting animal and beyond-man,—a rope over a precipice.

Dangerous over, dangerous on-the-way, dangerous looking backward, dangerous shivering and making a stand.

What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal: what can be loved in man is that he is a *transition* and a *destruction.*"

I do not see how any of us can help feeling that Nietzsche, the magnificently assured prophet of BEYOND-MAN, is *our* Comrade, though we cannot but grieve that his ideal included a vast

*) I have here used the term "Superman", because Bernard Shaw has familiarized it to the English-reading public. Alexander Tille, the translator of "Thus Spake Zarathustra", always uses "Beyond-Man", which seems to me the better translation of Nietzsche's thought.

mass of suffering and exploited humanity, a "herd" or "rabble" over which his Beyond-men were to reign in glory and dionysian joy.

Where Nietzsche approaches most nearly to Marx is in his description of the origin of Christian ideals and ethics. Here, though he doubtless knew nothing of the Materialist Conception of History, he accounts for the dominant characteristics of Christianity by the economic condition of the slaves and poverty-stricken wretches who were its first adherents. I wish that space would permit me to quote the fine passage from "A Genealogy of Morals" in which he describes how *"ideals are manufactured* on earth." He shows how the early Christians, being slaves and victims of oppression, could not have the manly virtue of freemen and warriors, and consequently made a virtue of necessity and glorified weakness, humility, submission and non-resistance, not to say cowardice. He depicts them as huddled cowering in a dark cellar where they falsify weakness into a merit, "impotence which requiteth not" into goodness, submission to those whom one hates into obedience "(namely to one whom they say commands this obedience; they call him God)". "Not-to-be-able-to-take-revenge they call not-to-will-revenge, perhaps even forgiveness."

Thus they developed a slave-religion and a slave-ethic. Here we are on solid Marxian ground. Marx too saw just as clearly that Christianity was essentially a slave-religion. But we Marxians, while recognizing this, see that during all the long 1900 years before Science and Capitalism had so multiplied man's productive powers as to make Plenty for All a possibility, a religion and ethic that tended to make slaves contented with their lot and to some slight extent to mollify the harshness and cruelty of the master-class, worked on the whole beneficially to human progress and happiness. But to-day, so far as the slave-ethic of Christianity has any influence on the working-class to make them contented with their slavery and keep them from rebelling under the Red Flag, that influence is wholly deadly and damnable. *To-day the World's workers need not Jesus, but Dionysos.*

But Nietzsche saw that the self-denial, self-sacrifice, and sympathy for the weak and suffering inculcated by Christianity were fatal to the healthy Will to Power he wished to inspire in the progenitors of his Supermen—his pet "immoralists" whom he never wearied of exhorting to be "brave, unconcerned, scornful, violent,—thus wisdom would have us to be: she is a woman and ever loveth the warrior only." His hatred for sympathy, as a symptom of weakness, led him to iterate and re-iterate his great commandment: "BE HARD!" In his eyes the influence of Christianity was wholly pernicious from the start, and his hatred for Christianity grew upon him until in the end it would scarcely be

going too far to say, it was an insane obsession. In 1872 when he published his first book, "The Birth of Tragedy", the great conflict that he depicted was between Apollo and Dionysos. But as his insanity developed in the latter eighties he seemed more and more to replace Apollo with Christ as the great antagonist of Dionysos; and by 1888 when he wrote *Der Anti-Christ*, he had reached a condition of mind where the mere thought or mention of Christianity produced the same effect upon him that a red flag has upon a bull or a capitalist police officer, or that an attempt to hold a meeting of the unemployed has upon Inspector Schmittberger of the New York police force, or that the sight of an educated man of wealth busying himself with Socialist propaganda has upon Police Commissioner Bingham of New York, or that the sight of an inoffensive, consumptive foreign lad attempting to deliver a letter has upon Chief Shippy of Chicago. Nietzsche was not the last victim of insane hysteria.

The Superman is the crowning glory of Nietzsche, the prophet; but the Superman is likewise the fatal weakness of Nietzscheism as a philosophy. Supernatural religion has never recovered from the blow that Feuerbach dealt it when he showed that all the gods of all men, including Jehovah and the Christian God, were simply reflections and creations of the human mind. Nietzsche had digested this wisdom of Feuerbach's, for he puts into Zarathustra's mouth these words: "Alas! brethren, that God whom I created was man's work and man's madness, like all Gods!" But Nietzsche's Superman was just as much a subjective abstraction, a reflection and creation of man's mind as was the Triune God of Christian theology. And yet Nietzsche made of this subjective abstraction, without objective reality, about which there could in the nature of things be no certain knowledge, of which no two Nietzscheans would give the same description, the very centre and fundament of his system. Its relation to the Superman was the sole criterion by which any and everything was to be judged. And this criterion was vague, uncertain, indefinite, and as it passed from one Nietzschean to another changed color as readily as a chameleon. Compare Nietzsche's Beyond-man with Bernard Shaw's Superman: the former was a fierce and violent great blond beast, the inverted reflection of the hypochondriac invalid, Nietzsche; the latter was a sort of glorified Fabian Socialist Lecturer with a dionysian contempt for orthodox Marxism. The latter would run screaming with fright, should he ever chance to meet the former.

Nietzsche had in "Human, All-Too-Human", in "A Genealogy of Morals" and in "Beyond Good and Evil", abundantly proved the relative and transitory character of all former ethical codes and standards. It was in this field that he had done his most effective iconoclastic work; he had tried to show that

conscience as a pain-giving agency was an effect of the perishing doctrine of Free Will, and that the healthy immoralist of the near future would be able to digest his own conduct of whatever sort without any conscience pains, just as the healthy man to-day digests his dinner without any stomach pains. Seeing as he did the relativity and consequent falsity of all those 'values' by which men in the past had judged of life and conduct, he had set himself the task, as the crowning of his life-work, of revaluing or transvaluing all values. Insanity overtook him before he had begun this, which he meant to be the crown and apex of his philosophy. But no Nietzschean need regret that this work was never done, as the criterion he proposed to use in revaluing all values was their relation to that last of all gods, that ever-varying phantasm and chimera, the Superman. Insanity came in time to save him from this *reductio ad absurdum.*

Does some comrade ask: do you advise us to read Nietzsche? By all means read HUMAN-ALL-TOO-HUMAN. It was Nietzsche's earliest attempt to investigate scientifically human conduct and ethics, and the conclusions he reached are for the most part in perfect accord with those of most Marxian writers on ethics. In fact the argument on pages 130-135 of HUMAN-ALL-TOO-HUMAN is identical with that on pages 65-67 of my own SOCIALISM: POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE; although at the time I wrote those pages I had never read a line of NIETZSCHE. In HUMAN-ALL-TOO-HUMAN "Nietzsche challenged", Mr. Mencken tells us, "the whole of current morality. He showed that moral ideas were not divine, but human, and that, like all things human, they were subject to change. He showed that good and evil were but relative terms, and that it was impossible to say, finally and absolutely, that a certain action was right, another wrong. He applied the acid of critical analysis to a hundred and one specific ideas, and his general conclusion, to put it briefly, was that no human being had a right, in any way or form, to judge or direct the actions of any other human being." This is a very fair and intelligent summary of the teaching of Nietzsche in this book, but Mr. Mencken adds in a footnote a qualification of especial importance to Socialists. "It must be remembered," he tells us, "in considering all of Nietzsche's writings, that when he spoke of a human being, he meant a being of the higher sort—*i. e.* one capable of clear reasoning. He regarded the drudge class, which is obviously unable to think for itself, as unworthy of consideration. Its highest mission, he believed, was to serve and obey the master class. But he held that there should be no artificial barriers to the rise of an individual born to the drudge class who showed an accidental capacity for independent reasoning.".

If reading this little volume gives you an appetite for more Nietzsche, and the Panic has provided you with the blessing or

curse of plenty of leisure, and you want to enjoy a series of strong mental stimuli, you cannot do better than to read *"Thus Spake Zarathustra"*. The stimuli will come from the great thoughts of a weak man, for no really strong man ever shrieked as wildly and incessantly as Nietzsche did. But when his frenetic fury has wearied you, as it surely will, you will unfailingly find calm and sanity, strength and refreshment in the ever-welcome wisdom of Walt Whitman and Joseph Dietzgen.

ROBERT RIVES LAMONTE.

New Canaan, Conn., April 5, 1908.

The Negation of Form.



ITH THE DEVELOPMENT and culmination of the capitalist system as an economic world process, there have appeared two distinct symptoms of mental degeneracy in the arts. The first and strangest of these symptoms, manifested in certain cults of painting, is a feebleness of the plastic instinct, an inability to discern form. This symptom is most plainly shown by the conventional representation of objects in a vague, indistinct manner; by a failure to clarify the outlines and planes of objects; and by a tendency to fall into negations of proportions and unbalanced masses, resulting in right and acute angles and the entire absence of rhythm of line.

The second symptom of degeneracy is evidenced in violent contrasts, harsh lines and discordant colors, vulgarizations of both color and form. The contrasts are exactly the reverse of those of the first type, but they involve the same negative forms and proportions — unbalanced masses and absence of harmonious lines. Both types are equally lacking in equilibrium of design.

These two manifestations, wherever found, are unmistakable signs of mental neurosis, a breaking down of the power to realize clearly defined mental concepts.

The salient features of the first symptom are unique and unprecedented in the history of the arts. The scope of this paper prevents any extensive collection of data of this essentially nineteenth and twentieth century type of degeneracy, but some of its principal features may be briefly pointed out.

The gradual development of the will toward the negation of form, or enfeebling of the plastic instinct in the arts, had its beginnings in the work of Manet. This type of decadence has steadily advanced from the middle of the nineteenth century up to the present time. This advance is evidenced in the decided trend, in Europe and America, toward landscape, especially those forms of landscape known as nocturnes, tone effects and impressionism. The Whistler vogue, so popular in the last dozen years, is a significant feature of the process toward a weakening of the sense of form. Whistler's own work in the later years of his life presents many evidences of

an inability to discern form, some of it indicating a complete lapse of the plastic instinct.

A distinctive characteristic of these neurotic cults in art is the tendency to eliminate all standards of technical discipline. This in itself attracts the inept, the mentally deficient, and the charlatans who, being incapable of the work demanded of a constructive intellect in the acquirement of technical discipline, follow the line of least resistance. The exaggerated ego, seeking expression without the necessary mental equipment for technical training, turns to the Whistler cult, or to some other form of so-called impressionism, and finds temporary satisfaction. But this fact applies not only to the art students and artists who are attracted to these neurotic tendencies in art; these cults could not exist if they were not supported and applauded by a considerable class of persons who are attracted by something in the work which strikes a responsive chord in their mentality. Of course, a certain percentage of this class follows merely to be in the fashion. Still, a large residue really sympathizes with the decadent tendencies in art. The rational conclusion in regard to this class of persons is that, as regards a sense of form, they are as degenerate as the products of the pictures.

The extent of the Whistler vogue in painting is one of the best proofs of the response of a degenerate public to the claims of this neurotic cult in art. Quite a considerable literature has sprung up around Whistler's work and personality. The reason is not far to seek. Whistler, in spite of his pose to the contrary, embodied in his personality the spirit of the advertiser—a combination of bluff or the arbitrary assumption of a position of authority without a basis of real ability or power, and of dishonest pretence that art can exist without either form or design. In short, he represents the negation of form and the discrediting of technical training.

It is interesting to observe that previous to fifty years ago the cult of vagueness had never appeared in the arts. One can search the galleries of Europe without finding a vestige of it from an earlier time.. Nations have became degenerate, and their art has become extinct, but at no stage of their degeneracy did they lapse into a semi-stupor and record that stupor in their art. It is evident, therefore, that the origin of this unique form of neurosis must logically be rooted in conditions never existing before, and which are especially detrimental to evolution. This being true, it follows that capitalism has created an environment totally unlike any that has heretofore appeared on this planet, and one entirely destructive to creative mental processes.

The cult of vagueness, then, is essentially a product of

capitalist environment. It is a deeper form of negation than its opposite of violent contrasts. One can believe that the creator of the most strident poster or the painter of the vulgarest portrait might be redeemed, but the evidence of a failing sense of form gives the impression of a consciousness sinking into the insane, and is considered by alienists as one of the most fatal and hopeless symptoms of insanity.

A distinction must be made between the work of a degenerate, with its lack of clearly defined form, and the archaic art of primitive races, with its partly developed form. The first may be likened to a man whose body, atrophied and bloodless, is passing to decay; the other to a youth whose figure, though undeveloped, gives promise of future perfection.

The swollen, dropsical forms of degeneracy have reached their most extreme manifestation in the present cult of the advertising poster, and in its reflection in the paintings seen at the exhibitions. A precedent to this is to be found in the basest work of the Italian renaissance and it reflected influence in France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the decadent periods of Greek art, one can also detect the same lack of articulation and the tendency to dropsical forms.

The neurotic cult of vagueness, however, having no precedent in past art epochs, and being distinctively the product of capitalist environment, presents an interesting field of study to the sociologist and alienist. It has its counterpart in poetry, in literature, the drama and politics. In all these departments of mental activity at the present time, one can trace the will toward the negation of form. Never before were there so many political parties. Like in painting, there are two tendencies—the swollen, flamboyant lying and braggadocio of the two dominant parties, blotting out the true forms of economic justice, raising sham issues and obscuring the outlines of constructive government. Then there are the vague, anaemic political cults of Prohibition, Single Tax, Municipal Ownership, "Good Government," and the like. In former revolutionary epochs, as at the present time, there appeared compromisers, men of half measures who could not discern clear cut issues nor see beyond temporary makeshifts. But their influence was ephemeral. In the time of Cromwell such men were soon eliminated. In the French and American Revolutions they were quickly swept aside. In the War of the Rebellion the issue was soon drawn, clear cut and visible to all. But to-day there is much vagueness and confusion.

The neurotic cult of vagueness in politics is symbolized chiefly by Bryan; its opposite of the violent contrasts and flamboyant vulgarity, by Roosevelt and Hearst; while as

teachers of economics and religion we have W. H. Mallock and Bishop Potter. All are equally incapable of clear discernment of economic forms. One may even grant the sincerity and honesty of purpose of these men, which makes the situation only the more sinister. Before the economic Sphinx, with its riddle of the labor question, the two neurotic cults in politics pass in endless discord, one sinking in atrophy and inaction, going down in a fog of altruistic platitudes; the other flamboyant and delirious, keeping time to the thwacking of big sticks and blaring sensational headlines.

Amid all this din and stupor, there are two classes who are definite in their aims—the Capitalists and the Socialists. The capitalist class—like its prototype among the fishes of the elemental drift, with only a stomach and an instinct for prey—feels nothing but the devouring instinct, which for the capitalist is the supreme life and motive power of the universe. In eliminating every other possible motive or impulse to action, the capitalist thereby lays the foundation for the wide spread sentiment of pessimistic negation which, issuing from capitalism as a world movement, is enveloping the races of man.

The Socialist, on the other hand, with a clear plastic instinct or sense of form, as relates to economics, perceives clearly the aim and ultimate catastrophe of the ideals of capitalism.. He sees the irrepressible conflict of two cosmic forces in which there can be no compromise until one or the other is destroyed. Consequently, with his clearness of vision, the true Socialist will understand that in viewing the conflict of these forces every manifestation, either material or esthetic, must have a direct connection with this cosmic struggle. But even the Socialists, while having a clear perception of the economic conflict and being under no delusions as to the inevitable outcome, are still to some extent enveloped in the vast hypnotic atmosphere of negation thrown out by capitalism, from which issue the neurotic cults in art.

The Socialist sets himself squarely against all forms of adulteration in economics—of food, clothing and the material utilities of life—and in a large measure guards himself against the hypnotic trickery of cheats and humbugs produced by capitalism for the purpose of imposing their adulterations upon him. But in the arts he is less successful. The forms of hypnotism which make for the corruption of esthetics are more subtle. Even the antagonisms between these neurotic cults are misleading. For example, the Socialist observes the conflict between the old established Academies, with their forms of dry-rot neurosis, and the manifestations of various phenomena as **l'art nouveau,** or the German Secession, Salon

des Independents, and so on, which from their very strangeness arouse the opposition of the older cults. The Socialist, with the instinct of opposition to old forms, true to his role of revolutionist, and, with few exceptions, being without esthetic culture, supports the newer cult. He unconsciously inherits from capitalist environments a sub-conscious negation of beauty, and, in obedience to that instinct, upholds some of the most deadly and pernicious forms of negation cast out by the evil mentality of capitalism.

Thus, for example, Gorky — who has a clear cut plastic instinct in the execution of his literary work, both in poetry and prose — applauded the abominations of the German Secession at Munich, clearly proving that while he is free from the hypnotic trance of negation in literature, his plastic instinct as regards painting is still beclouded. Bernard Shaw, too, allines himself with the degenerates by eulogizing the later work of Rodin. Maeterlinck, also, has raised his voice in praise of works of esthetic neurosis.

Suppose Bernard Shaw or Gorky were to put forth a play so wanting in the simplest elements of construction and form as may be found in the paintings of the Munich Secession, or the average work of an American art exhibition. Such a play would fall to pieces from its lack of cohesion; it would be incoherent and impossible. Yet both these men applaud paintings and sculpture the defects of which, if incorporated into their own work, would at once eliminate their dramas and literary productions from the plane of art.

The revolutionary aspect of the neurotic cults in art is false and misleading. These cults are purely the subconscious negation of beauty, induced by an approach to the absolute materialism of capitalist economics. In resisting this hypnotic power of negation, the effects of environment must be overcome. As before noted, the environments imposed by capitalism are the most destructive to esthetics that ever existed. The repudiation of the ideal of justice by capitalism is brought home to the working class by their suffering. The existing conditions carry with them their own indictment so far as relates to the utilities of life. In short, the negation of the ethical ideal develops self-evident proofs of its falsity which are easily detected. The material environments as relating to esthetics also manifest proofs of their being equally false to the esthetic ideal. But these proofs are impossible of discernment to minds wherein the esthetic instinct has been deadened. Consequently, there are many well-meaning Socialists who, helpless before the problem herein presented, alline themselves as reactionaries when it comes to the question of art. Others believe, as did the fanatics of the

French Revolution, that painting and sculpture are only diversions of the idle class, and therefore wholly useless. This belief, allied to a total elimination from the minds of such people of the element of imagination, places the person so affected in the position of depending wholly upon the mere animal functions for the ideals of existence—precisely the position occupied by the present trading class.

JOHN H. FRY.

Capitalistic Control of Education.



HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of pages have been written to record and explain the changes that have taken place since the revival of learning, and especially since the introduction of modern economic methods. As a result of this movement, religious foundations, with their buildings, libraries, teachers and preachers, are becoming less and less available, and support of educational institutions must be obtained from other sources. Elementary education, often facetiously called the "three R's", is now largely dependent on state aid, but higher education, whether in the "humanities" of the old university course or in the practical fields of science and technology, has depended principally upon private endowment. In older communities it has been possible now and then to divert part of an ecclesiastic foundation to secular education, but this change is usually associated with some change in religious doctrine. Hume says that in the year 1344 thousands of students attended the University of Oxford, but that they studied little else than very bad Latin and still worse logic. This is too severe a criticism, but it cannot be doubted that the educational work of that period would be almost uncomparable with the course now given, for Oxford, although still known as the "home of lost causes," has an extensive and comprehensive curriculum of modern type. Some of this change has been caused by the change of church discipline that England underwent in the 16th and 17th centuries. When the lord of the manor

> ".....came in his might.
> With King Henry's right
> To turn church lands to lay,"

many ecclesiastic endowments were made available for secular uses.

In a new country, such as the United States, which has grown up under the disintegrating theology of Protestantism, and with a government possessing no official relation to dogma or ceremonial, the establishment of schools and colleges will be chiefly secular. A few of the powerful cults will be able to maintain education under their own auspices,

as is done by Roman Catholics and, to a very limited extent, by Jews, but state appropriations and private bequests will form the bulk of the sources for carrying on education.

State appropriations for educational purposes will not extend rapidly. The United States being a federated republic, in which domestic affairs are delegated to the states, and by them, more or less, to the cities, appropriations for schools must be drawn from funds raised from the tax-levy; indirect means of raising revenue, such as customs and the issue of fiat money (whether paper or metal) are not available to the states. The history of the free-school movement is one of continual struggle; in Pennsylvania it gave rise to bitter political feeling.

The cost of equipment for all forms of higher education has increased enormously in the last quarter-century. This is not due to increase in the cost of individual pieces of apparatus. In fact, in many lines the price has fallen. It is the much greater extent of equipment that has made the trouble. The department of electrical engineering, for instance, is a growth of very recent times. In many departments instruments of precision are required, and whereas in former times it was customary to show the students the experiments, it is now necessary that each student should be equipped with apparatus for the work. In some institutions it is recognized that each student costs more than he pays, so that the larger the class the greater the burden.

Even the operation of the modern dormitory, with its central heating and lighting plant and its elaborate indoor plumbing, is much more costly than the old-fashioned college residence.

Under these conditions, the call for endowments has been heard all over the land and has been answered with liberality. In ancient times, men and women gave money to save their souls. The gift might be specific—so many masses for so much money, or indirect, by endowment of a church, or educational work under church auspices. Altho the intensity of faith has diminished considerably in most Christian countries, yet the fear of the future life is still an important factor in human affairs, and large endowments are constantly going into the hands of the dominant religions.

Another motive, however, has been developed, and it seems to be already of much greater force than the older one. It presents two phases. The increasing economic stress has produced a widespread protest against the existing economic system. An active and wide-spread propaganda against the competitive system is being waged in all Christian countries.

The thoughts of the exploiting class are turned away from the dangers to which the mass of mankind may be exposed in the future life, to the dangers to which the exploiters may be exposed in the present. One of the principal functions of religion is to give comfort, and one phase of this function is to teach the downtrodden to bear their burdens. Even the southern slaves, who were denied opportunity to learn to read or to keep their families together, were permitted to have a sort of religion. The capitalist class finds Christianity, in its present form, a means of preventing the expression of discontent. "Fear God; Honor the King" are the twin maxims of despotism. It is a common assertion in scientific and capitalistic circles that religion is necessary to maintain order and obedience among the masses of mankind. For this reason we find a general support of church systems among the well-to-do. To many, especially to the men, the duty is irksome, and is discharged to the minimum extent. It is the fashion for the masculine portion of the household to rely largely upon the feminine for routine religious work.

"Nymph: in thy orisons be all my sins remembered."

Pecuniary support comes, as a rule, from the men, and money has always been very efficient in a vicarious function.

In this connection it will be interesting to quote a paragraph from Ure's "Philosophy of Manufacturers," a work written over fifty years ago, and representing very clearly the spirit which has antagonized all efforts for freeing the proletariat from its bonds. The extract is from a chapter on religious training in its relation to the working people.

"It is, therefore, excessively the interest of every mill-owner to organize his moral machinery on equally sound principles with his mechanical, for otherwise he will never command the steady hands, the watchful eyes and prompt co-operation essential to excellence of product. Improvident work-people are apt to be reckless, and dissolute ones diseased; thus both are ill-qualified to discharge the delicate labors of automatic industry, which is susceptible of many grades of imperfection without becoming so obviously defective as to render the work liable to a fine. There is, in fact, no case to which the Gospel truth "Godliness is great gain" is more applicable than in the administration of an extensive factory."

This almost seems to be irony, but it is an artless and sincere expression by an English scientist of considerable eminence in his day. It is not often we see so frankly expressed the view that under the modern capitalistic system it is possible to serve both God and Mammon, but the fact is now well known. It, however, now usually takes the im-

proved form of organizing a corporation in which some members serve God and others Mammon; the results are pooled and divided, as in the case of the undertaker who married the midwife and thus made profit out of humanity coming and going.

The second phase of the new motive is to use the endowment to secure the teaching of science in accordance with the interest of the giver. This may, and does at times, extend to every department of science, but some of these are so distantly connected with economic or religious questions as to excite little interest from such points of view. Biology and geology are, however, liable to develop states of mind antagonistic to religious faith; political economy and sociology are liable to develop states of mind antagonistic to the present economic system; and therefore the latter studies are the object of special anxiety on the part of the exploiting class. Hence the very abundant diversion of funds to the establishment of educational institutions for the purpose of teaching the principles of capitalistic political economy. We have abundant instances of this in the United States. One example is to be found in Philadelphia. The Wharton School of Finance and Economy was founded by Joseph Wharton, and attached to the University of Pennsylvania. The original endowment was about $100,000. The donor had acquired a considerable part of his fortune in the manufacture of metallic nickel under a protective duty. He was and is a profound believer in a protective tariff, and although the school is nominally intended to teach the sciences of economics and finance, yet he has bound its teachers for all time to specific doctrines, not passively but actively, as is shown by the following extracts from the letter accompanying the offer of funds for the endowment. After enumerating the advantages and scope of a school of this type, the founder gives certain general principles that should be followed in its teachings, comparable to articles in a creed. Among these are (quoting the exact language):—

"The immorality and practical inexpediency of seeking to acquire wealth by winning it from another, rather than by earning it by some sort of service to one's fellow men."

"The necessity for each nation to care for its own, and to maintain by all suitable means its industrial and financial independence; no apologetic or merely defensive style of instruction must be tolerated on this point, but the right and duty of national self-protection must be firmly asserted and demonstrated."

"The necessity, for modern industry, of organizing under

single leaders or employers great amounts of capital and great numbers of laborers and maintaining discipline among the latter; the proper division of the fruits of organized labor among capitalist, leader and workman."

The last paragraph gives, at least, a frank acknowledgment of the effect of the modern system of industry in effacing the real opportunities of the workingman, and also that the fruits of labor are not shared by labor alone, but capitalist and leader are bidden to the division.

Mr. Wharton also suggests special departments of instruction and the character of the instruction to be given. One sees in his provisions little of the "freedom of teaching" which is the pride of the German universities. For instance—he advises the appointment of "one professor or instructor upon Money and Currency to teach the meaning and functions of money and currency, showing particularly the necessity of uniformity and integrity of the coin unit upon which the money system of the nation is based: how an essential attribute of money is that it should be hard to get."

All through the document the intention of the donor to establish a school to inculcate what he considered "orthodox economics" is plainly seen. At any time, a teacher who should break through these bonds would be liable to be disciplined, and, if recalcitrant, discharged. The thought of the effect of antagonism to the founder's views brings to my mind a story.

In the period immediately following the civil war, the newly liberated negroes were the objects of much exploitation, religious, social and economic, being a people that had long been withheld from contact with anything intellectual. Among these new influences were active religious revivals. In one place where "protracted" meetings were held nearly every night, with many conversions, a plantation owner said to one of his hands, formerly a slave, "Sambo, I think it would be a good time now for you to say something about the sin of chicken stealing." "Massa," said the darkey, "I would be glad to do it. I wish I could, but it would sure throw a coldness over the meeting."

The instances of the removal of the professors from the faculties of Chicago and Leland Stanford Junior universities, the enforced resignation of the president of Brown university in 1896 because he advocated the Bryan silver platform, are a few instances among many that might be cited showing that in proportion as an educational institution is looking to capitalists for funds, it must limit its teaching either to theories

that lead to no possible consequences or to theories that make for the safety of the rights and privileges of capital.

So complete is the absorption of the general mental condition into the capitalistic philosophy that many persons mistake their slavery for freedom. An interesting object lesson of the danger of singing

"to slaves the song of freemen"

is found in an incident recently (March, 1908) occurring in Philadelphia. The principal of the High School for Boys, Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson, somewhat known for his active services in the capitalistic propaganda through his books and public lectures, was reported to have declared himself as opposed to local option, and as even favoring the sale of beer at certain hours on Sundays. The speech was made to the senior class of the School and was merely an incident during an instruction hour. The remarks got into the newspapers and objection was made immediately to his utterances. Several ministerial associations condemned him and the local option people attacked him with virulence. A flood of newspaper correspondence followed, in which several subjects of controversy appeared, such as the correctness of his views, the appropriateness of the utterances and the extent to which the "freedom of teaching" might be claimed by the teacher. The Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, a prominent Episcopalian minister, insisted that a teacher in a public school must teach as parents desire. Dr. Thompson was finally forced to make a formal statement and it is in this that the absurdity of his claim to be an untrammeled teacher appears. He states that he gives instruction in political economy and many questions are asked by his pupils. He asks if he should be restricted from "condemning free trade, which will reduce our workmen to the level of Europe, or socialism, which is intended to destroy free industry." The real issue is, of course, whether he would allow any other teacher in the school to antagonize this teaching. From what is known of his methods, it is clear he would not permit such action. Thus it is seen that what he claims as freedom of teaching is only capitalistic control of teaching.

This incident is purely local; the persons of the drama are scarcely known outside of Philadelphia, and the topic which gave rise to the dispute may be merely of passing interest, but with changes of name and place, and with a basis of any one of many other themes, the story will find counterparts in almost every other educational institution in the country, and indeed in the world. The corrupting influence of the existing economic system extends far beyond the walls

of schools. A very prominent agent in molding and controlling public opinion, especially in the field of higher education, is the scientific journal. This is almost wholly under capitalistic control, in consequence of the support that is derived through advertising. No serious opposition will be presented by a technical journal to the powerful interests that are represented in its advertising pages. A striking instance of this pliant mood is the recent issue of "The Chemical Engineer."

Great damage has been done of late years by smelter gases in some of the mining districts of the west. It does not need to be stated here that the operators of these smelters were deaf to any ordinary appeals for remedial measures presented by farmers, whose lands were being polluted by the materials emitted. The mine-owners of the far west are known for their arbitrary use of every power that the existing system has put into their hands. Bad as the administration of the eastern mines is, it is fairness compared to the methods of the western mine-operators. The farmers combined and entered suit. They have, after about two years' argument before a master in equity, obtained what would be described in the language of the vaudeville stage as "a lemon." They are awarded small damages and told that although there may be some objectionable ingredients in the emitted gases, yet to interfere with the smelters would be to injure a most important industry. Incidentally, we learn that the profits of these operations are so great that the companies are able to compensate for any damage that might be done. The point is, however, the submissive tone in which the "Chemical Engineer" regards the questions of injury to health and comfort.

These questions of pollution of air and streams by manufacturing and mining wastes are among the most important and difficult in modern sanitation. Ordinary sewage is in many cases more offensive to the senses and often more dangerous than some of the technical wastes, but the former can be easily disposed of by natural methods; the latter often render inoperative the processes of purification. In almost every case a manufacturer or miner throws out the waste in the most convenient and economical way and cares nothing for the effect upon others. Agitation against such practices is, according to this journal, merely a sort of hysteria. Listen to the oracle:

"The question of the destruction of crops by the fumes and dust given off by chemical and metallurgical plants and the pollution of streams by the effluents and waste liquors from pulp mills, dyehouses, syrup factories and the like is one which requires very delicate handling to work wrong to no one. A great deal of maudlin sentiment has been directed

against the destruction of a few fish by wood pulp mills, and, while the fish are no doubt less harmful and more useful than some of the newspapers which are printed on the product of these same mills, still the printing press has undoubtedly been the power behind both mental and material advancement, and in most localities where pulp mills are working it is only a question of time before the fish go anyway, sulphite or no sulphite."

Note the capitalistic shibboleth as to the "power of the press" and the pious comfort that the disappearance of the fish is "only a question of time" anyway. The wholesale and ruthless pollution of streams by the waste from sulphite pulp, one of the most offensive and destructive of manufacturing wastes, has naturally occasioned much condemnation, but this, according to the journal, is merely "maudlin sentiment."

The owners and editors of these scientific journals are in close touch with the managers and teachers in our institutions of higher learning; the intercommunication is sufficiently complete to make sure that the printed page will not disturb the orthodox views on economics that have been set forth in the lecture halls.

The principle of "enlightened self-interest" from which so much was expected in the early days of modern capitalistic development, has failed to secure any substantial reform; the hope of satisfactory laws from legislatures and courts controlled by the interests they are expected to reform is vain. Nothing but an entire change of method will accomplish the liberation of humanity from the thraldom of the Frankenstein monster which modern progress has called up. Small corrections will not aid. As Hamlet said to the players, when they said that they had indifferently reformed certain mannerisms: "O, reform it altogether."

HENRY LEFFMAN.

Tubal-Cain.

And Zillah, she also bare Tubal-Cain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron.—**Genesis, iv, 22.**

Of living Christian works, none is so perfect as the Campanile of Giotto. . . . The series of bas-reliefs which stud the base of this tower must be held certainly the chief in Europe. . . . Tubal-Cain, thought the old Florentines, invented harmony. Not Jabal, as you would expect. Jabal is the inventor of musical instruments. . . . They, the best smiths in the world, knew the differences in tones of hammer-strokes on anvil. . . . As sculptured by Giotto, Tubal-Cain's face is the best sermon on the dignity of labor yet spoken by thoughtful man. Liberal Parliaments and fraternal Reformers have nothing to say more.—**John Ruskin: "Mornings in Florence."**

I.

Reading Ruskin, and amused
By his critical abhorrence
Of the modern; yet enthused
By his word-enthralling power,
I was borne in spirit hence
To the heart of sunny Florence,
Where I gazed in reverence
On Giotto's gleaming tower,—
On its chiselled gems,—of old Italian
art the fairest flower.

II.

Many centuries have flown,
Many epochs, many ages,
Since this story-book in stone
Left its illustrator's hand;
Yet the elemental waste
Scarce has dimmed its marble pages;
They are legible and chaste,
They are marvelously grand
As their theme,—the scripture-sequence
by the shepherd-sculptor planned.

III.

Long and lovingly he wrought;
Gave his toil, his recreation,
Gave his reverential thought,
Gave his genius,—his all!
And, defying age and race,
His concept of Man's Creation
Had no credence and no place
For the fable of Man's Fall:
Man, thought he, was called to conquer,—
and would answer to the call.

IV.

Hence he shows, in Eden's toil,
Not a curse, but sweet enjoyment;
Adam hews the primal soil,
Eve the simple vesture spins.
Then their strong descendants come;
Each adopts his own employment—
Crude their ways, and cumbersome,—
Yet the conquest thus **begins.**
Man takes up the gage of Nature, labors,
struggles, plans,—and **wins!**

V.

Jabal from his shaggy tent
Guards his flocks serenely grazing;
Jubal on his instrument
Sounds a long, melodious blast;
Tubal-Cain intently bends
O'er his anvil, shaping, brazing;—
Thus Giotto's art amends
All traditions of the past.
"From this triune sprang all progress!"
claims the bold iconoclast.

VI.

Hence nor saints nor prophets are
Pictured in his allegory.
Knowledge makes her avatar
In habiliments profane.
All of science, craft, and art,
All of Wisdom's pride and glory

From this nomad trio start—
  From their **human** brawn and brain;
Thus Giotto; and his chief artificer is
    Tubal-Cain.

VII.

(We, of later days, who all
  Take for granted Darwin's thesis,
Or accept "Das Kapital"
  As our newer testament,—
Let us, pray, forbear to smile
  At Giotto's exegesis;
True, it does not reconcile
  With our simious descent,
But it illustrates superbly something—
    nobler—Man's **As**-cent!)

VIII.

Meagre store of bookish lore
  Or of worldly erudition
Had this artisan of yore;
  Yet his poet-soul divined
That the true millennium—
  Golden aim of Labor's mission—
Must inevitably come
To beatify and bind,
In a world-democracy, a liberated human-
    kind.

IX.

Labor!—Men have found in thee
  Inspiration omnipresent.
Source of poet's epopee,
  Statesman's theme and Freedom's hymn—
Earth's elect have called thee blest!
  Yet, because this artist-peasant
Understood and loved thee best,
  Lo, 'twas granted unto him
To erect, in Tubal-Cain, thy sempiternal
    paradigm!

X.

Labor!—They who praise thee most
  Oft are they who most despise thee.

Many a shrine of Mammon's host
  Thine ideal form adorns.
Aye, 'tis Mammon that betrays;
  That exalts—and crucifies thee;
That is loudest in thy praise;
  That denies thee as it fawns;—
Hails thee Lord of All,—and crowns
    thee with a coronal of thorns!

XI.

Kings and keepers of the bread!—
  Crowned by might of knout and sabre,
Think ye Liberty is dead
  That ye occupy her throne?
Nay, the thing ye spit upon—
  Labor—mocked and martyrd Labor!—
This shall be her champion—
  Unto this ye shall atone
When your swinish reign is ended and
    your temples overthrown!

XII.

For the "dignity" ye sing
  Shall be awfully asserted,
It shall overthrow and bring
  Your iniquities to naught.
Aye, your bloody reign shall cease,
  And your weapons be converted
Into implements of peace . . . .
  This was the embodied thought
That Giotto, in his Tubal-Cain, so elo-
    quently taught.

XIII.

Though abroad I may not fare,
  In my garret I can steal a
Vision of that image rare,
  Thanks to Ruskin's royal prose.
Tubal's smithy I can trace
  On the storied Campanilé,
Read the sermon in his face,
  Note his proud, puissant pose,
Hear the harmonies resurgent of his
    ringing hammer-blows.

XIV.

Oh, I am enamoured of
  The old Florentine tradition
That the art I mostly love
  At the grimy forge began.
'Tis in thee, primeval smith,—
  First mechanic, first musician—
Not in visionary myth
  Of Apollo, Orpheus, Pan—
'Tis in *thee* the god of music
  Lives, O primal Working Man!

XV.

For thy lyrics lilt and lurk,
  And thine halleluiah surges
In the souls of men whose work
  Is a joy forever green;
And thy melodies divine
  Sink to sympathetic dirges
Where thy children fret and pine
  In the sweating-hells obscene;
And thy psalm of triumph thunders
    from the operose Machine

XVI.

Aye, a triumph-song it is!—
  Chant it, comrades! It has taken
All the crowded centuries
  To perfect its consonance!
Oh, the glory of its theme! . . . .
  "Workers of the world, awaken!
Ye are paramount, supreme!
  Smash your shackles, and advance
To the fruitage of your labor,—to your
    full inheritance!"

Tom Selby.

Socialism and Religion.



N THE ESSAY called "Socialism and Mysticism" in the June number of the Review some things seem to the present writer entirely just and true. The relativity and "changeability of all moral conceptions in space and time" may be accepted freely. The fact that economic situations have moulded all institutions including institutional or organized Christianity need not be disputed. And certainly it should be gladly conceded that for an intelligent socialism or indeed for any intelligent man there should be no "taboo", and that honest and fearless criticism of the churches and of organized Christianity can do no real and permanent injury to truth.

Space will not permit any elaborate apologetic for modern forms of Christianity, such as the author thinks can be made. All he hopes to do is to point out that it is a possibly disastrous diversion of the energy of Socialism to spend it on attacking religion, when so far a sit is a force, it can be harnessed to social advance, and tnat the real service a critic of the existing forms of religion may render is the showing up of the inconsistent character of temporary expressions with the professions these religions make.

The vast mass of mankind is at present, at least, "incurably religious". If before the world becomes socialized it must be dereligionized we may well despair. Religion, however it came into being, is evidently as old the oldest remains of buried humanity. It has functioned with tremendous power ever since. It is all pervading, and under a thousand forms has quickened every activity and impulse of man, good and bad, for the thousands upon thousands of years of man's progress. So it shows slight acquaintance with the literature of modern study of comparative religion to define it as "a theory of the universe at large, a cosmogony, and on the other hand, a system of conduct in every day life—ethics." From the works of Wundt, Höffding and even Herbert Spencer and Fiske, one may easily cull the evidence that religion cannot be confined either to a cosmogony or to an ethics. Religion has linked itself with all manner of cosmogonies, and given rise to a great many systems of ethics, but it cannot be completely defined in terms of cosmogony, and has indeed existed without any cosmogony (Confucianism), and

has even lasted when ethics had long outstripped her life (Roman paganism and philosophic ethics).

Nor is it scientific to ascribe religion and theocracy to the invention of a priest-caste. Religion produces often, though not always, priest-castes, but no modern historian of religions would now maintain that a priest-caste produced religion. And to assert that even the corrupt priest-castes have "produced nothing useful to the community," in the face of Egyptian history is to weaken greatly the appeal from priestly tyranny to real freedom of thought by careless overstatement. A really informed Marxian historian would readily admit on the basis of the economic interpretation of history that at given stages of human progress both priest states and military tyranny had to function and functioned beneficently in making ready for the coming larger life.

In the natural but unfortunate violence of a reaction against Roman Catholic and Protestant scholasticism the uninformed socialist is in grave danger of "throwing out the babe with the bath," and losing sight not only of the past function of religion and its possible future, but even of the main tenet of his own philosophy—the inevitable character of past stages in human thought!

Equally unhistorical and unphilosophical is it to say that religion "invented" a dualism of spirit and matter, of body and soul. However much in theory we may try to move in a monistic world, our knowledge is and must always remain in the subject-object relationsship, the self and the non-self, and at once a basis is given for all kinds of dualisms quite apart from all religion or even reflection. Nor have all religions been dualistic. Religious pantheisms of a thorough-going monistic kind are, in fact, quite as common as metaphysical dualisms.

When now the objection is raised that anthropomorphic religion has "falsified the motives of human conduct," by the introduction of future rewards and punishments, it must never be forgotten that Prophetic Judaism had no doctrine of a future life, and that Buddhism has no heaven. So that religion exists and flourishes without this motivation. At the same time surely Mr. Ladoff is out of his depth in deep water when at one place he asserts that ethics is "enlightened selfishness," and at another favors rewards and punishments as motives to conduct! If ethics is enlightened selfishness then it is only a question of presenting the right rewards and punishments, the extension to another world, or the distribution of the rewards and punishments by a supernatural being is immaterial. Now the present writer agrees with Mr. Ladoff in thinking that the really ethical life cannot be based upon rewards and punishments, and that so far as it is "the moral currency is debased"; and that the real reward of conduct for the moral man is the "beneficent effect directly on the welfare

of the social aggregate he belongs to, and (indirectly), on himself." Hence that ethics is categorical and immediate. But in that case "enlightened selfishness" is a misnomer. What possible rational ground is there for saying group motives are "higher" than "animal selfish motives." They are only forced on us by the group in its own interest! The moral man can only say that he knows as a judgment of value that the group has the higher claim; and at this point all the great religious teachers agree with us—Confucius, Buddha, Jesus. He who saveth his life shall lose it, and he who loseth his life shall save it.

To say that ethics precedes religion is pure dogmatism. We have no data to decide one way or other. All we can say is that religion has been a powerful motive in the ethical life.

That God should be thought of in terms of lawless tyranny was only too natural at a certain economic stage, but that right and wrong should be thought of as the expression of simple might is not peculiar to religion, nor always characteristic of it. Surely Mr. Ladoff has heard of Machiavelli and Thomas Hobbs, neither of whom are generally enrolled as religious saints.

That religion should teach rejoicing over a repentant sinner is neiher immoral nor unnatural. If Socialism gained Mr. Mallock's intelligent and disinterested support, it would and should rejoice in a special and particularly hearty way, for the significance of such a change of sentiment too far exceeds the support of the hundreds that are now being brought up as socialists.

If by mysticism is meant that religion deals with the domain of the unseen and hoped-for this need not be disputed. So also does Socialism. No man walks by sight. Each day is a new situation, each generation a new economic problem. We can in the last analysis only "believe," on the basis of evidence that appeals to us, in the coming triumph of justice and right. For all we "know" the world may end to-morrow in collision with another world, or if it goes on we who are in a confessed minority may be as hopelessly mistaken about our evidence as were the middle age scholastics. All that is relative, and absolute truth is impossible for any of us.

But if by mysticism is meant the metaphysical mysticism of the Orient, then it may at once be shown that modern criticism has proved that Prophetic Judaism and Early Christianity were free from it. As is also uncorrupted Confusianism to-day, and the most powerful sects of Mohametanism.

All this is only to clear the ground to make room for the one main question: is organized Christianity in its Roman and Protestant forms now in the way of militant organized class-conscious socialism? And to that question hardly any observing man can fail to say, at present, yes! For organized Christianity is institutional, and Marxian socialism knows better than any

other historical school that the function of an institution is to conserve acquired values. That as feudalism handed down values that capitalism is still using, so capitalism is doing for the coming collectivism things without which that collectivism would be unthinkable. But this same school of historical criticism must recognize the fact that both good and bad elements are likely to be conserved, so that scholastic Christianity must be critically and sharply examined, but if she has values which the coming social organization needs they are not to be lightly rejected.

And Christianity critically stripped of oriental, hellenistic and scholastic legal intrusions has such values. It would be a fatal blunder if Socialism did not use the tremendous leverage the words of Jesus give for moving men who profess to accept Jesus as an absolute authority. In scholastic Christianity there are ascetic other-worldly elements which are false colors in the modern view of the world, but these came in the second and third centuries after Jesus. In Jesus there is a strong, fresh virile faith in this world and in humanity. He knew not the times and seasons, but he knew a reign of righteousness, co-operation and peace was surely coming, with revolution if necessary, a complete and dramatic establishment of a human brotherhood, with service taking the place of competition, with love as its life not hate; a new society with neither temple nor sacrifice save the sacrifice of joyful loving fellowship.

It would be a stupid and costly blunder if the high ethical levels of Paul's letter to Rome, and I John and even the somewhat lower levels of James and Hebrews were not made the vantage ground for reaching men who profess to accept these things as the final word with the socialist message.

It must be remembered that the intelligent scientific socialist pretends to be dealing with facts, and one of the hardest facts in history is the tremendous allconquering power of religious faith. Few of us can hope to really see the socialist commonwealth, it is our—in its inner quality—religious faith in an unseen order, a Law moving beneficently through economic history that gives us strength and courage to say that though *our* eyes may never behold it, the least service we can render that coming order will be greater than all we may accomplish for self or the present age.

The present writer can appeal to hundreds who with him say of Jesus, "Lord and Master" to do then as Jesus did, and give their lives as intelligently as we know how to the estabishment on earth of a new social order: and a socialist who does not thus accept Jesus, can not make the same appeal to the thousands who do pretend to believe him.

It may be freely granted that some religious faiths picture most crudely that stately social Purpose moving through the

economic social order to a free and perfected humanity. But do we not all picture crudely our ideals? We are all, at best, but ignorant half-savages, living an unorganized hap-hazard life in an unorganized and but dimly understood and half-mastered world. But all really religious men and women have ideals, and it is to them and mainly to them that Socialism must appeal.

It is not with religion but with conventional caricatures of religion that Socialism has its quarrel. Jesus and all the great religious leaders have been dangerous, and effective foes to the social disorders of their day. Even granting the all too sweeping charges made by Mr. Blatchford and repeated by Mr. Ladoff against the organized church, it must yet be remembered that it has been out of the loins of institutional religion that practically all the great social prophets have come. That the names of such social prophets have been inrolled after they are dead, by those who would claim as vested rights old invested wrongs, is only repeating all history. So to-day the Republican party pretends to honor Lincoln amidst a carnival of graft, and Democracy has a tear in its eye for a Jefferson in whose name it organized Tammany Hall.

It were little less than madness if Socialism calling itself scientific were so disgusted with hypocrisy that it let the hypocrites run off with all the dear-bought religious memories of the ages. The world of thought-creation which is our common heritage, in which we all must live and move has, whether we like it or not, a great store-house of social values, and our world would be vastly poorer, meaner, more squalid if the strong religious memories, and splendid religious sacrifices of the past were not given place in the new forms of faith which must rise to voice and glorify the joy and thanksgiving of a recreated free humanity.

And within the organized church a vast movement is on foot. It cannot be stopped. The church that has prayed for two thousand years, "They kingdom come, Thy will be done *on earth,* as it is done in heaven" is at last moving slowly but directly upon the social situation. It is a wild mistake to suppose that either organized capitalism or middle-class industry completely controls either Roman Catholicism or Protesantism. They influence them both far too much. But in numbers and ultimate strength it is not the parasitic and predatory elements that are likely to finally control. To win organized religious feeling to an intellegent, sane and scientific reorganization of life on the basis of co-operation and communal ownership of the tools, would be worth almost any cost or sacrifice.

We fully understand the feelings of impatient disgust that take possession of men in the presence of the nauseous hypocrisy manifest in the churches. But we beg intelligent men with historic minds to have a great patience. Many of these so-

called hypocrites are the unconscious victims of our social anarchy. Many are really only conventional automatons. And among the churches there are thousands and thousands whose hearts are sick and weary for the coming day. They too are looking out eagerly for the dawn. It will not be by crude and crass misunderstanding of their noblest feelings and secretest dreams, it will not be by unsympathetic and unhistorical criticism of the forms of dearly loved faiths that they will be won to the light of the new society. They need to have their fondest hope and brightest faith reinterpreted to them in the terms of that coming reorganization of human life in which we can say then of humanity: these indeed are the sons of God!

THOMAS C. HALL.

Out of the Dump.

III.



I HOPPED OFF THE CAR at Wilson street one very warm Saturday afternoon in June. In my hand I carried a bag of big purple plums for Sammie and the baby and in my pocket a pair of Mrs. Von Kleeck's cast-off side-combs for mother. I was very happy, for there had been great doings at the big house and mother was just the one to let me sit on the rocking-chair while she listened to everythnig I told, from the price Mollie, the china-closet maid, paid for her slippers, to the number of dishes Mrs. Van served at her last little dinner.

I believe mother sometimes fancied I stretched things, but I didn't. Children who grow up thinking in PENNIES are not likely to guess too high about people like the Van Kleecks.

As I turned the corner I saw Sally Higgens and all the other Higgenses and Mrs. Wineshevsky and the Schmidts holding a confab on the steps leading to "our basement". As I drew nearer I saw a big sign over the stairway. SMALL POX, it said. And Mrs. Wineshevsky came to meet me and told me all about it.

Mother had found a job at the Glue Works. Every morning she had left Sammie and the baby at the Day Nursery at 6:30 and had called for them at 7:00 in the evening. That morning six of the children at the Nursery were so ill that the Matron called in the City Physician. He pronounced the trouble to be small pox and by one o'clock the afflicted children were all removed to the Pest House. Sammie and the baby were among them.

The Glue Works close at one o'clock on Saturdays and a short time later mother discovered the children had been taken away. Mrs. Wineshevsky said mother didn't stop for anything but hurried out to the old hospital built way up in a bend in the river to keep the disease from spreading to "the better portion of the population." They were glad to have mother come to take care of the children, because the only attendants at the Pest House were a man and his wife, both too old and worn-out to be able to do much for anybdy except themselves.

Mrs. Wineshevsky said there seemed to be a regular epidemic of small pox at the Dump. I was very much disappointed. It

seemed too bad to carry the plums all the way from the boulevard for nothing. I was not much frightened, because people were always having small pox in the Alley or at the Dump. Daddy and mother had had it years before, so I went over to Schmidt's and took the plums to Mamie. I thought I'd have a little holiday anyway.

It happened to be the day of the meeting of the Trustees for the Society-for-Securing-Employment-for-Protestant-Women-With-Infants-Under-One-Year-of-Age. And the meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Van Kleeck, Jr. Holding meetings at Mrs. Van's was the only sure way of getting her to attend them. But when people want anybody badly enough, they are willing to go to them. They were always going to Mrs. Van Kleeck.

Mrs. Van had been made President of the Society-for-Securing-Employment-for-Protestant-Women-With-Infants-Under-one-Year-of-Age, because the Society needed the advertising. They told her she wouldn't need to do anything but be president.

Mrs. Kensington happened to inform Mrs. Van Kleeck about the epedemic at the Dump. And inside of an hour I was marched into our room in the basement by the Health Officer and told to stay there.

It seems Mrs. Van Kleeck was afraid of infection. The City Physician said there seemed to be nothing the matter with me, but I would have to stay away from Mrs. Van's for nine days till he could be sure, and then, after I was thoroughly fumigated, disinfected and sterilized, perhaps I should be allowed to return.

It seemed pretty hard lines for me, because after being shut up in the basement I was more than likely to contract the small pox myself. But as soon as the Health Officer had gone, I sneaked out and went over to tell Mrs. Wineshevsky about it. She took me in. She was the kind of a woman that always takes everybody in. It would have been fun being with her for a change if everybody hadn't been sick except Mrs. Wineshevsky. Zeb and Lucy were down with typhoid fever and little Anna was so ill she didn't know us. I helped with the work, as Mrs. Wineshevsky sorted rags all day at an old second-hand shop and Mr. Wineshevsky worked for a carpenter in the Alley, on his "good days". He had queer brown patches all over his face and neck and looked sick always.

Mrs. Wineshevsky was a very nice woman. She was always working as fast as she could make her fingers fly. It seemed to me that she just bustled through life and kept things moving somehow for the whole family.

There was great fear in her eyes when she came home from work in the evening, fear that the children would be worse. She would steal gently up to little Anna who lay most of the time in

a heavy sleep, and put her hand softly upon her head. Young as I was, it made my heart ache for I knew she was afraid that sometime her little one would not awake.

Miss Crane, who was one of the Nurses from the Visiting Nurses' Assn., came to see the children. She was a pleasant woman. She wanted to make everybody clean and well and to have happiness and the sun shining over everybody all the time. I think she believed that if poor people would only choose work in the fresh air, sanitary houses to live in, if they would eat pure wholesome food and wear healthful clothing, everything would be all right in the poor man's world. She found out what was the matter at the Wineshevskys very soon.

There was a queer smell about the house. Miss Crane began to poke her nose around to find out where it came from. By and by she pulled up a loose board in the kitchen floor and looked through. The whole cellar was filled with a dark and sickening fluid. There was no drainage, nor sewerage and never had been any.

She explained to them all about it.

"There's no sewerage here," she said; "and you will have to move out of this house at once, or the children will DIE. Before you know it, you will be ill yourself, Mr. Wineshevsky. Nobody can live among the germs that come from that poison without getting sick." Then she bathed the three children and went away.

Every time she came she told them the same thing and every time she spoke more strongly. She knew nobody could ever get well among the mob of microbes that inhabited that house. She said she could smell them coming through the floor in hordes.

Mr. Wineshevsky thought over Miss Crane's words every day. He had read in the papers that the Hon. D. C. Peters, who was trying to force the City Administration to give him a new street car franchise, owned many "death traps" and "undrained hovels" on Wilson Street. He had learned it from the papers, that were trying to beat Mr. Peters, and he thought he saw a way out of the difficulty.

He talked the matter over with Mrs. Wineshevsky and she agreed with him. It was impossible to move into another house while the children were sick. It seemed there was nothing else to be done and no time to lose, for Anna grew every day a little weaker.

And so, on his next "good day" Odin Wineshevsky, armed with his own despair, went to the city to find Mr. Peters. I am not sure that he knew just what he expected Mr. Peters to do.

"I'll make him put in a sewer or save the children in some

way. I will not come back till I find him and bring help," he told Mrs. Wineshevsky. He was gone three days.

It was a bad time for the family at home. Mrs. Wineshevsky worked and cried. Occasionally she hoped a little. I have seen that mothers (I mean those who are the wives of poor men) never despair as long as there is work to be done. But the children were slowly burning away with the terrible fever, and Mrs. Wineshevsky saw them fading before her eyes.

Perhaps it was almost as hard for Odin Wineshevsky away in the city seeking help. For an endless day he watched outside of the Peters palace on the boulevard, till the servants thought he was crazy and threatened to call the police. But he followed Peters to the Club. There he was refused admittance. It is surprising that he was not arrested and thrown into jail for he was pale and worn and badly dressed. And rich and happy folks are strangely fearful of the despairing and miserable poor.

But Odin Wineshevsky waited his time. He was not too insistent. From early in the evening till long past midnight he watched in the rain while the great man dined at a banquet. He grew faint from standing outside the great office building of the Peters Real Estate Company, scanning each face that emerged from the doors. By this time he would have been able to recognize Peters. He even fell asleep on the stairs of the office building. He had no money but someway he managed to live through.

Doubtless he begged a little, or they fed him at the saloons. On the third morning as he waited near the general office of the Telephone Company, Mr. Peters accompanied by a reporter on one of the opposition papers, came out of the door. And Odin Wineshevsky heard his Opportunity.

He told his story briefly in a voice that trembled with misery and despair and when he talked of the slime and sewerage running under the house, and the advice of the Visiting Nurse, his tones grew bolder and his words rang through the hall of the great building. Immediately a little crowd began to gather around the elevator.

Mr. Peters seemed touched by the story. He said he had no interests whatever in the stockyards district, but that it would give him a great deal of pleasure to see that the little ones were cared for.

And while Odin Wineshevsky leaned weakly and tearfully against the wall (now that the crisis was past) Mr. Peters returned to his office where he called up the B— Hospital asking them to "fix it up and send down for the little Wineshevsky girl" as soon as it was possible to do so.

Mr. Wineshevsky wept when he tried to thank Mr. Peters before he went back to the Dump, and there were real tears in

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Mr. Peters' eyes. If there was one thing Mr. Peters hated above all others, it was folks blessed with wealth who have no time to extend the hand of sympathy to men like poor Wineshevsky.

He said this to the reporter (for the opposition paper). Besides he had promised to pay for the support of a charity bed at the B — Hospital for one year and he thought he might as well make use of it.

* * * * *

Mrs. Wineshevsky was having a bad time of it. Zeb and Lucy were worse and Miss Crane said Anna's fever was higher. I helped all I could, bathing the children and using the ice Miss Crane had sent. Most of the time they lay in a heavy stupor. It was almost like a funeral.

Mrs. Wineshevsky was ill too, but on the third day, she also went to the city—this time to see the City Physician. He promised to come in the afternoon to see what could be done for the children.

At four o'clock that day little Anna died. A little later the ambulance from the B— Hospital arrived and Mrs. Wineshevsky persuaded them to take Lucy away instead. It seemed doubtful if she could live.

Two days later the City Physician called. He left some medicine and told Mrs. Wineshevsky there was no use doing anything till the family got out of that house. A day or two later Zeb died and Lucy never recovered in spite of the care that was spent upon her at the hospital.

The family—what there was left of it—never rallied from the blow of the death of the three children. Odin dribbled along more painfully and aimlessly than he had ever done on his "worst days". And Mrs. Wineshevsky turned into a bundle of hate that seemed to include even her old friends and neighbors at the Dump.

One day Mr. Wineshevsky wandered away in one of his foolish spells and Mrs. Wineshevsky grew more bitter than before.

When I went to work in the office of one of the Charity Bureaus, I happened to run across the record of the Wineshevsky family. It reads something like this:

WINESHEVSKY, Odin and Annie (Polish) aged 32 and 27 years. Three children, Zeb 8, Lucy 6, Anna 3. (Three children dead). Living at 326 Wilson street; 3 rooms; rent $10.00; say they wish to rent front room. Mrs. W. working at 54 Arch street, sorting rags; wages $7.00. Mr. W. works little; claims he is sick; believe he is lazy. Family ought not need help. House untidy. Seem to be shiftless and poor managers. Visiting Nurse found three children sick; typhoid fever; told family to

move, but seemed too ignorant and stubborn; no sewerage in house.

Mr. D. C. Peters, President of the B— Hospital and the ——— Street Railway Co., became interested in case and had Lucy sent to hospital. June 4. Anna died; found Mr. and Mrs. both home. Neither working. Advised Mr. W. to go to work. June 10th. Zeb died. June 15th. Mrs. W. ordered Friendly Visitor out of house. Has a violent temper. June 21st. Lucy died at B— Hospital. Dec 27th. Odin W. was sent to Hospital for the Insane.

All this happened seven years ago. Families have continued to live and to die in the Wineshevsky house at 236 Wilson street. There's a new family there now of the name of Friedman. The sewerage continues to slumber as peacefully as of old under the bed room and the kitchen and I suppose the microbes continue to riot and to romp in the same old way, for little children continue to droop and to die there. The Hon. D. C. Peters still owns the place and still sheds the halo of his prestige around the B— Hospital. His name graces the stationery of that institution as of old. He has not ceased to dispense charity with his right hand (from the spoils he has taken with his left). And it is all a very terrible farce.

My brother Bob says we can't expecet him to be any different. He says we can't expect ANYBODY to be different, but he's hoping some day the working people WILL. He says if they owned the factories collectively and paid themselves the value of the things they make, instead of giving the profit or rake-off to the boss, they'd be able to have beautiful homes themselves, wholesome places to live in, where the little children would have the best chance in the world for their lives.

It makes Bob hot when people who WORK have to go around ASKING for favors. He says they ought to stop "dividing up" the wealth they produce. He wants them to be the rulers of the world and keep it themselves. He says, if he had half a chance, he'd go to work himself, but he can't bear to plug along just to enable the boss's wife and daughters to wear diamonds.

MARY E. MARCY.

The Economic Aspects of the Negro Problem.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PERIOD OF NEGRO SUPREMACY.



LL ARGUMENTS in favor of granting the negro any degree of participation in the political life of the nation, are met by the typical southerner, socialists often not excluded, by pointing at the period of reconstruction; that is claimed to be the dreadful example, which has for all times settled the problem of negro franchise in the negative. And it must at once be admitted, that the period of reconstruction represents quite a dark page in the history of American selfgovernment. To be frank, the instantaneous grant of that supreme power of political life, without the slightest preparatory stage, to several millions of slaves of but yesterday, was a very daring undertaking. As one northern writer remarked as early as 1865, "to say, that men just emerged from slavery are qualified for the exercise of political power, is to make the strongest pro-slavery argument I ever heard. It is to pay the highest compliment to the institution of slavery."

There were two additional factors which served to aggravate the situation. On one hand the great majority of the white southerners were for the time being deprived of their right to vote. On the other, the stream of adventurers from the north, who felt a chance for a good catch in the dirty waters of the southern political situation, introduced an entirely new element which even Schurtz did not calculate on. Of course, these new comers were all republicans: politicians, office holders, ex-army men, and disreputable characters in general, all those carpet-baggers, who have attached their name to this interesting though distressing period of American history.

The degree of negro domination varied in different states. The length of the period varied as well, though in general it began with the granting of the franchise to the negroes and ended with the recall of the northern troops from the south in 1876.

Formally, it was a period of negro domination. Not only did the negroes refrain from electing their old masters, as Carl Schurtz feared they might do, but they systematically voted for negro candidates for offices. Thus in 1873, for instance, there

were in the State legislature of South Carolina 94 negroes as against 30 white men. In the State of Mississippi there were in the same year 55 negroes and 60 white men, of whom a great many were carpet baggers and in alliance with the negroes.

The same condition of affairs prevailed in almost all southern states. It was natural for these legislatures to nominate negroes officials for all positions open to them. The selection of negroes was not limited to the local legislative assemblies. Very soon there appeared negro judges, negro lieutenant governors, (though there was no case of a selection of a negro governor) members of congress, and even United States Sentators.

Most of these negro statesmen had been slaves up to two or three years before their political career began, and were not overburdened with education. "A goodly number were unable", says Garner, the author of a very painstaking investigation of reconstruction in Mississippi, "to write and were compelled to attach their signatures to the legislative pay-rolls in the form of a mark", There were illiterate sheriffs, judges, even state senators.

The appearance of a southern legislative assembly during that period was not very attractive from the point of view of any white man, and of a southern white man in particular. "Yesterday," writes a contemporaneous southern investigator of the problem, "the assembled wisdom of the state.... issued forth from the State House. About three quarters of the crowd belonged to the African race. They were of every hue, from the light octoroon to the deep black. They were such a looking body of men as might pour out of a market house or a court house at random in any southern state. Every negro type and physiognomy was here to be seen, from the genteel serving man to the rough hewn customer from the rice or cotton field. Their dress was as varied as their countenaces.. There was the second-hand black frock coat, glossy and threadbare. There was the stove pipe hat of many ironings and departed styles. There was also to be seen a total disregard of the proporieties of custom in the coarse and dirty garments of the field, the stub jackets and slouch hats of soiling labor. In some instances rough woolen comforters embraced the neck and hid the absence of linen. Heavy brogans and short torn trousers it was impossible to hide."

To appreciate fully the nature of the change which had taken place it must be remembered that notwithstanding its adherence to the democratic party, the south before the war was very much opposed to any democratic principles. The south was an aristocracy, almost an oligarchy, into which every society based upon slavery must eventually develop. The pride of the planter was deeply wounded at the sight of the negro, the slave of yesterday, whom so recently he could severely chastise, and abuse

in any way he saw fit,—in the position of the master of the political machine. What have we come to? and What will become of us? Those were the questions which the southern planter asked himself, and to which he could find no answer.

The behaviour of these legislators disgusted the old southern aristocrat no less than their appearance. The ex-slave was anxious to show his independence the best way he knew how. He spat to his right and to his left, chewed tobacco during the sessions, put his large feet on his desk in the official chamber, laughed aloud, cracked jokes as well as peanuts, and enjoyed his newly acquired freedom and political influence as best he could.

All this was very hard to bear. But still more serious were the actual results of the legislative work of these black legislators, which struck at the pockets of the impoverished planter, a more sensitive place even than his pride.

It is not so easy as it might seem to obtain an unprejudiced picture of there results. The majority of the contemporaneous writers, as well as of the subsequent investigators were southerners with great prejudices against the negroes, and the results of mismanagement under negro domination are frequently greatly exaggerated. While some forty years have passed since these events, the animus has by far not yet died out. And even technically, the efforts to follow the details of local government of fifteen states present a great many difficulties. It may be stated with a reasonable degree of accuracy, that the years of negro domination had a decidedly detrimental influence upon the financial condition of the southern states. The negro legislators and administrators, who had almost no property of their own, had no moral scruples against increasing the taxes upon the land property of their old masters. The rapidity with which the negroes have learned all tricks of the white man's corrupt politics should go a long way to prove the racial equality of the negro as far as mental qualities are concerned. They voted themselves extravagant salaries, they increased the salaries of all the officials, who were mostly negroes. Negro sheriffs frequently earned as much as 15-20 thousand dollars a year. On the other hand the childlike character of the new legislators often showed itself in ridiculous extravangances in appropriating money for decoration of the assembly or committee roomms. On the desk of every member of the Mississippi legislature there appeared each morning five daily papers, though the majority of the legislators were unable to read or write, and the bill for newspapers for one year loomed up to $3,670. In the same state the colored lieutenant governor paid the expenses of his household by draft upon the state funds. In the state of South Carolina the printing bill for one year reached the enormous sum of $600,000; and about half a million dollars were expended for the refurnishing of the

assembly. Perhaps the record for curious forms of extravagance is held by the same State, whose negro legislators ordered the purchase of 200 french China spittoons at $8 a piece for the use of the 124 members of the legislative assembly.

Where was the money forthcoming for such extravagance? Though direct taxation upon property was increased in all the southern states, in some of them as much as ten or fifteen times, nevertheless the South was too much impoverished by the destructive war to be able to raise all this necessary and unnecessary money by taxation alone. The sum of state, county and municipal taxes often reached as much as five per cent of the valuation of the property, yet the income from taxation did not cover even one half of the total expenses of the carpet baggers government. Loans soon became necessary, and in the realization of these even greater corruption was practised. The financial ventures were of so complicated a nature that the ignorant negroes, or the majority of them, were utterly unable to understand them, and so they were acting entirely under orders of the white men.

The indebtedness of South Carolina in 1861 was $5,400,000; by 1872, it had increased to $29,000,000. This gigantic sum, for a poverty stricken state, was not all spent upon furniture or salaries. The white leaders of the ignorant black folks soon evolved various schemes much more ambitious. They started with various schemes for construction, which always were the mainstay of the big boodler, while the small fry may be satisfied with signing for a petty sum on a fraudulent pay roll. The impoverished southern state governments liberally subsidized railroads, guaranteed the bonds of private railroad companies, and for such consideration towards the railroads the legislators received handsome compensation, the greater portion of which surely reached the white man's pocket; to say nothing of the white railroad man and the white New York banker, to whom went the lion's share of the spoils. In this process of grafting the interests of the black man were as brutally sacrificed as those of the white man. Thus the legislature of South Carolina had appropriated $700,000 for purchase of land for distribution among the negroes. Under this law land was bought which was absolutely unfit for agricultural purposes, and frequently paid for at ten or twenty times its market value.

South Carolina was no exception among the southern states. In Alabama the state debt increased from eight to 25 million dollars. In North Carolina the valuation of taxable property decreased from $292,000,000 in 1860 to $130,000,0000. in 1870; nevertheless the sum of taxes levied increased from $540,000 to $1,160,000. In addition $14,000,000 worth of railroads bonds were issued, and an issue of $11,000,000 was authorized, but not a mile of railroads was built with that money. Georgia owned

a railroad which it cost less than a million dollars to run, and which brought a net income of about $400,000 per annum. With the establishment of the carpet bag regime the operating expenses of the road jumped to over two million dollars, while the income turned into a deficit. In a very interesting work on the carpet bag regime in Georgia, written by a negro state senator of that period, the author admits the facts of extreme corruption, though giving them quite a different interpretation.

Such a policy spelled ruin for the south. Moreover the evils were not only financial. The entire government of each state was soon in the hands of a political machine which was not at all adverse to a systematic falsification of election returns, and so felt itself securely entrenched in power, and perfectly safe from the influences of public opinion.

Such, says the southerner, were the results of giving the negro the right to participate in the political life of the country. On the face of it, this deduction permits of no criticism or contradiction. Post hoc, ergo utque hoc. And the negro legislator was the most conspicuous and most irritating factor in the situation.

How far then may this period of reconstruction serve as an argument against the enfranchisement in the present or even in the future? How far do the facts quoted prove or disprove the inherent unfitness of the negro for political life? That is a grave problem which will be considered presently. But viewing the situation from a purely impersonal and scientific point of view, one must agree, that besides the incapacity of the negro, whether organic and eternal or acquired and temporary, there were many other important factors in the situation.

To begin with, an actual majority in the hands of the negroes was to be found only in the states of Mississippi, South Carolina, perhaps Louisiana, while the sad facts of reconstruction and corruption were universal throughout the south.

Secondly, of all fruits of corruption, only the smaller crumbs such as high per diem salaries, or expensive spittoons, fell into the hands of the negro legislators. The plums that were really worth anything, such as profits on bond issues, subsidies, loans, franchises, and so forth, remained in the hands of the few white politicians. These were the representatives of the nobler race who came down south right after the conclusion of peace, in order to work for their own pocket all the time. At the same time the majority of the white men of the south were deprived of their right to vote. The new arrivals from the north became republicans, as a matter of course, because the republican party had the protection of the federal troops which had remained in the south. The presence of these troops was necessary for the protection of the negro population, the commanders of these

regiments were not loath to exploiting the situation to their personal advantage in collusion with the civil carpet baggers. The least scrupulous part of the local white population, the so-called white trash, whom the southern aristocrat despised before the war almost as much as he did the negro, often joined the republican ranks not only for the sake of the small advantages but also out of feeling of revenge towards the aristocratic slave owner. Altogether it is difficult to escape the conclusion that the white man was at the bottom of the entire system of corruption which was devouring the southern treasuries and debauching the entire political life of the south.

Nevertheless, the fact remains true that it was the negro vote which gave the republican that perfect control of the south, and that an ignorant mass of electors was a great stimulus towards fostering of all the political and social vices. This was the only fact which the south was able to see. Yet the greatest vice of the negro voter was his allegiance to the Republican party, a vice which he evidently shared with a great many members of the white race at that time, and which is quite common with white folks even at present. The shade of Lincoln might object, however, to classifying this allegiance to the Republican party as evidence of the eternal racial unfitness to make good use of the franchise.

After all is said, the reconstruction period in the south was only a new variation of the very old principle. "Vae Victis." But the south felt so bitterly against the negroes for joining the enemies, that it put the entire blame for the reconstruction evils upon the negro.

* * * *

Quite naturally, the racial relations were very much aggravated by these political conditions. In the preceding chapter I have shown how the civil war and the emancipation of the negroes was rapidly destroying the patriarchal relations of cordial attachment mixed with contempt. But it was the period of reconstruction that created in the heart of the southerner the feeling of intense hatred towards the negro, and particularly towards the educated negro who held a seat in the legislative assembly, or held any other important civil position. And the higher the negro raised his head the greater grew the hatred of the white man for him.

Meanwhile the negroes, or at least a great many of them, did begin to raise their heads. Their feeling of inferiority to the white man, which the ante-bellum southerner used to make so much of, gave way with remarkable rapidity under the influence of the very first years of freedom. The negro politician, so quick in apeing the very worst features of his white prototype, had good reasons to think himself as good as his white colleague

at least. The negro began to speak in an entirely different voice. Perhaps the strongest and most interesting statement in this relation was made by a very old and very full-blooded negro, an ex-slave and member of the state legislature of South Carolina, and a man with a great deal of influence in his day, namely, Beverly Nash:

"The reformers complain of taxes being too high. I tell you that they are not high enough. I want them taxed until they put their lands where they belong, into the hands of those who worked them. You worked for them; you labored for them, and were sold to pay for them; and you ought to have them."

Thus the new times brought new songs; and these songs sounded maddening to the old-time southerner. But to the unprejudiced investigator they serve as a very interesting evidence that the negro was undergoing a very important transformation from a chattel into a human being, even though in the process of transformation he had learned from his white teacher all the dirty tricks of political corruption. The southerner professes to see in the history of the reconstruction era only a strong chain of corroborative evidence of the racial inferiority of the negro. But others with equal justice claim to see there proofs of a directly opposite conclusion. The mistakes of the negro legislators can very easily be explained by their lack of culture and education; but the few favorable exceptions that may be found are strong evidence of the possibilities which were hidden in the race. Striking cases of ability, at least in the political line, were not denied even by the contemporaneous southern writers; cases of political honesty, though somewhat less frequent, were also to be found. Says a modern southern student of that epoch: "There were some very intelligent negroes in the legislature, this being particularly true of the ministers of the gospel." Says a contemporaneous southern writer: "The leading topics of discussion are all well understood by the members. When an appropriation bill is up to raise money to catch and punish the Ku Klux, they know exactly what it means. So, too, with educational measures, the free school comes right home to them. Sambo can talk on these topics and those of a kindred character and their endless ramifications, day in and day out. * * * Shall we, then, be too critical over the spectacle? Perhaps we might more wisely wonder that they can do so well in so short a time."

But the white south was not at all disposed to go into scientific study of the characteristics of the negro race, nor could it in all justice be expected to. *Its* opinion of the negro race had been formed long ago, as was shown in the preceding chapters of this study. The period of reconstruction only succeeded

in making this opinion very much worse. If up till then the white man was denying the intellectual capacities of the black man, and if this charge was becoming very much more difficult to prove, he now began to deny the existence of moral feeling, carrying his argument of racial inferiority into an entirely different plane. He would not stop to consider how to establish some tolerably acceptable modus vivendi; for he was only thinking of one great problem, how to put a stop to this domination of the negro in politics, and when he said negro domination, he very often perhaps unconsciously was thinking of the domination of the Republican party.

It must be admitted that in his efforts to get rid of that Republican domination, or negro domination, the white used methods which were hardly calculated to strengthen the plea of the inherent moral superiority of the white man. The events of the following years are sufficiently familiar to the American of to-day, and a very brief recital of them will be all that is necessary here. As long as the south was full of the northern troops, who naturally defended the interests of the negroes and the Republicans, the south could only fight as a conspirator. Thus the famous Ku Klux Klan was organized to do its awful work. Immediately after the war this organization seemed to be simply a tool of revenge and aimless cruelty to the negro, but towards the beginning of the seventies the organization began to work more systematically with a definite purpose of frightening the negroes away from the polls. The assaults extended also towards the white Republicans, who were hated and despised no less than the negroes. The business methods of the Ku Klux were few, but definite and usually effective; they were threats, assaults and murders when the lighter ones did not prove effective. The special commission and investigations of the federal government did not succeed in their efforts to suppress these outrages, for the entire south lent its sympathy and support.

By means of such methods, and by the gradual extension of the amnesty to the white population, the political powers in the southern states were gradually returning into the hands of the white men, and of the Democratic party. The decrease in the Republican vote was caused primarily by the decrease in the negro vote. The suppression of the negro franchise began, as a matter of fact, as early as 1873. In South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas, where the negro population was greatest, more radical methods were resorted to. A series of revolutions followed. By armed force the white population kept the negroes from participating in the elections. In a few localities the negroes showed some fight, but the white men had all the advantage of a better organization. Besides, at the first

smell of powder the carpet baggers hastened to escape and left the negroes without any leaders.

There still remained the federal troops; but the federal government was rapidly losing the desire to interfere in the southern race war. Southern Republicans often appealed to the federal government for assistance, but it was forthcoming less rapidly than before. In 1876, the newly elected President Hayes, after some conferences with southern committees who promised the preservation of law and order, ordered the removal of troops from the south. This was the beginning of the end of the negro domination.

What was the cause of this sudden change of heart of the federal government? First, the crisis of 1873 had turned the congress into the hands of the Democrats. Furthermore, the lawlessness which continued in the south was very undesirable from the point of view of northern capital, for the south remained unavailable for investments as long as this lawlessness continued. And last, but not least, an enormous quantity of southern bonds and other state securities filled the New York Exchange to overflowing, and made the money interests of the north very much concerned in the task of saving the south from bankruptcy.

* * * *

Notwithstanding the dark picture drawn here, our judgment of the entire period of reconstruction must not be one of unqualified condemnation. It is natural for the southerner to take that extreme point of view. Twenty years later a southern writer summed up the situation in the following terse sentences: "It required," said Mr. J. L. Curry, "the combination of all the strength, prestige, patriotism, patience, intelligence to save the country from becoming a second San Domingo. But for the successful resistance to ignorance, superstition, fanaticism, knavery, the grossest executive judicial and legislative outrages, there would to-day be no schools in the south, no protection to property." After having lived through the period of reconstruction, the south was firmer than ever in the belief that the negro has demonstrated his racial inferiority, and furnished further proof, if such were necessary, of the necessity of white domination over the black man. And since in the south the opposition to the negro became identified with the opposition to the Republican party, therefore the southern view of the inferiority of the negro and his absolute unfitness for exercising his franchise gained many adherents in the Democratic ranks of the north.

Did the years of the reconstruction justify such a dark outlook? There is a great deal of truth in what Mr. Carl Schurtz had to say in regard to this problem shortly before his death: "So tremendous a social revolution as a sudden transformation of almost the whole laboring force of a large country from

slaves into free men could never have been effected quite smoothly without producing hot conflict of antagonistic interests and feelings and without giving birth to problems seeming at times almost impossible of solution."

The introduction of negro suffrage in the south took place under peculiarly unfavorable circumstances. For in the painful events of the years 1868-1874 there were blended together the effects of at least three important forces, and the denial of franchise to a large body of white southerners, with the introduction of a large body of strangers, adventurers, was much more harmful in its effects than the granting of the franchise to the negroes.

Then, again, the very results of reconstruction were greatly exaggerated, so say the least. It is true that the period had a very depressing effect upon the finances of the south. But such revolting examples of graft are not confined to the south or to the period of reconstruction. The brass chandeliers of the Pennsylvania capitol may well be matched against the fine porcelain spittoons of South Carolina. Surely the negroes cannot be blamed if during the entire history of self-government in the United States graft and wild finance claimed such prominence. Bribery in the acquisition of offices, corrupt distribution of franchises, extravagant use of public funds, all this was very well known in this country long before the period of reconstruction, and this was not eliminated even after the negroes were by brute force deprived of their legal right to vote. And it is quite certain that even in the south to-day the municipal governments of the larger southern cities do not represent examples of civic purity of a higher standard than the large cities of the east or the middle west.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the years of reconstruction had some very valuable salutary effects. Even an opponent was forced to admit that "the ballot indeed has won for the newly enfranchised every legal and civil right," but he adds, "fearful has been the price which the country has paid for it, and direful the consequences." After all, the evils of reconstruction become quite petty and unimportant when compared with the cost of the civil war itself and yet that price had to be paid to rid the country of the curse of chattel slavery. I have shown that after the war the south continued to strive for the re-establishment of slavery in reality if not in law. Surrounded by negro policemen, judges and legislators, the southern gentleman in the days of reconstruction took his revenge by refusing to address the negro as "Mister." But during these days he also learned to fear the negro. And while successful revolutions which followed the days of reconstruction caused many restrictions of the rights of the negroes, nevertheless there was no more

talk of a special black code or of limitations in the way of the negro who might want to acquire property.

Moreover the reconstruction days had awakened in the negro some political consciousness; it straightened his back that had been bent for two hundred and fifty years; it planted in his heart the desire for political emancipation. Reconstruction has left an ideal in the memory of the negro, which will eventually prove a real social force in the solution of the negro problem. Each and every nation is better off for having tried the enjoyment of human and civil rights than if it had never tasted of them at all.

I. M. Robbins.

(To be Continued.)



The Republican Convention. The capitalist class of the United States has been making rapid strides toward an efficient class consciousness and has tightened its grip on the Republican party. The Republican convention was a harmonious one because the new school of politicians who stand behind Roosevelt and Taft understand their business. The convention in shaping its platform had to do two definite things. One was to satisfy the capitalists who own the party machine that none of their vital interests would be threatened by the continuance of the party in power. This was easy. The other was to make alluring, vote-bringing promises to farmers, small merchants and manufacturers, and "pure and simple" laborers, which should keep them in line without at the same time committing the party to any really dangerous measure. This was hard, but it was well done, with only a few weak spots left open to Mr. Bryan's assaults. In just one state, Wisconsin, the small middle class controlled the delegation. Its representative on the platform committee presented a minority report signed by himself in opposition to the majority report signed by the other fifty-two members of the committee. He advocated strengthening the inter-state commerce commission so that it might enforce "just and equal" railroad rates. He asked for a tariff law which should take protection away from trusts which suppressed competition, and for a permanent tariff commission to watch over the enforcement of the law. He proposed the imprisonment of bad trust magnates, publicity of campaign expenses, national regulation of inter-state telegraph rates, trial by jury in contempt cases growing out of injunctions, and a few more measures which would be more or less annoying to the people who own the United States. Wisconsin was given twenty minutes to argue for its minority report, and the chairman of the committee contented himself with a three minute reply, in the course of which he paid the Wisconsin measures the undeserved compliment of stating that they had been rejected on account of the doctrines of socialism embodied in them. The measures were then promptly and almost unanimously rejected by the

convention, and the platform as reported by the majority was adopted. Only one question on which the convention divided was of particular interest to the working class, and that was the injunction question. Here the measure asked for by Mr. Gompers never came before the convention at all except in the Wisconsin minority report, and it was voted down along with most of the other measures in that report by 952 votes against 28. The plank adopted was nothing more or less than a declaration of the Republican party's intention to leave the injunction to be used by capitalists the same as ever. The best thing in the platform is the contrast it draws between the efficiency of the Republican Party and the inefficency of the Democratic. Republicanism stands frankly and brutally for capitalism and for all measures required by the interests of the capitalists.

Mr. Bryan's Party. The Review goes to press too early to comment on the Denver convention, but its action on all important questions is not hard to predict. Mr. Bryan is the inevitable candidate, and it is almost equally certain that his platform will be a curious hodge-podge of inconsistencies, viewing with alarm the inevitable tendencies of modern industry, and seeking by palliatives to mitigate the class war and to retard the extinction of the little capitalist. As for the injunction plank, it looks as if Mr. Gompers might be allowed to write it to suit himself, but when it is time to elect the representatives and judges who if the Democrats win are to translate the plank into action, the important business interests which provide the campaign fund will surely be remembered. The tariff is likely to cut a large figure in the campaign, and some farmers may desert the Grand Old Party in the hope of getting cheaper goods through tariff reductions. But to the wage-worker who wants to enjoy the full value of what he produces, Mr. Bryan has as little to offer as Mr. Taft. Never in the whole history of the United States have conditions been so favorable for the socialist movement as today.

Free Speech and the Police. The Socialist national convention adopted an admirable resolution which up to the present time has not received the attention it deserves. It reads as follows:

Capitalism fleeing before the triumphant advance of Socialism is trying to suppress free speech. Ignorance and intimidation are the twin forces that the ruling capitalist class relies on to hold its power in order to control and rob the working class. The police power of the state is being used forcibly to prevent the peaceable assembly of the working class to discuss their grievances and for the adoption of measures to secure its emancipation from wage slavery. Public meetings of the Socialist Party all over the country have been unlawfully and brutally broken up and the speakers arrested, fined and imprisoned without warrant of law by officials who

ignorantly believe that a policeman's uniform clothes them with autocratic power.

We, the Socialist Party of the United States in a National Convention assembled, serve notice upon the capitalist class that we shall hold its henchmen acting as public officials responsible for their illegal acts and that we shall prosecute them in the criminal courts to the full extent of the law; also that we shall sue them in the civil courts for actual damages to compensate our comrades for wrongs inflicted upon them.

The unanimous adoption of this resolution was a good thing, but resolutions must be carried out if they are to be effective. Not many instances of police interference with our meetings have come up since the convention, but in these few instances we seem to have failed to make good. At its recent session the National Executive Committee voted to flood with literature any city where our meetings are suppressed. This is all very well, and it is perhaps all that the National organization can do, but every local organization whose speakers are arrested should start a fight on the lines of the convention's resolution. If a policeman arrests a socialist speaker a jury trial should be demanded and a warrant should promptly be sworn out against the policeman for the illegal arrest. A civil suit should also be started. Even if not successful it will cause the policeman enough trouble and expense to make him hesitate about interfering with the next socialist meeting he sees. Another method of warfare not mentioned in the convention's resolution is worth while. It is an open secret in most cities that the police are themselves persistent law-breakers. As a rule, that is no concern of ours, for they generally rob the robbers, not the workers. But if they fight us, we can with very little trouble uncover some of their law-breaking and bring it to the attention of the courts.

Police Brutality. There is one practice of the police in many of our large cities which does concern the working class. When a felony has been committed and the detectives in charge have not brains enough to find out who committed it, they make use of the "drag-net". In other words they arrest without warrant any one who in their opinion might have some direct or indirect connection with the case. These unfortunates are locked up incommunicado, like the victims of the Spaniards in Cuba twelve years ago. Then they are put in the "sweat-box". This name is taken from the capitalist papers which thoroughly approve of the institution. It is a torture chamber where the victims are subjected to as much mental torment as they are sensitive enough to feel or the policemen clever enought to inflict. If capacity on either side is lacking, rumor has it that the mental torture is supplemented with physical. The finished product of the sweat-box is the Confession, implicating some one else. That some one is then invited into the sweat-box, and so the game goes merrily on. Now all this is contrary to the laws inherited from the era of small producers. These laws provide that a policeman may arrest a person only when caught in the act of law-breaking or when a warrant has been sworn out before a judge or justice. A policeman making an arrest, or beating a citizen in violation of law can be punished, or else the court can be put publicly on record as justifying the violation of law, and to do either of these things will help draw the attention of working people to the class struggle. We suggest these tactics to the comrades in all cities where the police are fighting us, and we should be glad to have a report wherever they are tried.



India.—Now it is India that is to the fore. Both in England and America the cry has gone up for justice to the Hindus. But the curious onlooker notices an interesting distinction between the Indian propagandas carried on in the two countries—or rather between the propagandists who have come to the front. In England it is the Socialists who persist in revealing England's shame and Asia's misery; in America it is the Society for the Advancement of India, a heterogeneous company of distinguished persons, educators, clergymen, Anti-Imperialists and charitable capitalists. The facts proclaimed by the Socialists and the philanthropists are the same; they agree wonderfully in their diagnosis of the case: the difference appears in the treatment prescribed. As I write I have before me Comrade Hyndman's ringing editorials in recent numbers of *Justice* and the rather voluminous literature sent out by the Society for the Advancement of India. There have occurred recently in Hindustan incidents sufficiently serious to put all the reactionary forces in England on their guard. The most striking of these was the bomb throwing in Bengal. Others were the imprisonment by the British government of patriots who had taken part in the Indian National Congress and the public flogging of Bengali students who welcomed them on their release. These events indicate a wide and deep discontent with British rule and a tyrannical bent on the part of the government which promises to stir up interesting developments in the future.

What are the causes of Indian discontent? Dr. Jabez T. Sunderland answers this question most strikingly in his pamphlet, "The Causes of Famine in India."* "During the last forty years of the nineteenth century," we are told, "India was smitten by not fewer than ten famines of great magnitude, causing a loss of life that has been conservatively estimated at 15,000,000." Dr. Sunderland takes up the two excuses for these famines usually advanced by the apologists for the British regime, viz., rain-failure and over-population. As to the first of these, it appears that there is never a failure of rain over the entire country at once and that facilities for transportation are such that crop-failure due to drouth need not cause suffering anywhere. Moreover if only a considerable fraction of the sums which the English drain from India were devoted to irrigation enterprises any considerable failure of crop could be made absolutely impossible. The average rainfall, even in famine years, far exceeds what is necessary for agricultural purposes: all that is needed is proper storage and distribution. But the great fact

* This pamphlet can be obtained by writing to the Society for the Advancement of India, India House, 1142 Park avenue, New York.

to be insisted on is that even with the meager present irrigation there has never been lack of food in India. There is famine there for the same reason that there is in the United States—because people are too poor to buy. In the worst famine years food has been exported, and the ridiculousness of the whole situation becomes evident when one is told that famine sufferers are often relieved, not by gifts of food, but of a few pennies to buy with.

As to the cry of over-population, that is effectively silenced by the statements that the birth-rate and population are lower than in many European countries and that great tracts of land are as yet uncultivated.

In assigning poverty as the real cause of panics in India Dr. Sunderland adduces some startling facts. Forty million Hindus are constantly on the brink of starvation. Deaths from plague—largely due to under-nutrition—increased steadily from 272,000 in 1901 to 1,000,000 in 1904. The average income the country over is two or three cents a day. The reasons assigned for this poverty are foreign exploitation, heavy taxation and the destruction of native manufacturers. The tax on salt is 2,000 per cent! As to what is done with the money we are enlightened when we are told that about $70,000,000 goes annually to pay English officials and the Hindus have been forced to pay for military campaigns in Afghanistan, Beluchistan, Burmah, the Soudan and Egypt. For outside wars they have turned over to their masters during the nineteenth century $450,000,000.

But of course the chief cause of India's poverty is "direct tribute." When the British came to India it was "one of the first manufacturing countries of the world." Indian cotton goods, silk goods, shawls, etc., were famed throughout the world. Now a poor Hindu writes: "You know it was our humble charka, or spinning-wheel, which in days gone by spun the thread not only for our own people, but for those of Europe and other countries. The charka has, however, entirely disappeared, except in the Punjab, before the influx of machine-made threads. It is impossible for us, poor as we are, to start many mills." Another writes: "If we could only get a cheap, simple home spinning-machine which will turn out at least six threads at a time this will go far towards restoring our ancient industry to its one-time prestige." Both these letters appeared in the New York Evening Post for April 3.) The significance of these statements is unmistakeable. Through the power which capital gives them the English have forced the Hindus from their position as an industrial nation and made of them mere producers of raw material. In addition to paying for English wars and supporting an army of English officials they are obliged to send fabulous sums to England as interest on invested funds or in payment for imported manufactured goods. It is estimated that this "direct tribute" amounts to $150,000,000 annually. It is stated on good authority that for the last twenty-five years of the nineteenth century this English drain on India amounted to $2,500,000,000. And in return for this the British government expends annually for the education of Hindus one penny and a fifth a head!

I said above that it is in their prescriptions that the philanthropic and Socialistic doctors disagree. After his masterly arraignment of British rule Dr. Sunderland suggests, under the heading "The Remedy," a number of reforms, presumably to be instituted by the same government which brought India to her present terrible pass. Those long-time robbers, the imperial statesmen, are now advised to ge good, and to give proof of their new discovered virtue by no longer using Indian money to carry on outside war, by reducing the expenditure on the army, by pushing forward irrigation, by draining uninhabitable regions, by giving offices to Hindus, by reducing taxation, by building up ruined

native manufactures, etc., etc. Just how these ancient sinners are to be brought to repentance we are not told.*

Needless to say the speech of our English comrades has a different ring. Even though Keir Hardie does maintain that "there is no sedition in India," and the government has constantly on hand "moderate" Hindus willing to swear that everything is lovely on their native strand, John Bull is never allowed to forget the real state of affairs. In season and out of season, in parliament, on the hustings and in the newspapers English Socialists are displaying the awful results of the imperial policy. And not only so. The significance of the facts is driven home. English workers are brought face to face with the fact that their sufferings and those of the Hindu proletarian are the same and flow from the same source. So the appeal is not to the robber to give up his spoils, to the oppressor to cease from his oppression, but to the British workingmen all over the empire to rise and throw off a common despotism.

American Socialists will naturally follow the course of events with keen interest. The situation has now become so tense that any day may witness the precipitation of a conflict. The native press, hitherto quite unnoticed by Europeans and Americans, exercises great influence and is unanimously for a larger measure of home-rule. The English capitalistic sheets clamor frantically for violent repressive measures. Indeed an Explosives Bill has already been drafted, and it has been decided to put in force a stringent censorship of the press. Such measures cannot but arouse renewed opposition. There are in Hindustan about 200,000 foreigners as against 300,000,000 Hindus. When one considers that there are thousands of isolated, unprotected British officials and great stretches of railway with telegraph, bridges, etc., inviting attack, it is not difficult to imagine the result of an ultimate struggle on race lines.

England.—In the north of England a great industrial tragedy has just drawn to a close. Some time ago the ship-builders along the Tyne announced to their employes a cut of eighteen pence a week. The men agreed to give up a shilling of their slender wage, but insisted that the other six pence be made a matter for arbitration. The employers were obdurate, even abusive. About 15,000 workers went on strike. Finally the employers conferred with their fellow ship-builders on the Clyde, and it was announced that unless the men capitulated by May 2nd all their comrades in the north of England would be sent to keep them company in the streets. Committees representing the unions have undergone all the humiliation to which labor has grown accustomed. For days in London they have gone from the board of trade to the House of Commons begging for their six pence—and all to no avail. Now comes the news that the men have capitulated. Most of them were too disheartened even to vote on the matter. A war correspondent describes processions of starving women and children to be seen along Tyneside and men with the wolf-stare in their eyes. No wonder the strike failed. But labor's defeats are often her greatest victories, and there are not wanting signs to show it is so in this case.

Germany.—Since January 3rd friends of liberty the world over have been rejoicing at the success of the Prussian Socialists in the Landtag elections. Seven seats when three or four at most had been hoped for! But to one who has been reading the German papers during

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* In justice to the Society for the Advancement of India it should be added that they have undertaken the encouragement of industrial education in India. They are making special efforts to bring promising young Hindus to America, see that they are properly educated, and then send them back prepared to do something to increase the independence of their countrymen.

the campaign it is not the number of seats that gives the result its chief importance. The pre-election propaganda was one that went deep into the national life, deep into the racial conscience. The bungling incompetence of the Junker Landtag was pitilessly revealed. Relentlessly the Socialist papers displayed pictures of Prussia's shame. The miserable incomes of the poor, their heavy taxes and their lack of political power were made to speak in thundering accents. If you hold to your principle, the government was asked, and those who pay should rule, who should hold power but those who produce the wealth? So the result means, not merely that seven Socialists have broken into the sacred chamber of the Landtag, but that thousands upon thousands have become class-conscious revolutionists. And it was the so-called Free-Thinker (Freisinnige) party that lost most of them. This indicates another step in the drawing of sharp class lines in politics. A comic note is added to the affair by the conservative papers, which now cry with one voice: "Behold, since you have gained representation our electoral system is justified."

Belgium.—The news from Belgium, if less startling, is not less agreeable. In the election held on May 24th the Socialists gained five seats. When one takes into account that only half the whole number of representatives was voted for and that the poor of Belgium are still smothered under a class electoral system the victory seems signifidant indeed. The issue was the government's bill for the taking over of the Congo region from the King. Just what effect the vote will have is difficult to forecast. It is evident that the bill is unpopular, but the Catholic party, which backs the government, still has a majority of eight—and two years in which to carry out its policy. Probably the bill will be passed with some modifications. Its enemies insist that the philanthropic Leopold receive some definite directions as to the disposition of the $250,000,000 which he is to receive in part payment for the colony.

Italy.—Early in May a strike was declared among the farm laborers of Parma. The demands were a certain scale of hours ranging from five in winter to ten in summer and a wage scale running from four cents an hour to eight, according to difference in work and conditions. The good order and firm solidarity of the strikers were remarked on by capitalist papers everywhere. Nevertheless the landlords were permitted to form bands of ruffians to start trouble. Though they failed conspicuously in this the government finally detailed troops to the region. A number of sympathetic strikes have been called, till at the present time about 30,000 men are involved. When the landlords tried to recruit scabs from a neighboring province 25,000 laborers of this province were immediately called out in protest; needless to say the attempt was given over and the temporary strike was called off. The Socialist party is in active co-operation with the strikers, assisting in the determination of their policies and aiding in their support. Only 3,000 men can be found to take the place of the 30,000 who are idle. All this goes to show what labor can do when it is organized and sticks together.



The difficulties which confront the editors of an encyclopedia are not unlike those which worry the nerves of the women of certain social positions, who, when they entertain, must face the difficult problem of being "exclusive" enough to maintain the tone of their functions, and yet inclusive enough to avoid omitting anyone whose feelings might be hurt or who might become an enemy. It is generally easy to find flaws in an encyclopedia, and to disagree with the choice of its editors, alike as to the things admitted and the things omitted. *The New Encyclopedia of Social Reforms,* edited by the Rev. W. D. P. Bliss and published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, is no exception to the rule.

It is easy to find fault with the work. Many of the biographies have apparently been copied from the old edition and no attempt made to bring them down to date. In some instances the fact that the subjects of the biographies have been dead some years is not noticed. Some very notable men have been omitted and some very insignificant ones included. There is a lack of perspective and mature judgment about the biographical contents of the volume which seems most unfortunate. Likewise the carelessness of the proofreader has sprinkled the pages with errors of varying degrees of importance. In general great caution should be observed in quoting from the book, and dates and statistical data should be first of all verified by reference to the original sources.

Lest these criticisms seem too sweeping and too numerous, let me hasten to add that, with all its defects, the volume is one which every sociological student and every Socialist speaker and writer should own, or at least have access to. It is an invaluable and indispensable work of reference. The earlier edition of the same work, though likewise marred by many shortcomings, has been for me personally an inexhaustible mine of information and suggestion—especially suggestion. The new edition is not merely a revision of the old; it is almost entirely a new work, so that the old will still have its own value. Socialism in all its phases, and matters relating to the Socialist movement all over the world, are generously treated, and a copy of the work ought to be in every Socialist Club library. Comrades who are unable to afford to purchase such an expensive volume for themselves would do well to see that it is secured for the public libraries in their respective localities.

* * *

A batch of books from various English publishers bears eloquent witness to the growth of the Socialist movement in that country. England is getting a literature of Socialism quite distinct from that of the "eighties" and "nineties" in that it deals in a more concrete way with

the vital problems of English life. First of all, there is a little primer, entitled *Socialism*, from the pen of my good friend, J. Ramsay Macdonald, M. P., the "Whip" of the Labor party in the House of Commons and Chairman of the Independent Labor party. Its tone is that of the "Opportunist" element in the movement, and one could wish for a little more of the revolutionary spirit and a more virile appeal, but it must be admitted that, as a primer, it is a very useful statement of the main arguments for Socialism. Its style is lucid and direct. The book is one of a series published by T. C. & E. C. Jack, London.

Not long ago I noticed a book dealing with English Socialism from the pen of one Brougham Villiers. Similar in many ways is a volume published in this country by the Scribners, *British Socialism*, by J. Ellis Barker, author of a work on German economic problems, in which the writer's bias against Socialism is plainly manifested. In the present work of more than five hundred pages Mr. Barker has gathered together a mass of material in the shape of quotations from the writings and speeches of Socialists, which he presents as the case against Socialism.

This method of arguing is doubtless very effective in some cases, especially among people of "piffling" temperaments and mental processes. It is so easy to detach a phrase or a sentence from its context and thus make the writer say something he never did say nor dream of saying. Mr. Barker has developed the art of so quoting as to make writers misrepresent themselves to a high state of perfection. He is not above quoting, as the opinion of Marx, that labor is the sole source of wealth, just because he finds the statement made in a penny pamphlet, not by Marx, but by our friend A. P. Hazell, and in spite of the very vigorous protest of Marx against the folly of such a statement. Poor verse by would-be poets, wherever it contains a notably silly picture of the future state, or a crude or coarse jest, is used as an argument against the whole Socialist movement. All the old and time-worn "quotations" are here to prove that Socialism will destroy the family and the home and that Socialists would abolish God. We are familiar with them all. Socialism in Great Britain will not be hindered by Mr. Barker!

Another English Savior of Society from Socialism enters the lists in the person of Mr. St. Loe Strachey, editor of that classic organ of British respectability, *The Spectator*. While the great literary weekly is a paper not widely read by the workingmen of England, Mr. St. Loe Strachey has addressed to one of them a series of letters on Socialism, which the Macmillan Company of London and New York has published in a cheap paper-bound volume of 126 pages, entitled "Problems and Perils of Socialism." The book is dedicated to President Roosevelt as "one of the most convinced and most powerful opponents of Socialism living"—a bit of characterization which some of our comrades who are inclined sometimes to class the President with the "near-Socialists" will do well to observe.

The workingman to whom Mr. St. Loe Strachey addresses himself —he assures us that the letters are genuine—is a type to occasion remark. He is not a typical proletarian. He is a man who began life as a small boy working in a coal-mine. To-day his work "is in a shop doing a large retail business" in a small Somersetshire village. Somehow, the description does not seem quite ingenuous. Is the "shop" Mr. Harvey's own, I wonder, or is he a hired clerk or manager? The status of the "workingman" is not quite clear from the description! The only other information we have concerning this "workingman" is that he is quite as bitterly opposed to Socialism as Mr. St. Loe Strachey, and that he reads and sometimes writes for *The Spectator*. He is, in a word, an extraordinary British workman!

Given a self-made man of this type, proudly conscious of having

risen from humble beginnings as a "pit boy" in a coal-mine to a comfortable position in life, able to enjoy the aristocratic six penny weekly which Mr. St. Loe Strachey edits, and bitterly opposed to Socialism, it does not require very distinctive ability as a logician, nor very profound knowledge of the subject, to convince him that his opinion of Socialism is a just and wise one. Mr. St. Loe Strachey may be said to have just the necessary equipment for that particular task. He could, no doubt, convince Mr. Roosevelt that he is quite correct in *his* opinion of Socialism, or Mr. Post that the "Labor Trust" is bad and dangerous. He seems to be admirably fitted to convince eminently respectable gentlemen that they are very wise and just.

Mr. St. Loe Strachey trots out the French National Workshops of '48 and the English Poor Law of the days prior to 1834 as examples of the failure of Socialism in application! He, too, argues that Socialism will destroy the family and the home. He is fair-minded enough to acknowledge that modern Socialism has nothing in common with Plato's community of wives, that no considerable number of intelligent Socialists want to destroy the family. But he insists that the family will be destroyed by the feeding of hungry school children, the endowment of motherhood and old-age pensions. He does not for a moment face the alternative: suppose, for the sake of argument merely—for I would not for a moment make the concession seriously—that we admit the contention. Then the question arises whether starving school children, so that they must grow up inefficient as citizens and parents, neglecting motherhood so that the race-stock perishes, and leaving the veterans of industry to end their days in misery, to fill pauper graves, are not worse evils than the admittedly serious evil he fears? Honesty compels attention to that side of the argument upon which Mr. St. Loe Strachey is suggestively silent.

If old-age pensions will destroy the family, it is strange that the families of the horde of England's pensioners are not destroyed. Her Prime Ministers and, I believe, some other Cabinet members, retire upon pensions; so do her judges; so do her military officials as well as her common soldiers and sailors. Mr. St. Loe Strachey gets over this difficulty by the very amusing expedient of calling the big pensions to the titled pensioner "deferred pay." As such, apparently, it will not hurt the family. Very well! I presume there would be no great objection to calling the pensions for workers by that same name. Personally, I like it a little better! Endowed motherhood has not yet gone very far. In some cities in Germany and France it is believed that the bearing of a child is a service to the State, and that it is important to the State that the children born be kept alive and as healthy as possible. President Roosevelt could not consistently oppose that, I think. But his English worshiper fears that any grant to a poor mother which would enable her to bring her baby into the world in decency, and to start it fairly in life instead of leaving it to die while she works in a factory, would destroy the family. But never a word has he to say concerning the sums voted by Parliament for every princeling born! He does not quote the House of Wettin, whose mothers have been amply endowed, to show that the family has been destroyed or even injured.

The editor of *The Spectator* is like the little boy in the street under my study window as I write. He is beginning to celebrate the Fourth of July several days in advance. He is impatient and disgusted, I see, because he cannot make noise enough. His squibs and firecrackers seem to be damp. And Mr. St. Loe Strachey's firecracker is likewise damp and powerless!

* * *

Morris Winchevsky's little book, *Stories of the Struggle,* was well

worth publishing. The volume, which is one of the most satisfactory from a mechanical point of view yet published by Charles H. Kerr & Company contains fifteen little storiettes and sketches, all relating to the proletarian movement, most of which have appeared in various English and American Socialist papers. Comrade Winchevsky is a Russian Jew, one of the pioneer workers in the Socialist movement. To write his history would be to cover a very large part of the history of the Jewish Socialist movement. He has served it in every conceivable capacity—as street speaker, lecturer, editor, organizer and man-of-all-work. Generous to a fault, he is one of the most loveable men in the Socialist movement. He is a poet and a humorist and some of these sketches are delightful examples of his whimsical viewpoint. The book should have a good market. As an inexpensive gift-book it will doubtless prove very acceptable. It is to be hoped that a similar collection of his best verse will follow.

* * *

Our English comrade, Edward Carpenter, the poet upon whom the mantle of Whitman seems to have fallen, has just published, through the Macmillan Company, New York, a volume of miscellania, poems and sketches, entitled *Sketches From Life.* There are about a dozen prose sketches, including an interesting account of the International Socialist Congress held at Paris in 1889. There are also a number of poems, both original and translated, of which a majority have been published in an earlier volume. The famous song, "England Arise!" is here given in full. As usually printed, five stanzas only are given in place of the twelve stanzas here printed. Carpenter has done nothing better than this stirring song of battle.

* * *

The Career of a Journalist, by William Salisbury, published by the B. W. Dodge Company, New York, is a somewhat inconsequential volume. The author describes his experience as a newspaper reporter in various large cities: Kansas City, Omaha, Chicago and New York. It is a commonplace story enough, told without any particular literary merit, but is not without a certain interest. There is a great deal of the kind of gossip one hears in the offices of great newspapers and in "joints" patronized by the lesser lights of newspaperdom. Each chapter contains the usual amount of boasting about "scoops," "beats" and "fakes," though none of these can be said to be of a sensational order. Perhaps the most interesting parts of the book, for the average Socialist reader, are those which describe the workings of the great Hearst newspaper machine. One lays down the book with the feeling that Mr. Salisbury has, in the main, told the truth about the Hearst methods, and that his picture of the intellectual anarchy and moral hypocrisy is fairly reliable. One also gets the impression that real "reporting" is on the decline, that it is fast becoming a lost art. The newspapers have become purveyors of misinformation and disseminators of ignorance.



WORLD OF LABOR



BY MAX S. HAYES

There is going to be inaugurated another confidence game and period of "prosperity." Several factors are co-operating to produce industrial activity in the near future. The action of the United States Steel Corporation in cutting prices of iron and steel 50 cents to $4 per ton, the enforced reduction of wages in the textile industry and resumption of operation in many mills, the decision of the anthracite coal barons to push work during the next ten months to accumulate a surplus, the wage reductions in the coke district, the production of "bumper" crops by the farmers of the nation, and last, but not least, the nomination of Taft and Sherman to lead the Republican party in the national campaign, are all signs that point to an early resumption of business by the captains who hold the industrial forces of the nation in the hollow of their hands.

"There are ten men in this country who can bring about a panic whenever they chaase," Senator Depew declared in a speech several years ago. The late Governor Pingree of Michigan made the statement shortly before he died that the time had practically arrived when a few men could sit in their New York offices and set in motion or close down the important industries of the nation upon a moment's notice. Congressman Bourke Cochran said in a speech in New York last winter that in reality five men—Rockefeller, Morgan, Harriman, Hill and Armour—are masters of American industry. Probably if this question is closely studied it will be found that John D. Rockefeller is to-day the real monarch on American soil who issues orders to any and all capitalistic subalterns.

Iron and steel production is the cornerstone of American manufacturing. Over a year ago many of the railroad corporations began to cancel their orders for rails—partly to "teach a lesson" to certain Republican politicians who started to run amuck, and partly to inaugurate their campaign to squeeze water out of their stocks and get rid of the sucker element of would-be capitalists who invest a few hundred or thousand dollars in the hope of getting rich quick and becoming big plutocrats. The lowering of prices by the steel trust will cause the railroads to again place their orders, and the magnates are looking forward to a busy fall to haul the "bumper" crops that will tend to depress prices for the farmers, but will not cause the milling and other combines to suffer to any appreciable extent.

The anthracite coal barons are anxious to pile up a surplus of 10,000,000 tons by April 1, 1909, when the wage scale with the miners expires, and upon which date they can lean back in their office chairs and announce to the men that they can quit work and come back again when they have starved long enough. The textile barons, on their part,

introduced a highly scientific scheme by which they couldn't lose in "restoring prosperity." First, they decided that they would not lower the prices of their goods: then they voted to restrict production to strengthen their price list, while at the same time those employes who would be laid off would become more docile if they saw the soup-houses staring them in the face again. Lastly they informed their already underpaid, half-starved workers that they would be privileged to come to work if they would accept a reduction of 15½ per cent in their wages. And the thousands of employes flocked back. What else could they do? They said a half loaf is better than no bread.

Now it can be readily understood that when a million or two iron and steel, railway, mine and textile workers are permitted to resume their toil to produce more profits for their masters then industry will revive rapidly, and the building, clothing and other trades will follow the "prosperity" procession in sympathy. Now come the politicians to point out to those who are lucky enough to have employment that they are enjoying the blessings obtained from the magnates by the Republican party, and to assure those who are standing idly in the labor market waiting for purchasers to bid for them that they, too, will be allowed to return to work if they will have faith and confidence in the grand old party.

So, through this combination of circumstances, all indications point to a general increase of business activity. The powers that be will bend all their energies to furnish work for the workingman, believing that dissatisfaction with the capitalistic system will be largely minimized if labor is allowed to enter the treadmill. Of course the question of wages is important, but not as important as the great boon of being permitted to stand before the fiery furnace or burrowing in the bowels of the earth, or risking life and limb on the railways, or sweating in the stuffy mills. When John meets Bill carrying a dinner pail and is asked, "Are you working?" it is a great comfort to reply, "Sure!" The wage proposition is secondary and need not be discussed for fear that the bird of "prospertiy" may take fright and fly away.

Just how long "prosperity" will continue, how long "free" labor will be permitted to work, after election is another question. If wage reductions, as introduced by the textile manufacturers, are to continue, and the purchasing power of the workers cut 15 to 20 percent, the forced "prosperity" of the plutocrats and their politicians cannot last very long, for the less money the laboring man receives the less he can spend and the less needs to be manufactured. The trust magnates are systematizing industry so thoroughly that it is doubtful whether, except in anticipation of strikes, as in the case of the mine barons, the captains in control will pile up much of a surplus stock in any line of business. The tendency is to hold the supply within the limits of immediate demands in order not only to maintain prices and ward off criticism, but to hold a club over labor that threatens intermittent or chronic lay-offs if organization is persisted in and "unreasonable demands" are made.

Intelligent workingmen should understand that capitalism is evoluting much more rapidly than labor, and that its trained captains are introducing scientific schemes that are all to the merry in benefiting the capitalist class, which class regards labor as a commodity, to be bought like everything else. And since a few men are now in control of industry and can spring panics or introduce "prosperity" almost at will, the mass of workers are becoming as powerless as slaves. Therefore, they must not only organize to deal with the questions of wages in the most effective manner, but they must also carry their fight to the polls and down the system that degrades, robs and enslaves them and the parties

that uphold that system. The Socialist party holds the key to the situation and ought to receive the support of every honest, thinking workingman in the country.

That the leading officials of organized labor are beginning to appreciate the fact that they cannot stand still and that progress must be made if unionism is to remain alive is demonstrated by the fact that the international bodies in the various branches of industry are displaying a genuine desire to adjust their jurisdictional controversies and get together. The iron trades and crafts have just perfected an alliance which will be known as the Metal Trades Department of the American Federation of Labor. It includes nearly 400,000 working people and will embrace every branch of the metal industry. The new department is formed on the lines of the Allied Printing Trades Council and the Building Trades Department of the A. F. of L. It will issue charters to local councils and endeavor to adjust all questions that are peculiar to the metal trades.

Negotiations are under way among the clothing trades to form a similar department. It is proposed to include the journeymen tailors, the garment workers, shirt waist and laundry workers, cloakmakers and perhaps several other organizations. The combined membership of the clothing alliance will be in the neighborhood of 200,000.

About the time that this number of the REVIEW reaches its readers the Western Federation of Miners will be in session at Denver. The Western men will be addressed by a committee chosen at the last convention of the United Mine Workers in Indianapolis. W. D. Haywood addressed the latter and advocated a closer alliance between the coal and metaliferous miners, with the result that the Indianapolis convention appointed a committee to visit the Western men and endeavor to arrange a plan to get together and make one common cause. If unity is accomplished between the two organizations and the coal men are successful in reorganizing the anthracite miners the new order would have a combined membership of nearly 500,000. The marine workers are not yet showing any signs of coming together. Probably the present battle in which they are engaged with their open-shop masters will have the effect of arousing the rank and file sufficiently to cause them to instruct their officials in no uncertain tones to work out a plan of federation to include every toiler on or along the waterways of this country. It is only fair to say that the seamen are almost wholly at fault that there is no close federation among the marine and longshore workers. The sailors are living in the past and their officers, with one or two exceptions, are ultra-conservative to the reactionary limit.

The railway brotherhoods are also coming nearer to each other, although it is doubtful whether the engineers and conductors will ever consent to enter a close federation. I have received a tip, by the way, that at the coming convention of the Brotherhood of Railway Firemen a proposition will be pressed by influential members that Eugene V. Debs be reinstated and accorded all the privileges of full membership. Debs withdrew fifteen years ago and organized the A. R. U., which was destroyed by the combined efforts of the railway magnates, aided and abetted by Grover Cleveland. Debs has a warm spot in the hearts of the railway workers, and, while this contemplated move has no political significance, still it is a straw showing that there is a progressive wind blowing along the railway tracks.

Samuel Gompers and his fellow-politicians are not even having pot-luck with their punish-your-enemies-and-reward-your-friends party. Except in isolated places the working people are not taking very kindly to

the idea that they can be bound, gagged and delivered to Tom, Dick and Harry by Gompers or anybody else. Those workers who are independent are likewise independent of Gompers or any other would-be leader (or boss). Those who are dependent, who are Republicans or Democrats, will stick to their parties, as a rule. A few labor papers are enthusiastically supporting the Gompersonian policy in their editorial columns, and "next to reading matter" appear half-tone photos and eulogistic ads of "our friends" who are running for office—at so much per line. It's wonderful how many "good men" there are in some communities, and all running for office, too. Labor is indeed fortunate in those places.

Every reader noticed how Sam'l and his executive council marched into Chicago last month and prepared a few planks for the G. O. P., and how the aforesaid planks were ignominiously turned down. If any Socialist cracks a smile in Sam's presence because of the snub that he received and might have expected our great labor leader will get mad as a wet hen and swear that he is being abused most shamefully—by the Socialists, not the Republicans, who piled it on thick by nominating Injunction Taft and Sherman, the man who, with Cannon, slaughtered the labor bills in Congress. A couple of months ago Gompers printed a list of districts in which the Socialists had the balance of power in elections, the object being, apparently, to show that if the "reds" would only desert their party and permit themselves to be thrown from one capitalist-bunch to the other they would undoubtedly be "good" trade unionists. Since the socialists refused to be used as chattels Sam is displeased with them, although he never scolds those union men who are Republicans and Democrats and stick to their parties. Some day things will be different.



Capitalist Control of Education. Dr. Henry Leffmann, whose article thus entitled appears elsewhere in this issue of the Review, is one of the most prominent scientists in the state of Pennsylvania, and his intimate acquaintance with many and various educational institutions should command a hearing for what he has to say. He is officially connected with the Wagner Free Institute of Science, the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, and the Philadelphia Polyclinic and College for Graduates in Medicine, and is connected with many Scientific societies.

Short Ones. The basis of life is economic, to begin with. Your immortal soul will take wings and fly somewhere else if you don't feed your body here on earth. The problem of civilization now is how to get a fair portion of board and clothes for everybody.

* * *

Non-committal men play for popularity and follow the mob. Decisive men speak and lead the mob. The history of civilization is the history of ideas. A class-struggle is a contest between two divisions of society, each fighting for the supremacy of its idea. Therefore, a socialist has ideas, intellectual conceptions. The socialist thinks! People who think get results. Capitalism is afraid of results.

* * *

No, my dear Gaston, I hardly think capitalism will explode on Monday afternoon and that on Tuesday morning we'll have the co-operative commonwealth in full swing. I believe in the mutation of species and in an egg being suddenly transformed into a chicken. I believe in economic determinism, the class-struggle, the correctness of the theory of surplus value as expounded by Marx. I believe that socialism is in harmony with Darwinism. But Gaston, you must acknowledge that from Monday evening till Tuesday noon is a very short while—a very short while!

The great need of the time is Hope. Too many are sunken and bogged in despair, wandering bewildered in the nightmare of capitalism. Competition is waste. Commerce is hypocrisy. Business is war and stratagem and treachery. All these beget despair. The keyword of modern civilization is Acquisition—get all you can if you have to rob others of what they need. The keyword of Socialism is Service—do all you can and ask no more than is coming to you for what you do. Taking this viewpoint, the Socialist has Hope, because his belief in humanity is higher and finer than that of the marauding champions of competition. **Charles Sandburg.**

A Fatal Blunder of Marxian Socialists. One who reads the literature of the Marxian Socialist propaganda will observe that in nine cases

out of ten, the words "laborer, labor" refer to laborers, labor in shops, factories, and laborers organized into unions. In not one case in ten can the language include unorganized labor. In not one case in a hundred can it include farm labor. In an article in February number of the Review, Lamonte advises such a course. In "The Theoretical System of Marx" Boudin sneers at farmers as "peasants", and ridicules their attachment to the land, to home. The writer was reared on a farm, in a farming community. His experience impels him to place as high an estimate on those Boudin sneers at as "peasants", as on those who sleep in a bunk in a boarding house; and those who spend their leisure time in saloons, variety theaters and dives.

Marxian Socialists overlook certain facts. Farmers and farm laborers produce, control what feeds all other classes. They control the land on which what feeds others is produced. They control the country in which mines, fuel, forests, and nearly all on which other labor operates, is located. They control the land traversed by railroads, telegraph, telephone, express and mail service; and have these systems in their power. They hold all other classes by the throat. Of the 16,000,000 families in the United States, nearly half are families of farmers, farm laborers, and persons swayed by farmers. They are more largely American born and reared, than any other class. In intelligence, brain, stamina, manhood and womanhood, they are the peers of any other class. It is gross display of ignorance or meanness, or insult, to compare American farmers educated in our public schools, to peasantry of other lands. Would it not be wise for Socialists to devote to farmers, the time demanded by the fact that farmers hold the realization of Socialism in a clenched fist! Should not they study the question: "How will Socialism benefit farmers, farm laborers", and show farmers and farm laborers that they too would be benefited by Socialism. There is too much of the shop in Socialist talk, and not enough of the soil. It is said "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Clark Braden.

Frank P. O'Hare writes from Vinita, Okla., ordering 1,000 copies of the Common Sense of Socialism. Of his brief tour through Illinois he says: "At the third town were many self-sacrificing individuals but no **Team Work.** Nobody had the least idea of advertising the meeting and everybody was surprised when I asked for torches and whether the stand or soap box was ready. At Staunton the comrades arranged three big meetings. They were all Hustlers, but at my next stop the soap box was again lacking. They seemed to feel that the speaker's magnetism should draw the crowd. **Though** Truth is m helps a lot to have a few physical aids.

What we need is organization! We want to organize the men! We want to organize the women! We want to organize the children! Put out books. Establish delivery systems for daily papers; establish headquarters and libraries. That is the *real* work. But we all want to shine as great writers and wonderful speakers. For the dull, hard, practical, vital work, there are few volunteers.

Perhaps I am impatient. We will reach the more effective stage of work later on. The Future is ours. Every day I feel more enthused at the stupendous work before us and the certainty that we will have hundreds where individuals are now blazing the way."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

Removal to Larger Quarters. The old building at 264 Kinzie street which we have occupied for the last two years is to be torn down, and we have removed to larger and much pleasanter quarters at 153 Kinzie street, a little over three blocks west of our former location. The new office is half a block west of Clark street, and one block north of the river, being about half way between Brand's Hall and the office of the Daily Socialist. The mistake is often made of supposing that we publish the Daily. We publish nothing but the Review and the books described in our own catalogue, and an order sent to us for other publications is not a help to our work but the reverse. If you order what we have you will get prompt service; if you order what we do not have, you will simply be notified that the money is held to your credit.

Our co-operative publishing house is organized to do just one thing, and that is to publish books and the Review. Nearly two thousand socialists are now co-operating through our company to bring out the books that the socialist movement needs. We do not yet publish all; we shall add to our list as fast as more capital is subscribed. But we already have at least two-thirds of the socialist books published in the English language that are worth reading. A first class Socialist library can be made up from the books we publish without including a single outside book, while it would be impossible to make up a library in any way representative of the Socialist Party of America if all books controlled by us were omitted. In comparing our catalogue with that of any other publisher it should be observed that we own the plates and copyright of nearly every book in our list, while most socialist booksellers buy their books in small quantities either from us or from various capitalist houses that publish them for profit.

In nearly every case, our stockholders buy our books at a small fraction of what they would cost if brought out by a commercial publishing house. For example, they buy at 90 cents postpaid Morgan's Ancient Society, which until we brought out our edition, was sold at $4.00. Spargo's recent book "The Common Sense of

Socialism", already in its eighth thousand, is larger than an earlier book by the same author sold by an eastern house at $1.25 net, but our price to stockholders, postage included, is 15 cents in paper; 60 cents in cloth.

The reason we can make these prices is because most of our capital is subscribed by our co-operative share-holders, who expect no interest, and we are therefore enabled to sell at the actual cost of production without running behind. We have no deficit to make up, but we do need more capital to publish more books and to pay off some temporary loans from comrades who have helped us over hard places. If you are not already a stockholder, send ten dollars for a share; if you can not spare the full amount all at once you may pay a dollar a month. This will entitle you from the start to buy all the books you want at cost; full particulars on request. In no other way can you get a first-class socialist library at so slight a cost.

Socialist Playing Cards. Through an oversight we have omitted to speak in this department of one of the most novel and ingenious bits of socialist propaganda ever offered. We have lately arranged for the manufacture of a pack of playing cards with which any of the ordinary card games can be played at sight. But the unusual thing about these cards is that each of them carries a revolutionary rhyme tending to stir up discontent among the "lower classes". The picture cards have the general appearance of ordinary playing cards, but on closer examination it will be seen that the Kings are caricatures of the Trusts, the Queens of the Capitalist Virtues and the Jacks of the Guardians of the System. The price of the cards is 50 cents, postage included, and a stockholder can buy three packs for a dollar; there is no discount on a single pack. Try these cards the first time you entertain a party of friends, and watch the result.

Pocket Library of Socialism. This is a series of sixty propaganda booklets, always kept up to date by discarding old ones and publishing better ones. Some of the latest issues are the Socialist Platform of 1908, Where we Stand and Forces that Make for Socialism, by John Spargo, Industrial Unionism, by William E. Trautmann, Woman and Socialism, by May Walden, and a reprint of William Morris's "Useless Work versus Useless Toil". Separately these booklets sell for five cents each, but we will send the full set of sixty with the Review one year for $1.50. Our stockholders buy these booklets at a dollar a hundred postpaid or $7.00 a thousand by express at their own expense.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

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Constructive Socialism.



OT the least amusing spectacle at our National Convention, recently held, was the rather undignified manner in which some of our "leaders" were stampeded into the opportunist camp. Time was when we were led to believe that our tactics had to be consistent with our principles, that they were merely the logical attitude we were bound to take on the line of march to the goal. But that has all changed. The only question now asked is: *"Will it make good?"*

To satisfactorily answer the Yankeeism of "making good" is all that is now required. And as our Wisconsin comrades have "made good," our "leaders" hastened to second the motion to adopt every resolution offered by the delegates from the Badger state.

And they came "thundering in the index," with the opening sentiment in the Declaration of Principles in the Platform. Teetotalers must literally hold their breath after perusing this first sentence for fear there may follow, in enumerating articles of food, clothing, and shelter, reference to the particular brand of beer, no less than the particular brand of tactics, that has made Milwaukee famous.

Now, the writer of these lines does not intend to be captious. More than that, he is firmly convinced that what few impossibilists are yet extant and able to command a hearing

can be depended upon to fly to the other extreme with the first glow of success at the polls. It is recognized, further, that Socialism presents itself in three aspects. It is not only an explanation of the past and an interpretation of the present but a guiding star for the future, and of these three component parts, more important than the philosophy and science will be our statesmanship in cruising by the breakers that even now confront us. It may do for the decrepit Republican party to exclaim in despair: "God knows!" But it will not do for the Socialists. For we are God's chosen people. *We also know!*

Socialists elected to office will have to do something. They will have to handle questions of immediate concern and prove themselves worthy of the confidence reposed in them by the workers. Socialism incompetent is no better than capitalism bankrupt. It may do, for the first day, to proffer a resolution to the effect that "we herewith inaugurate the Co-operative Commonwealth." But it would grow rather monotonous to offer the same resolution daily for more than a year. Besides that, your constituency is likely to grow impatient and mutter something or other about lynching.

So that we recognize the necessity of having a positive program, outlining with some degree of certainty a course of action for Socialists in office to pursue. What criticism is herewith tendered is not against a positive program *of itself,* but against such "constructive" measures as have a tendency to bring into disrepute the very having of such a program.

To begin with, the placing of clocks in cars in Milwaukee may be constructive—but it is not Socialism. The straining after a whole raft of insignificant reforms of like nature may be necessary in that city and may have a very salutary effect upon its voters—but it is not Socialism. In this connection we must tell the story coming from Cleveland. When one of the Milwaukee tacticians arrived in the town of Cleveland to show it the error of its ways, he was dismayed to learn that Cleveland was somewhat in advance of Milwaukee in every way, even though it boasted no Socialist aldermen. Aforesaid Milwaukee tactician thereupon scratched his head and unburdened himself of the hope that after ten years of hard work, such as the Milwaukee aldermen were engaged in, they in Milwaukee might expect to arrive to that municipal excellence already attained by Cleveland!

Particularly must fault be found with the constructivists for introducing the idea of "evolution," as against the Social Revolution. For, brought to the scratch, the constructivists would have to admit that they are quite as completely in the

dark as are our phrase-conscious impossibilists as to how the transition will come about. And most egregiously have they erred in hurling the epithet "utopian" at those who are not one with them.

Even Marx they have termed a utopian, although he appears to be sound enough to be exploited for the peroration of their platforms. Possibly Marx was a utopian. But, sometime in the '70s, he perceived clearly that the barricade had become a relic of antiquity and would, for the future, gather cobwebs in the lumber room. Despite which fact our Milwaukee comrades, ever and anon, go into hysterics because somebody or other will not forthwith proceed to arm the people.

Utopian? What is utopian? Is it utopian to miscalculate the very moment we are to arrive at the bridge? And is that all that is utopian? We ridicule the idea of answering in detail how affairs will be managed *under* Socialism, but we suffer no compunction in describing how we propose to do everything, to the minutest details, *up to the very day* Socialism is "ushered in." It would seem that utopianism is only a matter of degree.

Well, then, let it be settled that our movement is broadening out of the period of "critical communism," to use the happy phrase of Labriola. Long enough have we idled away our days and nights of "sunshine and starshine." We must now take thought for the morrow. What thought shall we take? Let us see. In the year 1903 there appeared from the pen of one of our constructivists, Carl D. Thompson, a pamphlet entitled "The Principles and Program of Socialism." Therein we are informed that "three great fundamental truths underlie the Socialist philosophy," to-wit: First and foremost, the class-struggle; secondly, surplus value, and lastly, economic determinism. (Pp. 5, 6, 7.) So far so good. Five years later appeared another pamphlet from the pen of the same author, this one entitled: "The Constructive Program of Socialism." Herein, as the physician would say, the patient takes a turn for the worse. Once again Socialism is defined "for the sake of those who may happen to read only this." (P. 8.) And Socialism is defined as follows:

"A. That all public utilities shall be publicly owned. B. That these public enterprises shall be democratically administered. C. That every person shall be guaranteed the ownership of private property up to the full amount of wealth created by his personal effort. D. That the forms of industrial and commercial activities shall become orderly, systematic and co-operative, thus abolishing the wastes, antagonisms and demoralizing influences of competition. E. That

no man or set of men shall be allowed to grow rich from the labor of others. F. That conditions of labor, mental and manual, shall be progressively improved—hours shortened, wages raised, child labor abolished, insurance against accident, sickness, old age and death, established. G. That the opportunities for labor and the acquiring of the enjoyments of life shall be open and equal to all." There the alphabet ends.

From this it would appear that the class-struggle has been entirely obliterated, that the theory of surplus value is a purely academic question, and that economic determinism may be all right for the domeheads, but is too delicate a subject to be mentioned in mixed company. Has Socialism changed, or have the constructivists shifted their basis of operations? Verily, as Kautsky says in his "Social Revolution" (p. 36, Twentieth Century Press Edition): "It would seem that the only progress we make in social reform is as regards the modesty of the social reformers."

Anticipating that criticism may come, Thompson then proceeds to round off the sharp edges of his philosopher's stone. So he declares (pp. 9, 10):

"That Socialists do not expect to establish Socialism by sudden, violent, or revolutionary means, but through gradual evolutionary changes. . . . That Socialism, while fully realizing the existing class-struggle between the capitalist class (?), and while frankly espousing the cause of labor, seeking to organize and direct its struggles to a wise and successful issue, **is not** limited to wage-earners only. . . . Socialism does not propose to force the farmers' property into common ownership."

We think enough has been quoted (there is more of like tenor) to justify the indictment of Kautsky (pp. 23, 24): "Hence they try to bring into discredit the idea of revolution, and to represent it as a worthless method. They endeavor to detach from the revolutionary proletariat a Social Reform wing, and help thereby to divide and weaken it."

We come now to consider the matter of municipalization of public works. In undertaking an investigation into what Constructivist Liebknecht calls "state capitalism," we cannot do better than to begin by quoting, against the assumptions of our American constructivists, no less a constructivist authority than Jaures, who, in his "Studies in Socialism," in the chapter on "Strike and Revolution" (p. 125), says:

"So long as a class does not own and govern the whole social machine, it can seize a few factories and yards if it wants to, but it really possesses nothing. To hold in one's

hand a few pebbles of a deserted road is not to be master of transportation."

For a case in point we offer the following excerpt from Thompson's "Constructive Socialism" (p. 18):

"Enough was done to show how Socialism would relieve the people. And by the forced reduction of price from $1.40 to $1.00 per thousand (for gas) the people of Haverhill were saved $18,000 every year on this one necessity alone. And had the cause of the people not been defeated by the courts they would have been saved a total of $32,000 per year."

Despite which marvelous victory the voters of Haverhill turned out the Socialist legislators and persist in coquetting with capitalist class retainers. Here is meat for another chapter on the ingratitude of republics!

In the exuberance of his spirit the author then goes on to enumerate steps already taken in public ownership (p. 19): "Postoffice and public school system, roads, bridges, parks, life-saving stations and lighthouses, armies, navies, courts, police and fire departments"—succeeding each other in a helter-skelter, ambling over hurdles, breasting storms, fording rivers, tripping over swamps and spinning over mountain peaks, without so much as the quiver of an eyelash, while state, federal and foreign governments vie with each other in establishing public ownership, better wages, and shorter workdays, all serenely innocent of the fact that they are hastening the dawn of Socialism! Well, does Thompson's sudden discovery of that fact, or his ecstasy over that discovery, help hasten the coming of the glad day? Not at all!

Moreover, there is another side to this shield of government control and, for our own sakes, we ought to realize it. We shall not pause to point out the obvious absurdity of regarding the courts and police as among those public institutions of which the working class should be proud. We shall content ourselves with citing another example of public employment. It is such a flagrant instance of misrepresentation and popular misconception that it should suffice to encourage caution in the wagging of exuberant tongues. The case in point is that of Uncle Sam's postal service, concerning which the evidence was furnished by a man who aspires to be a letter carrier. The facts herein presented can be verified in any large city.

This, then, is the story of the substitute or "sub," covering the period lasting from a few months to as many years while on the waiting bench.

The "sub" is under obligation to work at any time, Sundays included, receiving no pay whatever for reporting,

although during the winter he generally remains around the office all day, and receiving the munificent wage of 30 cents an hour for the time he actually labors. Naturally, he does all the "dirty work." Sunday is his busy day. During the vacation period, which includes the months of July, August and September, with their sweltering weather, the "sub" has steady work. In mid-winter, when the cold is biting and there is plenty of sleet and slush, or a chilling rain falls, the "regular" may absent himself. Or, again, if a storm arises after he has made one trip, he may "lay off," receiving half a day's pay for his work, and leave the "sub" to complete the day, making two trips for the remaining half day's pay. Upon occasion, and especially in December and January, "subs" have often had to work from 6 a. m. till midnight with only sufficient intermission between trips to bolt a few mouthfuls of food. For the "sub" the eight-hour law is a farce. Often it is 2 o'clock in the morning when his day's work is done, to be up to report again at 6 the same morning.

During the period of substituting wages are a very questionable quantity. Yearly incomes fluctuate in amount between $300 and $800. This for 365 working days. He who is the hero of this story averaged a pay of $1.13 per day during one six months' period, from which sum he had to spend twenty-five cents for car fare daily and buy his lunch.

Out of his meager wages, the "sub" has to replete his wardrobe to the extent of two uniforms a year, one costing something between $9 and $12, the other between $14 and $18, depending upon whether he patronizes sweatshop or union labor. He must also purchase two hats a year and keep himself in shoe leather. Because they are so intensely exploited, "subs" are generally driven to wear their uniforms while off duty and often have to mend their shoes themselves. Married men are compelled to break up housekeeping, while wives hire themselves out to keep the children from starving. Not a few cases of dishonesty upon the part of carriers have been traced to the inadequate wages paid them.

Having endured these hardships for the requisite time, the "sub" becomes a "regular" and enters upon the salary of $600 the first year. The first year, however, is not always twelve months. It all depends upon the time of appointment. Uncle Sam, not infrequently, exacts fifteen months for the first year. Moreover, the newcomer is certain to have a night shift for the first year or two. The second year the stipend is increased to $800, the third year it is $900, the fourth year $1,000, and, in the fifth year, he attains the pinnacle, $1,100.

Do you wonder, then, that our "sub" grimly observes: "Very few, if any, applicants for civil service examinations for the position of letter carrier have the faintest conception or the slightest idea of the many trials, annoyances, vexations and hardships to be endured during the period of substituting. It means poverty, deprivation, disappointment, expectations (not realized) and a breaking of the health to some (in spite of the outdoor work). It is conceded by a majority of the substitutes that were the miseries and sufferings which are endured known to them in advance they would never have entered the service."

In the face of such a condition as this, how does Thompson sum up the strong points in favor of municipal ownership? After this fashion (p. 26):

"It has been shown beyond question that public ownership has reduced the cost of the necessities which they supply. If now we can save on postage, on education, on water, light, heat and transportation service—literally thousands upon thousands of dollars through public ownership—why may we not save still other thousands upon meat, milk, bread, clothing, coal, oil, insurance and other necessities of life? It is perfectly clear that this is the way to reduce the cost of living and prevent the monopolies and trusts from reaping the greater part of the results of our labor everywhere."

Letting this stand for all it is worth, what poor consolation! Does that compensate for loss of political independence, for the monotony of work, the insecurity for the future because of the whip of the old party ward heeler, the closing up of opportunities for the children, and the sense that all about you your fellowmen are writhing in slavery? They are indeed readily satisfied who, in profiting by state capitalism, imagine they have arrived at the millenium. They are not of the stuff of which are made pathfinders of the coming civilization!

Yet more than that, as Kautsky points out (p. 35):

"Municipal Socialism finds its limitations in the existing order of State and society, even where universal suffrage prevails in the communes. The commune is always tied down to the general economic and political conditions, and cannot extricate itself from them singly. Certainly, in municipalities, in industrial districts, the workers may get the administration into their own hands before they are strong enough to capture the political power in the State, and they are then in a position to eliminate from this administration at least the most objectionable features of hostility to labor, and to introduce reforms which cannot be expected from a bourgeois regime. But these municipalities soon find their limits, not

simply in the power of the State but also in their own economic helplessness."

Let us have done with municipal Socialism and state capitalism. Their only redeeming feature is that they are transitory.

We next approach the agrarian question. Here particularly must we bear in mind that Socialism is not a movement of vengeance, that we are not revolutionists because we smack our lips with joy at the prospect of expropriating the expropriators. Quite the contrary. Expropriation happens to be the only way in which we can accomplish our end—the full return for labor and the abolition of class privilege. So much—or all—of property will, therefore, be vested in the community as is necessary to prevent the exploitation of the wealth producers. That is all.

But it is just here that the constructivists fall wide of the mark. They propose that we promise the small farmers that Socialism will leave their ownership unimpaired. Such a proposition may be a good vote getter (which is doubtful), but in what respect is that part of a Socialist program? Why not assure musicians and cobblers that the violin and awl will remain private property under Socialism? Do we have to go out of our way to promise that certain relics of former methods of production are likely to survive for a time?

Again, it is absurd to imagine that the small farmers can be isolated from the influences of modern life. The days for colonies are past, agricultural no less than industrial. And, too, in dealing with the agrarian question, great caution will have to be exercised to see that no terms are made with the farmers whereby they will be elevated to the position of idle landlords, on a par with industrial and financial capitaists. Not that this is at all probable. But in a recent report of grange activity it appears that the organized farmers have already established a chain of banks and contemplate extending their holdings. Of course, there is no telling how soon capital of a more parasitic nature may appropriate to itself the farmers' savings. In the meantime it would be just as well to go slow in the direction of forming "entangling alliances."

On the other hand, why will not farmers be content with an assurance of the same measure of economic security that is offered the other elements in society? In the last analysis that is all that can truthfully be promised, for no more than that can be executed. This does not mean that the agrarian question should be ignored, even though upon the authority of Constructivist Kampffmeyer (INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, p. 779), "After two very promising efforts at a settlement of

the agricultural question the party (of Germany) as a whole has laid aside that question for the time being." The utopian Marx foresaw that much could be done toward breaking down the distinctions between town and country, and Kautsky and Simons have made valuable contributions to our knowledge of the agrarian question. In this connection, too, the selection by the National Convention of the party of a committee to delve into this question was a wise step, even if it results only in demonstrating the futility of attempting to buy rural voters at the price of barren promises.

One more specific criticism we shall make. That is in regard to the clause in the immediate demands covering the age limit of child laborers. Our "leaders" considered the motion to substitute a demand for the abolition of child slavery for the sixteen year clause as preposterous—utopian. Possibly it is. But the platform of the Republican party of Ohio, speaking for Taft, so declares and the Democratic party of Nebraska, speaking for Bryan, so affirms. Why cannot the Socialists *be as radical* as the Republicans and Democrats? And, following the example of the party in holding the expression of the International Congress relative to emigration and immigation as purely advisory, would it be sacreligious for the Socialists of Pennsylvania, who are daily confronted with the menace of child slavery and who, last year, beheld the army of child toilers increased by a thousand despite a new law raising the age limit one year,—would it be heresy if the Pennsylvania Socialists maintained that this expression in the National program is advisory and stood by their own declaration for the extinction of the terrible institution?

However, as we did not intend to be hypercritical, enough has been said to indicate that whatever exaggerations the constructivists have been guilty of, time will soften down. Only through experience shall we learn how much of our positive program is puerile, how much importance to place in parliamentary action, and to what extent we shall have to turn to other methods to attain our ends. We need not fear the influence of Bernsteinism here in America. And, as an earnest of returning sanity upon the part of the constructivists, the following paragraph from the latest Wisconsin platform is submitted in evidence:

"The Social-Democratic party also stands for every radical change that will bring more wealth, more culture and more security to the masses of the people. But we call attention to the fact that the measures we urge are not a cure for all existing evils, nor are they all Socialistic measures. They are to be viewed rather as mere palliatives, capable of being

carried out even under present conditions. Under no circumstances should the people rest content with palliatives of this kind. The people should move onward to the conquest of all public powers, to an entire change of the present system for one which will secure to the people collectively the ownership of the means of production and distribution and thereby the blessings of our modern inventions, and a standard of civilization and culture hitherto unknown in history."

With that, we think sufficient has been said against constructivist tactics. It is just as meet that a fall be taken out of the comrades who stand on the opposite side of the fence and will not consider the question of a working program for fear of tarnishing the ideal. As if Socialism were not a live, growing movement, the child of actual, changing conditions, instead of a ritual known only to the high priests. Those Socialists, for example, who know Dr. Schaeffle only for his treatise on the "Quintessence of Socialism" have yet to read its sequel, "The Impossibility of Social Democracy," to admire the bold design and broad sweep with which the author formulates his positive program for social betterment—however much they may criticize its shortcomings in other directions. Having done which, we feel certain, their views will have been modified sufficiently to direct their attention to the problems of immediate concern. Following therefrom, differences of opinion other than those of a temperamental origin will quickly adjust themselves.

We shall then agree that it is fallacious to suppose that tactics can be transplanted bodily from European to American soil with the expectation that they will flouish just as well here. Possibly the present .Franco-German tinctured program of the constructivists will be replaced by one more in harmony with American traditions and more in conformity with the genius of American political and social institutions. In short, the Amercan people can be depended upon to work out their own salvation in their own way.

In doing so, we, for them, need not postulate the stupidity of posterity. If we sincerely disclaim any intention of supplying society with a cut and dried system for its acceptance, then why cannot we leave it to posterity to settle one or two of the details for itself?

There is a reason stronger than that. To the American the issues in a national campaign present themselves in a slogan or two. He has never attempted to fly his political kite with a long tail amply decorated with brickbats. Of the American, more so than of the Frenchman, is true what Jaures says (Question of Method, pp. 133, 134):

"Socialism can only realize its ideal through the victory of the proletariat, and the proletariat can only complete its being through the victory of Socialism. To the ever more pressing question, 'How shall Socialism be realized?' we must then give the preliminary answer, 'By the growth of the proletariat to which it is inseparably joined.'"

So that while, for our own satisfaction and for the edification of Socialist legislators, the party may be expected to give the question of a positive program considerable attention in the future, for propaganda purposes we shall ever touch the hearts of the working class by bringing home to them their galling slavery, challenge their attention by pointing out the monstrous inefficiency of the present order, appeal to their intelligence by indicating the pronounced tendencies toward collectivism, and bind them in solidarity by infusing into them the spirit of this world-movement and the ideal of the world-salvation.

For the rest, we shall probably be just a trifle too optimistic in the expectation that nature will conform to our designs, and we shall be very apt to expend a deal of time and energy in discovering the obvious. And, when it is all said and done, we may find that, instead of exerting ourselves chiefly in teaching the working class the necessity for securing complete political power, as we should do, we have been preoccupied with non-essentials to such an extent that we failed to observe that the capitalist class were very obligingly preparing their own funeral pyre.

Philadelphia, Pa. Jos. E. Cohen.

Joseph Dietzgen and Henry George.



TWENTY years ago Joseph Dietzgen died at Chicago and was buried at Waldheim Cemetery near where the Anarchist monument now stands. To commemorate the twentieth anniversary of his death his son, Eugene Dietzgen, has published an elegant volume of his miscellaneous writings, consisting mostly of hitherto unpublished matter, and entitled *Erkenntnis und Wahrheit* (*Knowledge and Truth, J. H. W. Dietz, Stuttgart,* 1908). We hope that an English translation will speedily follow. The contents of the book are:

1. Private letters to his son about practical wisdom and getting on in the world.

2. A letter on Negro slavery, written in 1861; a letter to Karl Marx and a review of his book, *"Kapital"*; an open letter to Prof. Heinrich von Sybel in reply to his attack on Marx's *"Kapital."*

3. Fifteen letters on Logic, known as the 2nd Series, and having for their subject a review of Henry George's *"Progress and Poverty."*

4. Ten miscellaneous articles on economics, philosophy and religion.

5. Ten letters to Mrs. Mina Werner, who was a playmate of his boyhood days. These contain what is perhaps the simplest and clearest statement of the Socialist philosophy and the dialectic method that can be made.

6. Four miscellaneous articles, including one on Goethe's love experiences.

7. An appendix, containing the article on Dietzgenism which appeared in the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW for November, 1907; a disparaging criticism of Dietzgen's work by George Plechanow, and an ample reply thereto by Paul Dauge of Moscow.

The controversy over the relative importance of Dietzgen's work and his proper place in Socialist literature, as well as in philosophy, is getting more interesting as Dietzgen's works become better known. But passing over that, we wish to call attention in this article to the 2nd Series of *Letters on Logic,* which discuss Henry George's *Progress and Poverty.*

Dietzgen and George were both self-taught workingmen. George was a native American and Dietzgen belonged to us in about the same way that Marx belonged to England, and hence has a special interest for us. He was in America three times, first in 1849-1851, again in 1859-1861, and again in 1884-1888. He knew this country thoroughly, not only in its great cities, but also in its rural life, which he understood and appreciated as but few of our German comrades do.

Both Dietzgen and George, besides being self-taught men, had traveled and seen something of the world. Dietzgen had spent a number of years in Russia, while Henry George, in early life a sailor, could almost be classed as a globe trotter. His lecture tours extended not only from San Francisco to New York, but also to the British Isles and Australia. But his agitation was confined to Anglo-Saxon countries because of his ignorance of other languages. In this respect, too, he was typically American. Dietzgen, on the other hand, besides his mother tongue, had a good knowledge of both English and French.

If ever a man needed the corrective, broadening and humbling influences which are derived from a study of foreign languages and literature, Henry George was such a man. Lawrence Gronlund used to complain of him, and justly, that he did not know what his co-laborers in other countries had done and were doing. His narrowness in this respect is the antithesis of that generous internationalism of Marx and Dietzgen, and which in fact characterizes the whole Socialist movement.

Those who have made a study of Socialism know that it takes years to work into it and rise to an appreciation of what it means. Schaeffle found this to be true in his experience. Eugene Dietzgen confesses that it was not till years after his father's death that he began to realize the fundamental importance of his teachings. Dietzgen says in one of his letters that to learn any sort of an ordinary trade, say shoemaking, requires an apprenticeship of at least three years. Yet when it comes to discussing logic and intriacte questions of sociology, people with no training whatever do not hesitate to give their off-hand views as being the very dictates of eternal reason and truth.

There is no evidence that Henry George ever devoted three days or even three hours to a serious attempt to grasp Socialism; yet on page 197 of his *Political Economy* he has erected a lasting monument of his ignorance and shallowness by a would-be funny criticism of Marx's *Kapital*.

"Socialism," says George naively, "is more destitute of any central and guiding principle than any philosophy I know of."

Perfectly true! It is based on the concrete wants of a class and not on the metaphysical logic of an abstract principle, and this is what George could not understand. What he wanted was the formula or recipe for Socialism expressed in drachms and ounces on a slip of paper with the beautiful simplicity and exactness of the single tax, and which could be filled at the nearest legislative drug store. This is something that cannot be found in Socialist literature, no not even in Marx's *Capital;* so he threw aside the book in disgust.

In the early '80s, while Eugene Dietzgen, the son, was living in New York, he became so much interested in reading *Progress and Poverty* that he sent a copy back to his father in the old country, and the perusal of this was the occasion of his writing the letters on Logic.

He says in his first letter:

"Logic is the science of distinguishing; its instrument, the intellect, is an instrument which makes distinctions. That is its faculty, by means of which it makes for us clear pictures of things. We are here now dealing with political economy for the purpose of getting a clear idea of it by making clear distinctions. In this way we kill two and even three birds with one stone: we criticize Henry George, get an insight into political economy, and give a demonstration of true logic. The first series of my letters gave an illustration of logic as applied to the human mind: this second series will illustrate it as applied to human labor. Mind or thought activity is the general domain which is connected not only with all that is human, but also with the Universe itself. Labor, which is the object of this second series, is no less universal, and, considered in its connection with the cosmos, serves admirably to illustrate our special study, human brain work."

We cannot attempt here to follow Dietzgen through all of the fifteen letters on logic, but call attention particularly to the twelfth letter, in which he points out wherein he and George, though agreeing in their views of the physical world, disagree in their views of the spiritual world.

Of course Henry George's chapter on interest could not escape the keen glance of Dietzgen. George is at first inclined to think that Proudhon got the best of Bastiat in their celebrated controversy about interest; but the abolition of interest on capital was more than George could stand for; so he finds that after all interest can be justified by the analogy of natural growth. This he does in the following manner:

Thesis: Interest on capital is just.

Demonstration.

1. Interest is simply the spontaneous increase arising from the unaided processes of Mother Nature (land, plants and animals), which belongs to all, and the private ownership of which is unjust.

2. The products of labor are dead wealth which, instead of increasing in value, rapidly deteriorate, and the private ownership of this man-made wealth is just.

3. *Ergo,* interest on dead and deteriorating wealth (capital) is just. Q. E. D.

This is as good an example of a paralogism as we know of. It is such reasoning as this that converts many readers of *Progress and Poverty,* not into single taxers, but into double taxers, i. e., Socialists. If Dietzgen had taken the time to extend his letters on logic so as to cover George's "law of human progress" as laid down in Book X of *Progress and Poverty,* they would have made highly interesting reading. But every well-equipped Socialist can cover this ground himself by applying the principles of economic determinism instead of George's ideological truth, justice, etc. George finds the mainspring of progress to have been, first, association; second, equality or justice. Thus asociation in equality is the law of progress. Association frees mental power for expenditure in improvement and equality (or justice or the moral law) prevents the dissipation of this mental power in fruitless struggles, says George. (*Progress and Poverty,* Book X, Chap. 111.) The fact is, the exact opposite is true. All our progress in the past has been made by association in inequality, under slavery, serfdom and wagedom, all of which, however, were just. George could not distinguish between justice and .justice. Dietzgen could. George knew only one kind of justice,—eternal justice. Dietzgen knew many kinds of justices, all temporal only.

Dietzgen and George furnish an excellent illustration of the difference between the dialectic and the metaphysical. George was a native of the land of patent medicines and universal specifics. As poverty is the universal disease he sought a specific cure therefor and found it in the communization of land (Nature). He was broad enough to see that land includes water, but not broad enough to see that art is man's nature and that nature includes human society and human labor. The separation of all things into nature on one hand and mankind on the other, with a barbed wire fence between them, is as fatal to a true insight as the old separation of things into mind and matter. George can unite all sorts of tools under the one category of capital, but cannot distinguish

between capital operated by the owner and that operated by wage labor. He can unite all sorts of labor products under the one category of wages, but cannot distinguish between the wages of the hired laborer working for another and the independent laborer working for himself. So that George's defect consists in making distinctions and combinations where they are not needed and failing to make them where they are needed. In other words, he is short on logic, as Dietzgen clearly points out.

If Dietzgen had treated *Progress and Poverty* as George treated Marx's *Capital*, by disdaining to seriously consider it, we should never have had the second series of letters on logic. But he was willing to learn from Henry George or from anyone else. He gave *Progress and Poverty* a careful study and analysis, recognizing its merits and pointing out its defects in a sympathetic manner. If the single taxers of to-day would study Dietzgen's works as fairly as he studied *Progress and Poverty*, they would learn something to their advantage. They would discover that in the search for truth it is not generally a question of *Either-Or but of Both-And*; that the Socialist philosophy is not a one-sided, exclusive philosophy, but an inclusive one, viz.:

Not individualism *or* socialism, but individualism *and* socialism;

Not reform *or* revolution, but reform *and* revolution;

Not asceticism *or* indulgence, but asceticism *and* indulgence;

Not materialism *or* idealism, but both, within limits;

Not metaphysical *or* dialectic, but both, within limits.

And so on through the whole list. The fact that all things are part truth and *only* part truth prevents them, even when they differ, from being irreconcilable with each other, and enables them, even when similar, to be diêerentiated. Such is the dialectic method of thinking.

If the ideas of Dietzgen could receive from the public the attention which Henry George was able to secure for his they would revolutionize that shallow, sluggish and frivolous condition of mind so characteristic of present day life. In the preface of his *Political Economy* Henry George congratulates himself on his success in propagating his doctrines in these words: "Of all the men of whom I have ever heard who have attempted anything like so great a work against anything like so great odds, I have been in the result of the endeavor to arouse thought most favored." But it was a flashy and short-lived success, like that of Proudhon with his famous scheme of equitable exchange; and Dietzgen disposes of George as

thoroughly and far more gently than Marx disposed of Proudhon in his *Poverty of Philosophy*.

In contrast to George's too hasty exultation it is well to note that Dietzgen in a letter to his son says he does not expect that one person in a thousand will understand the full significance of his doctrine at first glance; in fact if only five persons in all New York become interested in his logic he will be satisfied. And the test of twenty years finds it now firmly rooted and steadily growing. Joseph Dietzgen was ten years older than Henry George, and died when he was past 59; George died in his 59th year. Both deaths were premature and the manner in which they happened is characteristic of the two men. They died in the harness, each engaged in his own peculiar method of work. Henry George was running for Mayor of New York. He was an experienced and gifted speaker and enjoyed putting his theories before the public as only an enthusiast can. But the strain of a political campaign was too much for him. He did not fully realize that what he had to fight against was not mistaken views of right and wrong, justice and injustice, about which he had written so eloquently; but the material economic interests of his opponents, which the property class will uphold though they break every law of God and man. Excitement and overexertion broke him down and he died before election day arrived.

Dietzgen was not so much of a public speaker. His favorite method of explaining his views was by addressing himself to an individual, either in letters or in conversation. One Sunday an afterdinner caller dropped in at the Dietzgen home. The conversation drifted to economic and social questions. The caller chipped into the talk with an ignorance of the questions only equalled by his self-assurance. No one who has not had the experience of arguing with an actual specimen of personified stupidiy until every limb trembles with excitement and indignation, can realize what a nervous strain it is. Dietzgen recalled his whole life spent in the study of these questions and the observation of social phenomena, all of which completely verified his views. That he should now have to maintain the most elementary and self-evident propositions against a blockhead merely to preserve the forms of courtesy literally broke his heart. While he was in the middle of a sentence, with uplifted hand, paralysis of the heart put an end both to his words and his life.

But both men had lived long enough to accomplish their work, so that others could go on with it. Moreover both left worthy sons who have devoted themselves to the task of

publishing the posthumous works of their respective fathers and propagating their doctrines. Henry George's *Political Economy,* published after his death, added nothing to his reputation; but some of the most valuable of Dietzgen's writings are found in his posthumous works, especially in this last volume, *Erkenntnis und Wahrheit,* which produces in the reader a strengthened conviction of the thorough consistency and rounded-out harmony of Dietzgen's philosophy.

MARCUS HITCH.

For the Good of the Cause.

By Tom Selby.

For the good of the Cause that has banded humanity
Into an army the tyrant abhors,
Close up the columns, O soldiers of sanity!
Each to his task without shrinking or vanity,
Careless of censure, nor seeking applause,—
For the good of the Cause.

Tyranny!—what a crusade thou hast given us!
See, we obey thine iniquitous laws!
Even thy might, that has hitherto riven us,
Strengthens our arms; it has rallied us, driven us
On to the fray, without tremor or pause,
For the good of the Cause.

What though the fight has been long and laborious,—
See how the enemy, routed, withdraws!
Oh ye are privileged, comrades victorious,
Thus to engage in the final, most glorious
Battle of all proletarian wars
For the good of the Cause!

The Program of the Blanquist Fugitives from the Paris Comune.

(From "Der Volksstaat", 1874, No. 73.)



FTER THE FAILURE of every revolution or counter revolution, a feverish activity develops among the fugitives, who have escaped to foreign countries. The parties of different shades form groups, accuse each other of having driven the cart into the mud, charge one another with treason and every conceivable sin.

At the same time they remain in close touch with the home country, organise, conspire, print leaflets and newspapers, swear that the trouble will start afresh within twenty-four hours, that victory is certain, and distribute the various government offices beforehand on the strength of this anticipation.

Of course, disappointment follows disappointment, and since this is not attributed to the inevitable historical conditions, which they refuse to understand, but rather to accidental mistakes of individuals, the mutual accusations multiply, and the whole business winds up with a grand row. This is the history of all groups of fugitives from the royalist emigrants of 1792 until the present day. Those fugitives, who have any sense and understanding, retire from the fruitless squabble as soon as they can do so with propriety and devote themselves to better things.

The French emigrants after the Commune did not escape this disagreeable fate.

Owing to the European campaign of slander, which attacked everybody without distinction, and being compelled particularly in London, where they had a common center in the General Council of the International Working Men's Association, for the time being, to suppress their internal troubles before the world, they had not been able, during the last two years, to conceal the signs of advancing disintegration. The open fight broke out everywhere. In Switzerland a part of them joined the Bakounists, mainly under the influence of Malon, who was himself one of the founders of the secret alliance. Then the socalled Blanquists in London withdrew

from the International and formed a group of their own under the title of "The Revolutionary Commune". Outside of them numerous other groups arose later, which continue in a state of ceaseless transformation and modulation and have not put out anything essential in the way of manifestos. But the Blanquists are just making their program known to the world by a proclamation to the "Communeux".

These Blanquists are not called by this name, because they are a group founded by Blanqui. Only a few of the thirty-three signers of this program have ever spoken personally to Blanqui . They rather wish to express the fact that they intend to be active in his spirit and according to his traditions.

Blanqui is essentially a political revolutionist. He is a socialist only through sentiment, through his sympathy with the sufferings of the people, but he has neither a socialist theory nor any definite practical suggestions for social remedies. In his political activity he was mainly a "man of action", believing that a small and well organized minority, who would attempt a political stroke of force at the opportune moment, could carry the mass of the people with them by a few successes at the start and thus make a victorious revolution. Of course, he could organize such a group under Louis Phillippe's reign only as a secret society. Then the thing, which generally happens in the case of conspiracies, naturally took place. His men, tired of being held off all the time by the empty promises that the outbreak should soon begin, finally lost all patience, became rebellious, and only the alternative remained of either letting the conspiracy fall to pieces or of breaking loose without any apparent provocation. They made a revolution on May 12th, 1839, and were promptly squelched. By the way, this Blanquist conspiracy was the only one, in which the police could never get a foothold. The blow fell out of a clear sky.

From Blanqui's assumption, that any revolution may be made by the outbreak of a small revolutionary minority, follows of itself the necessity of a dictatorship after the success of the venture. This is, of course, a dictatorship, not of the entire revolutionary class, the proletariat, but of the small minority that has made the revolution, and who are themselves previously organized under the dictatorship of one or several individuals.

We see, then, that Blanqui is a revolutionary of the preceding generation.

These conceptions of the march of revolutionary events have long become obsolete, at least for the German working

men's party, and will not find much sympathy in France, except among the less mature or the more impatient laborers. We shall also note, that they are placed under certain restrictions in the present program. Nevertheless our London Blanquists agree with the principle, that revolutions do not make themselves, but are made; that they are made by a relatively small minority and after a previously conceived plan; and finally, that they may be made at any time, and that "soon".

It is a matter of course that such principles will deliver a man hopelessly into the hands of all the selfdeceptions of a fugitive's life and drive him from one folly into another. He wants above all to play the role of Blanqui, "the man of action". But little can be accomplished by mere good will. Not every one has the revolutionary instinct and quick decision of Blanqui. Hamlet may talk ever so much of energy, he will still remain Hamlet. And if our thirty-three men of action cannot find anything at all to do upon what they call the field of action, then these thirty-three Brutuses come into a more comical than tragic conflict with themselves. The tragic of their situation is by no means increased by the dark mien which they assume, as though they were so many slayers of tyrants with stilettos in their bosoms, which they are not.

What can they do? They prepare the next "outbreak" by drawing up lists of proscription for the future, in order that the line of men, who took part in the Commune, may be purified. For this reason they are called "The Pure" by the other fugitives. Whether they themselves assume this title, I cannot say. It would fit some of them rather badly. Their meetings are secret, and their resolutions are supposed to be kept secret, although this does not prevent the whole French quarter from ringing with them next morning. And as always happens to men of action that have nothing to do, they became involved first in a personal, then in a literary quarrel with a foe worthy of themselves, one of the most doubtful of the minor Parisian journalists, a certain Vermersch, who published during the Commune the "Père Duchêne", a miserable caricature of the paper published by Hébert in 1793. This noble creature replies to their moral indignation, by calling all of them thieves or accomplices of thieves in some leaflet, and smothering them with a flood of billingsgate that smells of the dungheap. Every word is an excrement. And is with such opponents that our thirty-three Brutuses wrestle before the public!

If anything is evident, it is the fact that the Parisian proletariat, after the exhausting war, after the famine in Paris, and especially after the fearful massacres of May, 1871,

will require a good deal of time to rest, in order to gather new strength, and that every premature attempt at a revolution would bring on merely a new and still more crushing defeat. Our Blanquists are of a different opinion.

The route of the royalist majority in Versailles forebodes to them "the fall of Versailles, the revenge of the Commune. For we are approaching one of those great historical moments, one of those great crises, in which the people, while seemingly sunk in misery and doomed to death, resume their revolutionary advance with new strength."

In other words, another outbreak will "soon" come. This hope for an "immediate revenge of the Commune" is not a mere illusion of the fugitives, but a necessary article of faith with men, who have their mind set upon being "men of action" at a time when there is absolutely nothing to be done in the sense which they represent, that of an immediate outbreak.

Nevermind. Since a start will be made soon, they hold that "the time has come, when every fugitive, who still has any life in him, should declare himself."

And so the thirty-three declare that they are: 1) atheists; 2) communists,; 3) revolutionaries.

Our Blanquists have this in common with the Bakounists, that they wish to represent the most advanced, most extreme line . For this reason they often choose the same means as the Bakounists, although they differ from them in their aims. The point with them is, then, to be more radical in the matter of atheism than all others. Fortunately it requires no great heroism to be an atheist nowadays. Atheism is practically accepted by the European working men's parties, although in certain countries it may at times be of the same caliber as that of a certain Bakounist, who declared that it was contrary to all socialism to believe in God, but that it was different with the virgin Mary, in whom every good socialist ought to believe. Of the vast majority of the German socialist working men it may even be said that mere atheism has been outgrown by them. This purely negative term does not apply to them any more, for they maintain no longer merely a theoretical, but rather a practical opposition to the belief in God. They are simply done with God, they live and think in the real world, for they are materialists. This will probably be the case in France also. But if it were not, then nothing would be easier than to see to it that the splendid French materialist literature of the preceding century is widely distributed among the laborers, that literatue, in which the French mind has so far accomplished its best in form and content, and which, with due allowance for the condition of the science of their day, still

stands infinitely high in content, while its form has never been equalled since.

But this cannot suit our Blanquists. In order to show that they are the most radical, God is abolished by them by decree, as in 1793: "May the Commune for ever free humanity from this ghost of past misery (God), from this cause of its present Misery." (The non-existing God a cause!) There is no room in the Commune for priests; every religious demonstration, every religious organisation, must be forbidden."

And this demand for a transformation of people into atheists by order of the star chamber is signed by two members of the Commune, who had opportunity enough to learn in the first place, that a multitude of things may be ordered on paper without being carried out, and in the second place, that persecutions are the best means of promoting disliked convictions. So much is certain, that the only service, which may still be rendered to God today, is that of declaring atheism an article of faith to be enforced and of outdoing even Bismarck's anti-Catholic laws by forbidding religion altogether.

The second point of the program is Communism.

Here we are more at home, for the ship in which we sail here is called "The Manifesto of the Communist Party, published in February 1848." Already in the fall of 1872 the five Blanquists who withdrew from the International had adopted a socialist program, which was in all essential points that of the present German Communism. They had justified their withdrawal by the fact that the International refused to play at revolution making after the manner of these five. Now this council of thirty-three adopts this program with its entire materialist conception of history, although its translation into Blanquist French leaves a good deal to desire, in parts where the "Manifesto" has not been almost literally adopted, as it has, for instance, in the following passage: "As the last expression of all forms of servitude, the bourgeoisie has lifted the mystic veil from the exploitation of labor, by which it was formerly obscured: Governments, religions, family, laws, institutions of the past and the present, finally revealed themselves in this society, reduced to the simple antagonism between capitalist and wage workers, as instruments of oppression, by the help of which the bourgeoisie maintains its rule and holds the proletariat down."

Compare with this "The Communist Manifesto", Section 1: "In one word, for exploitation, veiled by religious and political illusions, it has substituted naked, shameless, direct, brutal exploitation. The bourgeoise has stripped of its halo every occupation hitherto honored and looked up to with

reverend awe. It has converted the physician, the lawyer, the priest, the poet, the man of science, into its paid wage laborers. The bourgeoisie has torn away from the family its sentimental veil, and has reduced the family relation to a mere money relation. Etc."

But as soon as we descend from theory to practice, the peculiarity of the thirty-three manifests itself: "We are Communists, because we want to reach our goal without stopping at any intermediate stations, at compromises, which merely defer the victory and prolong the slavery."

The German Communists are communists, because they clearly see the final goal and work towards it through all intermediate stations and compromises, which are created, not by them, but by historical development. And their goal is the abolition of classes, the inauguration of a society, in which no private property in land and means of production shall exist any longer. The thirty-three, on the other hand, are communists, because they imagine that they can skip intermediate stations and compromises at their sweet will, and if only the trouble begins, as it will soon according to them, and they get hold of affairs, then Communism will be introduced the day after tomorrow. If this is not immediately possible, then they are not communists.

What a simple hearted childishness, which quotes impatience as a convincing argument in support of a theory!

Finally the thirty-three are "revolutionaries."

In this line, so far as big words are concerned, we know that the Bakounists have reached the limit; but the Blanquists feel that it is their duty to excel them in this. And how do they do this? It is well known that the entire socialist proletariat, from Lisbon to New York and Budapest to Belgrade has assumed the responsibility for the actions of the Paris Commune without hesitation. But that is not enough for the Blanquists. "As for us, we claim our part of the responsibility for the executions of the enemies of the people" (by the Commune), whose names are then enumerated; "we claim our part of the responsibility for those fires, which destroyed the instruments of royal or bourgeois oppression or protected our fighters."

In every revolution some follies are inevitably committed, just as they are at any other time, and when quiet is finally restored, and calm reasoning comes, people necessarily conclude: We have done many things which had better been left undone, and we have neglected many things which we should have done, and for this reason things went wrong.

But what a lack of jugment it requires to declare the Commune sacred, to proclaim it infallible, to claim that every burnt house, every executed hostage, received their just dues to the dot over the i! Is not that equivalent to saying that during that week in May the people shot just as many opponents as was necessary, and no more, and burnt just those buildings which had to be burnt, and no more? Does not that repeat the saying about the first French Revolution: Every beheaded victim received justice, first those beheaded by order of Robespierre and then Robespierre himself? To such follies are people driven, when they give free rein to the desire to appear formidable, although they are at bottom quite goodnatured.

Enough. In spite of all follies of the fugitives, and in spite of all comical efforts to appear terrible, this program shows some progress. It is the first manifesto, in which French workingmen endorse the present German communism. And these are moreover working men of that caliber, who consider the French as the chosen people of the revolution and Paris as the revolutionary Jerusalem. To have carried them to this point is the undeniable merit of Vaillant, who is one of the signers of the manifesto, and who is well known to be thoroughly familiar with the German language and the German socialist literature. The German socialist working men, on the other hand, who proved in 1870 that they were completely free from jingoism, may regard it as a good sign that French working men adopt correct theoretical principles, even when they come from Germany.

FREDERICK ENGELS.

(Translated by Ernest Untermann).

Out of the Dump.

IV.

A Case of Desertion.



JOHN WALTERS knew he would never forget that winter. He had been poor all of his life but neither he nor Jennie had known suffering like this. When they married and left the little village in southern Illinois, John had found plenty of work in the big city. It did not make one pinch so, when there were only two for whom to buy. If it had not been for the baby coming the first year and the furniture they were buying from an installment house, they might have begun by saving something.

From that time things had gone steadily worse with them, but this was the first winter when John had been unable to find work of any kind. In other times he often scoffed at the men who float around during the winter months without a steady job. Many times he told Jennie that any man who really wanted work could get it. But it seemed that he was mistaken or it was different this winter.

The Glue Works had closed down for four months. There was nothing doing at the foundry and the packing houses were running on one-third time. From Bubbly Creek to the Alley and about the Dump there seemed to be no jobs.

The months of his enforced idleness had been the longest and strangest and most disheartening John had ever known. He was still strong and eager and he could not understand what all at once had come over the world that he should hold out his great hands and offer his strong muscles for labor in vain. At every place they told him that they did not need men.

But John did not give up. He continued his search for work until it became almost a habit to him. Mechanically he walked from place to place asking for a job. He would almost have been shocked if he had found one.

But the new baby was expected in February and he plodded on seeking a place that would enable him to care for Jennie and the three little tow-heads during that time. He knew it must be done some way.

For a while he had gone steadily to the Yards at 4:30 in the morning, hoping to be taken on in a case of vacancy,

but the gates were always thronged with men and boys with the same hope in mind.

Elemental men they were, elbowing each other with oaths and blows every one determined to secure an opening. Whenever the foreman appeared at the gates, the swaying mass of hungry and jobless men struggled forward like dogs fighting for a bone. John managed one morning to be very near the gate. The foreman said the packing companies were still laying off, instead of taking on, new men. And John wasted no time there after that.

Miles and miles he walked on the coldest days, only to learn that the factory doors were closed or to find another group of men clamoring for a single job. But there was no work. And every night he walked long miles through the snow or rain back to the little room in the basement.

They had been obliged to give up the big room and to move the beds, along with the stove, into the kitchen. It was very crowded but they were able to keep warm.

John managed to keep a little fire in the stove. Coming home by way of the railroad when he had been out looking for a job, he always contrived to pick up half a basket of coal lying along the tracks. And sometimes when a carload had been run in on the switch, and there was nobody to see, he returned with a larger load than usual.

John paid two months' rent. Very little did the family possess that would cause Old Moses to loosen up, but John's silver watch that had been his father's, his overcoat and the patent rocking-chair helped a long way. The third month the agent from whom they rented promised to wait a few days for his money. Nearly every man in the Dump was out of a job and the Walters family had been good pay for two years. Besides there was no use evicting them unless he could rent the room to somebody else. And men who had work were not moving.

So John renewed his efforts, till the new bar-keeper at Mike's Saloon, who had proven himself a good friend, complained because John always came around late to sweep. For a month he had been paying him a dollar a week for scrubbing out. Sometimes there was some of the grub left from the lunch counter, or scraps from the kitchen that John was very glad to take home. In this way he was able to pull the family through December and January.

Had it not been that Jennie was ailing and the children recovering from the whooping cough, he might have found his opportunity. But gradually Jennie grew weaker and the time of her confinement drew near.

Perhaps you understand that John Walters was not altogether a stupid man in spite of the fact that he could read a very little. During those cold months when the holes in the children's shoes and in his own boots as well grew larger and larger, when there was nothing with which to replace the worn-out clothes and only misery and disappointment to think on, he warmed the one small room and held his thoughts to himself. He was a tender nurse to Jennie, in spite of the harsh words that often broke from him in his misery and there was always something for supper on the table.

But the fourth month of his idleness brought the agent's threat of eviction. They were to be put out if the rent was not paid. He told Walters himself that he would not wait a day beyond the Saturday. The installment people were also clamoring and promised to remove the bed if their money was not forthcoming. John disliked to go far from the house now, fearing the agent or the installment people might take action during his absence. And he scrubbed out down at Mike's with one eye on the Dump and the other on his mop.

On Friday he went to talk with his agent. He was going that very day he said, to seek work or help from the charity people. He was surprised to see that this made no impression on the agent, for he did not believe the Association would refuse to help him for the sake of the little ones.

He told Jennie of his plan, for he was enthusiastic and thought that, with a little lift now over a bad place, he would find a job again and things would be as before. He was sorry, he said, for the harsh words he had grown used to saying to Jennie, in his worry and helplessness. At such times some men live in the saloons, he told her, but he had never spent money on beer since he lost his job.

It was as good as seeing him ready for the park on a holiday when he went away, and Jennie went feebly to the door to smile upon him. She was sure it would be all right now. Up to this time they had been the only family on Wilson street that had not paid a visit to the Association. But she forgot her pride and worry in the new hope of relief. She wondered that John had not thought of this way before.

The man to whom John talked at the Charity organization said he was surprised to see a big, strong man coming there to ask for AID. And he asked John Walters if he was not ashamed of himself. John said he was. He said he didn't know what sort of a place he was coming to. He

had thought charity bureaus were organized to help folks in trouble. He didn't suppose they wanted to kick a man who was down.

Then he told the registrar how long he had been looking for work and asked if they could give him a job. He said that was what he wanted more than all the charity in the world and that if he had a steady place he would never ask anybody to help him.

The Charity Worker said he was sorry but they had over three hundred applicants for every job on their lists. He said he would send John out to the Charity Wood Yard to saw for 50 cents a day. But he could only promise to allow him to work three days because other men waited their turn to earn something.

John said he would be glad to go. So the next morning he walked two miles to the Wood Yard and sawed from 7 a. m. till 6 o'clock in the evening for 50 cents worth of provisions. He returned the following day to work in the rain and the next morning he was too ill to face the exposure.

Besides there was no coal in the room and the thing everybody needed most just then was a fire. The yards seemed to be deserted and John helped himself freely from a loaded car standing on the switch, and nobody saw. Then he hurried down to Mike's. He meant to beg for the job scrubbing out again, but Mike had put his nephew in the place. When John heard this, he leaned against the bar and his face grew pale. This was the last prop and now it was gone. There was nothing left to stand on. There was no opening on any side. As he walked home the numb feeling of helplessness passed away and a rebellious heat grew up in his breast. A determined look came into his eyes. He threw up his head and squared his shoulders, for he was weary of creaping, and begging, of cringing and asking favors. He was tired of it all, very tired, and he meant to be a suppliant no longer. He would take what he needed. He might take *more* than he needed. Just now he felt as though he could seize all the wealth of the world in his two great hands.

He kissed Jennie very tenderly when he reached home, for he knew he had reached a turn in the road. Then he built a fire and set the pot of mush on the stove. He thought he knew one way of getting money—and money he must have—and he made up his mind to risk it.

So after Jennie and the children had fallen asleep John turned the lamp low and slipped softly from the house.

He walked briskly northward till he reached a fashionable quarter, keeping to the dark sides of the streets, and in

his right hand, wrapped in a piece of brown paper, he carried the stove poker. If his victim became troublesome, he might have to give him a crack over the head.

Up and down; up and down he walked, looking over the ground; investigating alleys, with a sharp watch all the time for a strav policeman. He grew cold and his legs trembled, for he had eaten nothing since breakfast. But he waited patiently in the shadows.

At last a well-dressed man hurried across the street and passed directly in front of Walters in his hiding-place. John hesitated no longer. Two or three quick, soft steps, his arm flew out and the poker fell. The man dropped very quietly and John slipped his shaking fingers into first one pocket and then another. Suddenly he saw a faint shadow up the street and he was off. At last he paused to look at the coins he carried in his hand. Fifteen cents was all that his despair and this dirty work had brought him! And perhaps the poor fellow he had struck would never move again. Fifteen cents! It was beastly! He was overcome with nausea and leaned against the lamp-post, choking back the sobs. He wondered how it would all end and wished that it was over.

Walking dully back home, he passed the old shack where the Mahoneys lived. Some people were very lucky, he thought, for since Tom had skipped out and the twins were born, the charity societies were bringing something there every day. Then there was Donati's wife. She had been ailing a long time and the charity people were holding her up too since Tony deserted her. And here was he getting the worst of every turn, a better man for working and taking care of the kids than Mahoney or Donati dared claim to be.

He remembered the man at the Charity organization had told him they had not money enough to help folks with strong, healthy men in their families.

Slowly a new idea began to permeate John's brain. Perhaps if he, too, deserted his wife the charity people would take care of her and feed the children while she was sick. He turned the matter over and over in his mind.

Now that the agent had threatened to put them out and the installment people would be sending for the furniture, he was totally unable to cope with the situation, without money and without work. It was worth trying anyway for he did not see how his absence could make matters any worse.

He talked the scheme over with Jennie in the morning and together they composed a letter, which John mailed to the Association, in which Jennie stated that her husband

had run away and left her and the children. She said she was ill and without money and emphasized the notice of eviction they had received from the agent.

The next day John saw little William return from the office of the charity organization with a basket of groceries on his arm, and learned that the agent had agreed to compromise on half the rent for that month, which the charity worker had paid. Then he sneaked over to the little room in the basement to say good-bye to Jennie in the dark.

"Them charity people ain't bad, dearie," he said, "but they'd be doin' a hell-of-a-lot more good if they'd get jobs—*steady* jobs—for people that needs 'em."

Then he kissed her and the three little tow-heads and slipped down to the switch-yards. For it had been rumored in The Alley that the lumber mills in Grand Rapids would reopen on the tenth, when they would need five hundred hands. And John meant to get that job.

MARY E. MARCY.

Out! O My Sisters in Bondage!

Dedicated to the Radical Women of the Socialist Party.

1.

Out from the cloister recesses,
  Where moulder heredities' claims:
Out from the passions' excesses
  With the clank of its rust-eaten chains;
Out from base toil with its discord,
  Out from fashion's mad whirl,
Out! O my sisters in bondage—
  Out into the heart of the world!

2.

Out from the wisdom of sages,
  Usurping the spirit's control,
Out from time's obsolete pages
  That enslave the omnipotent soul,
Out from barren assumptions
  That sit with free banners unfurled,
Out! O my sisters in bondage—
  Out into the heart of the world!

3.

Time's pulse beats not the world's measure,
  Back of all lies the wisdom of right,
Love stirs at the heart of Creation,
  Love wings the swift bird in its flight;
Brave women await your glad coming,
  In work-shop, in home, and in field,
Then out! O my sisters in bondage,
  And make the great Vintage to yield.

4.

Knowledge still slumbers in darkness,
  Christs cradled in mangers of woe,
Martyr fires flame on the borders,
  Greed rampant for some victim low;
Virtue for sale at the altar,
  Purity mistaken for shame,
Creeds passing coin for religion,
  Lust seeking to win in Love's name.

5.

Earth's best! They are treading the wine press,
  Human souls reaching up for the light,
Poverty's children sore pressed in rebellion,
  Proud women stooped low for the right,—
Then out! O my sisters in bondage,
  Strike bold for the freedom of all!
Equality and Justice triumphant
  Lie deep at the heart of the world!

Lynn, Mass. ELLEN T. WETHERELL.

Historical Christianity and Christian Socialism.



R. THOMAS C. HALL'S answer to our article, "Socialism and Mysticism," in the July issue of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, almost disarmed us by its gentle apologetic tone and the "sweet reasonableness" of some of its arguments.

Dr. Hall is obviously in an awkward position. He undertook the thankless task of defending his imaginary allies, but actual adversaries, against the attacks of supposed antagonists, but actual friends. It is a clear case of mistaken identities. Christianity with its "oriental, hellenistic and scholastic legal intrusions," with "ascetic other worldly elements which are false colors in the modern view of the world, organized Christianity" is the *historical Christianity* we contend with.

"Christianity critically stripped of oriental, hellenistic and scholastic legal intrusions" *is not historical Christianity, but ideal humanitarianism.*

Dr. Hall is not a Christian in the only legitimate sense of that term, *in the historical sense.* His religion is rational ethics. No *historical Christian,* no *orthodox Christian* will recognize Dr. Hall as a brother in Christ.

Socialists-rationalists have no quarrels with the religion of Dr. Hall, Comrade Rufus Weeks or any other mythically inclined excellent gentlemen within and outside the Socialist party. Pure and ideal humanitarianism is the solid foundation on which Socialists-rationalists are building the "reign of righteousness, co-operation and peace, a complete and dramatic establishment of a human brotherhood, with service taking the place of competition, with love as its life, not hate, a new society with neither temple nor sacrifice save the sacrifice of joyful, loving fellowship."

Socialist-rationalists are happy to know that there are "among the churches thousands and thousands whose hearts are sick and weary for the coming day, that (those thousands) too are looking eagerly for the dawn."

However, Socialists-rationalists do not deserve Dr. Hall's reproach of "crass misunderstanding of their (the humanitarians among the churches) noblest feelings and secretesties

dreams." Also unjust is the accusation of Socialists-rationalists of "unsympathetic and unhistorical (?!) criticism of the form of dearly beloved faiths." Rational Socialists have nothing to do with "forms of faiths," but they are trying to the best of their ability to "reinterpret (to humanitarian religionists) their fondest hopes and brightest faith in the terms of that coming reorganization of human life in which we can say then of humanity: 'These are indeed the sons of God!'"

Socialists-rationalists have only one criticism to offer to religious or Christian humanitarians calling themselves Christian Sociaists, namely, the criticism of terminology.

This criticism is not quibble over mere words, since a wrong use of terms inevitably leads to confusion and misconceptions.

The legend:

ALL KINDS OF TWISTING AND TURNING DONE HERE.

ought to be inscribed in flaming letters over the entrance to all places of worship and religious devotion. The gentle art of imparting to the Bible or Koran any meaning desired—without the slightest regard for etymology, logic or truth—has always been regarded as the special privilege of theologians. The priestly caste was always anxious to use this "divine prerogative" as a means of spreading and strengthening their influence over the unreasoning masses. The "holy scriptures," by the method of reckless theological sophistry (exegesis), was made so elastic and pliable as to advocate and condemn anything and everything in the world in strict conformity with the interests, whims and fancies of opportune divines of all creeds and denominations. The Bible was cited for and against capital punishment, war, polygamy, chattel slavery, political liberty, and all issues near to the heart of man.

In our own age the same verbal jugglery is used by the theological school of "higher" criticism as a convenient way of modernizing externally decaying creeds so as to make them apparently conform to new mental attitudes, to modern moral phases of life. Liberal preachers enjoy the use of euphonious but meaningless cant phrases, as "God is love." Some radical ministers would even fain make believe that Christ Jesus was a Marxian Socialist. The conscious or unconscious motive of pouring new wine into old and time-worn casks is in this case obvious. The mythical and mystical cycle of ideas connected with religion needs new blood

in order to get a new life. It is a struggle for existence on the part of those who make a living as religious leaders. Business is business.

The demoralization of theological sophistry, however, has proved to be contagious. Some modern scientists and thinkers of the rationalist school of monism indulge in flirtation with the institutional church and delight in phrases—contradictory in terms (contradictio in adjecta)—as "Religion of Science." If taken in their true historical meaning religion and science are mutually exclusive of each other.

History proves, if it proves anything, that religion is a creation of the primitive mind of man, incapable of logical reasoning, and devoid of any accurate knowledge of nature and its laws. History proves that religion created more hate than love; greater moral debasement than moral elevation; more cruel persecution than human toleration; more cruelty than mercy; more fanciful horrors than sane enjoyment of life; more superstition than enlightment; more blind enmity to knowledge and progress than thirst for truth and improvement of environment and conditions of life.

On the other hand, history proves that science is the child of the highly developed human intellect, trained in the art of logical reasoning, original research, and strict observation of original nature's phenomena.

Science has but one object in view—to reveal the secrets of nature to men so as to enable them to use this revelation to make them happy. Science endeavors to eliminate hate, persecution, cruelty, moral obtuseness. Science knows no mystical horrors; it preaches sanity, optimistic enjoyment of life, co-operation and association of men for mutual advantage.

Religion and Science are Antitheses.

Faith makes knowledge impossible. Knowledge makes faith superfluous. There can be no compromise between religion and science, mysticism and rationalism.

Expressions like "religion of science" are not only contradictory in their terms, historically wrong, but highly mischievous and leading to confusion, in a realm where there is a great need for clearness and exactness of fundamental conceptions. There are such things as intellectual integrity and mental prostitution. Rationalistic thinkers and scientists should consider it below their dignity, as thinkers and scientists, to follow slavishly into the devious, crooked, and slippery cowpaths of theological and metaphysical sophists.

Rationalism does not need any "pons asinorum" for the passage of the people who do not possess the courage of their

conviction, or are interested in the stultification of the masses for the benefit of parasitic classes. Militant free-thought is a necessity of our age. The struggle for existence between mysticism and religion on one hand and rationalism and science on the other is by no means decided in favor of the latter in the mind of the overwhelming majority.

The free-thought movement needs all the help it can get in order to be able to cope with the tremendous inheritance of ignorance and superstition and the assiduous and systematic work of contemporary obscurantism on the receptive mind of the unreasoning masses. It is the moral duty of every rationalist to courageously stand by his colors. The church is still a formidable enemy. To try to bridge over the impassable chasm between reason and unreason, knowledge and faith, mysticism and sanity, on the part of rationalists, is cowardly and despicable.

Unfortunately the intellectual dishonesty hidden behind careless terminology invades all fields of human interests. We frequently hear such meaningless expressions as "religion of art," "religion of free-thought," etc.

However, the most objectionable use of the term religion is when applied to a decidedly modern political, social, economic, or cultural movement, based on human thought and conscious endeavor to emancipate humanity from the thraldom of mysticism and exploitation of men by men, sanctioned by the church as a divine institution. Expressions like "religion of Socialism" are not only meaningless, historically, but are calculated to confuse and mislead the unwary into the belief that there is something in common between a thoroughly rational modern popular movement and the sickly mysticism of past ages.

Religion spells death to Socialism, just as Socialism to religion. The moment Socialism turns into a religion it loses all its vitality, all its progressiveness, it ossifies and turns into a superstition of fanatics, who never forget and never learn anything. Socialism is essentially, although not apparently, a free-thought movement. The thinking Socialists are all free-thinkers.

Religion adopts some distorted fragmentary elements of ethics into its mystical fold. However, religion is not a rational ethical system of thought and sentiment. There is a great deal of ethical power behind art, free-thought and Socialism. But it is obviously absurd to speak of art, free-thought and Socialism as forms of religion. Let us distinguish between right and wrong terminology. Let us see our friends and enemies in their true light. Let us have the courage to face

issues and fight for what we consider as right fairly and squarely in the open.

Dr. Hall objects to our definition of the term religion as a conglomeration of a theory of the universe with a system of ethics. But he fails to advance any other definition. The fact that some historical religions apparently did not contain any theory of the universe, while others apparently prescribed no definite system of conduct, does not militate against the general correctness of our definition, as exceptions do not militate against rules.

We are sorry not to be able to agree with our esteemed opponent's assertions that mankind is "uncurably religious." The cure against religion, "mysticism," is rationalism, and rationalism is undoubtedly gaining ground with every hour.

Religion and dualism may not have been literally invented by priests, but the latter certainly made the most of it in the interests of their own caste, a caste parasitic in its very nature.

That some good emanated from priestcraft is due to the fact that the priests were frequently engaged in some useful occupation of worldly nature, having nothing to do with their sacerdotal functions; for instance, as scientists, teachers, physicians, etc.

Our assertions that ethics precede religion is rejected by Dr. Hall as dogmatism. If we understand under ethics a system of conduct, we must admit that ethics is a subhuman phenomenon.

We call group motives higher than animal selfishness in the same sense as we speak of higher organisms, i. e., organisms of comparatively complex structure, in the same sense as Dr. Hall says of group motives: "as a judgment of value, that the group has the *higher* claim" (than the moral man). What does this "judgment of value" mean if not enlightened selfishness?

We are not by any means unmindful of "one of the hardest (Oh, how hard, how very hard!) facts in history, namely, the tremendous, all-conquering power of religious faith." However, we have also learned something of the tremendous, all-conquering power of human reason and knowledge. And we see that there is an irrepressible conflict between these two "tremendous, all-conquering powers."

If there be any values conserved by scholastic Christianity, they cannot possibly be lost in this conflict. Count Leo Tolstoy is the only modern writer who had grasped the real essence (*value*, according to Dr. Hall's terminology) of

historic *Christianity*, and he has the courage and integrity of expounding it as *religious anarchism.*

If Dr. Hall can appeal to hundreds who with him say of Jesus, "Lord and Master," to do then as Jesus did, and give their lives as intelligently as we know how to the establishment on earth of a new social order," we heartily congratulate him.

The European Christian Socialists would not do it if they could, and could not do it if they would.

Nobody denies that really religious people have ideals, but their ideals are individualistic and mystic. The "dear-bought (Oh, how dear, how very dear!) religious memories of the ages" are stained so strongly with the spilled blood of innocent martyrs of free-thought as to arouse only sad reflection on the sanity of the human mind.

If within the organized church there be "a vast movement on foot slowly but directly upon the social situation," we may only exclaim: "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes!"

ISADOR LADOFF.

The Situation in China.

Tientsin, China, June 12th, 1908.

Editor of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW:

Dear Sir and Comrade:



HERE in ancient Cathay, the land of social anomalies, prophecy and prediction as to coming events are baffled. The situation is complex. Here is a "democratic Empire," indeed, where the principle that all power comes from the "min ren," the people, was conceded milleniums ago, but where the principle of representative government is but now on the eve of being embodied in elective governmental systems.

Chinese Trade Unions.

Here orthodox trade-unionism of the "Gompers and Mitchell" emasculated type has surely attained its climax, going beyond its cringing American contemporary, and far more entitled to respect. Going beyond it inasmuch as the Chinese trade-unions win an immensely greater proportion of strikes; more entitled to respect, because with an immeasurably less opportunity to attain what is called education, hovering chronically around the bare bread and rice subsistence line, with no funds generally, they have never arrived at the despicable summit of impotism of endorsing the "community of interests of capital and labor." Whenever the miserable existence in which they drag out their wretched bestial lives is threatened by a more than usual cut in wages, they rise and strike as one man. Scabbing is practically unknown. The guilds and unions date back to time immemorial. And yet what have they achieved? The right to live in dog-kennels; to live on mouldy rice, which infects them with the dreaded beri-beri, and horse feed.

Their Ineffectiveness.

Here is where their impotence is on a level with trade-unionists of "the land of the flea and the home of the slave." Waging their industrial warfare against their masters of bread from the time of the Chou Dynasty, contemporary with the pyramid builders of Egypt, they have been satisfied with the infinitely petty achievements of procuring the disgrace and dismissal or transfer of some more than usually exacting

task-master, or of some official who has been wringing extra taxes from the masses, in order to recoup the price of his office from his superiors, which is the Celestial equivalent of campaign funds to the Republican party from Federal office-holders.

But the idea of wielding their collective power in order to improve their condition never seems to occur to the trades-unionists; they use the measure of strength which they possess in a merely negative way to resist further pressure from above, never positively to regain the rights which have been wrested from them.

The Mission of Collectivism.

Here is where the historic mission of Socialism comes in to breathe the breath of life into these dry bones; to show these submerged toilers their right to more than a canine existence; to rouse them to ask for the life, and that more abundantly, that is theirs; to agitate first for the political power which they can attain in less than a twelvemonth by means of the mass-strike, and then to wield this power thus acquired in securing themselves against want and the fear of want.

The central "Chêng Fu" (governing boards) of the ruling Manchu Dynasty is even now on the point of conceding representative government to the country, in order to counteract the anti-Dynastic movement in the south, where the irrepressible descendants of the T'ai P'ings are waging an incessant struggle against the ruling powers. The ruling class realizes that this Chinese race can no longer be kept in the degrading subjection which has been their lot since 1644 C. E., when by aid of Chinese traitors the Manchus swept the country and imposed their rule on a vast population some two or three hundred times greater than the conquerors themselves.

New Constitution for China.

A special bureau in Peking for some time has been working on a draft of a Constitution for the Empire, and have just engaged an Englishman named Hillier, formerly of the British consular service, as adviser. The sort of Constitution which will result will probably be somewhat on the model of the Prussian Landtag, against which autocratic system our comrades are protesting so vigorously; so many officials will be nominated by the throne on the advice of the government boards, so many officials ex-officio members, and the large merchant guilds so many members. This will develop friction as soon as in working order, and with agitation from

below, successive measures of electoral reform extending the basis of suffrage will be carried out from time to time until full constitutional government be finally granted.

Agitators Wanted.

But where are we to look for the evangelists of Socialism who are to carry the message of economic salvation from poverty to the toilers of China?

The blind discontent of the submerged classes of this Empire does not seem likely to evolve of itself any coherent and effective method of materially raising its status or achieving its own emancipation; and knowledge of the world-wide message of collectivism must therefore come from without.

The fiery cross of Socialism must flash its message from land to land until the movement is world-wide and universal in very truth. Chinese reformers there are, but up to time of going to press Chinese Socialists have not appeared. The material is at hand in the crowds of Celestial students who go abroad every year for education on occidental lines, and most certainly will result in Socialist thought impregnating some of them. In any case, it is unlikely that any foreigners will play the part in Cathay that our earlier Teutonic comrades did in transplanting Socialist thought to America.

Celestial Reformers.

The class of Chinese reformers who have been active in the last decade have conducted their agitation along merely anti-Dynastic lines, demanding representative government merely, corresponding to the Octobrists of Russia, to be placated by a mere sop to Cereberus, and having no thought save for their own middle class emancipation from political thralldom. This class of anti-Manchu reformers have had the wind completely taken out of their sails by the prompt action of the Manchu government, who, foreseeing that some measure of reform was inevitable, preferred that it should come willingly from above rather than be the inspiring motive of a possibly successful rebellion, which might overturn the Manchu Dynasty.

Hence the activity of the inherently reactionary Tartars, or rather the most progressive elements among them, for they are by no means unanimous, the fossilized bigots among whom are opposing progress at every step.

The political situation here is strongly analogous to that obtaining in America, agitation from below extorting concessions from ruling powers.

The time is now ripe for the appearance of a strong

Socialist movement, which will unify and intelligently direct the elements of discontent, which scattered and with no conscious objective, dissipate their energies without adequate result.

Expatriated Chinese.

The teeming millions of Chinese scattered abroad in alien lands, doing well there and thriving, with little desire to return to their mother country, when more fully awakened will have the will, as they now have the ability, to furnish the sinews for conducting the class war against the predatory classes which fatten on the misery of their toiling fellow-countrymen at home. The Manchu government has sought to utilize the presumed patriotism of the Chinese abroad by sending a squadron of the dilapidated navy to visit the most populous colonies abroad, to show the flag among them and rouse them to show their sympathy by generous contributions to home loans and industrial enterprises like railways, etc.

As these industrial enterprises in question are all intended to be conducted under the leadership of Chinese officials of the capitalist class, and whose honesty is on a par with Republican party office-holders in your "honorable country," the funds do not come in, and Chinese abroad are not showing any very large measure of enthusiasm in helping their despoilers.

Subscriptions from these expatriated citizens have always been the mainstay of the reform movement here, but they are discouraged by the lack of results from their generosity.

For years these Chinese abroad have been the means of keeping the movement of reform going, and have generally been allied with the most progressive elements in the homeland. Surrounded by the evidences of Western material progress, they are thoroughly imbued with a desire to raise the status of their home country among the sisterhood of nations and feel deeply humiliated at the contempt shown for her at the international council board. This feeling leads to an ever-growing nationalist movement, which expands at the expense of the true proletarian cause, which seemingly will be side-tracked until China regains somewhat her old position in the world at large. The situation in Poland and Ireland presents parallels; there where the latent and undying sentiment of nationality is outraged by oppression from outside, it seems almost hopeless to show the people at large, the wage-workers, that their true interest lies in supporting the world-movement for the emancipation of the toilers, when all will be gained for which they are striving and much more.

"No, not now," they say, "but just as soon as we have regained some measure of our national self-respect, we will then be ready to listen to your message." How long will it be before we show the millions in China, and Ireland, and Poland, that they but delay the solution of the one true pressing problem of their daily bread, by thus diverting their energy to bolstering up the petty divisions into rival camps of nationalities? How they rejoice the heart of the capitalistic class, the grinders of the faces of the poor, by thus averting their attention from the class war between the despoilers and the despoiled!

Patriotism: Last Refuge of Scoundrels!

This is the age-old confidence trick played on the proletariat from ages gone, who are thus arrayed against each other. Note the cunning of the organized Christian churches, with a few honorable exceptions, who invariably give their aid to all such reactionary nationalist movements, who are always ready to give their blessing on the strong man going forth to war against his brother, instead of setting all their strength against war everywhere. The Christian church has been the most valuable ally to capitalism since the days of the Emperor Constantine, diverting the enormous amount of human energy from the upward struggle for the attainment of human rights to the service of the abstraction in the heavens which they have created in their own image to the loss of service to humanity on earth. Some of the priestly class do this consciously, some unknowingly, but the result is deplorable in any case. Here in China there is no state church to delay the inevitable class war; but where the Christian missionaries obtain influence, of whatever particular brand they may be, they invariably strive to create the sentiment of loyalty to the ruling powers.

The Chinese Communards.

In the full tide of success of the great T'ai P'ing rebellion, which raged in the south of China for twenty years in the middle of the last century, it was reported among foreigners that the leader of the rebels had professed himself a Christian, and that the rebellion was likely to impress Christianity on the nation, should it succeed.

The missionaries of the Christian faith thereupon sent a delegate up the Yangtse river to interview the general in command of the insurgents. As a result of the interview the delegate reported that the rebels had merely made a pretense

of being Christians, in the hope of obtaining aid from the foreign powers, supposed to be Christians. The missionaries and the then representatives of the foreign powers do not seem to have investigated as to whether or not the success of the rebels would have enlarged the common rights of the masses in China, which in the retrospect it would seem to have been doing, but simply whether or not the market for their particular wares, material and mental, would or would not be enhanced. The foreign representatives would seem to have been alarmed at the proletarian character of the rebellion, for they gave aid and comfort to the Imperialists, and lent munitions of war and officers to the Imperial government.

Gordon, the Stuffed "Hero."

Here is where the Englishman, Gordon, the paranoiac four-flusher, who has lately been exposed by his chief, Cromer, made his reputation. With the unlimited funds of the Imperial treasury at his back, with the latest of arms and siege guns, with foreign prestige and trained subordinates, volunteers from foreign armies and navies, he made war on the ill-trained and ill-armed T'ai P'ings, only armed in part with weapons of precision, and in most part with rude spears and old-fashioned swords.

In this inglorious warfare against poor peasants, a reproduction on an immense scale of the infamous massacre of the French Communards by the troops of the Versailles government, was once more exemplified the triumph of the predatory classes. Cruel massacres and brutality there were on both sides in this Titanic struggle which convulsed the Empire, but it was primarily and essentially a proletarian uprising, and the true inward history of the great T'ai P'ing rebellion has yet to be written. The facts may yet be brought to light from some of the still surviving veterans in the south.

The Chinese "Black Hundreds."

The next great social convulsion, the Boxer outbreak, did not share in this proletarian character, being but an outbreak of hooliganism, an uprising of the "Black Hundreds" of China, supported by every bigoted reactionary in the country, doing immeasurable harm to the forward movement.

Here was patriotism rampant; a nationalist movement which was to sweep the foreigner into the sea. Raw country youths were made "invulnerable" by charms, and sent forth to be mowed down by magazine rifles, shedding their blood freely in a blind torrent of primeval ferocity, incited by their rulers and oppressors. The predatory powers poured

their troops in in their thousands, and the inevitable happened. Then came the whirlwind: the military occupation, the indemnities, inhuman fines levied by foreign conscienceless governments, and the hell of war let loose.

Beaten to her knees, and loaded down with indemnity obligations, China is slowly regathering strength and meditating revenge, pondering the secret of the invincibility of the hated foreign powers.

The Present Situation.

Sending the youth of the Empire in thousands to foreign lands, and in tens of thousands to military schools at home, the government will try to imitate Japan's success. The order of steps will be roughly:

1. Reorganize the army and navy, drill and equip on modern lines.

2. Have extra-territoriality abolished, and acquire legal jurisdiction over the stranger within the gates.

3. Extinguish the foreign loans, and resume entire control and operation over the maritime and inland customs revenue service.

Always before the eyes of the government is the humiliating spectacle of the respect which Japan has exacted from the powers at the point of the bayonet, while any of the same powers, save the English-speaking ones, does not hesitate to make extortionate demands on any old pretext from China.

Above is the program of the governing class. What of the proletariat? Blind, deaf, hugging the chains of industrial servitude for the men, and chattel slavery for the women, Proletaire is waiting for the Voice which will give hope and promise delivery. The Message may come from without, but the struggle must be carried on by the submerged themselves.

"* * * Hereditary bondsmen! Know ye not, who would be free themselves must strike the blow? * * *"

The hour is ripe for a revolution from below. Will this be delayed indefinitely by a recrudescence of jingoism, nationalism, patriotism, the Trinity of Hell? This is the problem of the hour over here in China; the solution lies on the lap of the High Gods.

CLARENCE CLOWE,
Tientsin, China.

A Defense of Partisanship.



T has become the fashion, in many quarters, to deprecate the abstraction, partisanship. Such a deprecation is vain. A state where partisanship is absent is nothing more nor less than ideal, Utopian. That is to say, the end of partisanship, if there is ever to be an end to it, is unanimity; but, so long as men's minds and natures are cast in different molds and so long as institutions exist upon which men's minds divide, partisanship must remain. The disposal of partisanship involves the disposal of all that leads to it.

The men who decry partisanship must necessarily look at things superficially and they belong for the most part to the dreamer class. They put the effect before the cause, deploring the simple effect of righting wrongs, and entirely overlooking the merits of the quarrel which precipitates that effort. In a political sense, partisanship means that men have divided themselves into bodies or factions, each held together by a bond of sympathy or agreement of opinion as to certain public policies. This kind of partisanship it is beyond the power of man to prevent.

Man is not the master of his opinions. The opinions are the master. A man is not responsible for what he thinks. What he thinks is responsible for him. I am inevitably drawn into a sympathetic bond with the man who thinks as I do. We are going in the same direction. What more natural than that we go together? Both of us think as we do because of a similarity in our experiences, in our environment and in our conditions resultant from these. In method, we are conservative or iconoclastic according as our dominant aim is to establish new institutions or to do away with certain existing institutions. If all men agreed with us, there would be no parties. The reform would be accomplished without question, without parley, without partisanship.

If a man disagrees with me, I only know that he disagrees with me. That is all. I may try to make the distinction that he is dishonest, while I, of course, am honest, but that distinction, even if it could be made, is unimportant so far as society is concerned. The fact remains that we disagree, that his view of a certain question or questions is different from mine. We may get together and discuss our

various positions with a view to discovering why we see things differently, and such discussion may terminate in agreement. If it does, it may be said that progress has been made. If it does not so terminate, the partisanship persists.

More specifically, we have certain political parties in this country. Nearly every citizen, for some cause or other satisfactory to himself, is attached more or less stubbornly to one of these parties. He is, of course, satisfied with his own partisanship. What he objects to is the partisanship of the other fellow who flocks with an opposition party. These party lines are national in extent, but it often happens that a man who sees his interests clearly in a continuance of a national Republican administration, for instance, has reason to oppose a local Republican administration. It is at this point where his antipathy to partisanship—he often calls it blind partisanship, which insinuates, of course, that his own eyes are thoroughly open and seeing—begins.

It is then he is apt to begin talking about men rather than issues, about electing "good men to office regardless of party affiliations," as if it had formerly been his policy, a policy of which other men were still guilty, to elect other than good men and as if there were any other way of judging the fitness of a man for a public office except by his party affiliations. In making such a remark, he fools himself. He loses the thread of his logic, if we may so dignify his mental process. If he would stop to think a little more deeply, he would find that he has not really changed his method from that of considering issues to that of considering "men regardless of party affiliations." He only thinks he has. When he says to elect "good men," he means to elect men who are in accord with him on the paramount local issues in question which, for the moment, overshadow all other questions. When these "good men" on local questions happen to be "bad men" on national questions, our elector fondly imagines that he has ceased to be a partisan.

Let us do him justice. Let us say that such an act as we have described, the act of thoughtfully discriminating between national and local topics, is commendable; that it signifies a moral and intellectual growth. All that and more of a laudatory nature may be his due, but, nevertheless, he has not ceased to be a partisan. He has become, rather, a double partisan, a subdivided partisan, where before he was a single partisan in political matters. Perhaps he has joined himself to a local "Independent" movement. "Independent," in this sense, does not necessarily connote the high and lofty motives with which the eloquence of the ages has enhaloed it. It merely means that those beneath its banner are, for

the matter in hand, independent of the other political parties. Such movements are usually, but not always, ephemeral, because they are not founded upon fundamental or enduring principles. A fundamental and enduring principle is one that has a broad base underlying the whole of society and one which society will continue to recognize as such throughout a long period of time.

Sometimes the name "Citizens'" is used for these local schisms, as if the other parties were not composed of and controlled by citizens. In this case, "Citizens'" is but a designation, just as "Independent" was but a designation. Such a movement might as well be called "Reprobates" for all the clew it gives to the principles involved, as, indeed, the participants are often looked upon as reprobates by their opponents, who are as zealously trying to elect "good men" according to their own definition.

No enduring party was ever gathered around a man and no enduring party was ever gathered around a name. Men die, both good and bad. If they are leaders during their lifetime, it is for what they believe. If they have a considerable following, they are succeeded, at their death, by other men who believe the same or who are thought to believe the same. Names do not die, but they lose their significance with the passage of time. In the history of our country, the name "Republican" has stood for various policies, some of them diametrically opposed to each other. So has the name "Democratic." Yet, in a dictionary sense, they both stand for popular government. Those who compose the Republican party believe that popular government can best be conserved by certain policies and institutions. Those who compose the Democratic party believe that popular government can best be conserved by certain other policies and institutions. So with the Socialists and the Prohibitionsts. The word "Prohibition," in political parlance, has taken on a special significance. It stands for the prohibition of the liquor traffic. Yet, all the parties are prohibition parties. The Republican party would prohibit free trade. The Democratic party would prohibit protection. The Socialist party would prohibit competition in the means of production and distribution.

The men who participate in the mushroom movements referred to are men who desire to correct certain evils which they believe to exist and they become partisans for that purpose. Strangely enough, however, they often overlook underlying causes and find a superficial reason for what they seek to eliminate in mere abstract partisanship. To paraphrase this attitude, these men do no more than say that things are wrong because other men do not see things the way they do.

This, of course, begs the question and is evil because it distracts the mind from essentials. All men are partisans, but that does not mean that all men are absolutely right or absolutely wrong for that reason. The participants of a so-called "independent" or "citizens'" movement are partisans of that movement. The question of whether the movement is based on enduring principles is quite another matter and one which time alone can ultimately settle. A question is relatively important according to the number of people who are thinking about it and who take sides in it. If a question is widely discussed and disposed of by a decisive majority, it is settled, at least for a time, for, in a democracy, there is no other way to settle it, no other authority than the popular will. Nevertheless, even though a question be once settled, there may be an intelligent and persistent minority which maintain that it has not been settled right. If this minority possesses sufficient arguments to hold itself together and attract an increasing number of adherents to its way of thinking, it may later become a majority and the previous expression of the public will on that particular question may be reversed.

Moral laws are numerous, but it is difficult to say what is absolutely right and what is absolutely wrong. Perhaps the best and perhaps the only standard after all is the will of the people. What a majority of the people desire is right. What a majority of the people oppose is wrong. In that case, whatever is is right. But that does not mean that the people cannot or should not change their minds. To-day they may believe one thing and that is right to-day. To-morrow they may believe something different and that something different, wrong to-day, will be right to-morrow. It was once right to burn witches at the stake.

Each individual is a force in the making of public opinion and public opinion itself is the resultant of all these individual forces. I may have an opinion divergent from that of society. So far as society is concerned, I am wrong. So far as I am concerned, I am right. I am not responsible for my own opinions. It would be much more correct to say that society was responsible for them. My opinions somehow seize and possess me. I may change my opinion or society may change its opinion, to the end that we agree. When that time arrives, both society and I are the happier because we are in accord with one another. In the meantime, society being the stronger, I must suppress all actions based upon my own divergent opinion and conform to society's regulations, arduous and unjust as they may seem from my own point of view. In the meantime, also, society must put up with me. As a disturbing element in its midst, society

must also take cognizance of me and my protestant attitude. Discord inevitably attracts attention. It is an indication of disease. It is the sign of social intercourse. It is society's duty to examine me and my position with all due care. It is my reciprocal duty to examine society, the goal of each being to establish a harmonious co-operation in order to stop the inevitable waste of friction.

But, while each according to his rights and duties and inclinations is trying to bring the other to his way of thinking, I am the one who must be docile, who must yield. Otherwise society will put me into prison or even put me to death. Indeed, society may decide, after a careful examination, that I am unable to entertain a sensible idea of any kind. In that case, it devolves upon society to declare me insane and put me in an asylum for safe keeping.

A partisan, in any realm of thought, is a man who has opinions and is not afraid to stand up for them. Those opinions may be crude. They may be childish. Thy may be the result of scant opportunities and experiences. In such case, more enlightenment will produce a change in his opinion, but this will not make him cease to be a partisan; it will merely direct his partisanship along new channels. A man who is incapable of being a partisan is a sorry specimen indeed.

Partisanship, therefore, comes naturally to sane men. When we speak of blind partisanship, the accent should be upon the "blind." It is the blindness and not the partisanship which is objectionable.

Ellis O. Jones.

College Men and Socialism.



THE status of the college education has undergone a radical change of late years. Formerly it was considered a luxury; to-day it is almost a necessity. Forced by economic pressure to compete ever fiercer and fiercer in the industrial field, workmen and small business men are sending their sons to college in order to fit them for the coming fight.

This is amply attested by the phenomenal growth of industrial and scientific education, such as engineering and the like, as opposed to the subordination of purely cultural or classical education. Let us turn for a moment to the enrollment of one of the "big four" universities and compare figures for 1904-5 and 1907-8.

*University of Pennsylvania Enrollment	1904-5	1907-8
School of Arts (Liberal and Classical studies)	345	385
Towne Scientific School (Civil, Mechanical, Electrical Engineering)	600	908
Wharton School (Finance and Commerce)	226	433
Courses for Teachers	181	357
Summer School (1904)	137	(1907) 362
Evening School of Accounts and Finance	——	223
Department of Law	303	303
Department of Medicine	546	605
Department of Dentistry	359	390
Department of Veterinary Medicine	79	131

The Summer School (college) and the Evening School of Accounts and Finance, founded in 1904, are distinctly the result of a demand and necessity on the part of the proletariat. The Courses for Teachers, established to meet the convenience of those who toil during the best part of the day, also show the largest enrollment in the practical or scientific branches of learning.

Realizing that without a scientific education the battle in the industrial field is well nigh hopeless, the proletarian has sent his son to college at great sacrifice, hoping that the ultimate remuneration will overbalance the present self-denial and inconvenience. In spite of the great burden and cost attendant upon giving his son an education the enrollment in nearly every college has increased tremendously. This increase has been followed by the inevitable result of an overcrowding of the professions, so that steps are being taken to raise the standard in all lines of practical education. *In the medical department of the U. of P. the entrance requirement in 1909 will be an equivalent of work done in the first year of the college department; in 1910 they will be equivalent to the work done in the first and second year college. It is proposed that ultimately a college degree, a bachelor's degree, shall be demanded before one can undertake the study of medicine.† At a dinner before the alumni of Jefferson Medical College, Wm. Potter, the president of the college, announced that in the near future steps would be taken to increase the entrance requirements. Throughout all professional branches in most of the large colleges the standard is being raised. This in itself is no assurance that the struggle of the professional man after graduation will be mitigated to any large extent. The poorly paid professional men of Germany, where education is the "summus mons," illustrates this most forcibly. Anyone who will investigate the subject carefully will find that Germany's professional men, in spite of their excellence and technical proficiency, are but a few degrees in advance of the clerks of this country in the matter of remuneration.

Not only *within* but *without* the college walls as well is competition becoming keener. Not a small amount of work is being performed by correspondence schools. Men who are unable to stop work and go direct to college take up a correspondence course and study during spare moments. Of course, after a hard day's toil the mind is not very receptive, but the condition of the worker is such that he is willing to make a superhuman effort to gain even an inch in material advancement. And yet we are beginning to see what the effects of this wholesale education under the present capitalist system will be. The professor will be in exactly the same position as many a medical graduate—hunting for a job. As long as the machinery of production and distribution remains in private ownership, education alone will not better the condition of humanity one bit.

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* See U. of P. catalog.
† Philadelphia Public Ledger, June 7, 1908.

The engineer,—civil, electrical, chemical, mining or mechanical; the chemist, the physician, the dentist, the lawyer and the teacher will find in the very near future, if not at present, that unemployment is not a condition confined solely to unskilled workers, but a condition existing in the professions as well. To verify this I need only refer to the Census of 1900, Vol. "Occupations," p. ccxxxii. Percentage of unemployed by occupations to whole number employed in each occupation:

	Males.		Females.	
	1890	1900	1890	1900
Teachers and professors in colleges, etc.	30.8	55.0	33.1	61.2
Engineers, civil etc. Electricians and surveyors	9.9	11.8	.....	.....
Literary and Scientific persons	5.4	7.5	7.2	11.6
Architects, designers, draftsmen, etc	4.5	6.8	.....	.....
Other professional service	5.5	5.8	.....	.....
Journalists	3.0	4.0	4.2	6.5
Clergymen	2.1	3.6	4.7	7.5
Dentists	2.4	3.3	.....	.....
Lawyers	1.8	2.6	.....	.....
Physicians and surgeons	1.4	1.9	6.7	4.2

On p. cxxviii of the same Census is shown that in 1890, 15.1% of those in the professions were unemployed and in 1900, 26.3% were unemployed. What the Census of 1910 will show is not at all hard to surmise or calculate mathematically, rather than predict. It will be near 40%. Consequently it is not the amount of brains or training a person possesses that determines his or her remuneration, but how many others there are in the same field waiting for an opportunity to offer his or her labor. The law of the Jungle prevails among college men just as inexorably as among unskilled laborers.

A new departure in college activity and in line with the economic evolution of the university was undertaken in 1905, when the "Intercollegiate Socialist Society" was launched at 112 East 19th St., New York City. Columbia University organized a chapter which was followed by similar organizations, so that now chapters exist in many of the large universities. The movement is young yet and promises to assume an imposing factor in college life. It is only natural to expect that the movement which was so ably championed by Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels and Ferdinand Lassalle—all of whom were college men—should obtain a strong footing in what is now conceded to be the last stronghold of capitalism —the university.

Socialism, it must be understood, did not emanate from the rostrum of the university, but has only penetrated col-

lege walls by sheer force of worth. It is intensely practicable, not only in what it seeks to accomplish but in what it is accomplishing at the present time. It is a movement of the workers—both physical and intellectual—to throw off the chains of wage slavery and to stand as free men and women.

Finally, there is a swing, a conscientious spirit of real progressiveness inherent in the Socialist movement such as exists in no other organization. Its purpose is single and definite; its purpose is to free the working class. To be a Socialist now to watch the movement grow step by step, to see one outpost of capitalism after another succumb to the world-wide, persistent efforts of the Socialists, is like reaping the crop of a well-planted orchard.

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The Cause of Good Times.



HAT THE RECURRENT periods of commercial and industrial depression which beset the path of modern society are due to the restricted markets of capitalism, which are in turn occasioned by the systematic exploitation of the workers, has become a commonplace of socialistic propaganda. But it is important to remember that the bare fact of exploitation does not alone constitute an explanation of these periods. Under previous industrial systems, chattel slavery or feudalism, for example, the workers were exploited even more severely than under capitalism, yet the phenomenon of hard times was unknown. The reason obviously was that under these systems production was carried on for use and not for sale. The surplus taken from the labor of the slave or serf was consumed by the master or lord. Consumption was thus always made to match production. There being no production for the market, and, in fact, no market, there could, of course, be no glutting of the market. It is because under capitalism, production is primarily for the purpose of sale, and the surplus taken from the workers must first pass through the market before the exploiter can enter into a personal enjoyment of it, that capitalism encounters the phenomenon of hard times.

But, while the combined fact of exploitation and production for sale explain hard times, they do not explain good times. Were these combined circumstances in constant operation, the period of commercial and industrial depression would be unbroken. The truth is, that at periodic intervals capitalistic production, like production in a slave or serf economy, is carried on, not for sale, but for immediate consumption, or what is the equivalent of immediate consumption, by the capitalist himself. These periodic intervals are those in which the capitalist is reinvesting his surplus in expanded means of production — and consequent exploitation. When thus recapitalizing his surplus, he builds more railroads, more factories, more ships, more gigantic office buildings, and so on. But he does not build any of these for sale, on the contrary, since they constitute the very tools of exploitation, he religiously keeps them himself.

During these intervals of recapitalization, therefore, there

is no glutting of the market. Instead, since the wages paid to labor for thus expanding the national industrial plant are not immediately reproduced in double their value in goods offered for sale, they suffice to purchase all of such commodities as are produced. Markets are ample, trade is brisk and "prosperity" reigns. The social capacity for consumption may even, for a time, surpass production. By thus engendering in the working class a purchasing power which equals or exceeds the amount of commodities proffered in the market, recapitalization stimulates itself and becomes a connected social process and a distinct economic period.

Yet, in the nature of things, recapitalization cannot go on forever. Not only is the fund available for recapitalization exhausted in time, but the expanded means of production must be put to use or they will return no profits. A period of production for sale, that is, of producing commodities for general and final consumption, succeeds to the period of recapitalization. All of the expanded means of production now pour this augmented flood of commodities on the market. Immediately the bitter social consequences of exploitation manifest themselves. Markets glut, because the wages paid to labor are only sufficient to buy back about half of what labor is producing. First the retail trade, then wholesaling and manufacture, slacken, sag and stop. Thousands of workers are thrown out of employment thus destroying their purchasing power and further narrowing the market. The fabric of credit, already overstrained by the process of recapitalization, bursts as under the increased tension, and the terrors of panic are added to the miseries of commercial and industrial collapse. At the very moment when the nation is ready to enjoy the advantages of its expanded industrial plant, the punishment for the social injustice which it tolerates falls upon it.

In the formula, therefore, that periods of recapitalization are periods of good times, and periods of producing "consumption goods" for sale in the market are periods of hard times, we have both an analysis of the cycle of capitalistic industry, and also an explanation of that periodicity in the recurrence of commercial and industrial crises which has proved so puzzling. It is important that all socialistic speakers and writers during the coming presidential campaign should clearly understand and insistently present these facts. Never has a crisis found the apologists of capitalism so bankrupt of plausible explanation as the present one, and never have the people at large been so receptive to the truth.

CLARENCE MEILY.

Present Conditions in Cuba and the Outlook.



UBA," says the capitalist journals, "is to have another chance as an independent nation within a year. The Cuban republic will be established not later than Feb. 1st 1909. After that the Cubans themselves must decide the island's destiny. What a splendid chance now to give Socialism a trial (?). Whether the lessons of the first experiment have been well enough learned or not, it is pretty certain there will be no third. If the next fails, then Cuba will take its place as a territory of the United States.

The interests of the United States in Panama, of which Cuba is the key, require a considerable force in the Carribean within striking distance of that possession. Her treaty rights in Cuba include coaling stations, with the right to fortify and garrison same, and to maintain there sufficient force to give all necessary aid to her diplomatic representatives in Cuba in the exercise of their important functions. "This," says Capt. Parker, U. S. and a resident for many years in Cuba, "would give ample assurance of a stable government; to know that in case of necessity they could summon American arms to prevent revolution rather than to suppress it." No doubt there will be peace for a few months after the American evacuation and Cuba, under either Zayas or Gomez, the candidates for the presidency, will rub along under the present economic system or want of system. Yet that seems doubtful, for at the present time Washington is being deluged with petitions praying that the Provisional Government be kept here. Of course these originate from the capitalist class who fear for their interests, and who say that there can be no peace in Cuba without protection from the United States. They know too well the hot-headedness of the Latin race, who cannot accept defeat gracefully, and no matter which party is elected, rather than see their opponents governing peacefully would in short order stir up a revolution, which would be an easy matter—a box of matches, a few dollars to a dissatisfied negro, a few cane fields fired; and there you are.

The industrial conditions are at present good from the capitalist's view. Laborers are plentiful, wages are, in the trades, fair and there are no strikes on. The land sharks

are dividing up, here and elsewhere, the people's property—the earth—and selling it to "El Americano." The vulture, bankers, are on the spot. A few weeks ago more than sixty bank presidents and cashiers from all parts of the Union were here, presumably on pleasure bent, but in reality to spy out the land with the view of possessing it.

Cuba, or "The Pearl of the Antilles," as it is called, contains a population of nearly two millions and is capable of sustaining five millions. The chief industries are raising tobacco and sugar. In the city of Havana the principal industry is cigar and cigarette making. Nearly everything in use and worn is imported. They are just recovering from the effects of the great strike of 1907; that is, the railroad strike and cigarmakers' strike, when for months everything was at a standstill. But now things are getting back to normal, for under the Provisional Government of the United States there is no doubt that the chaos brought on by the revolution of 1906 has been restored to a semblance of order. Money is being spent liberally on improvements. In the city of Havana a new sewerage system is being put in. All through the island money is being spent on new wagon roads, for previously the interior was practically in a primitive state. The railroad system is being improved, new railroads built by northern capitalists, who are using the cheap labor now to be had here. The present wage of men employed in this work averages 75 cents per day of *twelve hours,* but they seem satisfied and plod along in the good old-fashioned way; but it would not take long, were a few good Socialist leaders to get among them and it would be an easy matter to convince them that Socialism would improve their condition and they would rush to embrace it. They are quite different from the poor slaves of the north, who have the gospel of Socialism preached to them and hold the key to freedom in their hands—the ballot—yet refuse to use it, preferring to remain in darkness and the slaves of capitalism and the system.

These poor workers of Cuba are somewhat different. They are fond of good clothes, love to have good things to eat and liberally spend what they so hardly earn, and are very temperate. Of course here, as elsewhere in the world, are extremes of wealth and poverty. There are beautiful mansions and miserable bohios, where the poor are crowded together. Their lot is not an enviable one and it will be conceded that what Cuba needs and needs badly is Socialism, but they must be first educated along the lines of practical experience in self-government and personal rights.

There are in existence here the usual trade unions and

a Social Labor party, but it is not yet strong enough to be felt in the political world.

The Socialist party in Cuba was organized a little over a year ago by Sr. Manuel Cendoya, who was leader of the cigarmakers in the recent strike, and from a small band of eight (8) it has increased to about four thousand members, among them being many prominent men in business and professional life. Among the latter is Dr. Enrique Roig, the leading lawyer in the city of Havana, and who, when the party gets strong enough to be felt, would make a capable Socailist president (for as a rule it is usually a lawyer who fills the office). Cendoya was assisted by Sr. Pablo Y. Glisias, a prominent Socialist who came over from Spain to help in the work of organization. A few weeks ago they published the first Socialist paper in Cuba, "El Socialista," which is issued twice a week and works along educational lines. In each issue it contains a column of lessons in Socialism. I translate a few lines:

"Q. Would you like to be a millionaire? A. Yes.

"It is easy if you follow these directions:

"1st. Find a job that pays you $1,200.00 per year. This is easy during these prosperous times. 2nd. Don't spend more than $3.84 per week for your living expenses or $200.00 per year. You will then have $1,000.00 left. Save this for a thousand years. Then you will be a millionaire. This, also, is easy, if we take the word of a prominent Senator, who says: 'The future has great things in store for the working man.'

"Now you see how easy it is to be rich from the capitalist point of view, but let us look at it from the Socialist view:

"Would you rather be happy, have plenty to eat, wear good clothes and work for yourself only a few hours a day, instead of ten or twelve, as you do now, for your capitalist master? Of course you would.

"How can this be brought about? First you will have to cast in your lot with the Socialist party, who are working to accomplish these ends. Secondly. When the Socialist candidates enter the field for election. You must use your ballot for them."

Of course as soon as the party is strong enough to be felt there will be great opposition from the so-called G. O. P.'s, who will not want to see their graft done away with; but that's what it will be. The Cubans want Socialism, but it must be put before them in a proper way, and when they see what it will do for them we shall have victory all along the line.

George Whitfield.
No. 1 Prado, Havana, Cuba.



Standard Oil and the Government. No Socialist has reason for surprise at the collapse of Mr. Roosevelt's case against Standard Oil. Nor is it necessary for us to follow the example of middle-class reformers in charging the judges of the Appellate Court with immoral conduct. The technical points of law on which the decision turns are complex and difficult ones. It is not at all impossible that Judge Landis may have been playing to the galleries in imposing the spectacular $29,000,000 fine, nor that Judge Grosscup may be technically correct in reversing the action of the lower court. The real moral is not that judges are corrupt; it is that the constitution and laws of the United States were made to guard the interests of property. When the constitution was adopted, most of the voters were property owners and desired to have property protected. Industrial evolution has brought the more important portion of the property under the control of a few trust magnates, but the old constitutional provisions, laws and precedents designed to protect property still exist, and they now work to the advantage of those who control the property. The decision of Judge Grosscup is without doubt embarrassing to the Republican party, coming, as it does, in the midst of a campaign. But what other course would Mr. Bryan have taken than that of Mr. Roosevelt in the matter? And what possible reason can Mr. Bryan offer to convince any one that he could wage any more successful warfare against the "bad trusts"? Whoever controls the industries of the country must control the government, or there would be chaos. The Socialist party of America is the political side of the movement of the working class for seizing both the industries and the government. The Republican party is an efficient machine for running the government in harmony with the rulers of the industries. The Democratic party is an inefficient machine intended to do things that can not be done and would not help the working class if they were done. The intelligent thing to do is to let it alone. If you like capitalism, vote for Taft; if you want revolution, vote for Debs. There are other things more important than voting, but that is another story.

Educate, Organize. A big Socialist vote is a desirable thing. It is chiefly valuable because it makes the social revolution seem to the average laborer something really possible in the near future instead of a distant dream. But to think that a big vote is in itself an important gain for the working class is childish. Capitalism is safe as long as the mass of the workers are mainly concerned about finding and keeping jobs under capitalists. Industrial development into trust-organized industry has made the capitalist superfluous, has paved the way for collectivism. But neither capitalism nor collectivism is an automatic machine independent of people's feelings and wishes. The workers will not take control of industry until they desire to do so, no matter how practicable it might seem in theory. Nor will it put them in control to elect a Socialist party president by attracting votes of people who only want cheaper railway and telephone rates. There will be no revolution without revolutionists. The revolutionists will be made, are being made, by changes in the mode of production, but the process is one in which propaganda and education play a necessary part. Show a laborer that he produces more than twice what he gets, and that by organizing he will soon be able to get all he produces, and he will want to organize. Not organize to get a "fair day's pay for a fair day's work," but to get the full value of his product. Methods of organization will develop as the material is ready, the important thing just now is to provide the material in the shape of laborers who know enough of social evolution to demand all they produce. The measure of our real success this year will be the number of those who begin to understand what social evolution has in reserve for themselves and their class, and who determine to get up and go after it.

Russia's Message. William English Walling, who in past years has been a frequent contributor to the **Review**, has made a most admirable study of the Russian revolutionary movement, which has lately been published by Doubleday, Page & Co. Copies can be obtained through the Chicago Daily Socialist or the Wilshire Book Company, and we only regret that the high price, $3.00, will put the book beyond the reach of most of our readers. It is not too much to say that the book contains more important facts about modern Russia than have heretofore been accessible in English. We have been accustomed to think of the Russian peasant as hopelessly pious, submissive and conservative, led blindly by his devotion to the Czar and the state church. Mr. Walling tells us that the state religion was forced on the Russian people and that their enthusiasm for it was never unbounded, while the developments of the last few years have transformed the whole mass of peasants into revolutionists. The extreme poverty of the people and the relentless exactions of landlords and tax-gatherers are vividly described.

Capitalist newspapers would make us believe that the main grievance of the Russian people is the lack of a constitutional government like that of England, France or the United States. But Mr. Walling's story brings out clearly that the vital grievances of the Russian peasants and workingmen are economic, not political, and that they wish votes simply as a means for getting control of the land and machinery, without which they can not produce the things they need. The working people of Russia are in some respects far more intelligent than those of America. They are already free from superstitious respect for property, and it is only brute force, only the guns and whips of the Cossacks, that can keep them from appropriating the wealth they have produced. And even this force is ceasing to be effective. No peasant village can resist the Czar's fighting machine, but when that machine has passed on, leaving dead bodies and flayed backs behind it, the surviving peasants can and do attack and plunder the landlords. And within the army itself the revolutionary spirit is growing. The new compulsory recruits are almost sure to be loyal to the people rather than the Czar, and the triumph of the Revolution can not be far off. The government would already have fallen but for the help of the capitalists of western Europe, who wisely feel that a successful revolution in Russia would imperil their own power. We can not follow Mr. Walling in his concluding chapters, where he interprets the revolutionary movement in terms of a semi-mystical philosophy, but we thank him for the clear, strong story of what is beyond doubt the most vital revolutionary movement on the world-stage.

Mr. Hearst's Party. If it were possible to stop the course of evolution and re-enthrone the little capitalist in America, the Independence party ought logically to succeed. As matters stand, its only probable achievement is to take away whatever chance Mr. Bryan might otherwise have had. Its platform advocates direct legislation, the regulation of campaign expenditures, a just distribution of wealth (whatever that may mean), free trade in goods produced by bad trusts, equal freight rates for all, imprisonment of wealthy law-breakers, government ownership of telegraphs, economy in public administration, parcels post, postal savings banks, a national system of good roads, court review of postal rulings, a national department of health, a strong navy, a national department of labor, inland waterways, Asiatic exclusion, and other reforms, none of which tend in any way toward the abolition of the wage system. Mr. Hearst opened the convention with a typical speech, one gem from which we quote: "It is a fundamental function of government to maintain morality." The Independence party will probably take many votes from the Democrats. It will also attract some amiable people who imagine they are Socialists but who deprecate the rude and vulgar phrase "class struggle." By keeping these people outside the Socialist party where they are harmless, Mr. Hearst is doing us a service. And he is also helping things along by pointing out the practical identity of the methods and programs of the two old parties. Most of the present Socialists of mature age have evolved through a position much like that of the Independence party, and the economic developments of the next few years will almost certainly bring most of its members to us.



Germany.—The Social Democratic victory in the recent Prussian election has done little to lessen the strain under which German Socialists are working. To be sure the victory was even greater than was at first supposed. After the final supplementary elections it turned out that our German comrades, besides electing one representative outside, had secured six of the twelve seats in Berlin. When one takes into account that this result was obtained despite the three-class electoral system he sees how great an achievement it was. It means that in greater Berlin the Socialists have a very large popular majority.

The conditions under which the battle was waged, however, and the methods, used furnish sufficient reason why there should be no let-up in Socialist activity. It is almost impossible for an American to realize how rigdly German society is organized from the top down, how every force is brought to bear by the government against the Social Democracy and the labor movement. There is not even the Anglo-Saxon pretense to "fair play." Since the ballot is public employers can keep tab on the votes of their employes and the authorities find it possible to enforce strict obedience on policemen, mail-carriers, etc. So onerous did the latter class find this form of oppression during the last election that in Berlin most of them remained away from the polls altogether. One feature of the affair became decidedly amusing. It was generally known that businessmen required fealty of their employees at the polls, so a group of Socialist women determined to see how the same shoe would go on the other foot. They made out a list of shop-keepers who voted non-socialist-tickets and began to boycott them. Immediately the cry went up, "Socialist terrorism!" After a campaign replete with such incidents it is easy to see why there should be little breathing space allowed.

Furthermore, what has been accomplished amounts to little more than a great popular demonstration. To be sure it will be worth something to have Socialist criticism brought to bear in the feudalistic chamber of the Landtag; but when it comes to legislation the Socialists will be powerless. The make-up of the house remains practically the same as during the last session. The Conservatives have now 152 seats as against 144; the Centrists 105 as against 96; the Free-Thinkers (Freisinnige) 36 as against 33. The Free Conservatives and the National Liberals have lost respectively four and two votes. What can seven Socialists do in a body like this?

Moreover, there are not wanting those who are discontented with the manner in which the campaign was conducted. The Free-

Thinkers have always made much of their devotion to the popular cause and especially of their desire for electoral reform. Especially their left wing ,which calls itself the Volkspartei, has made vigorous protestation of reformatory zeal. But when upon the dissolution of the last Landtag the Prussian parties were suddenly plunged into a political campaign the Socialists found the Free-Thinkers their bitterest foes. Throughout the campaign the attacks of Vorwaerts were directed principally against this party; and it was from this party that the Socialist wrested their seats. Edward Bernstein, in the *Socialistische Monatshefte* for June 25th, tries to show that if for some years past the Social Democracy had employed different tactics it might have co-operated with the Free-Thinkers to good effect. After a hasty analysis of the situation he concludes that such co-operation might have given the Socialists 15 or 20 seats instead of 7 and the Free-Thinkers 60 or 70 instead of 36. With two such groups working together in the Landtag, he maintains, something might have been effected for electoral reform. At least a worse than useless pseudo-reform might have been prevented. To one at this distance it looks as though Bernstein were in the wrong and the editors of Vorwaerts in the right. The Free-Thinkers represent the middle class, the worst enemies of the proletariat. It would be difficult to justify coalition with them by pointing to any possible results, no matter how great or good. This controversy over tactics is an additional reason why the situation of our German comrades remains more than usually tense.

France.—The murder at Draveil of defenseless strikers by the *gendarmerie,* if it has shown the strength of the French labor movement, has also shown its weakness. The government, close questioned with regard to the matter by Jaurés, got excited, flew into a rage, and concluded by expressing sorrow at the event and sympathy for the bereaved. All of which goes to show the value of political power in the hands of the proletariat. On the other hand the industrial organizations, the *syndicats,* have shown themselves unequal to the situation. Meetings have been held here and there, but little has been done. Now comes the news that the strike is gradually drawing to a close. Strikebreakers from Paris are effectively guarded by troops, and the strikers are quietly returning to work. In connection with other great recent strikes, particularly the one in the English shipyards, this raises the question as to whether it is possible for labor with its present organization and methods to win an important conflict. To be sure, there is the magnificent struggle of the agricultural laborers of Italy still going on; but their success thus far has been made possible only by the resort to methods almost untried in other countries.

On the 8th of June there met in Paris a labor congress of more than usual interest. It represented the international union of miners. There were in session 131 delegates representing about 2,000,000 miners in England, France, Germany, and other European countries. The United States, though represented at previous international congresses, sent no delegation to this one. The first important debate concerned itself with the demand for an eight-hour day. A resolution was unanimously adopted expressing the conviction of the delegates that the time has arrived for miners everywhere to take measures to secure the eight-hour day. The general sentiment seemed to be that the best way of doing this is that now being pursued in England, where an eight-hour law for miners is taking its course before Parliament. A resolution in

favor of securing a minimum wage scale through collective bargaining was unanimously accepted. Another resolution was passed recommending the internationl regulation of the supply of coal to the end that large numbers of men should not be put out of work through over production. It was left to the International Committee to suggest means for the carrying into effect of this resolution. Laws protecting the lives of miners and forbidding the labor of women and young children in the mines were demanded after interesting discussions. It appeared from addresses made that in France children of thirteen work regularly in the mines and that in Germany child-labor is alarmingly on the increase. A significant resolution was the one in favor of government ownership of mines. Its unanimous acceptance shows how far the miners have gone in their thinking. In fact, this might be said of the entire activity of the convention. It showed that the miners have really learned to work and think together and that they appreciate and are bent on making the most of the economic function of the craft. For example, it was suggested that the miners might prevent war by refusing to supply war-vessels with coal. Such a feeling of class-consciousness and social responsibility as is shown in this suggestion is surely significant of a real proletarian awakening.

England. Though the chief topic of conversation in England is the suffragette movement our comrades across the water fail to wax enthusiastic over it. To be sure, none can deny that it has reached colossal proportions. Premier Asquith asked for an "overwhelming" demonstration—and he surely got it. On June 13th 12,000 women marched in procession through the streets of London, applauded by additional thousands of sympathizers. Seventeen bands furnished music and there were banners and floats without end. Other and even greater demonstrations occurred on the 15th, 21st and 30th. On the last date a countless mob besieged the Houses of Parliament for four hours. The reports to American dailies tried, as usual, to belittle the whole affair, but England was visibly impressed. Evidently the women are fast learning how to make themselves felt; at least they have forced their demands into the field of "practical" politics. The reason our Socialist comrades are not in the heart of the movement is that, like Socialists everywhere, they stand for adult suffrage. About 3,500,000 adult English men have no vote, and if the proposals of the suffragettes are carried out the women, because of their smaller earning power, will be even worse off. There is much to justify the "votes-for-ladies" cry raised by the Socialists. What is needed is, not more votes for the propertied class, but one vote for every man and every woman.

At the Pan-Anglican, held during the middle of June, Socialism was the subject that aroused the most vital interest. It was discussed by clergymen and laymen of all degrees from England, America and Australia; and only one or two straggling representatives of the cloth were found to make the stereotyped protests against the uprising of the proletariat. Their tritely-put statements that "modern, popular Socialism is profoundly unchristian," that it idealizes ignorance, that it contravenes "eternal and divine laws," would stifle individual initiative, etc., aroused some amusement, but were politely passed over without much notice. The most striking characteristic of the majority of the addresses was their fine candor. The reverend gentlemen claimed not the least credit for the church; they said, in substance, "Here is this great movement, it is in line with the teachings of Christianity, we are simply forced to recognize

it." There was a good deal of hedging and qualifying, but in general it was recognized that the demands of the Socialists are just and that in the long run the church cannot gain by opposing them. Perhaps Mr. Silas McBee, of New York, editor of *The Churchman*, put the case best when he said that the church does not represent Christ, that man under the modern system is indeed his brother's keeper, but "only to keep him down forever." One wonders, as he reads, what all these candid speakers are going to do about it. Why do they remain outside the party which represents their belief?

Australia. In Australia the war between the Socialists and Laborites goes merrily on. The Socialists have taken up the I. W. W. with great enthusiasm. But the Australian labor unions object to getting out of politics, as adhesion to the I. W. W. would require them to do. At a labor congress held in May this matter was the chief subject for discussion. The Socialists claimed that the "immediate" form of legislation had failed; the Laborites denied this. A resolution to indorse the I. W. W. was finally lost, but the Socialists were neither disappointed nor discouraged.

During the month of May *The Socialist*, Melbourne, and *The International Socialist Review*, Sidney, made a vigorous campaign against the jingoism that goes with the celebration of Empire Day, May 27th. On that day the school children are wont to sing "patriotic" hymns and in other ways have impressed upon them the glories of empire and military dominion. This year the protest raised, not only by the Socialists but by the Laborites also, took such tangible form that the purpose of the celebration must have come near being defeated. For every jingo imperialist meeting there was another at which the hollowness of the whole thing was exposed. Though the party in Australia is as yet comparatively weak in numbers, it leaves nothing to be desired in point of enthusiasm.

New Zealand. More than usual interest attaches to the stir the Socialists are making in New Zealand. There, where they have long enjoyed the blessings of compulsory arbitration, it is discovered now that capitalism is running its regular course. And since capitalism is developing, Socialsm develops also. Tom Mann, of Australia, has recently been touring the country and has aroused tremendous enthusiasm everywhere. At a party convention held recently it was decided not to put up candidates at present, but to carry on a general educational propaganda. *The Commonweal*, the organ of New Zealand Socialism, is to be changed from a monthly to a weekly publication. It is to be hoped that American investigators will take note of these things.

Italy. The agrarian struggle in Parma grows constantly more bitter. Early in June there was an attempt at arbitration. But the strikers insisted on a minimum wage scale—about five cents an hour for day laborers and $120 a year for regular employes, men, of course—and this the employers would not consent to. So splendid is the support given the strikers that they are by no means at the end of their tether. The government, neutral at first, has now resorted to the most violent means. All the union officials have been imprisoned, the union headquarters have been occupied by troops, and the union funds have been confiscated. Thet authorities exercise a news censorship so complete that it is impossible to report definitely as to recent developments. Though there have been violent encounters between troops and strikers, peace seems pretty generally to have been maintained. There is talk of a general strike, but the prevailing opinion seems to be that workers outside the affected district

can do most good by remaining at their posts and sending in financial aid.

Japan. Recent issues of *The Socialist News,* Tokyo, indicate that the Japanese movement is passing through a trying crisis. Till recently the government has remained, according to Oriental standards, comparatively moderate. But recently there have been serious signs of insubordination and disaffection in the army, and the authorities, thinking them due to Socialist agitation, have set about to crush the whole movement. Every Socialist soldier has been put under constant espionage. Socialist workingmen, too, are honored with special attention by the police. In particular, it is made almost impossible for them to hold meetings. In *The Socialist News* for June 15th Mr. S. J. Katayama, the editor, tells of a trip through the provinces. He was shadowed even on trains and in hotels, so that it was difficult for him to gain admission anywhere. Owners of theaters and hotels were forbidden to put them at his disposal. In a three weeks' trip he was able to hold but one meeting. So great are his difficulties that *The Socialist News,* formerly a weekly, now appears but irregularly. In order that it may make an appeal to the outside world its first page in the last two numbers has been printed in English. The movement in Japan surely needs and deserves international support.



WORLD OF LABOR



BY MAX S. HAYES

The efforts of Samuel Gompers and his colleagues to steer the working people, especially those organized, into the Democratic camp will prove no easy undertaking. Rumblings of opposition are heard in New York, Chicago, Milwaukee, Toledo and many other places. The protestants object to the injection of partisan politics into A. F. of L. affairs and point out that the officials are deliberately violating Article III, Section 8, of the constitution—a provision which, by the way, has upon several occasions been invoked against the Socialists to choke off political discussion in conventions.

Without a word of instructions from those who pay their salaries Gompers, Duncan, Mitchell, Lennon and Morrison went to Chicago and Denver and prostrated themselves before the capitalistic political bosses and appealed for recognition in their platforms—begged for more of the same kind of promises that have been broken over and over again. As THE REVIEW readers will know, the Chicago aggregation wouldn't even give the labor bunch a pleasant look, although Roosevelt was absolute master of the convention—the same Roosevelt who has been hailed as "our friend" for at least half a dozen years, even if he did whack labor over the head every time he had an opportunity.

At Denver the pilgrims fared better. The Democracy—dear old crone—always has a warm spot in her heart for spring chickens in politics. "Come to my arms," said this old prostitute of capitalism. "I have seduced the Greenback party, the Union Labor party and the People's party during the past generation and now to round out a brilliant career of betrayal and corruption the trade union party shall be given undivided attention and all favors."

Thereupon Gompers, who fairly hungers for flattery and adulation, proclaims to the faithful that the "reformed" Democracy is once more "the workingman's friend" and "has shown its sympathy with our wrongs and its desires to remedy them and see to it that the rights of the people are restored." Gompers might have added that for generations this same party has been working on the job of restoring "the rights of the people," especially in the Southern States, the home of chattel slavery in the last century and child slavery, convict slavery competition, disfranchisement, injunctions and other brutalities right now.

But as stated above Gompers is not having easy sailing. The action of himself and colleagues in tying to a discredited party and a discredited candidate was not received with that spontaneous enthusiasm that spells victory. There were no brass bands to greet Gompers with the tuneful air, "See the Conqueror Hero Comes," on his triumphal journey

from Denver to Washington. The doughty Sam'l stopped over in Erie, Pa., and despite the fact that the longshoremen's convention was in session, with several hundred delegates present, only about five hundred people attended a mass meeting and heard in a listless way how "our wrongs would be remedied."

On the contrary, general criticism and condemnation is pouring in from every side, and as proof that Gompers is aware that his action was decidedly unpopular it is only necessary to refer to his editorial in this month's Federationist, where he emits his usual whine of being abused and warns "our men of labor" that a campaign of "lying and misrepresentation" has been launched in the hope of discrediting him and his colleagues. But it is no longer the "wicked Socialists" who are "abusing and villifying" the great little man. Workingmen who have worshipped at the shrine of Roosevelt, those who have followed the wanderings of William Randolph Moses Hearst, and the few straggling bands who have kept alive the populistic spirit personified by Tom Watson, not to speak of many who claim to be independents, are sharpening their tomahawks preparatory to doing some damage in this campaign.

To offset the prayers that are being uttered by Gompers and his fellow-worshippers for the benefit of Bryan, the International Steam Shovel Workers have sanctified Injunction Bill Taft by electing him an honorary member of their union, and, holding a card, of course the fat man becomes a "friend" to be rewarded. Taft will also have the support of some of the railway brotherhood chiefs and it is even claimed that one or two members of the A. F. of L. executive council will hurl bombshells into the Bryan camp at the proper time, while in every important industrial center in the country "good trade unionists" are bobbing up to tell us what Roosevelt has done for labor and how Taft will carry out the Roosevelt policies, etc.

But just about the wildest lot of political knockers in the game are the Hearstites. They are in a frenzy about what they term "a rank sell-out," "a dastardly betrayal," and so on. Hearst himself gave his followers the cue in his now famous cablegram from Europe that nearly melted the wires at the bottom of the ocean, and which was a reply to a dispatch sent to him bearing Gompers' name (and which the latter disowned) appealing to the Yellow Kid to be patriotic and support Bryan. Hearst's reference to the discredited and decadent Democracy and "chameleon candidates who change the color of their political opinion with every varying hue of opportunism," and his charge that the Democratic party that is now holding out a sop of false promises "while in power did more to injure labor than all the injunctions ever issued before or since," not only severed whatever hopes the Bryanites may have still entertained that the editor man would forgive the snubs and insults administered by the Peerless One and rally to the standard, but the Yellow Kid's followers are now raising the cry that "Hearst and his newspapers have done more for labor than Bryan or Gompers, and without price at that."

As for those trade unionists who are Socialists they are not at all discouraged by the turn that affairs political have taken. Of course, they would have preferred to see Gompers and his colleague remain true to working class interests and support Debs and Hanford, or even form a national labor party of their own, or keep their hands off political matters entirely, rather than compromise with the party controlled by the Murphys and Sullivans, the Taggarts and Gerbers, and the Southern Bourbons who have no more use for

organized labor than the devil has for holy water. Throughout the civilized world the leaders of labor have the intelligence and decency to stand upon their class interests, to work with and be a great part of the Socialist movement or at least a labor party independent of the capitalist parties, and to spurn offers of compromise or surrender. Only here in America we see the contradictory condition of so-called labor leaders brazenly betraying their trust, and the more brutally they are lashed by capitalism and its political hirelings the more supine, cringing and cowardly they become.

Naturally the Socialists deplore the factionalism that is bound to be engendered among many of the unions and the injury that is bound to result from the injection of the silly punish-your-enemies-and-reward-your-friends scheme hatched in the brilliant mind of Gompers. He is not so ignorant that he does not know that the hair-splitting over the question of who is a "friend" and who is an "enemy," and especially where there is confusion among the membership as to what is really wanted, is certain to precipitate internal troubles between partisans that will lead to ultimate disruption and demoralization. He also knows the fate of the Greenback, Union Labor and People's parties and the Knights of Labor and Farmers' Alliance—all wrecked on the rocks of capitalistic politics. But history has no lessons for the vainglorious who become so puffed up with their own egotism that they are bound to ride to a fall.

However, Gompers deserves to be congratulated for one thing at least and that is he has at least thrown off his mask of pure and simpledom and chosen his partner for the dance. He was a Republican; now he is a Democrat. Good! Unless I am much mistaken, if he does take the stump for Bryan, as it is reported he will, Mr. Gompers will probably be kept as interested as was one T. V. Powderly, who was out rewarding his friends in 1896.

Some of the unions may be led into the shambles—not all of them will be. But on this fact Gompers and the rest of the Democrats can gamble their last cent, and that is the '96 stampede of the Populists into the Bryan camp will not be duplicated by a 1908 stampede of Socialists and progressive trade unionists up to the slaughter. The Socialists know their ground thoroughly, and they know the vulnerable spots in the opposition, and capitalism and its defenders and decoy ducks will know that they have been in a fight before the polls close in November.

There is little doing of general importance in the industrial world at present. The union officials have been having a hard struggle to keep their memberships intact owing to the industrial depression and the merciless attacks of the open shop masters. During the month the United Mine Workers and Western Federation of Miners arrived at an understanding to interchange working cards and to extend moral and financial support to each other in case of trouble. The longshoremen held their convention and appointed a committee to make another attempt to come to agreement with the seamen. Both organizations are face to face with open shop conditions on and along the lakes. The proposed clothing federation has not yet materialized, as the journeymen tailors are inclined to hold off while the garment workers, laundry workers and ladies' garment workers seem anxious to go ahead. The makers of juvenile clothing in New York have virtually won their strike against a wage reduction, and thus blocked the bosses' scheme to force a cut in the whole trade. The Republic Iron & Steel Co. and independent plants

came to agreement with the iron and steel workers on last year's terms virtually and work was resumed. Alabama miners are out with a long bill of grievances and the Democratic "workingman's friends" have been threatening to have the militia fill them with holes if they are not real good. The Vanderbilts are joining the procession of magnates who are attempting to force piecework on shop employes and a number are on strike, while the Pennsylvania lines have declared war against all unions except a few coddled brotherhoods. These times are good—to put Socialist literature in the hands of the working people.



How to keep locals alive and to make them grow is a problem we must solve, be it ever so difficult.

We must crystalize our fast growing Socialist sentiment into a powerful, trained, effective, militant organization. We must learn how to run our party business quickly, smoothly and without waste, for it is the necessary preparation for the splendid task we are approaching.

We can no more afford to depend on haphazard, spasmodic—however good-natured—effort to build the Commonwealth, than we could depend on such methods in our fire departments, postal service or power houses.

I offer a few suggestions from my experience.

First, strive to thoroughly educate each new member in the matter of the great necessity of organization, training and work. Keep a good stock of National Office leaflets on hand: "Why Socialists Pay Dues," organization leaflets, etc.

A couple of courageous, active collectors can do wonders; keeping dues paid up, and funds on hand to keep "doing things," is the keynote of Socialist vitality.

We will rapidly develop out of the childish stage of needing a collector, but until we do, never let one member feel that he can be spared or is overlooked.

Again I would suggest rigid adherence to the rule of getting through the business routine in a rapid, business-like way. Do not tolerate a long drawn out, slovenly method of party work.

Before a public lecture in South Bend one evening, the local had a business session, and my heart swelled with pride as I sat in the audience and watched the clean, true, sure way our comrades did things. It was a good lesson for the audience.

Strive to make every local meeting really worth while as an educational or propaganda meeting. A good reader can give fifteen minutes to current events; well condensed items from the magazines and press. Have them short and crisp.

Try to develop speakers among your group; urge and encourage each one to try; do not allow one tedious comrade to take the whole time. We must be ready to take and give kindly criticism. Limit to three or five minutes; select subject and speakers or readers in advance. I strongly favor an outline of study either for each meeting or every alternate meeting.

A committee for announcing and distributing material is desirable, each member having a list of names to take care of, and mail

postal announcements or other urgent matters to his set of names, thus dividing the burden and speeding the work.

We must strive to strengthen the solidarity of feeling among the families. From Oklahoma comes the plan of Sunday afternoon meetings once a month; Socialist songs and readings from the young folks, ofttimes little prizes awarded; lunch and coffee served; all tend to promote better acquaintance and attract newcomers.

Carefully planned literature campaigns are invaluable. In some places the comrades select certain groups and alternate the circularizing. The following groups are mentioned: Teachers, doctors, preachers, farmers, women especially interested in public questions, and above all, groups of organized working men and women. Follow up circularizing by visits, soliciting subscriptions to papers and joining of locals.

One successful local I have in mind bought space in a weekly local paper for the best Socialist articles available.

You will find many valuable suggestions in our party papers; bring every item on organization before the local.

This work tests the fibre and endurance of our working class army more than does spurts of bright effort, and is absolutely necessary, for in no other way than by organized, united, intelligent work can we overcome our great enemy who has the advantage economically as well as the fine training acquired in exploiting us so successfully.

GERTRUDE BRESLAU HUNT.

Where We Can Breathe. It is probable that the membership of the Socialist party will vote favorably on the proposition to hold biennial delegate conferences. This means that every other year, probably in the summer, our men and women representatives will meet and spend a week in conference and discussion. Would it not be profitable in many ways for these conferences, and indeed the nominating conventions themselves, to be held in some small city, perhaps in some pleasant park offering a suitable auditorium?

The conventions of the capitalist parties gravitate naturally to the cities, as the hotel-keepers and the "business men" are assessed for local expenses. No agreeable meeting place may be had in Chicago the cost of which is not prohibitive to us. Why not therefore look about in Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan or Ohio, and find a place offering necessary hotel accommodations and an auditorium somewhat more inspiring and attractive than Brand's Hall, Chicago?

It is agreeable of course to local Socialists to be able to drop in to a session of the National Convention and contribute a bit of gallery enthusiasm; and gallery enthusiasm is often agreeable to the speakers; but one will hardly undertake to say such conditions—or for that matter the atmosphere of a large city itself—are most favorable to balanced deliberation.

Personal discomfort, which one may discern is not wholly seperable from conventions held under such conditions as our last, does not make for an even temper or an unhurried consideration of necessary business, and it would be agreeable to us of the rank and file who send our delegates so far and at such expense to know that all the local conditions are most favorable to those doing their very best for us.

FRANKLIN H. WENTWORTH.

Salem, Mass.

The Agrarian Strike in Italy. Have you been keeping apace with the agrarian strike in northern Italy, particularly in the region of Emilia? Parma is the center of action. The economic organiza-

tions of the farm laborers is in such splendid trim that they were able to place the landed proprietors in a very bad fix all of a sudden. The rest of the working class is showing a most admirable spirit of solidarity. At the beginning of the strike the old people said: "We are ready to eat grass if need be, even to starve if it is necessary to win, but we don't want to see our children suffer."

Then from all other sections of the country their comrades opened their arms to welcome the little ones.

News was spread through the capitalist press that six or eight hundred "scabs" were expected from Sicily to break the strike. But at the last moment, when these men were overdue, Bernardino Verro, representing the agrarian laborers, arrived bearing the greetings and a message of solidarity from their Sicilian brothers, assuring them that not even six or eight would come from that region.

All these things are signs of the times and very encouraging to a student of social questions. They make me very hopeful for the future. I have no doubt but that the agrarian laborers will come out victorious in the end. The signs point that way. A few days ago the landed proprietors of Rovigo acceded to their demands. The Mayors and the Prefect of the Province of Parma are in a continuous tete-a-tete in order to cope with the situation. The soldiers have been stoned over and over again by the strikers and, although they have been ordered to shoot at the farm laborers, those who obeyed fired into the air.

The Syndicalists are leading the fight and from their manifestos I judge they have little faith in parliamentary action.

GIOVANNI B. CIVALE.

Somebody Try It. I believe the time is here when a canvasser can make a good living and work for Socialism at the same time. The other day I picked up a cheaply gotten up book, "Capital and Labor," I think it was, and asked the owner where he got it. He replied that a man had worked the town some few weeks before and sold 18 or 20 of the books at one dollar each. I was somewhat surprised that so many of the books could have been sold in the town (a place of about 5,000 population), but my informant stated that the bankers, lawyers, doctors and reading public generally were interested in the labor question and Socialism, and that it was no trouble to sell them books.

Now, why can't a few comrades start out with a supply of Work's "What's So and What Isn't," Spargo's "Common Sense," or of "Socialism," and sell oodles of them? Not any comrade, but those who have shown shome degree of ability as canvassers.

I believe any bright man or woman with the push and stick-to-itiveness to succeed at anything can jump in now and make a record as a pioneer book seller. Go to a nearby town of 5,000 to 15,000 people and canvass the well-to-do trade. You will be surprised at the results. Every lawyer will want a copy of "Economic Foundation of Society" when you explain the book to him, and Spargo's "Common Sense" should meet with a general sale.

FRANK P. O'HARE, Vinita, Okla.

Only Slaves Wanted. This is the title of the leading article of a recent issue of "L'Union des Travailleurs," a Socialist party weekly at Charleroi, Pa. It is so good that we translate it in full:

"The times change and men also. Once it was loudly proclaimed that the United States were a refuge ever open to the victims of European tyrants. But in those times these victims were

rarely opposed to the exploitation of man by man. They were simply opposed to certain forms of government.

"To-day it is different. In Europe there is an ever-growing number of people who are not only tired of certain forms of government, but also and chiefly of capitalist exploitation.

"And the capitalists who govern the United States naturally do not wish their country to become a refuge for people opposed to capitalist exploitation, and they use every means to prevent these "undesirable citizens" from coming here.

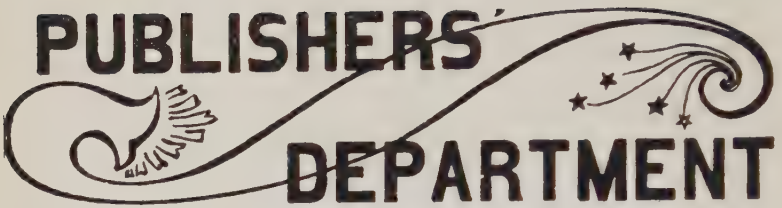
"On their demand, the United States government has just established detective bureaus in the principal European ports, Naples, Havre, Marseilles, etc., in order to obtain information on the emigrants and prevent the landing in New York of those having Socialist ideas.

"Only docile slaves are to-day 'desirable' in the United States. But the capitalist system is creating malcontents enough in the United States to cause its downfall without the help of European malcontents."

World-wide Propaganda by Literature. One of the English locals lately sent in an order for six thousand Pocket Library booklets for use in the Socialist Cycle Clubs, which are sending speakers into every portion of England this season. A comrade in the island of Tahiti wrote that Jack London had just paid him a visit and ordered a large stock of books to hand out to the sailors who land to trade on the island. Two large orders came in from Australia for the kind of literature that speaks for itself—and for the movement there—while a very live comrade in Alaska writes that there are now twenty out of fifty men receiving mail at that point who are Socialists, where he was the only one a year ago. He sent in an order for thirty-five dollars worth of books, which he said would do for a "starter." We wish there were more like our friend in Alaska.

The Negro Problem. Comrade I. M. Robbins has suffered in health from the "ferocious heat," and has thus been unable to contribute his usual article on this subject for the August REVIEW, but he promises to resume the series with the September number. His study of this subject has attracted wide attention, and it is safe to promise that the remaining articles will be even more interesting than the earlier ones.

A Correction. Comrade Goebel of New Jersey desires us to correct an error in our report of the National Convention on page 722 of the June REVIEW. We find by referring to the complete stenographic report of the convention, not yet printed, that he was not among those delegates whose seats were contested.



START SOCIALIST LIBRARIES.

The only way to understand Socialism is to study it. There is no short cut. A complete understanding of it is not an easy matter. A wage-worker whose practical experience has brought him into vital relations with the processes of capitalist production will, other things being equal, find the literature of Socialism easier to grasp than will a member of the leisure class, but neither one will learn without studying. The object of our co-operative publishing house is to provide the books that the Socialist movement needs if it is to be strengthened by new members with clear heads.

In our Book Bulletin, which contains full descriptions of all our publications, the books are for the most part arranged in the order in which they were published, not in the order in which they should be read to get the best results. We shall suggest here several small libraries, each arranged progressively, starting with the easiest books.

LIBRARY A.

This includes ten of the volumes from our International Library of Social Science, published at one dollar each:

The Common Sense of Socialism, by John Spargo, is in the form of familiar letters to a workingman, and explains clearly and simply the reasons why those who live by working should join the Socialist party.

Principles of Scientific Socialism, by Charles H. Vail, is a systematic outline for study, which serves as a good introduction to more advanced works.

The Rise of the American Proletarian, by Austin Lewis, applies Marx's historical method to facts, with which many American are already familiar, and thus makes it easier to understand the method itself.

Marxian Economics, by Ernest Untermann, is a connected story of industrial development from savagery to capitalism, leading up to

a full explanation of the principles established by Marx in the three volumes of "Capital."

The Theoretical System of Karl Marx, by Louis B. Boudin, is a systematic treatise in which the Marxian theories are shown to be a complete system of which each part is vitally related to all the rest.

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The Economic Aspects of the Negro Problem.

CHAPTER V.

The Reestablishment of White Supremacy.



HEN THE PROMISE was given by the South that the rights of the negroes would be safeguarded, the federal troops were recalled. It is difficult to say how sincere the southerners were in giving that promise, but it is undoubtedly true, that the north expected tolerable relations to establish themselves between the white and the black after the elimination of the disturbing elements. "As soon as the negroes will begin to show confidence in the local white people, what reason will the latter have to deprive the black folks of their right to vote?" reasoned a northern journalist. "Many different candidates will appear; what will interfere with their contending for their election before the mass of the black citizens?" No less sure was this journalist that the civil rights of the negroes would be safeguarded. For the south needs labor. Negro labor is the only existing labor. Even if there were a supply of white labor, the south nevertheless would need its negro labor. What reason then has the south to drive out its labor supply by means of unjust legislation? But before three years have passed, the political status of the negro has already become a matter of public discussion. The revolution of 1876 has given to the United

States the Solid south, which has since voted for the democratic party. "The south has united not for democracy, but against the negroes," says a southern writer. This however is only half the truth. For with equal truth it was asserted, by Henry Watterson in 1879, that the south united not against the negroes but against the republican party. Be this as it may, in 1879 it could already truly be said, that "the present political supremacy of the white race in at least five of the Southern States is the result of the violent exclusion or fraudulent suppression of the colored vote." Nevertheless, at that time both northerners and southerners agreed that the negro franchise could not altogether be destroyed, in view of the existence of the 14th and 15th amendments to the constitution. But the South has succeeded in accomplishing the impossible, and the story of the gradual abolition of the negro's right to vote is very instructive indeed.

In this process two methods must be distinguished. Firstly, the method of direct force and deception, and secondly, the method of special legislation. A combination of both factors was often used. As was shown in a preceding chapter, the very liberation of the South from negro domination or negro influence was accomplished by means of the first method, when "armed committees" interfered with the negro getting to the voter's booth. To guarantee its victory, the white south continued to make use of these methods for many years after that, and even now this method is extensively used, and in some states, as for instance in Texas, almost exclusively relied upon. The uninitiated might ask: How can the system of government in a civilized country be built upon the foundation of brute force and fraud? But the only answer to this query is the fact that the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

But direct physical force and intimidation is an awkward and inconvenient method, which demands a constant expenditure of considerable nervous force. Having acquired the political power, the white men of the south were enabled to achieve the same ends by means of legal enactments. It is true that the inconvenient 15th amendment stood in the way, the amendment which had been passed for this very purpose. And for a long time this amendment did in fact force the white south to make use of various legal subterfuges, more or less unsatisfactory. Thus South Carolina made use of the methods of centralizing the administrative functions, so that the state functions were extended at the expense of the local selfgovernment, and thus the counties which did have a majority of negroes, were governed more from the state capital than from the county seat. More popular was the

method of a poll tax, upon which the right to vote was made conditional. Thus poll taxes exist in Arkansas, Virginia, Florida, Mississippi, Tenessee, and other states. This measure was based upon the simple consideration that the poor negro would not be able to pay the poll tax, and so would lose the vote. This method still exists, and not only for the sake of the negro vote, but the vote of the poor man and the workingman in general. Nevertheless, by itself this method was found unsatisfactory, since it could be and really was counteracted by a very simple method, the republican party readily undertaking the payment of the poll tax, so that it soon became a tax upon the party treasuries. In the eighties the methods of complicating the election technicalities became very popular. This method has also survived in some states. It is rather a combination of a great many methods, all aiming at one purpose to so embarass the ignorant negro voter, that he should commit some technical mistake which would permit his disfranchisement. Or it may be the method of registration and the demand of the registry certificate, which may often be lost by the ignorant negro. To make this method more effective, the registration is taking place very early in September or even in July, so that the negro is forced to save his little ticket for many months. The strangest tricks were used in connection with this method. Thus the story runs, that in one district in South Carolina, the negroes had entrusted their tickets to their preacher, and a few days before the day of election the preacher for a respectable remuneration from the democrats vanished from his parish and took his box full of registry tickets with him. In another county a circus was traveling some weeks before the elections but after the registration day, and by agreement with the democrats it was accepting voting tickets in lieu of tickets of admission!

The law of 1891 of the state of Arkansas, is interesting as an illustration of the shrewd schemes which the southern democrats made use of in order to accomplish their purpose. The names of all candidates for all positions and of all parties were printed upon the long ballot without any distinctions as to the party. If the ignorant negro was in doubt as to which names he should vote for, and which names he should cross out, he was permitted to apply to the voting inspectors or judges, who were invariably white persons. These honorable gentlemen then direct the ignorant negro to vote to their entire satisfaction. Moreover only one voter at a time was permitted in the booth, and the law permitted him to stay there about five minutes. Thus in a negro district only 132 men could vote during the 11 hours while the polls remained open, and by five o'clock in the afternoon a large

crowd of negroes remained outside the doors who did not get a chance to deposit their vote. "The law works smoothly, quietly, satisfactorily, beautifully, and I pray God every Southern state may soon have one like it," says a southern official of this arrangement.

But all these laws made the suppression of the negro vote a matter of considerable difficulty. The legal talent of the South continued to seek a better method, which would be legal, and therefore work in automatic manner with a lesser expenditure of energy. Poverty and illiteracy were the prominent characteristics of the negroes; nevertheless, the South for a long time did not dare to base its voting qualifications upon poverty and illiteracy alone, for there were large numbers of poor and illiterate among the representatives of the superior race as well.

The first experiment in establishing the educational qualification was made by the state of Mssissippi, in 1890, when the demand was made that the voter should be able to read a paragraph of the constitution and understand and explain it. And as the examiners were without exception white officers, they could and did ask the queerest questions, which the negro could not satisfactorily answer. But, then again, there were many white people as well who could not understand the difficult legal language of the constitution. At that time there were in the state of Mississippi 544,851 white persons, and 744,749 colored persons; or 109,000 white men and 149,000 negroes of the voting age. The law of 1890 should have deprived about two thirds of the negroes and about 1-11th of the white men of their vote; as a matter of fact, the arbitrary rulings could exclude practically all the negroes and include all the white men.

With a certain increase of the educational standing and the economic position of the white men, the educational and property qualifications became more popular as a method of getting rid of the negro voter. Nevertheless, impartially executed, these laws would undoubtedly exclude a considerable number of the white voters. But the legal talents of the southern profession soon found a way to get around this difficulty.

At present the negro disfranchisment is practically complete in the following states: Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia, which states contain about six million negroes.

Of these six states four have established a property qualification, to the amount of $300, (Alabama, Louisiana, Virginia, and South Carolina) and three have an educational qualification. The main feature of these new legislative

measures consists in the methods used for achieving the results aimed at, i. e., to exclude the white men from the action of these restrictive qualifications. As neither race nor color could be a decisive factor in determining the franchise, it became the duty of the legislator to find a characteristic in the white man, which should be especially his, and yet not based upon his race. Such distinguishing feature was found in the fact that the father or grandfather of the white man of to-day had the right to vote before 1865. Thus the grandfather clause was passed in Virginia and Alabama and Louisiana, which includes the ignorant white man, but excludes the equally ignorant black man.

If any doubt could exist as to real intention of these restrictive legislative measures, the frank statements of their authors leave absolutely no room for such doubt. The stenographic reports of the proceedings of the constitutional assemblies which have framed these new constitutional provisions in Alabama and Virginia, in 1901, contain any number of such frank admissions. Thus in advocating not only the reading test, but the interpretation test, one of the delegates in the Virginia assembly openly admitted, "We think that it will be efficient because we do not believe that the Negro can stand the examination..... But it would not be frank in me, Mr. Chairman, if I did not say that I do not expect an understanding clause to be administered with any degree of friendship by the white man to the franchise of the black man. I expect the examination with which the black man will be confronted to be inspired by the same spirit that inspires every man upon this floor and in this convention..... The people of Virginia do not stand impartially between the suffrage of the white man and the suffrage of the black man..... If they did, this convention would not be assembled upon this floor. I expect this clause to be efficient because it will act to terrorize the negro race. They believe that they will have a hostile examination put upon them by the white man, and they believe that that will be a preventative to their exercising the suffrage and they will not apply for registration."

The examination and grandfather clause were recognized throughout as great discoveries which the entire south would not fail to follow. And whether the means used be the grandfather clause, or the examination, or the property qualification, or a combination of all these methods together, the disfranchisement of the negroes will not only be completed but legalized as well. Even now, what some states have succeeded in legalizing other states realize by means of the older methods of deception and brutal force. And not the least characteristic part of the situation is the fact that the south is very proud

of its results and not ashamed of its means. "The only fraud I have ever permitted myself to believe is righteous, and to teach my sons in righteous, is that fraud which makes it possible for the white man to rule the South," frankly admits a southern man. Moreover the southerner points with pride at this desire to legalize this deception and this brutal exercise of force, as an evidence of his moral sense, which revolted at the long practice of the questionable practices. "We are tired of frauds, we are tired of ballot box stuffing, we are tired of buying negro votes; but the fraud will never cease until the Negro vote is eliminated."

But these truth loving southern gentlemen seem to have quite forgotten, that the very legalization of these measures was accomplished on a fraudulent basis, since the new constitutions were formed by conventions to which no negro was admitted, and this was achieved by means of the old methods.

The opposition of these measures to the spirit of the constitutional amendments was to evident that the negroes have been making many efforts to have these measures declared unconstitutional, and such efforts are still being contemplated: but the U. S. Supreme court has invariably refused to raise a finger in defense of the political rights of 10 million American citizens.

We shall be forced to return more than once to the grave problem of the inequality of the negro before the law, which after all is the central feature of the entire negro problem. Here our effort is simply to present the facts in the case. And the facts in brief are these: After the short period of negro supremacy followed the much longer period of white supremacy, which is becoming more and more absolute from day to day. If the use of brute force and deception were justified in the end of the seventies by the urgent necessity of freeing the south from negro domination, and the revolutions in Mississippi, South Carolina, and several other states were explained as measures of war, the newer legal measures as well as the illegal ones aim at a different purpose, the total elimination of the negro from the political life of the country. The justification of these restrictions on the plea of the undesirability of the franchise of the ignorant and the propertyless class, often made, and frequently taken in good faith by many mild northerners, is altogether insincere, since active measures are taken to deprive of the vote the very educated and the best negroes, and brute force and intimidation is used even there where the negroes are in such hopeless minority that there could be no reasonable fear of their supremacy. These actions are now frequently justified in a different way. Now, it is no more the danger of negro

supremacy, but the objection to negro equality; and the necessity of destroying the negro's right to vote is defended solely from the point of view that such right is one of the important elements of race equality. To put the matter in plain english, it is no more the avowed danger of negro supremacy, but the necessity or at least the desire to guarantee and preserve the white supremacy, that is the moving force behind those crimes against the law and the rights of the negro.

Now then, still remaining at the simple statement of conditions as they exist, without endeavoring at this stage of our study to critically analyze and estimate them, we will try to answer the question: what were the results of these thirty years of the white supremacy, which is becoming more and more absolute? What has it contributed to the relations between the races? One cannot help drawing some comparisons between the periods of negro and that of white supremacy, though in view of the widely different educational and cultural levels of the whites and the negroes, such comparisons could not be very fair to the negro. Yet on the other hand such comparisons are made by almost all the writers on the negro question, by journalists and public speakers, who by means of a comparison of the awful days of reconstruction and the present benevolent system of government, try to establish the entire theory of the supremacy of the white race.

Now, the main indictment of the negro legislator consisted in the statements that he was not slow to graft upon public funds, or oftener permitted his white allies to do the grafting.

On the other hand it must be admitted, that he was not moved by considerations of race hatred, that he did not try to pass any laws which would indicate any desire to supress and lower the white race as such, no matter what the negro majority was. When the white southerner claims that the period after reconstruction has seen the introduction of many important improvements, the white man has in view only the improvements of the condition of the *white man*. He either naively enough leaves out of consideration the aggravation of the condition of the negro, or more frequently considers that change in the opposite direction as one of the most important features of the improved condition of affairs.

I should very much like to give a concise and yet complete picture of the legal condition of the negro at the present time, but I am decidedly at a difficulty to know just where to begin. For by this time there is scarcely any manifestation of life, public or private, politic, physical, mental, moral or social, in which the negro is not put into peculiar, restrictive

conditions because of his race. Not a single day passes in the life of the negro, that he should not be reminded in a more or less cruel way that he cannot enjoy all the civil rights of an American citizen. Nevertheless all these restrictions, all the insults and injuries may be divided into two great groups: those which are legalized by the special laws, and those which represent the free actions of the majority of the white citizens. The classification offered here may not have any scientific significance, since the legalized restrictions are no more than an expression of the sentiments of the same white citizens of the south. Nevertheless, it is these legislative restrictions which mostly incense the negro of the south, as well as the outside observer, who has been accustomed to the basic idea of the equality of all American citizens before the law.

It is necessary to point out the important fact, that while the fifteenth amendment forbids the making of race or color distinctions the basis of electoral qualification, it does not forbid all other legislation restrictive of the negro's rights. It is true, that as early as 1875 the U. S. Congress had passed the bill of civil rights, which aimed to guarantee to all the American citizens, independently of their race or color, certain rights in public places, as hotels, restaurants, theatres, railroad cars, etc. But the supreme court has found that this bill was an infringment of the independence of the state, and therefore unconstitutional as far as the states are concerned.

Most important among the mass of restrictive legislative measures are the laws for the "separation of the races." If the white man of the south does not admit a negro into his house, except on business and then through the back door, this is a condition which the law has no concern for. Nor can it interfere with the white man's decision never to enter the cabin of the negro, except under the pressure of necessity. But the many public places remain where the negroes might meet the white men, unless the legislative power interfered. To prevent such accidental and involuntary association, many restrictive laws have been passed by the southern legislatures. A characteristic example are the Jim Crow car laws, to prevent the negro brushing against the white man in the railroad or street cars. This peculiar southern institution has served more than any other measure to aggravate the relations between the races. The worst, oldest, dirtiest cars are usually put at the disposal of the negroes, though they pay the same fare for which the white men obtain far better accomodations. In defense of this measure the white southerner usually insists that the negro smells, and that it is impossible for a white man to travel comfortably when sitting next to a

negro. Now, whether the accusation, if such it be, is true or not, we will not dare to say. If the smell be as claimed, a strong, characteristic and peculiar one, an unexperienced northerner should be expected to perceive it much sooner than the southerner who has lived all his life among the colored people. Yet the southerner persists that he is much more able to discover the obnoxious smell. So be it. Yet the question remains, why the southerner before the war did not object to the closest relations between the black wet nurse and the white nursling; moreover, neither in the past nor in the present has the peculiar and obnoxious smell interfered with the still closer relations to which the enormous number of mulattoes and quadroons is due. And while the southerner cheerfully agrees that the peculiar smell is strongest in the case of the dirty and poor negro, while he is always glad to point out that in part at least the smell is due to the dirty habits of the negro, nevertheless, he admitts the negro servant or nurse into his car, on the Pullman sleeper, but draws the line at the cultured negro professor, who is at least as cleanly as the average southerner. Nor does he seriously object to the negro barber.

Thus the objection to the negro smell, or perhaps the very smell itself, vanish altogether as soon as the negro is willing to admit his lower social position, as soon as he performs a menial duty. For the same ostensible reason, the negro smell, but in reality the same desire to "keep the negro in his place," dozens of laws have been passed, and hundreds of regulations, though not all legal, but all no less binding and peremptory, are enforced in the south and are spreading even over the north. A negro, no matter how small his share of the negro blood in him is not admitted to any decent hotel, cannot get sleeping accomodations during traveling. Of course the negro Pullman porter has no difficulty in sleeping in the Pullman car, but this courtesy is not extended to Professor DuBois, or Bruce, or Booker Washington, gentlemen as cultured as any in the United States. And it is not the least peculiar part of this Railway car question, that the man who was instrumental in extending this regulation over the Pullman service of the entire country, the present manager of the Pullman car service, is a son of Abraham Lincoln.

Another method by means of which the South hopes to bring about the desired separation of the races, is the prohibition of mixed marriages. Not only have most of the southern states passed laws prohibiting such marriages, but they refuse to recognize such marriages no matter where performed, and severe punishment is provided both for the parties to the marriage contract and the clergyman. The state of Florida

is even more explicit, and specifically forbids persons of different sexes and races to sleep under one roof. It would be difficult to say how successful this legislation is, for there is no available statistics in regard to the increase of the number of persons of the mixed race, but the mixture never took place under legitimate wedlock, and biologically, the southern man never did, and does not now feel any aversion to the negro or mulatto woman, since concubinage, if not marriage, is quite popular even in the best classes of some of the southern cities.

This tendency to keep the races apart, or rather to constantly point out to the negro his social inferiority expresses itself in many other ways. In many cities the negro is forbidden from entering the reading rooms of public libraries, and he surely cannot obtain accommodations in any respectable hotel, or a meal in a decent restaurant. Separate schools for the children of the two races have become the usual thing even in the north, and even so fairminded a man as Charles Elliott, the president of Harvard University, has advocated separate institutions of learning. Theatres either do not admit negroes at all, or in a few cases, or on the fringe of the south admit them only to the peanut gallery. This in a way gives us a clue to the entire question of race separation: the negro is not good enough to sit next to a rich white man in the orchestra, but there is no objection against his sitting next to the poor man in the gallery!

Thus the law in its majesty frequently throws insults after insults into the face of the great mass of the negro citizens. When it does not do so directly, it does not take great care to protect the negro in his human and civil rights. And how could it? Or rather, why should it? The judges are all white, the officers of the law also white men. The court and the district attorney's office are agreed that the negro should not be drawn on a jury. The negro is therefore always tried by a white man's jury, and in view of the mental attitude of the southern white man towards the negro, one can readily understand what sort of justice the black man gets, especially when the other litigant is a white man, or when the negro is accused of a crime against a white man.

Now this southern legislation, of which fair examples have been given above, only expresses the wishes and thoughts of the white south; and one can easily see therefore, that in every day life these limitations and restrictions of the negro's rights and liberty are much more severe. If in the legislature the southerner demands separation of the races, and adds with a considerably dose of hypocrisy, "we do not intend to harm the black man. We think that both races

will be happier when they do not intermingle. We have our separate car, and he has his separate car. I must not ride in his car, and he must not ride in my car." If that serves as the official justification of the restrictions imposed, he is perfectly willing to acknowledge in private life, that the principle of separation of the races, does not cover the entire case of the negro, that to this must be added the other more important principle of the superiority of the white race, or what reduces itself to the same thing, the inherent inferiority of the black race. In the white southern man's opinion, this superiority of the white man gives the latter a long list of specific rights and privileges. He need not adress the negro as "Mister", but has the right to whip the negro who does not call him "Sir". He demands that the negro should yield him the right of way everywhere, and should get off the sidewalk when meeting a white woman. The negro must be polite and considerate, but must tolerate all acts of rudeness from the white man, for he belongs to the lower race. In other words, the general point of view is, that there is a moral obligation upon the black man, to act like a gentleman, while no such obligation rests upon the representatives of the higher race.

I. M. Robbins.

(To be continued.)

The Economic Argument for Industrial Unionism.



HE SUBJECT of industrial unionism is to-day receiving the attention of the revolutionary labor movement of the world. And the opposite wing of the labor movement, the conservatives, are likewise studying it, but with the aim of defeating its revolutionary object.

Different schools of industrial unionism are springing up. This in itself is a proof that the subject is of general interest, and that it is forcing itself upon those in the labor movement who formerly waved it aside as a visionary and impracticable scheme.

As the Industrial Workers of the World is to-day the only organization of general scope, in the United States, that strictly adheres to the revolutionary principle of industrial unionism, it justly claims the right to speak with authority on the subject. Without revolutionary principles, industrial unionism is of little or no value to the workers.

The principle upon which Industrial Unionism takes its stand, is the recognition of the never-ending struggle between the employers of labor and the working class. The members of the working class, as a rule, have but one means of existing in the present capitalist State, viz., the sale of their labor-power to the employing class. The employer uses the labor-power of the worker for one purpose, to operate the machinery, or develop the resources, to which he has the title of ownership.

In employing labor he is guided by exactly the same principle that directs him in the purchase of raw materials, or undeveloped resources, namely, to purchase the labor power necessary to his purpose, and pay as little for it as possible.

The workers, on the other hand, are driven by every circumstance to strive, always, for as much as they can obtain of the values they create. For upon the amount which they as workers so obtain, depends the very existence of themselves and those dependent upon them. The necessities of life, the degrees of comfort, of pleasure, of intellectual advancement, and of physical well-being, in short, their standard of living, must inevitably depend on the amount of the weekly wage.

The employer, the buyer of labor power in the labor market, desires large returns in the shape of profits upon his investment. Large profits in capitalist production, in the last analysis, mean but one thing, low wages, and generally inferior working conditions, for the class that exists through the sale of its labor-power. Higher wages and improved working conditions, as a rule, mean smaller profits. These opposing economic forces, each striving to advance its own interests, are engaged in a never-ending struggle for supremacy in the field of production. A large majority of the working class to-day do not understand the struggle in which they are engaged, nor the cause from which it springs,—the opposed economic interests of themselves and the capitalist class. As a result, in struggling for what they think are their interests, they fight in the dark, and thus have contributed and still contribute to their own defeat and continued subjection, directly and indirectly.

This, then, makes it imperative that the Industrial Union, to fulfil its mission as an organization of the working class, must take its stand upon a recognition of this struggle. It must educate its membership to a complete understanding of the principles and causes underlying every struggle between the two opposing classes.

That a portion of the working class recognize the difference between their interest and the interest of the employer, is proven by the existence of organizations among the workers for the avowed purpose of gaining power, by combination with their fellow workers, to secure working conditions which, as individuals, they lacked the power to enforce. That these combinations of workers do not to-day act in obedience to the law that called them into existence, is proven by the fact that, with few exceptions, their declarations of principles commit their organizations to the program of safeguarding the employers' interests, as well as the interests of their membership,—a program of harmonizing that which can not be harmonized. Such a program misleads their members, blinds them to the reason for the conflict, and thereby aids in defeating them in their struggles. It betrays them into the hands of their opponents, for it sets the seal of their own organization's approval upon their condition of servitude.

Out of this wrong principle flow many evils that contribute to the net result. To enter into time contracts with the employer is to bind certain parts of the workers in a given industry to contribute their aid to the employer against other parts of the workers, in the same industry and, in most cases, in the same establishment. Time contracts deprive them of the right to determine when an attempt is to be made

to enforce better terms of employment: prevent them from recognizing the identity of interest between themselves and their fellow workers; and divide their efforts and activities, on every field of action, thus making intelligent, concerted class action impossible of achievement, alike on industrial and political fields.

What more need be said in proof of the correctness of the principle of industrial unionism? What further proof is necessary to demonstrate the unsoundness of the principles of craft unionism? The craft plan of organization is a relic of an obsolete stage in the evolution of capitalist production. At the time of its inception it corresponded to the development of the period: the productive worker in a given industry took the raw material, and with the tools of the trade, or craft, completed the product of that industry, performing every necessary operation himself. As a result, the workers combined in organizations, the lines of which were governed by the tools that they used. At that period, this was organization. To-day, in view of the specialization of the process of production, the invention of machinery, and the concentration of ownership, it is no longer organization, but division. And division on the economic field for the worker spells defeat and degradation.

Take a leading industry of this country to-day, as a concrete example, and see what craft division means to the workers in that industry: the railroad industry, for instance. In order to operate a railroad the labor of many workers is required. That labor is specialized in different groups, each performing the operations necessary in one department, in order that traffic and transportation may be accomplished. There are the men engaged in keeping the track in repair, the engineers, the firemen, the conductors, brakemen, express messengers, baggagemen, porters, cooks, waiters, switchmen, yardmen, flagmen, wipers, machinists, boiler-makers, repairers, wheel-tappers, tower-men, freight and baggage handlers, ticket agents, telegraphers, book-keepers, dispatchers, track walkers, and general workers around the various buildings of the industry. They are divided into the following organizations operating upon the theory that the interests of the railroad corporation and of their particular organization are identical: The engineers in the B. of L. E.; the firemen in the B. of L. F. & E.: the conductors in the O. R. C.; the brakemen in the B. R. T.; the switchmen in the S. U.; the freight handlers in another organization; the telegraphers in another; the section men in another; the machinists, boiler-makers, car-repairers in separate organizations. The rest of the workers are, for the most part, without organization at all.

The reason for this is that the organizations above named make no attempt to fortify their own position, by organizing such workers in their industry, under the false belief that their own organization is sufficient in and by itself.

Each of the above named organizations is working under a contract for a certain length of time. Their membership is bound to remain at work so long as the railroad company lives up to the terms of the contract, and, for the most part, the contracts of the different organizations expire at different periods. The railroad management is thus insured against having to subjugate more than one portion of its employees at any given time. The result of this condition of affairs is that whenever part of the workers in this industry enter into a conflict with the employer, they have not only to combat the resources of that employer, but also their fellow workers in the same industry who remain at work, and assist the employer in the operation of the railroad. In every instance, the defeat is due to the lack of united action on the side of the workers, part of them being compelled to remain at work in observance of their sacred agreement with the employer. They are simply blinded by the wrong principles and methods of their organizations.

Contrast this state of affairs with what would be the case, were these workers organized on the plan of the I. W. W., and educated in the principles on which it is based. The railway workers operating at any given point would be organized under one charter, covering that industry for that locality, a local Industrial Union of Transportation. The workers composing that local Industrial Union would be the following branches: Engineers and Firemen, who would meet as such to discuss and decide upon the conditions they would want to enforce in their work; Conductors and Brakemen, with other men of the train crew, who would do likewise; Cooks, Waiters and Porters, forming another branch for the purpose of legislation as to their working conditions; Depot Employees, as another branch for the same purpose; Telegraphers, Dispatchers and Towermen, Machinists, Boilermakers and Repairmen, Trackwalkers and Sectionmen, Yardmen and Switchmen, Flagmen and Crossing-tenders,—until all employees in that industry were organized in the branches to which they belonged by reason of the particular kind of work they were performing in the operation of that industry. All of these branches would be integral parts of the local Industrial Union. As such they would have full power to discuss and decide with regard to the working conditions in their particular department. Each branch would be represented in the Industrial Union by a delegate or delegates. They

upon meeting would discuss the instructions received from the branches, confer together as representatives of the industry, and formulate the working conditions for the industry into demands. A representative of each branch would constitute the committee that would appear before the railroad managers, receive their reply and report back to the membership they represented. The membership would then decide upon their course of action, and instruct their local industrial union through its committee to proceed to carry such decision into effect. Wherever necessary, the questions would be taken up to the National Industrial Union, composed of all local Transportation Industrial Unions. Thus, when necessary, united action of the workers would result in the entire industry. If, in order to enforce their demands, it became necessary to cease work, a vastly different state of things from that first mentioned would confront the railway management. No part of the workers would be found as *union men* assisting in the operation of a scab railroad, for the simple reason that correct principles, backed up by correct and up-to-date organization, would have prepared the way for united action on the part of the workers in that industry.

It is necessary to state here that the branching of the different workers here stated is not by any means arbitrary. The workers in the industry affected will decide that matter as the special conditions, of which they have full knowledge, may dictate. The tendency will be to have as few branches in the Industrial Union as conditions will permit; at the same time making it possible for every worker in the industry to take part in the affairs of the organization. Usually the investigator of industrial unionism will at first glance see, in the branches of the Industrial Union, craft unionism under another name. The opponent of industrial unionism will insist that such is the case. Does not the branch mean a division? the investigator will ask. Not at all; no more than the division of an army into companies, battalions, regiments and brigades means division. An army is so organized in order that it can be handled to accomplish its mission. In industrial unionism the Branch will be the company, the Industrial Union the battalion, the Department of National Industrial Unions of closely allied industries, as for instance steam, electric, marine, and team transportation, will be the brigade, while the combination of Departments will constitute the army of the working class on the economic field.

Again, the defenders of craft unionism will assert that the tendency of such organization is along the same line. They will justify their contentions by pointing to the recently formed Building Trades Department and Metal Trades De-

partment of the American Federation of Labor. The student of Industrial Unionism also will be inclined to agree with that view, as a proof that craft unionism is gradually evolving to conform with the present state of industrial development. Such is not the case. The very essence of craft unionism is craft autonomy. Craft autonomy means that each craft organization, as such, has the power to treat and make terms with the employer. The craft organizations teach this, and they deny it also, but in struggles with the employer they invariably practice it, regardless of the fact that crafts as such are obliterated in modern industry.

The power claimed for each craft to make separate terms with the employer is the fatal defect in the craft form of organization. It can never be remedied by any combination or agreement between organizations, so long as it is allowed to remain. Imagine, if you can, an army in which the integral parts had autonomy to treat with the enemy and enter into peace pacts, regardless of the whole. To learn its fate you need only observe the craft unions of the workers in the industrial wars of our time.

The branches of the Industrial Union have no such power, no such object. Their sole function is to assist in systematizing and simplifying the drilling of the army of production. This self-imposed drill, discipline, and education is the method of the Industrial Workers of the World. Its purpose is to gain control of the machinery of production, and then to operate it, distributing the wealth so produced to all who by brain or muscle have contributed in the production thereof, in exact proportion to the amount of labor each has contributed in producing the joint product. To achieve this result the Industrial Workers of the World is in existence. To make possible the achievement of this result it offers the following Preamble as a statement of its principles:

PREAMBLE.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until all the toilers come together on the political, as well as on the industrial field, and take and hold that which they produce by their labor through an economic organization of the working class, without affiliation with any political party.

The rapid gathering of wealth and the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands make the trades union unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class, because the trades unions foster a state of things which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. The trades unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These sad conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lock-out is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Therefore, without endorsing or desiring the endorsement of any political party, we unite under the following constitution:

And as a working program by which to build, it proposes the following rules:

All power vests in the general membership through the initiative and referendum and the right of repeal and recall.

Universal transfer system and recognition of cards of union workers of all countries; one initiation fee to be all that is required, and this to be placed at such a figure that no worker will be prevented from becoming a union man or woman because of its amount.

An universal label, badge, button and membership card, thus promoting the idea of solidarity and unity amongst the workers.

A defense fund to which all members shall contribute.

The final aim of the industrial union will be to place the working class in possession of the wealth-producing machinery, mills, workshops, factories, railroads, etc., that the labor of the working class has created.

This aim can not be accomplished while the workers are divided upon the field of production as they have been in the past and are to-day. It can not be accomplished until the workers, in an organization of and by the working class alone, educate themselves to carry on production in their own behalf.

Until sufficient numbers of the workers are educated to accomplish this task, the battle of the worker in capitalist society must be fought, and industrial unionism offers the

only weapon with which the worker can hope successfully to combat the power of the employing class, on the economic field.

All hail Revolutionary Industrial Unionism! Speed the day of its advancement and ultimate triumph!

VINCENT ST. JOHN.

Christianity and Socialism.



A PERPLEXING QUESTION which is now agitating the minds of some people and which is likely to continue to be a subject of discussion is the question, "Has socialism anything to do with Christianity? Does socialism antagonize the Christian Church? Can a man be a socialist and still retain his religious faith?

The common answer is, "No, socialism has nothing to do with Christianity. Socialism is an economic and political movement, while Christianity is a spiritual movement. Socialism cannot antagonize the Christian Church—it is aiming at the same ends, so far as this world is concerned. A man can as easily retain his religious faith and be a socialist as he can retain that faith and be a Republican or a Democrat, in the party sense." This is a very common answer, and there are lots of people who at least would like to believe that it is true. To many of us—especially those whose whole training has been received within the atmosphere of the church and who have taken its ideals and teachings as the great fudamental truths of life—it seems almost criminal that a movement which in its ends appeals so powerfully to many devout Christian believers should be menaced by the appearance or expression of antagonism to the teachings of Christianity. Believing, as many of us do, that the ideals of socialism are the very ideals which Christianity came into existence to achieve, it must come as a great shock to discover that a considerable part of the literature of socialism is either agnostic or atheistic.

Now, it may be that the formal transition from capitalism to socialism can be made without disturbing existing religious creeds or faiths—especially those of the Christian order. And when one thinks of the vast gain to the world which such a transaction would mean, one could almost wish that such may be the case. And yet, a little reflection will convince most of us that what we may wish will have practically nothing to do with the case.

The question of the relation of socialism to the Christian

Church is simply a phase of the relation of science to religion. Can a man become a scientist or accept the results of scientific research and at the same time retain unchanged his Christian faith? Many will at once say, "Certainly, that is what scores of men have already done. Was not Agassiz a great scientist and did he not remain also a devout Christian? So, Dana, Le Conte, and a great many others."

Yes, it is true that men have accepted some of the results of scientific investigation and still retained their Christian faith, or what they called their faith. But is it not rationally inevitable that, since the great central doctrines of Christianity were formulated before the era of modern science had dawned at all, in a period when man's conceptions of very many things were such as no enlightened man can possible hold to-day, man's knowledge of scientific facts and truths must have an effect upon his religious beliefs?

A little reflection will bring us to the conclusion that the expectation of maintaining unchanged our religious faith in this 20th century, in any particular, is a vain expectation. The tendency of religion has been toward fixity of belief, and that tendency is still with us. Theology concerns itself with such conceptions as the Absolute, the Unchangeable. In the nature of things, theology cannot easily adapt itself to frequent or radical changes. Witness the universal punishment of "heresy". So, religion has never welcomed the invasion of its sphere by science or philosophy. It has contended - - and there are eminent representatives of religion still who contend—that religion has a field of its own into which science is utterly unfitted to enter. It is asserted that science has no tools with which to work in the spiritual realm. Even so distinguished a man as Henry Drummond supports that idea. But it is almost a certainty that, as in every former claim of immunity which religion has made, it is again mistaken here. It is fairly safe to say that no human interest or subject of thought can be permanently quarantined against science. Science is going to enter every field, and the future will not repeat the past if science does not prove the victor in every such conflict.

It will be remembered by all who are familiar with the history of the Christian Church or of religion that when the so-called Higher Criticism made its appearance, its advocates were regarded not only with suspicion and hostility by the majority of the church, but as enemies of faith and perverters of religion. It was felt by millions of people—and said, too —that if the inerrancy of any part of the scriptures was undermined, the whole bible would be discredited and religion would cease. But the Higher Criticism could not be staved

off. It has advanced steadily, and now many of those who at first opposed it most violently are making a new adjustment of their faith to its results. Higher Criticism was or is simply one small phase of the universal advance of science—the application of the scientific method to the study of the biblical literature.

Of course, the work of scientific men in this department was at once attacked by able partisans of orthodoxy, whose arguments were so evidently dictated by personal bias as to vitiate much of their value to discerning minds. It is true, too, that excavations in Asia and elsewhere have seemed to yield some evidence in favor of a greater antiquity of some of the biblical writings than the opinions of the critics gave them. And here arose a great cry of joy from the orthodox and conservative.

But even as they were exulting in these alleged discoveries, another movement was advancing rapidly which was so much more radical than anything suggested by the Higher Criticism, as to make the latter almost a negligible factor. This was the science of comparative religion. Instead of contenting itself with the analysis of the ancient Hebrew literature, science proceeded to investigate the very roots of religion itself as a phenomenon of human evolution. That science is by no means complete. But it has already gone far enough to make the idea of a supernatural revelation untenable to many minds in the church itself. Leading thinkers in the church are now assuming as beyond all question the perfectly natural origin of all our so-called religious ideas, the idea of God included. Accepting the evolutionary account of man's origin, these men find it impossibble to believe in miracle as the mother of religion. In many respects, they are placing themselves on precisely the ground occupied by those socialists who are being accused of atheism.

The occasion of the current misunderstanding on the part of some Christian socialists is one which, upon reflection, should greatly increase a thinking man's respect for the socialist movement. For socialism, instead of being a little temporary reform or scheme hatched in the brain of a Marx or a Lassalle, is both a world-movement and a world-philosophy. As such, there is nothing which it will not affect. It does not in the least disturb some of us who are in the church to know that socialism will completely displace capitalism—transform the whole structure of our industrialism,—even though such a transformation may involve many painful changes for men and women in no way responsible for capitalism. We can look with entire equanimity toward these radical and tremendous changes which socialism would

mean for thousands of people in their economic existence, but we quail before any radical changes which may be effected in men's religious belief.

But if we can so easily accept the notion that there is no divine sanction in Capitalism, is it any more reasonable to think that the universe will fall apart if similar changes become necessary in our religious notions? The investigation of the origin of our religious ideas and practices will go on as relentlessly as the motions of the planets. It is no longer possible to believe, as it once was, that the sun will stand still at any one's command, nor is it any more likely that the analysis of our "God", our "salvation", our everything religious, will not continue. They who fear the fullest light on these questions that it is possible to have exhibit an exceedingly doubtful faith.

Furthermore, some people are coming to see that "atheist" is a word that no longer has the meaning which ages of ignorance and persecution gave it. Intellectually, it is or should be obsolete. No mere word—God, salvation, or what not—has any sacredness in itself. Sacredness belongs not to names, but to realities, to facts, qualities, activities, life.

Of course, if one conceives of religion as a something which the individual can have all by himself, like some ecstasy or some personal aesthetic emotion, involving no sense of human solidarity, one need not worry about what socialism will do to it. It is altogether probable that there will be survivals under socialism — possibly capitalistic survivals, to say nothing of superstition in the religious sphere—just as there are vestigial and useless organs in the human body. But if one conceives religion to be a matter of vital interest to the whole race of mankind, a universal and inherent need, one hardly need worry about its future. And if one believes, as some of us do, that religion is a matter of widest and deepest and most fraternal consciousness permeating and glorifying the daily tasks with a feeling of their justice and joy, then one might hail the coming of socialism as one of the richest fulfilments of religion, as some of us now find the service of its truth our noblest employment.

William Thurston Brown.

Confession of a New Fabian.*



AITH HAS BEEN defined as "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." So great is my faith, so substantial the things I have hoped for, so strong the evidence of things I have not seen, that I should require a tolerably comprehensive volume to tell you all about it. My task to-night must be on a more modest scale. I am really here to offer the apology of a cautious revolutionist. Revolutionist, because Socialist; cautious, because Fabian. And standing here in the Fabian confessional, I will start with a confession. If I had to live over again my twenty years of Socialist service, I should be much more revolutionary and much less cautious.

Looking back on my own past I am conscious of an irreparable loss: I had spent many active years before I realized that Socialism meant far more than mere economic and political change. Thus in my most impressionable period I was blind to the rich colouring, the deeper meaning that can be assimilated by the Socialist who gets near to the mystery of art and of craftsmanship, who in some degree has distinguished pure and undefiled religion from sham religious growths and pretensions. I was cut off from all this in my early years, Socialism presenting itself in almost exclusively political clothing. My own futility as an agitator may largely be ascribed to the narrowing of my horizon to the political aspect. Now if this were a merely personal idiosyncrasy it would be an impertinence to obtrude it upon you, but I cannot help thinking that I was not peculiar in this respect; that I was a child of my age.

It is useless crying over spilt milk, but I often think with shame and chagrin how ineffective our propaganda was, because our eyes had not been opened to the larger vision. And if the dominant note of Socialism to-day is political to the practical exclusion of its deeper implications, does not the responsibility largely rest with that band of young provincial propagandists, of whom I was one, who always stated Socialism in political terms? My memory of that period calls up the most ludicrous attempts to pour Socialism into the

* Before reading this article it will be well to refer to the interesting note by William English Walling in our "News and Views" Department, in which Mr. Hobson's relation to the socialist movement in England is explained.—Editor.

Parliamentary mould. Beyond the usual idealistic perorations, our speeches and teachings were conditioned by the question, expressed or implied, "what will the politicians think of it?" Thus I was dominated by political considerations and not by clear thought; the plea for parliamentary practicality constantly stifled my conscience and did violence to my imagination. I now realize that more moral and intellectual courage and less smooth clap-trap about peaceful evolution and a more aggressive assertion of the revolutionary nature of Socialism would by now have broken the old political mould and changed it into a social instrument effective for Socialist purposes. Such was the atmosphere of my formative years. It was a time of intense political activity; of obtuseness to the finer things.

It is an interesting little speculation whether the born Socialist or the converted Socialist does more for Socialism. To plunge into the movement straight from the days of one's youth has certain advantages and many serious disadvantages. Yet a man may waste many precious years in great travail of spirit before, at long last, he finds sanctuary in the Socialist conception of life. Having reached the happy bourne, he may then become a mighty soldier—or he may carry within him germs of doubt and hesitancy that paralyse his work. The born Socialist suffers from no racking doubts and fears but is probably so voluble and facile, so cock-sure, that he wrestles in vain with the Lord's enemies. I belonged to the cock-sure variety. I have been a Socialist since my school-days. I was, therefore, a Socialist not knowing what Socialism was. It was a stroke of good fortune not to have been affected by evangelical attacks upon my soul. Some of my contemporaries passed sleepless nights in a torment of doubt as to the existence of the British Jehovah. They generally found relief in a book by Professor Drummond, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." Then they fell asleep in Drummond and were laid to rest in the pews of respectable conventicles. Belonging to a Quaker family, puritanical in the best sense of the word, no effort was spared to make me a young man of God. But thanks to a Socialist schoolmaster, I had been caught up by a new spirit that rendered me immune. Nevertheless I am grateful for an early religious training. Quakerism is in many ways an anomaly, but its central doctrine of "the inner light" is a rock upon which the religious free-thinkers may rest secure. It is a splendid proclamation that within each of us a light lightens the conscience and is a more certain guide along our way than church formulary, ex-cathedra pronouncement or biblical interpretation.

My Socialist schoolmaster sent me from school at the

age of seventeen with a mind and disposition bent towards Socialism. Under his guidance I had read, with occasional glimmerings of understanding, Smith's "Wealth of Nations", half-a-dozen of Carlyle's books, and three of Ruskin's—"Unto this Last", "The Crown of Wild Olive", and "Munera Pulveris". And now after twenty years, I quote two passages that so impressed themselves upon my plastic consciousness that they have coloured my life. The one I found in Carlyle's essay on "Signs of the Times"; the other in the "Definitions" in "Munera Pulveris".

"Not the external and physical alone is now managed by machinery, but the internal and spiritual also. Here too nothing follows its spontaneous course, nothing is left to be accomplished by old natural methods. Everything has its cunningly devised implements, its preestablished apparatus: it is not done by hand but by machinery. Thus we have machines for Education: Lancastrian machines; Hamiltonian machines; monitors, maps and emblems. Instruction, that mysterious communing of Wisdom with Ignorance, is no longer an indefinable tentative process, requiring a study of individual aptitudes, and a perpetual variation of means and methods to attain the same end; but a secure, universal, straightforward business to be conducted in the gross, by proper mechanism, with such intellect as comes to hand. Then we have Religious machines of all imaginable varieties: the Bible Society, professing a far higher and heavenly structure, is found, on inquiry, to be altogether an earthly contrivance; supported by collection of moneys, by fomenting of vanities, by puffing intrigue and chicane. It is the same in all other departments. Has any man, or any society of men, a truth to speak, a piece of spiritual work to do; they can nowise proceed at once and with the mere natural organs, but must first call a public meeting, eat a public dinner; in a word, construct or borrow machinery, wherewith to speak it and do it."

The second passage reads:—

"The production of effectual value, therefore, always involves two needs: first, the production of a thing essentially useful; then the production of the capacity to use it. Where the intrinsic value and acceptant capacity come together, there is effectual value, or wealth: where there is either no intrinsic value or no acceptant capacity, there is no effectual value, that is to say no wealth. A horse is no wealth to us if we cannot ride, nor a picture if we cannot see, *nor any noble thing be wealth, except to a noble person.*"

As I copy these words, I vividly remember how as a youngster I dimly realized the existence of strange forces and

mysteries surrounding the life of the ordinary man, and I had a suspicion that clever men, who saw into these mysteries, were perpetually fooling the ordinary man to the top of his bent. Thus I started the serious work of life with two set ideas: First, an incurable suspicion of all kinds of political and philanthropic machinery; second, that there could be no understanding of wealth and therefore no wealth until we should breed a noble race.

In the days of which I speak, provincial Socialism was largely recruited from Liberalism. And Liberalism was something very weighty and respectable. It was the fag-end of the Gladstonian period, eary-Victorianism, *par excellence*, which took a long time a-dying. The young Provincial had no heroes or substitutes for the solemn Whig personalities of Gladstone's circle, and accordingly was shy of the new ideas, innocuous though they were. We were obsessed with the belief that Socialism was in the apostolic succession to Liberalism; that we must wait patiently until Liberalism had exhausted its mission and that, thereafter, Socialism would take up its Liberal heritage. The Fabian manifesto, "To Your Tents, O Israel!" did much to dissipate this poisonous delusion. I know of no influence amongst Socialists that so weighted our steps as this extraordinary superstition.

I was, of course, like other Socialists, full of delusions. But I strove to reach some definite conclusion to each problem that confronted me, and this, coupled with my suspicion of party organization, kept me tolerably independent of party shibboleths. And I may remark that every conclusion I came to has ever since been subject to daily revision.

My first perplexity remains my last. I quickly understood that Liberal and Tory economics were fundamentally capitalistic. The social and political facts as I saw them entirely precluded any co-operation with Liberalism or Toryism. I had become conscious of a class-struggle. The refusal to recognize the existence of such a thing by certain Socialist leaders and its over-emphasis by others was a fruitful source of mental confusion to my contemporaries and myself. Even yet, many of the differences between Socialist groups spring from divergent views as to the real significance of the class-struggle.

My own conception of the class-struggle may be illustrated in the person of a respectable British mechanic who owns property amounting to (say) 500 pounds Sterling. There are many thousands of such. He is a sturdy trade-unionist working at the bench at the standard wage, his income being supplemented by 25 pounds a year—5 per cent interest on his 500 pounds. He naturally seeks the highest wage

obtainable, very wisely utilizing his trade-union to that end. Then a time comes when he is asked to join his mates in a movement for such an advance in wages as may reduce his interest from 5 per cent to 4 — an annual loss to him of 5 pounds. But if he secures and advance of 4 shillings a week, he has a gain of 10 pounds to set against his loss of 5 pounds. So far, good. But suppose he only gains an advance of sixty-pence per week, whilst his dividend is still in consequence reduced from 5 to 4 per cent. In that event he is personally an annual loser to the extent of 3 pounds 15 shillings a year. What is the poor fellow to do? We witness the melancholy spectacle of a peripatetic class struggle moved by more poignant emotions than was the remnant crew of the "Nancy Bell." If he leaves his union he may find himself working at a greatly reduced wage in a non-union shop: if he fights with his union he may seriously reduce the capital value of his pious parent's legacy. The man becomes acutely class-conscious, more so than the unmoneyed proletarian who in a soul-destroying career of degrading toil habitually lives only a fortnight from the workhouse and whose perceptions are so narrowed that he accepts the industrial system with Oriental fatalism and with an occidental vocabulary. *He,* in fact, is *not* class-conscious.

Now I postulate the class-struggle in the agitated bosom of this beefy Britisher because to me it is something more than an economic condition. It involves a definite decision to act in accordance with economic interests and we see this more clearly where the mind is divided by a distinct collision of economic interests. Suppose this capitalist-workman to be indifferent both to his investment and his trade-union: that he accepts things as they are: acquiescence implies submission and is the very negation of struggle. I am clear, therefore, that there can be no class-struggle without class-consciousness. It does not necessarily follow that a struggle inevitably ensues from a living sense of economic consciousness: but if not I can only argue the existence either of justifiable contentment or decadence. But having regard to the facts, as I see them, a class in society that is conscious of economic and social oppression will almost certainly seek to secure a transfer of economic power from the possessing classes to itself. And this remark, of course, applies as much to the middle-classes as to the proletariat, strictly so-called. Recently, Mr. Bernard Shaw has been subjected to criticism for advocating middle-class Socialism. He has never done anything of the kind. He has very wisely sought to show the middle-classes that substantially, they, too, are proletarians and that their one hope is Socialism. Socialism for the middle-classes is not middle-class Socialism; although I do

not doubt that the adherence of the administrative sections of society will profoundly modify many current conceptions of Socialism, although, of course, its foundations still stand sure. At all events, for many years, it has been part of my working faith that until we converted the man of 600 pounds a year, Socialism must be indefinitely delayed. And I would add, as a mere matter of personal opinion, that the revolutionary sense is far more highly developed in the well-to-do than the apostles of laborism imagine. It is certainly curious that in England, the real revolutionists are such men as Bernard Shaw and Cunninghame Graham; in France, Hervé and Largardelle, in Germany, Carl Liebknecht and Ledebour; in Italy, Ferri and Labriola,—all middle-class or aristocrats. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that it is the *intellectual* who does not fear the logic of his creed. Even so, it is well to remember that the county council schools only instruct and do not educate, so that in the main, the intellectuals for another generation will probably spring from the more leisured *strata* of society.

Of course, from the theoretical point of view, the situation is anomalous to the point of absurdity. Thus, we find that the dividend-monger is acutely class-conscious. He belongs to one of two trade-unions—the Liberal or the Tory. He is in absolute possesion of the Universities, the Civil Service, the Army and the Navy. And he will fight to maintain his economic dominance. Does labor respond by forming a gigantic trade-union with Socialism as its basis? By no means. The Labor Party is careful to disavow Socialism: it is almost apologetic when it tries to modify the wage-system; it repudiates any variation of family life; it shivers at any departure from conventional religion—in fact, in spirit and principle it is as capitalist as the others. We are, therefore, faced with the curious fact that the Liberal and Tory parties are well-organized, class-conscious unions; whilst the labor unions constitute a political party that is inordinately proud of its moderation. Now assuming a class-struggle, how can the under-dog remain moderate if not quiescent. Such a line of action argues a poor spirit or worse. Nor do you alter it by calling it stategy.

I am aware that another concept of Socialism denies the existence of a class struggle, or, admitting it, regards it as of secondary importance. So far as I can understand, it appears to be based upon the idea of the nation as a separate economic entity. The argument seems to be that racial, historic and legislative development have so far differentiated nations that each's economy is also special and racy of its soil. Further, that international competition, sometimes culminating in war,

has welded together the people of any nation to such an extent that a substantial economic harmony prevails between all sections of a nationality, even though, here and there, there may be maladjustment of sectional interests. Color is lent to this view by the preacher who in times of turmoil tells us that "we are all members of one body." Now I believe that the spirit of nationality may be a precious asset in the world's economy; that there is such a thing as national genius; but I also believe that a nation of divided economic interests must surely suffer in its spirit and genius. Personally, I imagine that the national spirit emanates from the physical conditions under which the people live; that topographical configuration is a more important element than education and atmosphere than language. But whatever its main cause may be, a healthy people will develop a spirit and genius of its own, bearing it as unconsciously as a gentleman bears good manners. Beyond recognising the evil influence of poverty upon national life, I regard nationality as belonging to an altogether different category from economic problems. And I cannot bring myself to believe in the nation as an entity separate from and independent of economic conditions in other countries. Whatever nations may be politically, they are knit together by the most intimate economic bonds. Substantially, the same industrial system obtains in Western Europe and America; the money markets of London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and New York are sensitive to the same influences; the trusts, the investor, the manufacturer know no frontier in the transaction of their business; a trade-depression in Germany will inevitably travel to Great Britain and America—in short, the capitalist system of production is cosmopolitan and merely utilizes the national government for its own protection. In as much as Socialism is a movement to liberate both soul and body from the enslavement of private capitalism, it therefore follows that Socialism must be as international as capitalism is cosmopolitan. And that is why I went to Stuttgart when I wanted to go to the Fabian Summer School.

It may be true that one country is more or less advanced than others in its industrial legislation; it may be true that legislation may expedite or retard industrial development to a greater or less degree; it may be true that localities or even whole countries may benefit from parliamentary enactments —nevertheless, I believe that, in the main, all legislation must represent average opinion or fall into desuetude. But average opinion is the creature of economic conditions and as these are necessarily governed by cognate conditions in other countries, I infer that mere legislation seldom, if ever, effects

the deeper currents of national life and growth. It is an index and not a regulator.

I therefore reject the alluring theory of national economic isolation and fall back upon the theory of class-conscious struggle. And it is a vital part of my faith to stimulate class-consciousness so that a class-struggle shall ensue to the great end that it shall finally be dissipated and merge into a society reconstituted on a basis of mutual aid.

Having gradually evolved a working theory as to economic class-conflicts, I found it equally imperative to examine the connection between economics and ethics. Quite early on I concluded that they were merely the obverse and reverse of the same coin; that they were practically identical, two arbitrary terms signifying the same thing. Rightly or wrongly, I have acted on this assumption for fifteen years.

I wonder whether the younger Socialists here have any conception of the really bitter feud that existed in the Provinces, in the early nineties, between the Ethical and the Economic Socialists. In those days every faintheart had his prefix. One was a Christian Socialist, another a Communist Socialist, yet another an Ethical Socialist, whilst the Economic Socialist seemed a terrible fellow and generally belonged to the S. D. F. A peculiarly evil type was the man who always told everybody that he was a Socialist in economics and a Liberal in politics. But there were two main divisions: the Ethical and the Economic. And you had to belong to one or other of the factions or be a prig and join the Fabian Society. The Ethical men were in a large majority and flocked to the I. L. P.; the Economic gravitated towards the S. D. F. They really represented two different temperaments which still persist. Had I power to work miracles, I should blend them into a harmonized whole.

On looking back, I can see a long line of fluent, shallow, pietistic enthusiasts who preached the Sermon on the Mount and who rejected the economic argument as beneath contempt. Also, it required some hard thinking, which was intolerable. These all came to a bad end. Others there were, who emphatically consigned ethics to Tophet, and proclaimed Socialism as an economic doctrine pure and simple. Somehow, *they* always seemed to miss the human side of the problem. They were generally very exasperating in private conference. I somehow acquired the notion that a superficial knowledge of economics went hand in hand with bad manners. Nevertheless, I soon lost patience with the Ethicists. They seemed to exude Nonconformity and claimed an irritating intimacy with the mind of God. They infused into Socialist thought and action a purposeless opportunism that weakened

the revolutionary fibre of the movement. The Ethical Socialists were always the first to counsel moderation and compromise. Being a young man, this seemed to me very curious. I had a belief that for a religious idea men were willing to die; yet the Socialists who seemed most willing to be sacrificed, and who were the fiercest and most uncompromising fighters, were the exasperating, bad-mannered, class-conscious variety. I always found myself an Economic Socialist amongst the Ethicists, and an Ethical adherent when in the company of the Economic school.

It sounds foolish, but for many years I was puzzled and discouraged. Finally, I concluded that both sections were working on the false hypothesis that ethics and economics in some mystic way were in different and even conflicting categories. Nobody seemed to see that fundamentally they were rooted in identically the same human impulse.

To me the problem is of vital importance: for upon its right solution depends the whole stress and emphasis of Socialist propaganda. If it can be shown that our code of conduct, our conception of our relationship to mankind, is based upon considerations independent of our economic environment, then the economic argument becomes of secondary importance. It would then be our business to build up a scientific ethic and, if necessary, to declare that economic necessity is a delusion and that it must disappear before our code of ethics as snow before the heat of the sun. If, upon the other hand, it can be shown that our attitude to our neighbor is conditioned by economic forces, then clearly we can in no wise materially modify our ethics until we have changed our system of wealth production and distribution. But I reject each alternative. I shall show later that I am no economic fatalist; I need only now remind you that a scientific ethic must necessarily provide for the development of the body on the ground that the generality of weaklings cannot be depended upon in the higher walks of reasoned conduct. Thus we at once find an actual correlation between ethics and economics. The up-building of the body is at once an economic and an ethical problem. And in whatever direction we turn, I believe we shall always make the same discovery: that whatever is economically necessary is ethically desirable or *vice-versa*. In short, that ethics is the science of transforming our economic conceptions into a code of conduct.

It is not for me to prove this point with logical precison; I am telling you what I believe and indicating my reasons. But I should like to amplify the point with two instances.

When Marx, amongst others, exploded the wage fund fallacy, he also exploded the code of Manchester morality

that, consciously or unconsciously, had grown out of it. In due time, the expansibility of variable capital was realized and recognized to be a fact of first importance. Then the economy of high wages commercially asserted itself and the conception of the worker as the predestined victim of an iron law of wages gave place to the larger view of high wages being a condition precedent to industrial and civic efficiency. Here dimly we can see partially operating in capitalist society an economic law that harmonizes with the most exigent ethical code.

My second instance is the Trust. I suppose no form of capitalist organization has been subjected to such unmeasured condemnation. Yet the entirely hopeful feature of the trust is that it is much more humane than its preceding type. Upton Sinclair has pictured the horrors of the canning industry in his book "The Jungle." Nor is his picture over-colored as I can personally testify. But we must not confuse the issue. Sinclair is really attacking private capitalism and not particularly the trust. Suppose the Chicago trust represents the united activity of 150 former individual firms. Is it not practically certain that these small concerns, operating seperately, perpetrated in the sum total far greater cruelty, were more filthy in the practice of their hideous industry, paid worse wages, were more tyrannical, that when the industry is concentrated under one roof? We see things more vividly—that is all. The pig-killing episode, so graphically described by Thomas Hardy in "Jude The Obscure", should, in this connection give furiously to think.

But I emphasize the practical identity of ethics and economics for another reason. From how many thousand Socialist platforms has the impression been created that we must submit to mighty and mysterious economic forces, and that we are impotent to restrain or modify their operation? Then has followed the prophecy that these uncanny phenomena, these doses of salts in the body politic, were working their way to the great issue of Socialism. As a young man, this economic fatalism was to me an intellectual stumbling block. If economic development would do the trick why fash ourselves? Why not sit twiddling our thumbs to wait for Socialism's advent? Of course, I had a platform answer. I accepted the premiss, but urged that duty compelled me, by preaching Socialism, to expedite the economic process. But if you can expedite, you can also modify, mitigate, retard, or divert. It was by some such train of reasoning that I finally came to understand that we are the dictators, and not the servants of so-called economic law. Behind all economic impulse will be found human will-

power, calculation and freedom to act or refrain from acting. China and India have refrained from acting; and in Europe, economic growth has been at least partially effected by religion. Industry is more highly developed in Protestant than in Catholic countries.

Again consider the trusts. It is said that their formation is absolutely inevitable and imperative. I do not believe it. We heard this of the Soap trust. But like its own product, it speedily resolved itself into its component parts under outside pressure. That there is now a soap war does not invalidate the argument. The war is no more imperative than the trust was inevitable. If we can relieve our minds from the obsession of economic fatalism, we can see that trusts are formed by men of great will-power and imagination, who are not the helpless victims of blind fate. On the contrary, their action is governed by profound calculation. It is true, of course, that at a certain stage of development, the formation of a trust is the line of least resistance and the best way to avoid economic waste. But my point is that the engineers of the trust act with free-will; they are not the puppets of chance nor the marionettes of Fate. Had other psychological influences played upon them, I see no reason why the industrial system should not have developed in quite another direction. And so I submit that the Trust, obeying an economic impulse that springs from human will-power and calculation, is as much and as little an ethical as it is an economic factor.

Therefore it is a vital part of my faith that the community is, in the final analysis, master of, and not slave of, its economic destiny. Political Economy is the code of regulations obtaining for the time being in the human workshop. And we achieve change and reconstruction by breaking the rules. We break them at our own peril. Sometimes we are premature and get hurt; but the right moment ultimately comes to justify our revolt.

Now apply the moral to our noble selves. If we think Socialism will surely come, and, happy in the belief, do not strive for it, day by day, line upon line, then Socialism will never come, and History will execrate us as visionaries shackled by cowardice or indifference. And in prosecuting the campaign, I decline to submit either to the Economist or the Ethicist. I prefer that they should dance to my tune, and not I to theirs.

My next problem was what to be at. I found two ways of action open, either of which could be advantageously followed. I could settle down in one locality, devoting myself to local affairs, mastering the intricacies of local government,

and steadily pressing forward projects of municipalization. Or I could stump the country preaching Socialism in its more general and political aspects. I took the wrong turning. For ten years, almost without a break, I spent Friday to Monday lecturing in all parts of the country. In those days there was a great shortage of public speakers. Some enemy in the guise of a friend convinced me that I was designed by nature for the platform. This unhappy conviction coupled with an inundation of requests for lectures diverted me from my real work. My years were not wasted, but they could have been turned to better account. To any young Fabian here who is pondering what he can do most effectively for Socialism, I say localize—and, yet again, localize.

There are certain moral and intellectual restrictions to be guarded against, whichever career one undertakes. If you go to the platform, you may become intellectually lazy or dishonest. You find yourself constantly tempted to speak for dramatic effect and let the serious argument go hang; or you degenerate into a human gramophone, mouthing your most popular lecture to tickle the ears of the groundlings. Gradually your intellectual horizon narrows down to the foot-lights; unconsciously you begin to appraise every idea according to its probable platform popularity. You accept or reject in exactly the same spirit that a popular music-hall comedian accepts or rejects suggested gags. If you are faithful to your convictions, you inevitably talk above the heads of your audience, and the local secretary will tell you of it with brutal candour; if you talk down to your audience, you soon get sick of listening to your own voice, and nauseated, you retire into private life. But you make many good friends and there are compensations. What more delightful, for example, than to be told that something you said in a lecture, five years before, had been remembered and acted upon? And what more embarrassing than to receive the photograph of a buxom young woman arrayed in her Sunday gown with the superscription "From little Minnie, now grown up." You wonder who on earth is little Minnie.

On the other hand too much local work blinds a man to national issues. When I hear of a Fabian who has been elected to some local authority, I tremble for his soul's safety. In a couple of years, his locality has become the hub of the universe and his own particular activities mark a new departure in the history of mankind. Soon you must patiently listen to a long story of how he plays off one local politician against another and how he reads his own meaning into current local phrases. Then your local statesman ends by

solemnly impressing you with the necessity of intelligent opportunism.

As an elderly agitator whose course is almost run, I offer this fatherly advice to young Fabians. On the platform, preserve your sincerity; in local politics, retain your sense of proportion.

Nevertheless, I believe that the key to the promised land will be found more in local government than in parliamentary manœuvres. I wish I had understood this in my young days. It was not until ill-health and urgent private preoccupation had rendered me *hors concours*, and I had time for detached thinking, that I realized, in all its fullness, the unlimited possibilities of a reorganized system of local government. Where the people live will be found at once their industry and their local administration. Centralization may be necessary, but local administration of industry must always closely touch national life in all its phases. But you cannot pour the new wine of Socialism into the old bottles of municipal *laisser-faire*. In common with many others, I found that two or three general principles must be adopted to render possible the achievement of local Socialism. When in the late sixties, Owen and his congeners framed local government on the basis of the local sanitary authority, they could not foresee that in the late eighties the local unit of government would be expected to concern itself with gas, water, tramways, and other public services. Nor could they anticipate that in the late nineties, yet larger demands would be made. And so, beyond problems of public health, the municipal tradition remains in spirit *laisser-faire*, and the structure of local ogvernment even yet precludes effective and satisfactory intervention in industry.

The two cardinal principles that struck me as needful, were elasticity of boundary, and the devolution upon joint committees of special functions—municipal co-operation with centralized direction. In conjunction with a friend, whose brilliant intellect is unfortunately lost to the Socialist movement because of his occupation, we had worked out in considerable detail proposals based upon these two main ideas. But they were in the air anyhow, for soon after we had completed our first draft, Mr. H. G. Wells read his paper on local areas, which reappeared as an appendix to his "Anticipations." And it is almost superfluous to remark that Mr. Sidney Webb had also been pointing the way. Indeed, who can adequately appreciate the priceless services of Mr. Sidney Webb in this department of public life? Mr. Webb is a constitutionalist; I am a revolutionist; the revolutionist tenders his most profound salaam. On the old Executive I found

that others had been thinking along similar lines. We appointed a number of constructive committees, whose reports appeared as the New Heptarchy series of tracts. I am proud to have had some part in the elaboration of this new municipal policy, and I do not think that full justice was done to the old Executive at the last election in this regard. We were told that we were asleep. I felt it to be unfair that this work, as well as much else, was swept aside as of no importance.

London, England. S. G. Hobson.

Strike Off Thy Chains!

("The ballot must be the ultimate weapon of the working-class.")

Arouse, ye Sons of Labor, in factory, field, and city!
The morning breaks, the bugle shakes
Its clarion notes to wake ye from your rest, 'neath scorn and pity.
As lightning leaps from thunder, arouse in wrath and sunder
The chains that bind ye captive to the guarded Lords of Plunder.
Arouse, and strike to win your own in factory, field, and city!
Arouse, arouse, ye sons of toil, from every rank of Labor.
Not to a strife of leaping lead; of bayonet and sabre:
Ye are not murderers such as they who break ye, day and hour.
Arouse! unite! win back your world with a whirlwind stroke of Power.

Think on your wives who toil to death in factories of fever:
Your Sister's cry, a prayer to die
Unheeded amid ghastly mirth in the brothels where they leave her.
Look! from *your* ranks they take them, to bind and bruise and break them.
The fairest of your daughters pick, to wrong, abuse, forsake them.

Ye men defied, 'tis Woman cries, and will ye longer leave her?
Invisible the chains ye wear; but feel yet not their galling?
Can ye not hear, sore wrought with woe, your wives and daughters calling?
Shall these, your frail and fair, still die at the Masters' Profit-altar?
Arouse ye slaves of Work-and-wage;—too long ye blindly falter!

Listen!—in the grey dusk of dawn, your driven children weeping!
In dust and gloom, by the whirling loom
With stunted forms and haggard eyes, watch o'er the spindles keeping!
Your children,—they thus broken: and ye have only spoken,—
Your wrath despised. *Arise and strike!* for the Masters' hearts are oaken.
They've wrung your women; chained your children; shall ye still stay sleeping?
Awake, ye guards of Human Right, from every rank of Labor.
Not to a strife of murderous lead; of bayonet and sabre;
Arouse, to rend these wage-slave chains; blood-rusted links to sunder.
Unite! and then resistless strike, like lightning through the thunder!

FRED F. ROCKWELL.

Out of the Dump.

V.

Brother Bob.



FTER MOTHER and the two younger children returned from the Pest House, things seemed to happen very slowly to the Piper family. Mother washed her way through the weary years, pulling Sam and Maggie along somehow. And I hung on to my berth at the Van Kleecks, trying all the while to make a niche with them for myself, that would give me a real footing to stand on.

Bob never had a chance to go back to school. By the time he had worked out father's funeral bills at the undertaker's, he had found a place in one of the Canning Rooms down at the Yards. Every week he brought home his wages to mother and for several months he wore a happy little air and boasted of the time when he should make a home and support us all. He said he was the Man of the House.

But that same winter he lost two of his fingers working on a lapping machine. The company had never installed a "guard". Bob says they think it's foolish to use safety devices when life and limb and fingers are so cheap.

Mother had always been fearful of the dangers of the Yards since father was killed on the chute, and she refused to let Bob return.

During the year or two that followed, Bob worked at the Pickle Works. Nobody can say he was not industrious in those days. And Ambition is not a big enough word to express the heights to which he aspired.

The Van Kleecks posessed a library that would make a Book-lover leave any kind of a home, provided, of course, it did not contain a library too, and I helped myself to everything I wanted. But I was careful to replace each book exactly where I found it, and to return those I carried home for Bob to read.

Great fun we had reading together. The poorest book was a fund of humor if enjoyed with Bob. Nothing was stale or flat or unprofitable when he was my companion. I have read the ideas of "Great Men" and, since those days, have known men whom they call "intellectual", but I never knew any one who made so few mistakes about big things and little things, as Bob. He hadn't the "finesse" that clever people boast of, and so he never got lost hunting in the clouds for the solution of earthly problems. He looked Life squarely in the eyes and saw, and that was all. There may be a few clever people who have wandered, and struggled, and toiled, and at last arrived at the place where Bob started. But they are hard to find.

During an epidemic of diphtheria at the Home of the Friendless that winter, Tim and Katie were very ill. The first mother knew about it was when the Matron sent word that little Tim was dead. Katie slowly recovered and the next spring the institution secured a place where she was able to earn her board and clothes.

Kate was a peppery little tike with a lot of fight in her when she was five. But by the time she was graduated from the Home of the Friendless she had no more back-bone than a baby. And working two years for her board and clothes, finished the job. She was the best type of a servant I ever saw, as she did everything anybody told her to do, and had no spunk at all. Bob said it made him sick every time she came home to see mother, because she sat around as though she were waiting for orders.

For a whole year after Tim died, mother kept up a brave fight against the weakness she was unable to hide from Bob and me. Every time I went home I found her paler and thinner. It was almost impossible for her to take in any outside work, and if they had not had Bob to help, I don't know how mother would have managed.

The same winter Mr. Van Kleeck's cousin, an invalid widow from the East, came to live with the family. She possessed a comfortable income of her own, but the Vans catalogued her as a Poor Relation. She could not afford to maintain several establishments like their own, so Mr. Van promised that a pleasant suite on the third floor should be always ready for her.

Mrs. Bailey was a quiet little woman with more ideas in her head in a week than Mrs. Van Kleeck had experienced in her lifetime. And she happened to take a fancy to me.

I know I was a comfort to her for her eyes were not strong and books were her greatest pleasure, and it was not

long before she declared it was a delight to hear me read aloud. The comfort was not all on her side, for she paid me regularly two dollars every week. Although I had been assigned duties from the day of my advent at the Van Kleecks, this was the first time I had been given money in payment for my services.

This winter mother's condition grew rapidly worse. Unfortunately Mrs. Bailey had taken me with her to Pasadena, California. Nearly all my money went home regularly every week. No one wrote to me but Bob and he did not wish to spoil my holiday. So he bore the whole burden alone and it was several weeks before I knew how ill mother was.

One Saturday night the men at the factory where Bob worked saw a notice nailed upon the gates saying the company had decided to shut down the works for "a month or two." Bob was turned off like all the others, but he did not worry mother with the new trouble.

Afterward I learned what happened. Bob rose every morning, just as though he were working on the same old job, and paced up and down the streets hunting for work. Toward the end of the week he went down to the Charity Organization Bureau. His one hope, he told me, was that they would send mother to a good hospital. The next day the Investigator came down to the Dump to reconoitre.

She told mother it was very improper for the whole family to live in one room, and that it was no wonder she was sick. And she said Bob had better get to work or somebody would have him arrested for vagrancy. In a day or two the City Physician called and suggested that he would try to place mother in the County Hospital. He wasn't sure her trouble was tuberculosis but she might go into the Ward for Consumptives and await developments.

Bob was so angry that he offered to kick the City Physician up stairs, for he knew as well as anybody that no one ever came from the Tuberculosis Ward with sound lungs. If anybody went there strong and well, he was certain to contract the disease before he got out.

Bob remembered other horrors retailed to him by one of the packing house employees who had been, unfortunately, an inmate of that institution, and Bob unfolded his mind. Whereupon the City Physician declared he was a young "rough who ought to be in the House of Correction."

The possibility of Bob being arrested for vagrancy and the thought of having Sam and Maggie sent to the Home of the Friendless worried mother so incessantly, Bob said, that her fever failed to go down all through the day. She

said Sam and Maggie would die there just as Tim had.

When Bob wrote to me the next week, he said he had found a job working nights. He was doing "piece work" and meant to make it pay. A little later he wrote that he had found a doctor who was helping mother.

When mother was well enough to write, I learned that Bob was nursing her through most of the day and working nearly all night, and I told Mrs. Bailey that I should have to go home at once. She bought my ticket to the city and asked me to come back to her as soon as mother was well again.

When I ran down the old basement steps and tore open the door, I found mother sitting in new rocking chair with a shawl of some fluffy stuff about her shoulders. Sam and Maggie were in school. The two rooms they used now, looked very neat and almost cozy and Bob seemed very tall and efficient for a boy of eighteen. A carnation or two stood in a glass on the table and signs of repair and care were evident every place.

"Bobbie! You're a most wonderful big brother!" I said giving him a hug.

"How ever were you able to manage so nicely?"

"Who cares," asked Bob, "how anything happens so long as Mummie's getting well!" And he stooped to kiss her.

I was very glad to see the wheels revolving, but I could not help wondering about the job that had enabled Bob to engage a first class doctor, pay the rent and supply the family with food. Every evening he left home at eight o'clock and returned at two or three in the morning. He was "watching", he said, over at the Yards.

I could see a great change coming over Bob. When he spoke of the Pork Packers, he said "The Big Thieves" and when one of the Mahoney boys was "sloughed" for "lifting a watch", it seemed to break him all up for a day or two. He laughed less than in the old days and seemed to be thinking a lot. And his thoughts drew two hard lines about his mouth that made my heart ache.

"I'd like to break even with the guys that took off my two fingers," he said bitterly one day. "I want to beat those skins that get fat on us boys. They're *Thieves, big* thieves, and I'd like to beat them at their own game."

"Bobbie", I said. "That's the trouble. It *is their* game. You can't beat a man at his game. I've heard you say so yourself."

"I'm not so sure," said Bob doubtfully.

And I kept worrying about that job. But Bob never

could keep anything from me very long, and at last he confessed.

"It's *crooked,*" he said.

"Then it's *dangerous,*" I replied.

Then the hard lines crept up around his mouth and a twinkle came into his eyes. He always looks like that when he knows he can out-argue me.

"So's the lapping-machine dangerous", he said. And he held up his mutilated hand.

"Tell me about it, Bobbie," I demanded. But he would not say another word, though he finally promised to give it up as soon as mother was well again.

We assured ourselves that she was slowly regaining strength. The doctor prescribed tonics, port wine, olive oil, fresh milk, cream and eggs—expensive things for poor folks, but Bob got them.

I knew we were walking between two fires and that Bob was perilously near the blaze. But I had to be silent. Doctor Swift declared mother could not improve without these delicacies, and Bob alone was able to provide them. So I wrung my hands and hoped she would soon be about again.

I think in these days I began to understand Bob's point of view. He told it to me often enough.

"I can't get the things we need by *working* for them," he said, "so I'll get them the other way. Do you remember the time the Pork Packer's kid had something wrong with her knee? He sure put up the dough to have her fixed up. There was travel and consultations and finally one of the greatest surgeons in the world came across to do the job."

"Now *our* Dad got his *finish* working for that guy. Our family has given a lot to him. We've contributed Dad, and my fingers, 'en schooling—and mother—perhaps. But nobody asks how he got his money! Most people don't *care.* Floks never say *'How* did you get your money?' but 'Have you got any?' After this—I'm going to get *mine.*"

I was so fearful of the fate in store for Bobbie that I could not eat my meals. And then all of a sudden mother had a relapse and during the three months that followed grew gradually weaker. But Bob made her last days almost happy ones. The fairy tales we were obliged to tell her about Bob and his work, were many and beautiful. And her pride in her boy was a great joy to her.

"You will bring Katie back and keep Sam and Maggie in school after I'm gone?" she asked. And Bob promised to do his best. She said she wanted us to stick together and help each other. All the care our unskilled hands could bestow, we

lavished on the little mother, and Bob told the doctor he thought he might be able to borrow enough money to send her to a fine hospital, if that would do any good. But Dr. Swift said she was happier at home with us.

On the seventh of March late in the afternoon, she fell asleep. We all sat huddled up in the corner close to Bob. For the hard world was before us and henceforth we would have to make the fight alone.

Toward evening the rain began to come down in a slow weary, hopeless drizzle. Half a dozen women from the neighborhood came in and made supper for us. But no one was able to eat anything. Two of them offered to stay all night. They were very kind but Bob and I felt a loneliness in our hearts such as we had never known before.

About two o'clock in the morning another blow fell. It was two big policemen who came to arrest Bob for disposing of stolen property. It seems he had been selling long bars of valuable copper at one of the places where doubtful goods are handled. Bob confessed that he had bought the copper of two men and that he had sold it, but he refused to answer any more questions. And nobody was ever able to learn from him who the two men were or where they had obtained it.

This made the judge very hard on Bob. And before the week was over, he had been sentenced to serve a year at the House of Correction.

But Bob was "game" to the very last.

"Next time", he said, "I'll have enough money on hand to pay for a good lawyer."

"There isn't going to be any 'next' time", I replied. And then they took Bob away.

It seemed to me then, and often it seems to me now, that the world is all wrong. There ought to be some chance for a strong, intelligent boy like Bob, and a girl like me, to make a living without getting jailed.

It's a crime to be without work, and often we can't get work. It's a crime to beg (ask the Charity workers and they'll tell you how true this is) and it's painful to starve. Every poor man will say that Honesty and Poverty can't go very far—hand in hand because they starve to death, and Poverty and Dis-honesty don't go far either—because they land in jail. In those days my mind was just as blank about things as Taft's was when they asked him about the Problem of the Unemployed. He said "God knows." But I didn't believe anybody knew.

MARY E. MARCY.

The Evolution of an Intellectual.

The obsolescent ideals of Christianity and the Family have played leading roles in the drama of human progress,

—Robert Rives La Monte.



I WAS SENT TO INTERVIEW H....., who is well known for his essays, sketches and plays. My task was to get him to briefly trace his intellectual history, to name the principal influences that contributed to the unfolding of his mind. It took some tact, and a sympathetic understanding with his views to feel him out and get him talking, but once started he ran along fluently and easily. He gave a copious supply of psychological data of intense interest. No man has so well illustrated the truth of the biogenetic law of Ernest Haeckel as rendered by the distinguished Doctor William Bölsche, as has the irridescent and ever changing H.....

Here is H.....'s story:

"I was raised by strict and narrow parents. They were straightlaced church goers and put me through 'a course of sprouts'. That is, they saw that I attended Church, Sunday-school and family prayers regularly. There was a revival, our whole family was awakened and the decision was reached to have me baptized. Accordingly at the age of 12, I was immersed together with a dozen of my elders.

"That day was an eventful one for me. I remember running home in my wet clothes, and, as I changed them for dry ones, the incident suddenly struck me ludicrously and I laughed heartily at myself. But I quickly recovered sobriety, the thought of hypocrisy struck me; and that brought me up with a jerk.

"Until 18, I was a professed and earnest believer. My mind alternated between stimulated mysticism and cold self-analysis. I was either in the heaven of warm emotional belief, or in the hell of cold matter-of-fact doubt.

"At 18, I was sent to a denominational academy. Here away from home influences, I began to enjoy the pleasures of the society of those of my own age. On account of delicate

health, I could not shine as an athlete or a beau. Consequently, I took refuge in reading. I haunted the library, and pored over books and papers.

"One time while sitting here alone, I picked up an article by Herbert Spencer on 'The Knowable and the Unknowable.'

"The article struck me so forcibly that I reperused it and then went to my room and wrote my father that I was beginning to doubt the existance of a God, and that it was really unknowable whether He existed or not.

"I had no idea of the pain this would inflict on my dear old parents, or I should have paused a long while before sending this dart into their loving hearts.

"My father wrote me a tender remonstrance, urging me to think further before coming to such an illogical conclusion.

"I took his advice and dipped into the 'First Principles,' and other works too deep for my ken. What little I could gain from them but further strengthened my impressions. At last, I proudly pronounced myself an Agnostic. In this I differed from the usual undergraduate, who thinks, if he does not claim, that he knows it all.

"During the following vacation, I happened across 'Progress and Poverty' by Henry George. The doctrine of the single taxer made a profound impression on my mind.

"So at an early age, I became radical in religion and politics. Then came college. I entered immediately into the study of philosophy and economics. My Professors said George's stand was based on the assumption that the poor were getting poorer and the rich richer; whereas, the fact was, the poor were getting richer and the rich richer; they proceeded to prove this allegation. Then they closed by stating as a matter of logic, if his main premise failed, certainly his conclusion fell with it.

"Thus they laid out George! But we of his crowd would have none of their sophistries, so we sent for the famous single taxer to come and confound his enemies. He came and got into a squabble, and it is hard for me to tell who really got the best of it. As to agnosticism Spencer was accessible along with Darwin and Huxley, so that my faith in evolutionary doctrines was strengthened each year, and I emerged more of an Agnostic than ever.

"For the next few years came business and family affairs. I read and wrote mostly along ephemeral lines.

"Finally I struck Karl Marx. This book was now done in English, so I procured it and saw George out-Georged! My professors had taken many a slap at Marx and as Marx

was not yet translated, I had to take their views of him,—which too they got on faith from somebody else. From Marx's economics, I went by slow stages to Joseph Dietzgen's philosophy of cosmic materialism. I saw it was more in conformity with the facts of the Universe than Agnosticism.

"You see my mind has been swiftly drifting along a rapid stream of thought. Needless to say, this has been reflected in my writings, and I have been confronted with the charge of inconsistency and instability.—This is true. Dietzgen says:

" 'Stable motion and mobile stability constitute the reconciling contradiction, which enables us to reconcile all contradictions.' "

"This, my friends, is the history of how I lost my tadpole's tail and became a full fledged frog, according to the biogenetic law of Ernest Haeckel as laid down in the luminous rendition of the learned Doctor William Bölsche."

Thus ended the interview with the famous H..... The psychological changes were in his case largely the results of reading.

I suppose this is because in his lonely environment he did not have the stimulating influence of meeting and absorbing the ideas of other intellectuals; so that his mind moved through cataclysms rather than through the slow evolutionary growth experienced by those who, owing to their high social environment, daily assimilate the world's lastest thought unconsciously.

Robin Dunbar.

Jack London's Visit to Papeete, Tahiti.



HE CLIMATE in the South Sea Islands is the most beautiful in the world and the little Island of Tahiti a veritable potential earthly paradise! Prior to the time Captain Cook and his men first invaded the island a healthy, happy, hospitable people lived here. The merry laughter of the slim and darkskinned maidens rang through the woods, while the stalwart youths plied the teeming sea waters for fish. Cocoanuts were plentiful in the forests and their small plantations furnished the bread fruit, bananas and the delicious mangoes. A strip of bark from a buran sapling served for a "g" string and they were garbed in the free and healthful fashion of the day. It was rarely necessary for any one to work more than one or two hours daily in order to supply his wants.

But the ravages of the white man are baring the island. Already the great trees are falling beneath their stroke and the foot hills seem bare with their scant covering of lantana and small scrubby trees.

Gradually Civilization with all its miseries has stolen in upon these once happy people and bound them in its chains. Genuine hospitality has given place to a mere show of hospitality; uniform home industry has yielded to spasmodic slavery and sottish idleness. The kind and friendly expression in the faces of the natives has given way to looks furtive and suspicious. The White Man has crushed them and there is hate in their hearts. The adulterated alcoholic liquors sold here—whenever the natives have any money to spend—make dangerous beasts of them. For they long always to revenge themselves upon those who have brought misery to Tahiti—The Gem of the South Seas.

All the islanders are forced to pay a tax of nine dollars a year to the French Administration. Even visitors who have lived here a year are required to pay this sum. Nine dollars in gold is, to the native, much like the home mortgage to the old woman in New England. All year the thought of this payment hangs over his head. If he fails to find the money the sheriff carries off his household furniture, of whatever it may consist. As there is almost no way for the natives to earn

this money, many of them have been sold out and have moved into the town, where they live in rented rooms. The elementary schools are very poor, and there are no high schools.

Neither are there industries upon the island and the young men must either clean the stables of the officers or fish with their fathers.

And the gentlemen tourists, the government officials, the whalers, the deck hands,—the men of Civilization who visit Tahiti—they have come with flirtation and love story to these poor fair native girls until now their shame is told in every port the world over. But they cannot live without money and again we see that the call of the Stomach is mightier than the call of Virtue.

Forty churches and some sixty missionaries cumber the once fair land of Tahiti. And it is these "Gospel Merchants" who most profit by the miseries of these poor girls. On Sunday you may find them attending the big new Fare Pure (Church) and when the fat missionary passes the pan, they drop many dollars into it. They believe then, that they have received absolution for their past sins. It would surprise you to see the various missionaries accepting these offerings with closed lips. They would not stop the flow of those silver dollars and they are silent.

I heard a prominent missionary make a plea one day for a collection for the poor in France, while the poor in France were sending money to teach the heathen in Tahiti. I asked him about it.

After much equivocating, he said, "We believe in teaching the people in one part of the world to have a brotherly feeling for those in other countries." You see he **did** believe in "Brotherhood".

The average wage paid in Tahiti is 70 cents for a nine hour day and whole families often live in a single one-room hut, in this great and glorious country where Nature scatters her blessings with a lavish hand.

When the natives are sick, they may go to the Government Hospital (French) free, but they have to wait their turn and there are always more than a hundred on the waiting list. The French Government will not permit the native doctors to practice. So the inhabitants must take French treatment (if they live to have their turn at the Hospital) or die.

This is now the festal time (July 14th.) in Tahiti and the natives are gathered here from all parts of the South Seas to join in the good time. The songs they sing are, many of

them, about the Good Mother Country France, and how happy and prosperous they all are. Slowly the French are trying to instill into these poor natives, germs of patriotism. One thing I have particularly noticed is that the missionaries always support the Government officials no matter to what extent their actions may carry them. To them the Powers that Rule can do no wrong.

* * *

I was very happy the morning Mr. and Mrs. Jack London came sailing into Papeete Harbor in their "Snark!" To see somebody who had been out in the world where the glorious Socialist Movement is striding forward!

"Harry mai"! (Come here) I shouted to a native. "I'll give you ten cents to paddle me out to that boat."

The native assented and we were soon paddling out to meet the long-looked-for "Snark". I had fastened my red apron to a bamboo pole and waved it vigorously at the visitors till we came close enough to recognize each other.

"Hello, Jack!" I shouted.

"Hello, Darling," responded Jack, for he had met me in Oakland, California.

"We hear you have Scarlet Fever on board", I shouted.

"No", replied Jack rather perplexed.

"Well, we've got it here", said I, waving the red flag again.

"O!" said Mrs. London, "Why he means Socialism!"

"Sure", said I and then they invited me on board.

We had a busy chat while the Captain tacked across the harbor to the wharf. Some other socialist friends and I helped them get their baggage ashore and then treated our welcome comrades to Tahitian mangos and bananas.

They located in a pleasant part of the town while the Captain began much-needed repairs on the engines, which were in very bad condition.

Jack and Mrs. London were the best company in the world, and relished every spark of humor that came their way. And they are socialists from the ground up.

The comrades of Tahiti wanted Jack to give a public lecture. When I went to secure a hall, I was informed that I must first get permission from the Chief of Police. This dignitary informed me that he would have to consult with the Governor. After dallying around for three or four days, we finally received permission to invite Mr. London to give us a talk on Socialism. To add to our difficulties, we had to do considerable coaxing and assuring to obtain the consent of the hall-owner.

At last all was arranged and we had a very interesting

audience. But the suspicious French Government had the Chief of Police stationed in the rear of the hall with an interpreter at his side to tell him everything Mr. London said in his lecture on "The Revolution."

When they found that we did not intend to bombard Oceania then and there, they were taken aback, and a little embarrassed by their childish precautions.

But the smokeless, noiseless powder Jack used sent the arguments home and the Frenchmen were unable to return the blows with any effect.

The meeting closed in accordance with the town ordinance, at ten o'clock. The majority of the English speaking residents of Tahiti were present and everybody seemed greatly pleased with this pioneer lecture on Socialism.

E. W. DARLING.

Papeete, Tahiti, Oceania.

"The First Bomb."

By Belokonski. Translated from Russian.

I.



VAN SOROKIN, a young man of twenty, was returning to his store. Evidently he was in no hurry to get back to the counter; he was walking leisurely along the street, hands behind his back, whistling a merry tune, and continually stopping in front of display windows and minutely examining everything there.

He had just stopped to light a cigarette, when he was suddenly seized by three policemen, who threw him into a cab and drove away, showering blows upon his head whenever he tried to remonstrate. Not understanding what it was all about, he hoped that the matter would be cleared up at the police court, whither he was being driven. But when he got there and began to complain to the inspector the latter beat him till blood began to flow and then shoved him into a dark cell.

Exhausted, covered with blood, helpless and hopeless, Sorokin was on the verge of madness. When his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he noticed an ikon in the corner, and getting down on his knees he began to pray fervently. But at that moment the door opened, and he was roughly, nay brutally, dragged from the cell. Though offering no resistance, he was handcuffed, placed in a closed carriage, taken to jail and thrown into a cell, where he fainted.

II.

George Formalin, advisor to the state administration, a man of about sixty, had just finished his tea, and as it was about 11 o'clock he started for the administration building. As he was coming out of the house he saw an unknown young man hurrying down the steps and before the door he noticed a round object wrapped in paper. Formalin came to a standstill and for a few seconds fearfully regarded the object; then, recollecting himself, he hurriedly re-entered the house and ordered that no one should leave by the front door. Having given this order he locked the door and rushed down the stairs to the porter. But the porter was nowhere in sight, and Formalin ran out on the street and asked his coachman, who

was waiting for him with the carriage:

"Did you see who went out of the house just now?"

"Yes, your Excellency," answered the coachman, "a young man, dressed in——"

"Where did he go?"

"Around the corner. Why, there he is crossing the street."

"Policeman," shouted the advisor.

The policeman came up running, and saluted his superior. The latter whispered something in his ear and pointed out the person noticed by the coachman.

"Yes, your Excellency," answered the policeman and blew his whistle.

III.

"Drive to the governor!" ordered the advisor, entering his carriage. In fifteen minutes Formalin, greatly excited, was entering the reception room of the governor.

"Does his Excellency receive?" he asked, turning to the secretary.

"Not yet," answered the latter, bowing respectfully, "but he probably will soon."

"Announce me. I have a very important matter."

"Yes, sir."

"The secretary went out, and Formalin began to pace the floor impatiently. The latter soon returned and told him the governor would see him. Formalin quickly entered the governor's private office.

"What's the matter?" asked the governor.

"They placed a bomb in front of my door," answered the advisor, looking straight at the governor.

"A bomb?" exclaimed the governor, instinctively stepping back.

"Yes, a bomb."

"Well, and what happened? Who did it? How? What steps have you taken?"

"I was going out of the house when I saw a young man hurriedly coming down the steps; before the door a bomb.

"So it has reached us at last? Well, was the guilty one arrested?"

"I pointed him out to the policeman, but do not know."

"Well, we will soon find out. Take a chair, George."

IV.

The governor rang the bell, and the secretary promptly came to the door.

"Send the chancellor to me at once," ordered the governor.

"Yes, sir," answered the secretary and turned to go, but the governor stopped him with a new order:

"Phone the chief of police to come here."

"He has just arrived."

"That's good. Send him in at once. Another thing: tell the petitioners, if any come, that I do not receive to-day."

"Yes, sir."

The secretary went out and a minute later the chief of police entered.

"Well, do you know what has happened?" asked the governor.

"Yes, your Excellency," answered the chief in a loud voice; "the sergeant will soon bring in the report, but I hurried here to announce it in person."

"Well, let us hear how the matter stands."

According to the order of his Excellency (pointing to Formalin), the policeman, after calling two more to his help, followed the culprit, and when the latter, thinking all was safe, stopped, they seized him."

"Fine," put in the governor, "recommend them for promotion."

"I took the liberty to order the sergeant to mention them in the report."

"Yes, yes. Well, go on!"

"The prisoner put up a strong fight."

"Aha! he resisted?"

"Yes, it was necessary to use force."

"Of course, of course!"

"You could not be expected to pat them on the head," put in the advisor.

"Well," asked the governor impatiently, "have you identified him?"

"Not yet, your Excellency; the first thing I did was to prevent any possibility of escape, and so ordered him put in chains; then I informed the gendarme department and the district attorney, and the latter ordered to send him to jail."

"Quite right, quite right."

At that moment the secretary announced the arrival of the chancellor.

"Show him in," replied the governor.

The secretary went out, and the chancellor, with a portfolio under his arm, entered and bowed.

"Good morning, Peter," the governor greeted him, extending his hand.

"Good morning, your Excellency," answered the chancellor. Then he shook hands with Formalin.

"Well, have you heard?" asked the governor.

"Yes, the chief of police told me all about it."

"You had better call up the chief of the gendarme department and the district attorney."

"Yes, sir."

"Then, it is imperative to send a telegram at once to the minister of the interior. How many times we told them of the necessity of having martial law here, and yet they do not pay any attention to us."

"I suppose he is waiting till some one gets hurt before he will do anything," put in Formalin.

"Ha, ha; so you have joined the opposition and find fault with the government? Ha, ha! Well, though I am a governor I fully agree with you. Indeed it looks as if they are waiting till we are blown to pieces by bombs. As a matter of fact, bomb throwing has become an every-day occurrence and it is but natural to expect it here also. Well, it is here. Peter, finish the telegram as follows: Repeating my former requests, I again ask for the establishment of martial law here. You also, chief, have often expressed your view in this."

"Yes, indeed, your Excellency," answered the chief; "why even at ordinary times the police have all they can do to handle the rabble. We have not even got a good detective force."

"Undoubtedly," agreed the governor. "Why, even now, if it had not been for an accident, if Mr. Formalin had not happened to go to work, the house might be already demolished. By the way, what object could there be in placing a bomb in front of Mr. Formalin's residence?"

"I think, your Excellency," answered the chief, lowering his voice and looking around, "that this was an attempt on your life."

"You think so?"

"You see, your Excellency is accustomed, though rarely, to visit Mr. Formalin and so they might have——"

"Very likely, very likely. I will have to call the attention of the gendarme department and the district attorney to this; and you, Peter, inform the minister of the interior of the opinion expressed by the police."

The chancellor nodded assent. At that moment the secretary announced the arrival of the sergeant from the 3d district.

"Let him come in," ordered the governor.

The sergeant entered and saluted.

V.

"Your report." The chief extended his hand.

"Here it is," answered the sergeant, handing the paper.

"Permit me, your Excellency, to run through and sign it."

"All right, go ahead," answered the governor, and, turning to the sergeant, he said: "In the meantime you tell us how the matter stands. Yes, Peter, go ahead and do what's necessary; call up the district attorney, the chief of the gendarme deparment, send the telegram, and you might also tell the colonel of the regiment to come here."

"Yes, sir," answered the chancellor, and went out.

"Well, go ahead." The governor again turned to the sergeant.

"At the present moment, your Excellency, the police, together with the assistant district attorney and the adjutant of the chief of the gendarme department are making a preliminary examination. The bomb is guarded by two policemen and no one is allowed to leave or enter the house. But they do not know how to examine the bomb itself, and they are discussing plans."

"Yes indeed!"

"The report is ready, your Excellency," the chief interrupted the governor, handing him the paper.

"All right, thank you. It contains everything that you told me?"

"Everything, your Excellency."

"Very well. Go and take further measures and increase the surveillance. To-morrow we will probably have martial law proclaimed here. About the bomb, now? Indeed it is dangerous to handle it."

"Had I not better call out the fire department, your Excellency?" asked the chief.

"The fire department? Well, you might. That's in case the bomb bursts?"

"Yes, your Excellency. A fire might start and——"

"Yes, yes, of course. By the way, have we no instructions regarding bombs?"

"None whatever, your Excellency."

"Strange! What are they thinking of in Petersburg, anyway? Bombs have been known for so long a time, and yet it is not known what to do with them."

"Perhaps I had better invite the city doctor?"

"Ha, ha. What has the doctor to do with it?"

"Don't know, your Excellency. I was just thinking that doctors make all sorts of mixtures. Well, perhaps the druggist."

"No, no! If anyone, it would sooner be the instructor in chemistry or physics."

"Shall I invite them?"

"Well, you had better see the legal department. They will tell you what to do."

"Yes, your Excellency." The chief and the sergeant withdrew.

VI.

"And you, George," the governor turned to the advisor of the state administration, "had better wait till the arrival of the district attorney and the chief of the gendarme department. We will talk it over together. Then, too, we had better call in the lieutenant-governor. Yes, we are having great times."

"Terrible!" assented Formalin.

They both became silent and with bowed heads began to pace the floor. In a little while the secretary came in and announced:

"Your Excellency, the chief of police wants to talk to you personally over the phone."

"Personally?"

"Yes, sir. I asked him to tell me what the matter was, but he said that he must speak to you personally."

"Then he must have discovered something new," said the governor, going to the phone. He soon returned pale and excited.

"What is the matter?" asked the terrified Formalin; "did it burst?"

"You have made a fine mess! There is no bomb at all!"

"What?"

"Yes. The chief of police will explain to you in a minute."

Formalin stood speechless in the middle of the room, while the governor was pacing to and fro, until the chief of police arrived.

VII.

"Well, what is the matter?" asked the governor impatiently.

"Well, you see, your Excellency, there was a misunderstanding."

"Go ahead, and say what it was."

"His excellency (pointing to Formalin) was mistaken."

"Good Lord! Misunderstanding! Mistaken! But what is it? What is it?"

"It was not a bomb at all, but a lamp globe. While the examination was being held, the porter appeared and explained the matter as follows: 'Mr. Formalin's wife bought a globe and had it sent to the house. The porter met the clerk on the way and told him to leave it near the door, and that when he returned he would take it up himself.'"

At that moment the district attorney and the chief of the gendarme department came in.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," said the governor, "but it seems that I have bothered you without any reason."

"Yes," answered the district attorney, "I just met my assistant and it seems that the round object which terrified Mr. Formalin so much was nothing but a lamp globe."

"That is just what the chief of police has been telling me this moment. Well, go on."

"And at the moment when the clerk was going down the stairs," continued the chief, "his Excellency came out and——"

"In such uncertain times it is natural for one to be suspicious," interrupted Formalin; "all the papers are full——"

"Well, we won't talk any more about it," answered the governor.

"Of course, the first thing to do is to free the prisoner at once," said the district attorney.

"Of course," agreed the governor and added: "Perhaps you had better do it right off by telephone, and make out the papers afterwars."

"With pleasure."

The district attorney, the governor and the rest went into the reception room. The district attorney went to the phone and asked to be connected with the jail, then began to talk to the jail warden. Suddenly the receiver fell from his hands, and himself, pale as a ghost, leaned against the wall, looking dazedly at those present.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed the governor, taking him by the hand.

"Do you know what the warden just told me?" quietly asked the district attorney.

"What?"

"The prisoner was brought there all beaten up, never recovered consciousness and has just died."

All shuddered and looked at the chief of police. He looked at the ground.

Translated by George Morgan.



The Red Special. A special train carrying Eugene V. Debs, socialist candidate for the presidency, together with other speakers and a load of enthusiastic socialists, is now touring the United States from Chicago to the Pacific, and back to the Atlantic. It is a splendid object lesson to show the growing strength of the political movement of the working class in the United States. It will reassure the timid converts who are afraid of throwing their votes away. Best of all, it will bring the socialist message to at least a million workers who might otherwise have missed it. We socialists are slow to become enthusiastic over an individual; we want no "leaders"; we prefer to do our own thinking. But we must have spokesmen, the more the better, and we are fortunate in the spokesman who will have the widest hearing this year. Debs is a clear-headed revolutionist; that is the essential thing and fortunately we have many other spokesmen for whom the same can be said. But he is also warm-hearted; he loves people and they love him. He is a hard fighter; there is nothing uncertain about the blows he levels at capitalism, but all the time there is a winsomeness about his personality that few can resist. And in the discussion of public policies leading up to the November election, the advantage is all on his side before an audience of wage-workers. Taft can readily convince a capitalist that injunctions where labor troubles occur are essential to "business interests". Debs can as readily show a wage-worker that if he wants to get what he produces, he, and not the capitalist, must control not only the judges who issue injunctions, but also the tools with which he produces wealth. The cost of the Red Special is estimated at $20,000; it is money well spent. Enough to cover the western half of the trip was practically in sight when the train started, on August 30. The rest of the money is needed at once and we advise every reader of the Review who can spare a dollar or more for the Red Special to mail it at once to J. Mahlon Barnes, National Secretary, 180 Washington street, Chicago.

What We Can Do This Year. For the next two months both impossibilists and opportunists may well suspend discussion of our differences and talk of the things on which we unite. It may or may not be possible, it may or may not be desirable to place a large number of socialists in office this year, or one, two or four years from now, but it is certainly possible and desirable to bring more and more wage-workers each year to understand that the most effective way to win happiness for themselves and their children is to do away with capitalism. More effective methods of organization are desirable and will come, but a certain amount of propaganda and education must precede organization, must, in other words, supply the recruits that are to be organized. This propaganda and this education are being carried on now, in the midst of this presidential campaign, more actively and more effectively than ever before. Let us all unite at it, and when the smoke clears away after election, take up questions of tactics again with more data to work on.

Not Guilty. Mr. Bryan's recent speeches are largely devoted to defending himself and his associates in the Democratic party against the charge of being Socialists. He proves his case. Twelve years ago many "half-baked Socialists", the writer of this paragraph among them, voted for Mr. Bryan because they imagined that he was headed for the Co-operative Commonwealth. They have learned better. If any still make this mistake, it is not Mr. Bryan's fault. He is sincerely and consistently advocating a political program designed to restore competition, to dethrone the trust magnate and put the little capitalist in his place. Of course that can not be done, but the point we wish to urge here is that if it could be done it would not be a step toward the realization of the Socialist program but away from it. The big capitalists are perfecting a social organization of production as fast as they can. In some departments of industry this organization is nearly complete, in others it is far from being so. One thing that the capitalists need in carrying on this essential work is a political administration that will keep hands off and let them do as they like. This they believe Taft will give them and they are probably right. Now where does the wage-worker come in? His ultimate interest is to abolish capitalism. This can not come about until capitalism has run its course, and any such petty obstructions as Bryan in office could rear, would simply delay things. And his immediate interest is to have a job. In the excellent little article on pages 135 and 136 of last month's Review, Clarence Meily showed that there are plenty of jobs at such times as the capitalists are reinvesting the surplus value produced by the workers in new machinery of production. The capitalists seem to think, and they ought to know as well as any one, that such reinvestment would be discouraged and retarded by the election of Bryan. So that if one indirect effect of voting for Debs would be to hurt Bryan's chances, the wage-worker need not be anxious on that score.

"Something Right Now." The Socialist party platform embodies a number of general, industrial and political "demands" of greater or less importance. It is to be regretted that at least two of our party papers have printed these demands without the Declaration of Principles, in a way that would give a distorted idea of the purposes and methods of the Socialist party. If the party had no other excuse for existence than these "demands," it would be quite superfluous. The "demands," or most of them, are likely to be conceded by the capitalists within the next few years. And the quickest way to get them conceded is not to agitate for *them* but for possession of the whole machinery of production. Two million votes secured by a clear-cut appeal to the class interests of wage-workers would frighten the capitalists into conceding public works for the unemployed, government railways, telegraphs and coal mines, eight hour laws, child labor laws, state insurance and other reforms asked for in our program. If we elect men to the state legislatures or to congress, these men may well put a deal of careful work on the details of such reforms, and try to make each law as favorable to wage-workers as possible, but in our general work of propaganda and education, let us put all the emphasis on the principles of Socialism upon which we are agreed.

Mr. Taft on the Defensive. On Aug. 29 Mr. Taft opened his campaign in a speech at Athens, Ohio. The most interesting portion of his speech deals with the question of injunctions. He denies that he invented these, but he holds that they are a good thing. He says:

"The civilization of our country depends on our making the courts more effective and in giving them power which shall enable and require them to do their work more quickly, so that justice may not drag on one, two or three years.

"I am sure that the intelligent working men of this country, when they come to face the question of whether they wish the tribunals for the administration of justice weakened to the point so that the people may laugh at them or whether they wish them to be sustained, will forget their particular and especial interest in a class of cases and, like patriots as they are, rise to the point of saying that the administration of the courts must be held high, that the power of the court be held up, so that they can enforce their own orders."

These words should be convincing to any capitalist, large or small, or to any workingman whose mind has not been hopelessly weakened by capitalist morality. Mr. Taft is undoubtedly right in claiming that if capitalism is to go on, "the power of the courts must be held up." The real question is whether it is for the advantage of the man who is to cast his vote that capitalism continue. If you believe it is "justice" that the capitalist class should take all you produce except a bare living, the logical thing to do is to vote for Taft. If you have come to the conclusion that you want to get what you produce, vote for Debs.



It is a real revolution that has taken place in Turkey—though some of the great political journals seem not yet to have discovered the fact. No better case could be cited to show to what an extent international politics have become an abstract science. There is an outbreak in the Turkish army. Straightway the French and English papers discover that it is all a plot of the Kaiser's to overthrow British supremacy. German papers, not to be outdone, connect it with the recently formed Anglo-Russian *entente*. Marvelous ingenuity is brought to bear; every possible element in the situation is analyzed—except the feelings of the Turks themselves.

And in truth the revolution appears to be nothing more nor less than a tardy assertion of the national spirit of these neglected Turks. Perhaps after all it has not been the nation which has been "The Sick Man of Europe," but only the autocracy. For about thirty years now the powers have kept the Sultan on his shaky throne. Five separate times they have outlined reforms, but never has an honest attempt at improvement been made. Every sign of a popular movement has been instantly crushed. The powers have found it to their advantage to have an autocracy, but a weak one dependent on their support rather than on public good-will. So the most flagrant abuses have flourished. Ministers and generals have heaped up fortunes while soldiers and state employes have gone unpaid. There has been no such thing as religious freedom. Brigandage has been so common as to excite little comment. Thousands of the most intelligent subjects of the Sultan have been sent into exile. The powers did nothing, or next to nothing, to put an end to all this.

For a long time it has been known that a committee of exiles with headquarters at Paris has been planning a revolt. Its followers are known as the Young Turks. So secretly was their propaganda carried on that no serious attention was given to it. When their plans were finally executed the whole world was taken by surprise. The Turkish army has long been in a state of semi-revolt. More than once there have been accounts of whole regiments, headed by their officers, marching to headquarters and demanding their pay. Early in the month of July affairs seemed to be coming to a head. From Monastir, Saloniki, and other parts of Macedonia came reports of the murder of officers. Then, about July 16th, the news was heralded abroad that a large part of the Macedonian army was in organized rebellion. It was led by Niazi Bey and other officers, mostly educated in the west. These men set up a provisional government, issued a proclamation to the citizens and began to receive taxes. By July 21st they were strong enough to demand of the Sultan the restoration of the constitution of 1876.

The Sultan did everything in his power to oppose the rising tide, but soon discovered his weakness and conceded everything that was asked of him. Within a few days Said Pasha, a comparatively liberal man, was made Grand Vizer and a constitution was granted. The reactionaries were driven from the cabinet, and a general amnesty was proclaimed to all political prisoners and exiles. On August 6th Said Pasha had to give way to a still more liberal minister, Kamil Pasha. The Sultan assured his subjects in a solemn proclamation that he would faithfully keep his promises. On his public appearances he was everywhere received with acclamation. Throughout the army the soldiers were required to swear fealty to the new constitution.

This new constitution is more liberal than those of some western nations, Prussia's, for example. It provides, first of all, for equality before the law regardless of race or religion. Freedom of movement, of speech and of press are unconditionally guaranteed. A parliament elected by popular ballot is provided for, to meet for the first time on November 14th. The ministry is to be a responsible one, like that of England.

Just what of permanent good will come of all this it is difficult to say at the present writing (Aug. 22nd). For the moment a committee of the Young Turks is virtually the government. The Sultan issues decrees and dismisses or appoints ministers at its behest. There is even talk of its deposing Abdul Hamid in favor of his brother, the Prince Reshad. This committee seems to have the masses of the people behind it, and there is every reason to hope for its ultimate success. Even the triumphs which it has so far achieved must be a revelation to the politicians who have engineered things for the powers. The marauding bands which have terrorized Macedonia for generations have disappeared. Religious freedom has instantly put an end to warring among the sects.

Nevertheless the Young Turk committee at Paris fears a reaction. No doubt the Sultan would back down the moment he dared to, and the foreign offices of the powers have not yet declared themselves. It is a sore thing for diplomats to have the work of thirty years overthrown by an awkward revolution. Turkey as an independent power will be a new force to reckon with, and more than one adaptation will have to be made in order to preserve the precious balance of power. So, as I said above, it is difficult to foretell just what will come of it all.

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Australia.—So rapidly are things moving in Australia that it is difficult to remember that a little over a year ago there was on that great continent no real Socialist party. There were gorups, or clubs, at Sydney, Broken Hill and elsewhere, but they worked separately, with no common declaration of principles or plan of organization. A little over a year ago representatives of these groups met at Melbourne and joined forces under the name of Socialist Federation of Australia. On the 13th of June last the Federation held its first annual conference at Sydney. This date will go down as one of the turning points in the history of Australasian Socialism. Reports from the various provinces showed rapid growth, and the delegates felt justified in laying the foundations of a real national party. A plan was adopted in accordance with which the local groups in each province will be organized as a state party and these parties in turn will be united in the S. F. A. Conditions of membership, etc., are to be uniform. A Socialist labor bureau was founded and plans

drafted for the carrying on of political campaigns. It was decided to consolidate the papers now representing Socialism, *The International Socilist Review,* Sydney; *The Socialist,* Melbourne, and *The Flame,* Broken Hill, and publish them as one weekly either at Melbourne or Sydney. This publication is to be supplemented by a monthly review. The latest news is that the comrades in New Zealand have applied for membership in the Australian organization.

What all this means to the movement can be realized only by those who have been watching for some time the turmoil of things political and social in Australia. Never was there a body of workers more alive than there, never a time when there was less faith in palliatives. Therefore it would be hard to find a time or place where a clean-cut Socialist organization could do more for the cause. Already good results of consolidation are appearing: new groups are being formed at Brisbane, Newcastle and other places.

Nevertheless a friendly onlooked cannot help feeling some uneasiness at the present moment. The discussions at the conference showed that the Federation has much to do in the way of grounding its membership in social and economic theory. A good many Australian Socialists, it appears, lack faith in the labor union movement. To an American the Australian unions seem very advanced: they recognize the class struggle and fight capitalism at nearly every point. In the form of a labor party they have got control of a number of municipalities and have a strong faction in the federal parliament. Time and again they have come out squarely against unfair legislation. Just recently, for example, in New South Wales they have refused to comply with the provisions of the new arbitration law, known as the Industrial Disputes Act. In fact, their history shows that they are steadily moving toward the Socialist position. Nevertheless Australian Socialists have no faith in them. To one at a distance it looks as though the Australian Federation were in grave danger of getting into the same fix which our own Socialist Labor party finds itself so uncomfortably at the present time. Your doctrine may be pure as you please; if you have alienated the workers you are trying to save you may as well bury it quietly and say no more.

These reflections are suggested particularly by the debate which took place at the conference anent the relations with the I. W. W. A loose and ambiguous motion adopted after warm debate closed with the statement, "The conference is of opinion that the work of the I. W. W. Club can and should be performed by the Socialist organizations." In the debate one of the delegates declared that he apprehended danger to the I. W. W. if it was "strengthened to the degree of becoming a separate factor." That is, it is unsafe to leave even an industrially organized labor movement to work out its own salvation; the political wing must remain supreme. If experience counts for anything this policy will prove a heavy handicap both to Socialism and industrial unionism.

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Germany.—On June 23rd there met in Hamburg one of the most interesting and inspiring labor conventions on record. It was the sixth triennial congress of the German *Gewerkschaften,* or labor unions. There were in attendance 324 delegates representing one of the largest and best organized labor bodies in the world. During the past three years this organization has nearly doubled its membership. At present it is near the two million mark.

In two ways the deliberations of this congress are particularly

suggestive to an American proletarian. In the first place they indicated the final amalgamation, in spirit as well as form, of German Socialism and unionism. There have been some little misunderstandings during the past year between the two wings of the movement—particularly in relation to the May Day celebration. But these were all brushed aside. The congress gave its full approval to the combined action of the Executive Committee of the party and the General Commission of the unions. In closing the last session the chairman proclaimed amidst an outburst of enthusiasm: "We are justified in saying that there is today no radical disagreement between the two great wings of the labor movement."

France.—These are critical days in the history of the French labor movement. In the August number of THE REVIEW I gave a brief account of the massacre at Draveil. After that occurrence there was no end of discussion in French papers of all descriptions as to what was to be done about it. Gradually it became evident that M. Clemenceau and his cabinet are bent on breaking up the *Federation General du Travail.* They have been told that the organization is legal and that if it is dissolvd another will immediately take its place. Not daring to make an open attack, therefore, they are harrassing the labor movement in every way possible. Needless to say, they are loyally supported by all the bourgeois parties.

Labor leaders have naturally been considering ways and means of meeting the attack. In order to understand their differences of opinion one must remember that there is in the French union movement a large element that has no faith in political action. Time and time again they have been betrayed by "Socialist" leaders who have used them as stepping-stones to office. And now they depend exclusively on physical force. It is the disagreement between this faction and the Socialists that constitutes the weakness of the French labor movement.

As regards the Draveil affair the physical forcists had their way. It was decided to make a popular demonstration of sympathy for those killed in the massacre. So on July 30th thousands of laborers—mostly representing the building trades—walked the fifteen kilometers from Paris to Draveil with banners flying. At Villeneuve there occurred a clash with the troops. The workers barricaded themselves in classic style, but could make no effective opposition. The fight was incredibly brutal. Five workmen were killed and many wounded. After this dramatic occurrence excitement ran high in the French capital. On August 3rd the Federation ordered a "general" strike. Only twenty thousand men responded and the move was generally considered a failure.

In *L'Humanite* for August 4th M. Jaures enters into a general discussion of the whole affair. His conclusion is that the workers have been ill advised. They have undertaken tasks beyond their present strength. He does not oppose the general strike, but maintains that before it is to be seriously thought of the labor movement must be better organized than at present. To this work of organization all Socialists are called upon to give undivided support.

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Finland.—The Socialist victories in the election of July 1st and 2nd justify the enthusiasm they have called forth only because they are an earnest of greater things to come. To be sure our Finnish comrades gained three seats in the provincial legislature in a campaign in which every means had been called into requisition against

them. But though they have a larger number of representatives than any other party they have little to say as to the policies of the government. There are in Finland four parties. The Swedish party represents the great land-holders and upper bourgeois class, besides the Swedish speaking population of one or two provinces. The Old Finns are the clerical party, strongly intrenched in the rural districts. The Young Finns represent the more progressive bourgeois and professional elements; they lay some claim to liberalism. The Social Democrats stand for Socialism and national autonomy. The relative strength of these parties in the legislature is as follows: Swedish party, 25; Old Finns, 54; Young Finns, 27; Social Democrats, 83. The last senate, as the executive body of Finland is called, was made up of a bloc representing all the anti-Socialist parties. And this of course will continue to be the case. In fact, in the campaign all the other groups were united against the Socialists. Their plea was that the government must be conservative, must bend before the Russian autocracy, in order to avoid a conflict. So the three anti-Socialist parties are practically one and have the government in their hands.

Nevertheless the Socialist gains show that the Finnish people are gaining spirit every year. Before long they will be ready to fight for freedom. There are dark days before them, no doubt, but if the recent election is to be taken as a sign they are determined not to turn back.

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England.—The Old Age Pension Bill outlined in the June number of THE REVIEW has finally been passed. The Lords were afraid to block it. Conservative editors who think half a billion too little to spend annually on the army and navy protest solemnly that the $1.25 a week to the occasional proletarian able to remain above ground till he reaches the age of seventy will prove the ruin of the nation. Other Liberal legislation makes progress but slowly.

Looked at from one point of view the now famous garden party incident is a delicious farce—all the more piquant because it is taken so seriously on all sides. Keir Hardie and Victor Grayson, because of activity against a measure which involved approbation of the King's visit to Reval, find themselves not among those honored with invitations to his majesty's party. In he name of his constituents Mr. Hardie protests. Liberal and Conservative papers are puzzled: why should a Socialist seek the approbation of the King? Mr. Hardie answers that he wouldn't have attended anyway; he never did.

But the affair has a serious side. This is pointed out by Mr. F. W. Jowett, member of Parliament for Bradford, a Laborite who is rapidly making an impression as a student of English political tendencies — especially of their constitutional aspects. Observers of things English have remarked during recent years an astonishing increase of reverence for royalty. The Georgian tradition is rapidly dying out. More and more English middle and upper class people have come to regard the king as the sacred representative of their social order. This change in feeling is accurately represented by a change in political and diplomatic procedure. King Edward has more personal power than any of his predecessors since Charles I. In *The Clarion* for July 31st Mr. Jowett gives an account of recent international affairs which makes it clear that England's foreign policy is in the hands of the King and a small group of ministers. Parliament knows nothing of their plans or purposes. At any moment

a practically irresponsible group of men might plunge the nation into war. And now the King's vast social power is used freely and openly to discipline recalcitrant members of the House of Commons. Drawing-room decrees are not to be interfered with by labor members returned from industrial constituencies.

Socialists should not be surprised at this. In France, Germany, Russia, wherever the popular tide has threatened, the authorities have become increasingly reactionary and more and more ruthless in their choice of weapons. If any have imagined that the King of England sits above the conflict, a disinterested, democratic god, so much the worse for them. In the future they will have little excuse for such a mistake.

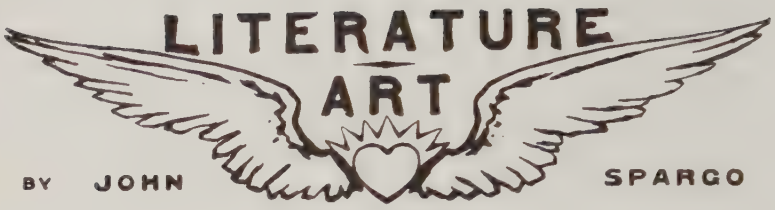
India.—On July 18th the English Socialists published in *Justice*, a message to the patriots of India. It was written by Mr. H. M. Hyndman, a recognized authority on Indian affairs, and bears the title *Bande Mataram*, Our Dear Mother Land. The Hindus are assured of the support of thousands of Englishmen in their bitter struggle for freedom. A message of this sort was never more timely. Since the appearance of the paragraphs on the Indian situation in the July Review the situation has grown much more acute. Mr. Bal Gungunder Tilak has been tried for the publication of seditious articles in his paper, Kesari. Of course he was found guilty. The punishment was fixed at a fine of 1,000 rupees and six years' transportation. When the results of the trial became known all the markets and native shops and bazaars of Bombay were closed and twenty thousand mill hands went on a strike.

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Switzerland.—It is evident that even the republican governments of Europe do not share the popular disapproval of Russian tyranny. Hitherto it has been taken for granted that political refugees, even bloody handed terrorists, might find asylums anywhere beyond the border. But now the highest court of Switzerland has decided to change all this. A certain Vassilieff, it will be remembered, was ordered by the revolutionary Socialist party of Russia to make way with Kandaourov, Prefect of Police at Pensa. In January, 1906, he was successful in carrying out his orders and makes no secret of his action. The murdered man was famous for his inhumanity and Vassilieff's purpose was patently political. At least heretofore such actions as his have been regarded as political. But now the Swiss court has decided that the Russian refugee is a common criminal and therefore must go back to face the vengeance of the Czar's government. On July 21st the International Socialist Bureau published an energetic manifesto against this decision.

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Italy.—Early in July the agrarian laborers of Parma decided by ballot not to return to work. Now, however, it is necessary to record the fact that the strike is practically over. One by one the men applied for their old places until now only the day-laborers are idle—and this is normally their idle season. Nearly $40,000 have been contributed toward the support of the strikers, and in numberless other ways their comrades all over Italy have stood by them. Discipline was splendidly maintained from first to last. Just how much the governmental interference had to do with ending the struggle it is difficult to determine. In any case it would have been difficult to keep the men in line as they saw the end of their resources approaching. Thus another is added to the long list of great strikes that have failed.



Every Socialist in America ought to make a point of reading and re-reading a remarkable little book, *The Spirit of American Government,* by Professor J. Allen Smith, of Seattle, Washington, published by the Macmillan Company. Although it has been published for over a year, this book is not nearly so well known among Socialists as it ought to be. Few books published in recent years have been more significant from the Socialist viewpoint.

The book may be very briefly described as a study of the origin and development of our Constitution from the viewpoint of the Marxian theory of economic determinism. By an analysis of the Constitution itself, the author shows how it reflects the interests of the ruling class of the time when it was framed, how shrewdly it safeguards those interests and how completely it effects the legal subjection of the working class. Not only so, but by a careful analysis of the proceedings of the Constitutional Convention, and ample citation of authorities, he shows that there was a deliberate effort toward this end. First of all, the known "radicals" were excluded from the Convention. Samuel Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, Patrick Henry, and other Democratic leaders of that time were all absent. Practically every member of that reactionary body believed that Democracy was an unmitigated evil. The result was a Constitution that when candidly considered is seen to be wholly reactionary, having for its purpose the desire so well expressed by Madison, "to protect the minority of the opulent against the majority."

In a true sense, as the late Justice Miller, of the United States Supreme Court, boldly affirmed, the American form of government is about as far from true Democracy as any other in the world. It is, as it was intended to be, a class government. No one can honestly read Professor Smith's admirably written book and doubt this. If the President of the United States, and a good many other people who deny the existence of the class struggle, would read this volume with candor, they would be forced, I think, to admit that John C. Calhoun, for example, in his Disquisition on Government and Discourse on the Constitution of the United States, proved conclusively the class nature of the Constitution, and that there is always going on a struggle between the different economic classes. Calhoun showed that the fundamental purpose of the Constitution was to devise a government which would safeguard the rich minority against the electoral power of the mass of the people.

It is impossible to review such a book adequately here. One can only commend it heartily to the serious attention of every reader

of these pages, and express heartfelt thanks to the author for a most valuable contribution to the literature of progress. I do not know that Professor Smith would call himself a Socialist, but I do know that the whole volume is in keeping with the Marxian philosophy, and that the outlook of the author, as given in the final chapter, should lead him right into the Socialist camp.

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Winfield R. Gaylord has rendered the movement a good service by his translation of Kampffmeyer's *Changes in the Theory and Tactics of Social Democracy*, recently published by Charles H. Kerr and Company as one of the issues of the increasingly valuable Standard Socialist Series. Whichever side one may take in the controversy which ranges around the question of tactics and methods comprehended in the term "Opportunism," the welcome accorded to this little booklet ought not to be other than hearty and sincere. The further one may be from agreement with the Opportunists in the party, the more should one welcome this handy statement of their position.

The booklet—for it is no more—was written, of course, for circulation among our German comrades, and American comrades who lack the background which those to whom it was originally addressed had will find portions of it rather difficult, especially because the author's style is neither very interesting nor very lucid. Comrade Gaylord, however, has performed his task as translator very creditably.

The first chapter deals with the attitude of the Socialist members of the Reichstag to the administration, a question which the parliamentary necessity of voting for or against the approval of the budget throws into practical prominence. As is well known, the old position, to which many comrades still adhere, was that, no matter what the budget might contain, to vote for it would be wrong because it would involve, in the popular mind at least, approval of the policy of the government. Our American comrades who do not understand the procedure in European parliaments, and the significance of the vote on the budget, an adverse vote upon which means, generally, a change of government, will not fully appreciate the arguments upon either side of this question. The point of importance from the viewpoint of Kampffmeyer is, that the Lubeck congress of the party took the ground that approval of the budget cannot be voted by the party except under exceptional circumstances. This Kampffmeyer does not regard as satisfactory. He would, apparently, have the party representatives approve the half loaf where no more can be had. In other words, his position is that of the ordinary reformer.

Perhaps the most interesting and, from an American point of view, practically valuable chapter is that which deals with the attitude of the party to labor legislation, and state social reforms in general. More and more the German party finds itself forced to justify the powers it receives from the electoral mandate by introducing practical measures. Many things which Marx and Engels would have opposed, and which have been opposed by nearly all the leading members of the party in times past, as tending to blur the lines of the class struggle, are included in the parliamentary programme of the party. Labor legislation, such as factory acts, laws regulating the length of the working day, and so on, have, as is generally known, been commonly regarded as belonging to a distinct class of legislation which the Social Democracy must support. Marx himself regarded legislation of this kind as exceptional.

Valuable and instructive, too, in view of our own experience, is the development of the policy of our German comrades toward the trades unions. From impatience with the trades unions because they regarded the functions of an economic organization as being quite other than, and distinct from, those of a political party, the leaders of the German Social Democracy have come to the position that the unions, as such, must not become political organizations. Their cry is now "No politics in the unions!" At the present moment we are witnessing a similar change in the tactics of the American movement toward the unions. The very men who have denounced the policy of political neutrality are meeting President Gompers' policy with the cry of "No politics in the union," which was once his own!

Without falling victims to the too commonly prevalent error of believing that we in the United States must copy each and every development of the German movement, there is no doubt that much can be learned from the experience of our comrades in Germany and elsewhere. Hence this little volume is a valuable—and well-nigh indispensable—addition to the library of the well-informed Socialist.

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Among the many admirable developments of English Socialist activities is the creation of a literature devoted to the exposition of Socialist theories and their application to various social problems. Comrade Phillip Snowden, one of the leading members of the Independent Labor party, and a leading orator in the House of Commons, has recently published, through the I. L. P. publishing house, an exceedingly useful volume of some 200 pages entitled *Socialism and the Drink Question.* The book is well printed, upon excellent paper, and is a notably cheap volume.

Like all that Snowden writes, this work is characterized by extreme simplicity and lucidity. There is no straining after literary effect; no ornamentation of phrase. In quiet, direct sentences, he summarizes the problem as it presents itself in the United Kingdom. There is very little that is fresh in the book. The author has simply taken a few well known works, such as those of Rowntree and Sherwell, Charles Booth, and others, and made them the basis of his work. After stating the magnitude of the problem, and refuting the teetotal fallacy that poverty is mainly the effect of intemperance, he passes in review such proposed "remedies" as prohibition, local option, "disinterested management" and municipalization, he comes to the conclusion that municipal ownership and control is the only effective remedy in sight. It cannot be doubted, I think, by anyone who has studied the matter in England, that Snowden is right so far as that country is concerned, though he does minimize the difficulties somewhat. We in America have not yet attempted to make any thorough study of the problem—complicated as it is in the South and elsewhere by the race problem—and it would be unwise to assume that municipalization would work well here, in all parts of the country. Let us hope that some of our comrades who are urging that we should adopt "constructive policies" will take up the question and make it the subject of thorough study, quite uninfluenced by the general agreement of Socialists elsewhere that in municipal control and ownership lies the solution of the problem.

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Many comrades have written me recently urging that I should put aside all other work to write a little primer of Socialism for boys and girls. The number of Socialist Sunday Schools is very rapidly

increasing and as yet there is a most lamentable dearth of literature suited to their needs. Our English comrades have published a *Child's Socialist Reader,* illustrated by Walter Crane, but it is very disappointing in every way. Crane's drawings are shockingly poor and utterly unworthy of the artist and of his purpose, while the letterpress is even more unsatisfactory. In this country we have one or two little primers, but they are no better than the English one. If Robert Blatchford would write such a primer and Crane would illustrate it as well as he has done his wonderful toy books, we should have an ideal book, I am sure. But Blatchford does not seem inclined to do it.

Now, it happens that, a good many years ago, I made a solemn promise to one of my little friends that I would write a primer for boys and girls, and get some one to illustrate it—some one with artistic feeling and insight into the child mind. It has taken a long time to fulfill the promise, and my little friend is now grown beyond the need of the primer, but I hope soon to have it ready for my little comrades of the Socialist Sunday schools.



WORLD OF LABOR



BY MAX S. HAYES

REVIEW readers will recall that mention was made in this department several months ago that the textile manufacturers in New England had laid off 25,000 employes to restrict production and decided to maintain their prices at all hazards, and that some weeks later the operatives were informed that they might return to work if they accepted a 20 per cent reduction of wages, but prices of commodities were to remain the same or be advanced, so that the enforced cut was virtually like finding money.

Now come the paper manufacturers and play the same game. For several years the paper trust has steadily boosted prices until paper is rapidly being forced into the luxury class. The arbitrary advances restricted sales and tons upon tons of paper have been stored—the cost for storage purposes in New York City alone is said to approximate $10,000 annually. But it seems that these piggish trust magnates could not roll in money fast enough by the price-raising process, so they take a crack at the labor end of the line and announce a reduction of 10 per cent in wages. Some 10,000 men go on strike to resist the cut, whereupon the trust magnates declare another advance in price, supply the trade from their stored stocks, sit back and take things easy and wait until their rebellious employes are starved into submission. Can you beat it?

On top of these fine illustrations of how the sacred law of supply and demand of competitive capitalism is knocked into a cocked hat, the bosses of the flour milling trust, who have been fighting organized labor for years, apparently are not disturbed by the bumper wheat crop, which under ordinary conditions would cheapen flour, and coolly inform the dear people that the price of flour and bread will be higher the coming winter than last year. Now watch and see whether the flour magnates do not also declare another reduction in wages to pay dividends on watered stock.

Once more labor is given an example of the base ingratitude of an alleged friend. For some years W. L. Douglas, the shoe manufacturer, has been touted as a savior of society, but it appears that the idol has fallen. Recently a mass meeting of boot and shoe workers was held in Brockton, Mass., which was addressed by General President Tobin and other union officials, in which the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. was denounced in plain language for breaking its agreement with its employes. It appears that when the industrial depression came along the foxy Mr. Douglas decided that he would bear none of the hardships but would force them upon the broad backs of his loyal employes. It is charged that he began to manu-

facture cheaper shoes and insisted that certain employes who worked on a specified grade and performed a certain class of work should do the same work on the inferior product and accept a corresponding reduction. The local unions protested, but it did no good and the matter was put up to the international body, the officials of which decided that the contract was being violated. Douglas wanted his friends on the state board of arbitration to pass on the case, but the shoe workers declined to arbitrate their agreement and announced that when the present contract expired next November they would not renew it.

For a number of years Douglas has been hailed as a "self-made man," whatever that is—probably because he once worked at the bench. But his vast fortune has been produced by the men and women in his factories, just as the votes of labor conferred political honors upon him. Since Douglas' latest display of ingratitude some of the unionists seem to be coming out of their hypnotic state and they recall that, despite the fact that thousands of organized workers boosted his shoes and the labor papers freely advertised his alleged philanthropy, he never spent a dollar with the trade union press in legitimate advertising, but patronized the capitalistic papers very liberally. When he was elected governor of Massachusetts several years ago, largely on his record as a "workingman's friend" and through the efforts of his "flying wedge," a corps of trade union officials who were rushed from city to city and aroused the rank and file to help "our friends," nearly the very first public statement that Douglas made was that it was a mistaken notion that he had been elected by labor and that his victory was due to the support of the business interests! The week following the election and just before the foregoing interview was telegraphed all over the country the A. F. of L. convention met and many of the "flying wedge" attended as delegates. Say, you should have seen that bunch swagger and talk about "our victory" and their "practical politics" and heard their sneers at the "ghost dancing" Socialists! The labor problem was now solved in the state of Massachusetts, where all the smart folks live, and the little tin god Douglas would see to it that the workingman got his chance. Then came the statement repudiating the labor vote, and the boastful brethren went 'way back and sat down to think it over. Douglas also forced a compromise about that time in the textile workers' strike at Fall River, Mass., and got mixed up on some labor laws and official appointments that soured a large number of union people and at the end of his term of one year he declined to stand for re-election. He is reported to have declared that his first campaign cost him $300,000 and he had had enough. Having little respect for the "labor vote," Douglas undoubtedly imagines that trade union conditions are just as easily juggled and that the union stamp is of less importance to his business than his picture in the daily capitalist press. The Douglas incident proves once more that the capitalists' spots cannot be changed by plastering on the union label.

The charges of graft made against half a dozen prominent officials and members of the New York Central Federated Union, after months of investigation and discussion, have finally been sustained. The accused are charged with having accepted $9,000 from Republican politicians to hold a fake mass meeting in the interest of the traction monopoly and "the interests" generally. This happened nearly three years ago and rumors have been floating around ever

since. Over a year ago the matter was investigated, but it seems that some very good friends of the accused were on the committee and they could find nothing tangible and brought in a whitewashing report. The last investigation and report was debated during half a dozen meetings in succession and finally a secret ballot was taken on fourteen counts, all of them being sustained. It is needless to say that the alleged grafters were all good enemies of Socialism and tried the old dodge of throwing dust and arousing prejudice by claiming that the Socialists were endeavoring to victimize them.

The miners' strike in Alabama against a 20 per cent reduction of wages is being bitterly contested. The United Mine Workers' official journal says the fight will be to a finish and the union officials have settled down to a long struggle. As usual, the state and local authorities are lined up on the side of the operators and the fight is taking on a strong political tinge. Duncan McDonald, member of the national executive board of the mine workers, has been in Alabama studying the situation, and gave out an interview in which he bitterly attacks the Democratic politicans and hammers Gompers for lining up with them. McDonald says:

"After what I have seen here I don't want anyone to come to me to talk Bryan and Democracy, as this solid Democratic South is more corporation-cursed and more corrupt even than the trust-owned Republican party. And if Gompers and his colleagues were to tour this district with us I think he would hang his head in shame for what he has said in defense of the Democratic party. If I get out of here with my head whole I intend to tell something of what I have seen here."

What are the Socialists doing for labor? .That question has been asked again and again and has been answered logically in many ways. Here is one more practical illustration: There are three Jewish daily papers in New York, two of them being Socialist and the third owned by Hearst. During the past month Hebrew-American Typographical Union No. 83, in the foregoing city, introduced a new scale in the newspaper offices indicated calling for six hours a day for day shifts and four and one-half hours a day for night operatives and the minimum wages are $26 a week. A large proportion of members of Typographical Union No. 83 are Socialists. That's what Socialists are doing for labor. Now what are Republicans and Democrats doing for labor?

There is no improvement in the labor situation on the Great Lakes. In fact it must be admitted that, if anything, conditions have been growing steadily worse. The vessel and dock owners are completely dominated by the United States Steel Corporation, and while some of the independents would probably deal fairly with the unions —that is, give union workmen as much consideration as non-unionists in an endeavor to carry out an honest open-shop scheme, at least they are so quoted—yet those bosses dare not oppose the labor policy of the trust for fear of being discriminated against and finally crushed out of business. The United States Steel Corporation has not only declared for the open shop for non-unionists, but also for the closed shop against union workmen, and is enforcing its mandates with the blacklist cat-o'-nine-tails. A few desultory strikes have taken place up the lakes and at lower ports, but they were hardly noticed. The magnates apparently can obtain all the hungry men they want

to fill strikers' places. At several places stockades have been erected and thugs were employed to guard their wage-slaves and keep the unionists at a distance. The outlook is discouraging for the seamen, longshoremen and allied workmen.

Another one of the results of the jurisdiction controversy between the brewery workers on the one side and the engineers and firemen on the other has cropped out in Pittsburg in the shape of suits for damages aggregating $200,000 brought by forty firemen against the brewery workers because they were discharged for refusing to join the union of the latter. Because of the recent antagonistic court decisions in labor cases this Pittsburg action will be watched with deepest interest by union officials, for it will undoubtedly be carried to the United States Supreme Court because of the amount involved if for no other reason. Moreover, if the firemen are given judgments it will mean that any organization can be mulcted for damages if a settlement is made with a business concern and non-union men are discharged and unionists are hired to fill their places.

An internal war is in progress among the electrical workers. General President McNulty, Secretary Collins and other officials have combined and ousted General Treasurer Sullivan, who has made charges against Collins. A conference of delegates from local unions was held during the past month at international headquarters in Springfield, Ill., and the officers were instructed to call a special convention to meet in St. Louis the present month. The officers ignored the petition and ousted Sullivan. Thereupon the latter's friends tied up the union funds of $86,000 deposited in Cleveland banks by injunction. Now the locals are taking sides on the issues raised.

The labor press is not inclined to be influenced by Gompers' recommendations that Bryan be supported in the present campaign. The majority of the labor publications remain silent on the proposition and but few other than those that have always leaned toward the Democracy are attempting to enthuse for the Denver nominees and platform. Fully as many have come out for Debs as have gone over to Bryan.



S. G. Hobson's "Confession of a New Fabian." About a year ago the Fabian Society decided to call on several of its most promising members for intimate confessions of their Socialist faith. None of these could be more interesting to foreign readers and especially to Americans than that of S. G. Hobson, for many years a member of the Fabian executive and a frequent visitor to America and the Continent of Europe.

In contrast with some Fabians Mr. Hobson is a thorough internationalist and revolutionst and almost an anti-parliamentarian in his deep distrust of mere politics and social reform. He is also a leader of the Independent Labor party and at the recent convention worked with Victor Grayson, the new revolutionary M. P., to bring that party over to Socialism. But in vain. Mr. Hobson has even been notified recently by Keir Hardie that the I. L. P. executive is unwilling to support any candidates not endorsed by the political trade union group or Labor Representation Committee.

But Hobson's views have now become of immediate moment. Unready to accept Keir Hardie's rebuke, he has proposed the creation of a *Socialist* Representation Committee to secure the election, not of political trade unionists, but of Socialists, to the House of Commons. As the more advanced Fabians and members of the I. L. P. could in this way co-operate with the S. D. F., the new movement is said to have the support not only of Hyndman's party, of Hobson and Victor Grayson, but also of the new revolutionary Fabian organ, "The New Age," and of Robert Blatchford and his "Clarion," which, with its 90,000 readers, is Britain's most important Socialist organ.

We are sure that all international Socialists must be with Hobson in his new proposal to wean the British movement away from its insular position, its non-Socialist labor party and its "evolutionary" Fabians who, like H. G. Wells, are known even to endorse Liberal candidates.

The latter part of Mr. Hobson's confession dealing with the sex question, now so much under discussion, will be given in a later number. Here also Mr. Hobson represents a considerable section of British Socialist opinion.

WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING.

Starting the Conservatives.—It may interest you to know that I have started this deathly "conservative" and Republican town to thinking. I am a coal miner, but pretty well along in Marxian economics and materialist monism. I have thrown open my library,

worth about five hundred dollars, to anyone who is willing to read. Just now I have about thirty who are reading Socialism. It is a great pleasure to me to watch them "grow into knowledge of the truth." My method is to listen to their conversation, note their various intellectual advancement and prescribe accordingly. Comrades, it is indeed a joy (intellectually) to live in this age. The forerunners of the new era are athand. Yours for progress,

* * * *

The Situation in Mexico.—I wrote about eighteen months ago that Mexico was on the brink of a revolution. This is truer today than it was then. The recent uprising was premature and doomed to failure for lack of organization and discipline, but the lesson was of great value. The political and industrial affairs of the United States and Mexico are so bound up in each other that they cannot or should not be separate. I have hoped for years to see North American working-class solidarity. I believe the organized working class movement, the center of which is in the United States, should and will eventually embrace the whole continent from Alaska to Panama. Eighteen months ago the Mexican laborers were going into the United States through El Paso alone at the rate of twenty every day. The stream still flows and I am told that they are now passing at the rate of one hundred every day. For many years I have felt that the organized labor movement of the United States must assimilate and educate the mass of Mexican ignorance, and the sooner the better.

I am glad to note that the Western Federation of Miners Convention sent open resolutions of sympathy to the Mexican prisoners in Los Angeles. Those are the things that will slowly but surely obliterate linguistic and racial distinctions and drive from the Mexican mind the strong prejudice that has existed against Americans since 1846 and which has been carefully nursed by those in power here and by the Catholic church.

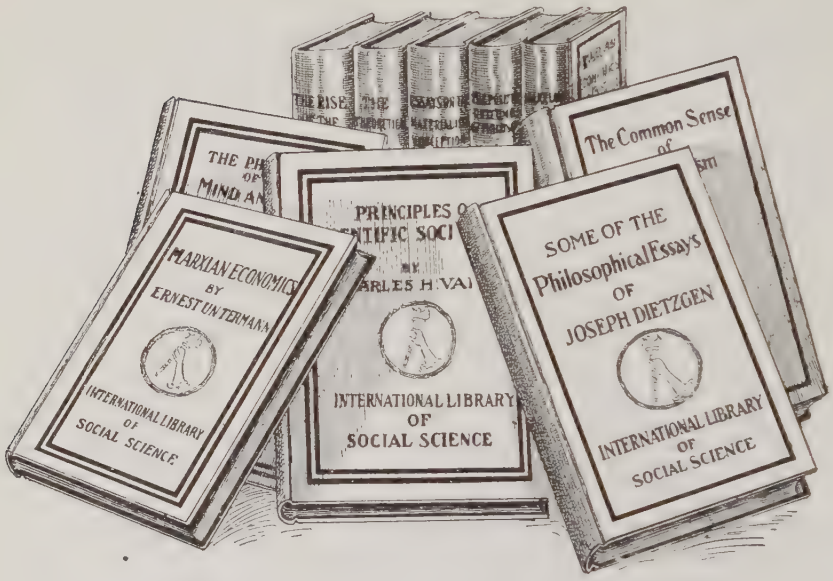
The Government is a republic in name only. It is a capitalist oligarchy supported on one side by ecclesiasticism and on the other by militarism. It is also supported by the U. S. Government and in a case of need would be used to overthrow any uprising of the American proletariat on this continent.

The Socialist and radical press in this country have been crushed out of existence but will spring into renewed life at the first opportunity.

When Tyranny goes up against Continental Working Class Solidarity it will pause and ponder. Yours for the social revolution,

A SOCIALIST,
Mexico.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT



THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

The cut on this page shows "Library A," fully described on pages 156 and 157 of last month's **Review.** These volumes retail at one dollar each. To any stockholder in our publishing house we offer ten of them, together with a year's subscription to **The Review,** for $5.00. To any one not already a stockholder we offer a share of stock, together with the ten volumes, for $11.50 cash, or for $5.00 cash and a dollar a month for seven months. Expressage, if prepaid, $1.00 extra.

This offer applies to any books published by us to the amount of $10.00 at retail price, but for the convenience of those not already familiar with our books we suggested in this department last month four separate libraries, the titles of each arranged in the order in which they can be read to the best advantage by beginners in the

study of Socialism. Every Socialist local, and every isolated Socialist who wants company, should start a lending library and induce as many as possible to read the books.

WHY WE SELL STOCK.

As this number of **The Review** will reach some not already familiar with the co-operative organization of the publishing house which issues both **The Review** and most of the Socialist books published in the United States, it may be worth while once more to explain our working plans.

The publishing house is owned by two thousand Socialists who have each subscribed ten dollars or more (in most cases just $10.00), for the purpose of circulating the literature of International Socialism. On this stock no dividends have ever been paid, and it is not probable that any will be paid in future. The advantage to be derived from buying a share is that stockholders have the privilege of buying all the company's books at a discount of fifty per cent unless sent by mail or express prepaid, in which case the discount is forty per cent. A full set of our books would amount at retail to about $100, so that if the stockholder only bought one copy of each, the saving would pay for his share of stock several times over. But there is no limit on the number of copies of each book that a stockholder may buy at the reduced rate; he may sell them again or give them away at his option. Many of our shares are held by locals or branches of the Socialist party. These usually sell books to their members at cost, and also sell books or pamphlets to outsiders at public meetings at the full retail prices, so that the profits help pay the expenses of the meetings.

But the reason which has induced most of our stockholders to put their money in is that this has been the only possible way to get the standard books that represent the Socialist movement of the world published in English at prices workingmen can afford to pay. When we began this work nine years ago the American Socialist movement was without a literature. Today our list of publications includes nine-tenths of the Socialist books worth reading, and nearly all of the remaining tenth are published at high prices to make a profit for some one. Our books are sold to our stockholders at prices that barely cover the cost of manufacture and the general expenses of the business. The money received from the sale of stock is not used to pay deficits. We keep our expenses within our income and have no deficits. It is used to pay the first cost of bringing out new books. If you want more Socialist books published, subscribe for a share of stock and induce others to do the same.

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THE WOLVES.

The Wolves: A Fable with a Purpose, by Robert Alexander Wason, with eight full-page drawings by G. Weiser, is just ready, and will be one of the most effective bits of propaganda to use in the campaign of 1908. It is printed in large, clear type, on paper of extra quality, and retails for ten cents. Our stockholders buy copies at five cents if they pay the expressage; six cents if we pay it; no cheaper by the hundred.

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THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

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Railroad Employes and Socialism.

By Eugene V. Debs.



AILROAD employes in train service are perhaps more thoroughly organized than are the workers in any other department of industry. According to the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, in 1906, there were in round numbers 285,000 train service employes on the railroads of the United States, the classification including engineers, firemen, conductors, trainmen, and switchmen. In the same year the organizations of these respective classes of employes reported a combined membership of 279,000. A small percentage of this membership is no longer employed in railroad service, and another small percentage is employed in Canada and Mexico. Deducting 25,000 from the total membership to cover these items (and this may be taken as a liberal allowance) it will be seen that but 31,000 of the total number of train service employes in the United States are unorganized. It is perfectly safe to say that at least 95 per cent of this unorganized body is composed of young and inexperienced men who have not been long enough in the service to become eligible for membership in the organizations of their respective classes. Probably not more than one per cent of the train service employes on the railroads of the United States,

who are eligible to membership in the various organizations, remains unorganized.

Notwithstanding this very complete organization it is somewhat paradoxical that railroad employes as a rule are densely ignorant of the real spirit and purpose of the trade union movement. They know very little concerning the traditions and principles of unionism and absolutely nothing of its history. Of economics they are as guiltless of knowledge as babes. It is true they have been taught that the man who takes the job of another who is on strike is a scab, but this teaching has its limitations and qualifications, as it is not considered disgraceful for the members of one organization to take the places of striking members of another organization when they have agreements with their employers establishing rates of wages and conditions of labor for a stated period of time. In other words, it is considered of more importance to maintain the so-called sacredness of contract than to lend assistance and support to fellow wage-workers in time of strike.

In line with this policy we find the engineers taking the places of striking firemen on the Southern Pacific, and assuring the managers of the Norfolk & Western during the recent threatened strike of the firemen that if the firemen went out they (the engineers) would guarantee that the trains would be kept moving. We also find the trainmen taking the places of switchmen whenever the latter strike for better wages or more bearable conditions of employment, always pleading the necessity of keeping their agreements with the railroad companies to relieve themselves of the odium of scabbing. The Switchmen's Union, by the way, is the only one of the railroad brotherhoods that is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. A proposition to affiliate with the Federation was put to a vote of the members of the Firemen's Brotherhood a few years ago, and was defeated by a large majority.

With the possible exception of the Switchmen's Union each of the railroad organizations is run on the theory that the interests of labor and capital are identical. P. M. Arthur, who was for many years before his death chief of the Engineers' Brotherhood, always sought to keep his organization free from what he denominated "entangling alliances" with othe organizations. Mr. Arthur's teaching, which was accepted as the inspired utterance of superhuman intelligence by the members of his organization generally, was that a four dollar a day man has no interest in common with a two dollar a day man. Mr. Stone, the present chief of the Engineers, is a worthy pupil of his predecessor in office, and in general it may with truth be said that the spirit of clannishness and isolation which finds expression in Mr. Arthur's

teaching is to all intents and purposes the ruling principle of the railroad organizations today.

How little they are in touch with the spirit and purpose of the general labor movement may be inferred from the fact that, in response to public demand for protection against railroad accidents, our capitalist congress recently found it necessary to pass a law establishing a maximum working day of sixteen hours for railroad employes in train service. This law has been commended and hailed as a boon both by the leaders and rank and file of the railroad organizations, notwithstanding that the eight hour day has been a cardinal principle of the labor movement for a generation past, and some of the greatest battles in labor history have been fought for the recognition of that principle.

It thus becomes apparent that the railroad organizations are not trade unions in any true sense of the term. Their so-called "protective" features are a huge farce, productive of absolutely no benefit to the membees who pay the freight, and useful only to furnish inspiring themes of oratory for the leaders at convention time. Working conditions and wages are in the last analysis always determined by the will of the railroad managers, who are adepts in playing one organization against another, and who "recognize" the right of their employes to organize for their own protection only when it suits them to do so. The organizations have neither connection with nor influence upon the general labor movement, and are in reality merely insurance associations, organized on the assessment plan, whose only useful function is to give protection to their members in the event of total disability or death. In this field they have accomplished much good by providing safe insurance at reasonable rates for a great body of men who are unable to procure regular insurance because of the extra hazardous nature of their employment.

As might naturally be expected of a body of workers so greatly isolated from the general labor movement, filled with a spirit of exclusiveness, and having no proper conception of the common interests of all wage workers, Socialism among railroad employes has been a matter of comparatively slow growth. Here and there in isolated cases the true philosophy of working class economics has taken root in the minds of individuals and given rise to sporadic attempts to bring Socialism to the knowledge of the rank and file, but these attempts have generally been repudiated and condemned by the leaders, and as a result the great mass of railroad labor still continues to parrot the untruth that the interests of labor and capital are identical and seems firm in the belief that what is good for the railroads must be good for their employes.

Notwithstanding this attitude it must not be assumed that

railroad employes are lacking in intelligence. On the contrary, taken as a class they are far above the average in intelligence, and it is certain that when they do begin to reason and act for themselves in economic matters they are destined to play an important part in the tragedy of working class emancipation. Their indifference to the class struggle has proceeded mainly from the nature of their organizations and the character of their leadership, coupled with the isolation of their employment from the general field of labor and the fact that their wage schedules, owing to the extra hazardous nature of their employment and the necessity of preliminary training and experience, have been maintained at a rate slightly above the average. They have, therefore, been measurably removed from the influence of those forces that operate constantly to depress the economic condition of the workers.

But within the past year the smug complacency with which the railroad employe has been taught to regard his position in the scheme of things industrial has received a decided shock. President Yoakum of the Rock Island says that there are 400,000 railroad men in the United States now without employment. This estimate is confirmed by President Shonts of the Clover Leaf, who says that of the 1,675,000 railroad employes who were in active service a year ago fully one-fourth are now idle, at a loss in wages approximating $1,000,000 for every working day. "A year ago," said Mr. Shonts, "the railroads were spending $1,250,000,000 for supplies, now they are spending not more than $500,000,000. This means a falling off in railroad expenditures of three million dollars a day."

Two years ago the railroads were at the flood tide of "prosperity" and employes were enjoying to the full the benefit of their "common interest" with their employers. The hours of labor law, which was then before Congress for passage, was strenuously opposed by the railroads on the ground that it was utterly impossible for them to procure the services of the additional men that would be necessary to make the provisions of the law effective, and this argument had such weight with Congress that a provision was inserted in the bill giving the railroads a year in which to prepare for the enforcement of the law. With that concession the bill passed.

At the height of this condition of "prosperity" I addressed an article to railroad men, in which I predicted the present slump, "not as a matter of guess, but of arithmetic." I said "it may not come next month or next year, but it will come, and the longer it is coming the longer will be the backward trip. . . . Several hundred thousand of you will be left high and dry; no jobs, but plenty of time to tramp and think." My article was

published in the "Appeal to Reason" and extensively circulated among railroad employes. It created considerable comment, and several of the "Grand" officers of the organizations considered it of sufficient importance to warrant them in pointing out to their followers the utter absurdity of my conclusions and how entirely foolish it would be for railroad men to pay any attention to what I had to say. The "Railway Conductor," the official organ of the Order of Railway Conductors, which was then under the control of a "Grand Chief" who has since received the reward which comes to those labor leaders who are properly subservient to the interests of capitalism, was particularly caustic in its criticism; pointing out that Debs was simply a discredited labor leader who had made a failure of everything he undertook, and that it was the part of wisdom for railroad employes to pay no attention to his teachings, and especially to give no weight to his advice to investigate Socialism.

Although such arguments (?) from the "Grands" and "Worthy Grands" may have a certain amount of effectiveness in preventing inquiry on the part of their deluded followers during the continuance of "prosperity," they entirely lose force in a time of financial and industrial stress like the present. With more than 400,000 railroad employes out of work a large amount of time is permitted for independent thinking. The economic argument is as potent with railroad employes as it is with other workers, and when they find themselves bereft of their jobs and lacking the means to save their wives from eviction and their children from starvation it is suddenly brought home to them that the reputed brotherhood of capital and labor is a myth.

Especially is this true when, in answer to their pathetic inquiries of the standard bearer of the "prosperity" party as to what they are to do in such times of crisis when out of work and starving, they only receive the despairing reply, "God knows!"

When they ask for bread they receive a stone!

Since publication of the article above referred to many things have happened to open the eyes of railroad employes, and evidence is not wanting to show that Socialism is a force that must be reckoned with in railway labor circles from this time forth. It was in 1892 that I resigned my official position in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. The big strike of 1894 followed, and at its conclusion, defeated by the injunctions of Taft, Woods, et al., and the troops of the federal government, rushed to the assistance of the railroad managers by President Cleveland against the protest of the governor of a sovereign State, I was sent to jail and practically deserted by the railroad employes, my former brothers. This is what the present "Grands"

stigmatize as "failure." A million times more is such "failure" to be preferred than such "success" as the "Grands" have attained in leading their deluded followers into the mire of capitalism!

As a result of my "failure" the corporations were all violently opposed to me, and so of course their poor slaves had to desert and denounce me. An extremely few remained true and they had to keep it quiet. The corporations thought I was buried forever, and in the effort to crush out the last spark of independence from their employes they resorted to measures almost inconceivably heartless and inhuman. Men were blacklisted and denied employment at their chosen calling from one end of the country to the other. They were even in many instances dogged out of other vocations and denied the right to work at the most menial employments. They were forced by hundreds into trampdom and outlawry—many into suicide. Their wives and daughters were driven to penury and prostitution, and their tender children into starvation and death. This saturnalia of oppression continued until the tigerish maw of capitalism was fully sated and its agents paused from very weariness, confident in the belief that the spirit of its slaves was fully broken and crushed.

Such a stench did this blacklisting evil become in the nostrils of men that even capitalist legislatures were compelled, from very shame, to take cognizance of it. Laws against it were passed in many of the States, and finally, in 1898, the federal government passed a law forbidding railroad corporations engaged in interstate commerce to blacklist their employes or threaten them with loss of employment because of membership in a labor organization. Violation of the law was made a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of not less than one hundred nor more than one thousand dollars. By this time the activity of the railroads in wreaking vengeance on the former members of the A. R. U. had accomplished its purpose, and complaints concerning blacklisting had become much less numerous, but the law, which also provided for the arbitration of labor disputes between interstate carriers and their employes, was hailed with glad acclaim by the "Grands" and their persecuted followers. It was believed that the evil of blacklisting had been virtually scotched and men could once more stand erect and proclaim their manhood and independence. But this reckoning did not take the courts into account.

At the very height of this great wave of republican "prosperity," namely, on October 15, 1906, the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Co., through its agent, William Adair, discharged a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen because of his union membership, in violation of the federal law. Adair

was indicted and convicted in the lower federal court, and sentenced to pay a fine of one hundred dollars. But the case was carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, which august body, on January 27, 1908, declared that no offense had been committed in the discharge of the employe because of his membership in a labor organization, and that any attempt of the legislature to interfere with an employer's right to discharge his employes at will, with or without reason, or to blacklist them if he sees fit, "is an arbitrary interference with the liberty of contract which no government can legally justify in a free land."

Thus were railroad employes stripped of every vestige of protection which the law had granted them, by the very party of "prosperity" which, on the strength of the "full dinner pail" argument, they had voted into power in three successive campaigns. And this blow fell on the heels of the demonstrated failure of the "prosperity" regime, at a time when 400,000 railroad employes were looking for work owing to the recurrence of capitalism's periodic breakdown.

Is it any wonder that railroad employes are breaking their leading strings and beginning to think for themselves? Is it any wonder that they remember my prediction of two years ago, and recalling their past experiences, are coming over to Socialism by hundreds and thousands? Is it any wonder that they are beginning to say to themselves, "Debs may be a failure as a labor leader, but on this question of Socialism he is eternally right?"

The leaders of the dominant parties have sounded a note of alarm at the so-called "apathy" of the voters, and there is reason for their fear. Torchlight processions and unintelligible disquisitions from campaign spellbinders will no longer answer the insistent questionings of the slowly awakening labor giant. The full dinner pail idol has been crushed to earth through failure of the "party of prosperity" to make good its professions, and the workers are refusing to enthuse over the tariff, the currency, injunctions, our foreign policy, and the many other fake issues which were wont to thrill them into paroxysms of enthusiasm in aforetime campaigns.

All these fake issues dwarf into insignificance before the very practical question of "What are you going to do about the problem of the unemployed?" to which questions the Republicans answer only, "God knows!" and the Democrats, "We hope for restored confidence as a result of the policies announced in our platform."

The Socialist party is the only one that gives the worker a practical and logical answer to his elemental question. He is flocking by thousands to its standard, and it is my prediction that

the ides of November holds in store a surprise for both Republicans and Democrats that will compel a revision of their political methods, as well as a demonstration that the railroad employes of the United States have at last become conscious of their true position in the scheme of capitalist industrialism, and have resolved upon a master stroke for liberty.

The Campaign at Brower's Crossing.



LD JIM BRIGGS is a queer lot! Homely? Well sir, he'd be reckoned homely in any collection of unattractive human beings you ever set eyes upon. A more homely mortal could never be found, even if there was a Homely Man's Society. Say, I never set my lamps on a homelier being than Jim, though I allow that some of my own folks have quite a reputation for homeliness. But Jim Briggs would be called an ugly duckling by the homeliest of them. Alongside of Jim, Joe Jones, the fellow that made his living as a model for ugly mugs, would be called handsome!

But it ain't the handsome chaps that are best in their innards, any more than the houses that are best painted outside are the most comfortable and happy to live in. Old Jim is so tarnation ugly that his face would break a looking-glass if he ever dared peep at one. Why, even Kitty Thomas, the oldest and loneliest old maid in Brower's Crossing, turned up her nose when Jim spoke sweet words to her and told him to get made over and straightened out a bit before making goo-goo eyes at any woman.

Still, for all that, Kitty and every other woman in Brower's Crossing would rather meet Old Jim on a lonesome road at night than most of the good looking chaps. And there is not a mother in the place that would be afraid to have Old Jim bring her daughter home across the fields after meeting. A pretty hard and rough old rock outside, his inside is all pure gold, as you might say. I'd rather have Jim Briggs for a neighbor than any of your slick gentry-aping folks, who never open their mouths to speak without taking their words out to look at them.

Jim's got a good heart, and as good a head as any man in Jefferson County. I do believe that he reads more books in a year than the schoolmaster and the parson put together. He knows more about politics than Caleb Crimmins, the County Chairman of the Democratic party, and Caleb is a pretty slick article. As for General Wheeler, our Congressman, he is like an infant scholar alongside of Jim. Why, last election, when Wheeler spoke in the schoolhouse, he was tied all up in knots, you might say, by Jim's questions. He could no more answer them than he could fly, and he looked like as if he wished for a rat's hole to hide in. Laugh! I near split my sides!

So last week, when the Democrats and the Republicans came around with their cards, and handed out smiles and taffy talk to the womenfolks, and then asked for my vote, I just made up my mind that I would not decide how to vote without asking Jim for his advice. Andrews, the Republican who is trying to get elected in place of old man Wheeler, and Connors, the young snip of lawyer from Bride's Bridge who is running on the Democratic ticket, were both very much put out when they found that I would not promise my vote. You might have thought that the fate of the whole United States rested upon me from the way they begged for my vote!

Well, that night I went over to see Jim and asked him his opinion of the political situation. "There's so many candidates, and so many parties," says I, "that I'm like the girl with half a dozen sweethearts, bothered to tell which charmer to choose."

Jim just laughed. "Sit right down in the easy chair in the corner, light your pipe and let us talk it over a bit," he said. "With half a dozen parties in the field, voting this year is like buying hogs. A fellow needs good judgment and sober wits. Likewise he needs a knowledge of hogs. In other words, Hezekiah, a man must know something about politics.

"Well, Hezekiah, we must first know what parties are in the field. There's half a dozen of them this year—Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, Independence Leaguers, Populists and Prohibitionists. The Republicans have put up Bill Taft; the Democrats have put up Bill Bryan; the Socialists have put up 'Gene Debs; the Independence Leaguers have put up a fellow by the name of Hisgen; the Populists have put up Tom Watson; the Prohibitionists have put up a fellow named Chafin."

"And he will chafe a long time before I vote for him," says I.

"Guess you are about right in that, Hezekiah," said Jim. "I have a lot of good feeling for the Prohibition fellows, though. They are dead in earnest and they are honest, I believe, which is more than can be said for some of the other parties. And they are right in trying to do away with the rum-shops—think what a sot Liza Ridley's man has become! But I can never believe in their methods, Hezekiah. There is only one way to make people sober, and that is by making their lives free from the care and misery which drives men and women to find solace in rum.

"Then there is Tom Watson and the Populist remnant. Most people thought that the "Pops" had given up the ghost. But Tom and his faithful remnant are still left. Tom is a mighty clever fellow, bright as a new dime and honest as the sun. I like Tom's books, but he is not much of a leader. He is just as bitter as he can be. If Tom was on an island with no company

but a dog, I believe he'd quarrel with the dog. Tom is what I call a sour stomach Democrat. In some things he is mighty keen and progressive, so they say, but in politics he is out of date. He can't get it into his head that Thomas Jefferson is dead. If you want to go back a hundred years, Tom is a good man to vote for."

"No. I voted for the Populists once, before they were sold out to the Democrats," said I. "It's a durn fool fox that is caught twice in the same trap, Jim. But what about this Independence League? The name sounds sort of good to me."

Jim laughed in that sly way he has when he is making up his mind to tell a good joke. "If I put a whiskey label on a bottle of ammonia, Hezekiah, you would hardly be fool enough to drink the stuff, not if you were sober," he said. "A name on a party is only a label, Hezekiah, and pretty often the label is a lie at that.

"The only thing this new party is independent of, so far as I can figure it out, is political honor and principle, Hezekiah. The party is entirely dependent upon one man, William Randolph Hearst—and Hearst seems to be dependent upon the short memories of the people. Elected to Congress as a Democrat, he tried hard to get the Democratic nomination in 1904, the year that Parker ran. He denounced Parker worse than any Republican in his newspapers, and from the way he raved about Parker as a tool of the criminal trusts you would have thought that he would have voted for Tom Platt rather than see Parker elected. But he supported Parker, just the same. In 1905 Hearst was sick of the Democrats and ran for mayor upon an independent ticket. He could not find words hot enough with which to abuse the Democrats of New York. Very near every day he was telling us how he would put Murphy and McCarren in state prison, and he called Taggart and Conners all the bad names he could invent. He got his artists to draw pictures of these men in convict dress behind prison bars.

"Next year he ran for Governor on the Tammany ticket. He was the candidate of Boss Murphy and Boss Conners—the very men he had promised to send to jail! Then he made a deal with the Republican boss, Roosevelt's friend, Parsons, and the League fused with the Republicans. Talk about the fellows in the circus that can change their clothes before your eyes, while you wink, why, Hearst had them all beat! Hearst is independent, all right. He is surely not dependent upon any political principle or sense of honor and decency.

"But the party is dependent enough—upon Hearst! William Randolph Hearst *is* the party. Why, Hezekiah, look at the convention they held in Chicago. It was Hearst who chose the

delegates; it was Hearst who hired the hall; it was Hearst who paid the railroad fares of the delegates; it was Hearst who picked the candidates for the ticket; it was Hearst who pulled the strings for the whole marionette show! Drivers of Hearst's Chicago newspaper wagons represented states in which they did not live—and Hearst paid their wages. The only fellow who dared express an idea of his own about the ticket was thrown out into the street by men hired by Hearst and paid by Hearst. What sort of a party do you call that, Hezekiah? Why, it is not a party at all, but an advertisement for Hearst!"

I allowed that was all pretty bad, of course. Confound it, I had to admit that it was all true as gospel, for I remembered the whole thing when Jim brought it back to my mind. "But what about this man Hisgen?" I said; "he seems to be a pretty good fellow. They say he stood up and fought John D. Rockefeller and that gang, and I sort of like that."

"Pshaw! Hezekiah," says Jim, "don't you know that good men for candidates is the bait to catch political gudgeons with? Hisgen is a good fellow, of course he is! What would Hearst want him for else? The only thing Hisgen has ever done is to sell axle grease and kerosene and manage to hold out against Rockefeller's Standard Oil Company. That is good business, Hezekiah, a very good recommendation for a job as manager of a grease and oil company, but no special reason for voting for him to be President. They say that he is a music composer, too, and that some of the things you hear the hurdy-gurdys play at the County Fair were composed by him. He ought to compose a song for his campaign. It could have a verse something like this:

'Oh, I belong to Billie Hearst:
I'm the head-liner in his show!
Ask me no questions—see him first:
I'm just a puppet, don't you know!
I dare not to say anything
Until my master pulls the string!'

No, Hezekiah, if you have as much sense as a gosling you will not vote for Hearst's Hisgen—or Hisgen's Hearst, whichever way you want to put it."

Now I could see very well that all that Jim said was the honest and naked truth. The Independence League could no more get my vote than I could get Old Rockefeller's millions. I knew that before Jim got through. "It looks to me as if there are only three parties to be seriously considered," says I. "The question is whether to vote for Taft, for Bryan, or for Debs. What about these three, Jim?"

"Well, Hezekiah," says Jim, "a vote is only a man's right to say what sort of a government he wants to have. Candidates have platforms which are supposed to show the sort of government they are in favor of. First get in your own mind a clear idea of the sort of government you want, and then see which platform comes nearest to your idea."

"Of course," says I then, "every decent American citizen wants good, honest government."

Jim just laughed like a girl that is tickled with a feather duster. He puffed his pipe like an engine and blew great rings of smoke into the air. Then he snorted and said, "If that is all you want, Hezekiah, you are easy enough to satisfy. But I want a lot more than that. As you say, every decent American citizen wants that—or ought to want it.

"But you and I are not only decent American citizens, Hezekiah: we are also working men. Forty-five years as boy and man I've worked hard, and you have worked just as hard for near as long. We've both been sober and industrious, too, and yet we are as poor as church mice. We had to go to work when we were just kids and you had to send your kids to work in the rubber factory down at Bride's Bridge when they ought to have been in school. This past year the mill has been shut down more than half the time and there is hardly a family in Brower's Crossing that has not suffered want or seen the few dollars that were meant for old age comforts melt away. I ask you, Hezekiah Hancock, a straightforward question: You've worked nearly forty years, as hard as any man; you have been sober and steady, as I can testify, and there is not a better manager than your wife in the whole county; but if anything should happen next week so that you had to give up work for good, what would you do for a living?"

Well, sir, Jim had me plumb in the ribs, as you might say. I had been speaking of the same matter to Susan only the night before. The fact is we would have to go to the poorhouse, unless we could both earn a few crusts by doing odd jobs. So I told Jim, just as I have told you.

"And there are millions like you, Hezekiah," says he. "Now, what I want is a government that will manage things different. I want a government that will make it impossible for such things to be. I'm sick and tired of seeing little kids sent to hard work while strong men can't get a chance to work. I'm sick of seeing hard-working people miserable and poor while the drones are wallowing in riotous plenty. I say that it is a crime for men and women who are able and willing to work to have to go hungry and in rags. Why, man alive, have you never asked

yourself why the only people to be poor and wretched should be the working people—the very people who produce the wealth?

"It seems to me, Hezekiah, that a vote is of mighty little use to the working class unless they can use it to put an end to these conditions. You can't eat a vote. You can't wear a vote. There is very little fun in going into a booth to make a cross on a bit of paper. Unless it is going to benefit you in some way, you might just as well not vote at all. So it seems to me that we should look at the platforms of all parties to see what they propose to do to bring about better conditions. Is that sound logic, Hezekiah?"

Now a man that could not see the sense of that would be pretty dull, so I had to agree with Jim. Then he went to a drawer and pulled out copies of the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties which Andrews and Connors had left when they called to beg for his vote. He handed the Republican platform to me. "See if you can find anything in this document about the unemployed problem," says he.

Not a word could I find about it, and Jim just stood there smoking and smiling. "Search the Republican platform well, Hezekiah," says he, "and see if you can find anything about the workingman who is old and poor and unable to work."

"Not a word," says I. "But I never had much use for the Republicans, anyhow."

"Search the Democratic platform for the same things," says he, handing me the document.

"Not a little whisper," says I.

Jim had me again! The Democratic platform had not a word to say about the man out of a job; not a word about the man too old to work; not a word about the kids in the mills and the mines. I felt pretty sick, for I've always been a bit fond of Bryan and voted for him twice. Then an idea entered my mind. "Platforms don't contain everything a candidate believes in, Jim," says I. "Bryan himself is a big sight more radical than his platform or his party."

Jim just laughed out loud. "What difference would that make, Hezekiah?" he asked. "Are you so dull as not to know that even if Bryan got elected, which I doubt, he would be at the mercy of the men elected to Congress back of him? And what can you expect to get from the Democrats? Why, man, think of the conditions in the South to-day, under Democratic rule! The power of the Democratic party in the South is pretty near absolute. Mr. Bryan depends for most of his electoral votes upon the South. And nowhere in God's universe are conditions worse for the workingman than they are where the Democratic party is supreme.

"As for Bryan himself, the Lord only knows what he does believe in. He was regarded as a dangerous radical in 1896, but to-day he is so conservative that the thought of his election worries none of the great capitalists. The very men who in 1900 chose Alton Brooks Parker to head the Democratic ticket upon the ground that he would not be opposed by the great corporations have this year nominated Bryan. Free silver is no longer pushed to the front by Bryan. Only a year or so ago he was loudly advocating government ownership of railroads and telegraphs, but now he is silent upon that subject. There is not a line about it in his platform or in his speeches.

"As for the rest, Bryan told us in his speech of acceptance that where his party platform was silent he would be silent; that he considered himself as much bound by the silence of the platform as by its utterances. And that means that he is pledged not to attempt to solve the problem of unemployment, pledged not to attempt to do away with child slavery and old age poverty. I ask you, friend Hezekiah, what you think of a man who seeks your vote wearing a muzzle like that—a muzzle made and fitted on by such men as Tom Taggart, Fingy Conners, Charlie Murphy and Roger Sullivan? Are these men, Bryan's bosses, any better than Tom Platt and Joe Cannon?"

Well, sir, I was feeling mighty uncomfortable by this time. I could see Bryan shrinking up under the fire of Jim's logic, and I knew what was coming. Then I pointed out the plank in the Democratic platform dealing with the great corporations. "Look here," I said; "all you have said is true, Jim, gospel truth, and I know it. But you must admit that Bryan is against the trusts. He wants to put them under control." Then I read the plank.

You should have heard Jim rip that plank up and down! He was like a regular ripsaw! "All bosh!" he said. "You must be near daft, Hezekiah, if you are fooled by that silly plank! What is it that is proposed? Why just this: Any corporation whose business amounts to 25 per cent of the entire business in that line will have to get out a license and come under government inspection or supervision; if it only does 24 per cent of the business it won't have to get a license. Even under Bryan's own showing it would be possible for four concerns to control 96 per cent of all business and go unlicensed. And there is nothing to prevent the same bunch of men from owning the four concerns, so that, even according to Bryan's showing, any group of men will be able to own and control 96 per cent of the entire business in any line without coming under his law. I'm no lawyer, Hezekiah, but I am no fool to swallow such bait as that.

"Bryan may be sincerely opposed to the trusts, but that only

shows him to be a back number. When he was nominated at Denver some of his fool friends, being superstitious about nominating him on a Friday, put the hands of the clock back. That is just what Bryan is trying to do on a big scale. Here we are a great and growing country, getting away from the old cut-throat competition; business is being organized into great trusts and corporations; it can no more be helped than the flow of the tide can be helped. Instead of leading the people onward to take the next step, to bring the trusts under the ownership and control of Uncle Sam, so that all will enjoy the benefits, Bryan wants to lead us backward a hundred years or more, back to the days of Sam Adams and Thomas Jefferson. It can't be done, Hezekiah."

"Why, there is nobody but Debs left! You have killed off all the others, Jim," said I then. Old Jim grinned like a cat in a chicken coop. "Do you mean to vote for Debs—a Socialist?" I asked him.

"Why not, Hezekiah?" asked Jim. "Ever hear anything against Debs?"

"No. Only that he is a Socialist," says I. "He spoke once over at Bride's Bridge and I went to hear him. What he said seemed pretty good to me, too."

"Here is the Socialist platform," says Jim then, handing me the document. "Look it over."

I had never read the platform of the Socialists before. The Socialists have never been very strong in Brower's Crossing, and I suppose that is why I never bothered to get their platform. But when Jim handed me a copy I could see in a minute that it was different from the platforms of the other parties. Why, sir, the first thing in the platform is a description of the crisis and the hard times. Every word in the platform has something to do with the workingman. Jim explained to me that the Socialist party is a workingman's party, that it gets all its funds from the working people, and could not be bought or corrupted by the plutocrats.

"Then I was surprised to find that the Socialists have got a practical programme. I had read in the papers that Socialists were just kickers, always complaining that things are wrong, but with no idea of how to set them right. Well, sir, I found the first plank in the platform a sensible proposition for dealing with the unemployed, and in the next plank the public ownership of the railroads, telegraphs, and so on, is demanded. I found that the Socialists want to do away with child labor, to provide for the insurance of the working man or woman against old age, sickness and accident. To put the whole thing in a nutshell, I found that the Socialist party is the only party in the

country to-day which has a platform in which there is any attempt to improve the conditions of the working people."

So I said to Jim, "Why, Jim Briggs, I never thought that the Socialists had such a sensible platform as this. I should like to get a few copies of this platform and hand them out to some of the neighbors."

"Why, are you going to vote for Debs?" asked Jim.

"To be sure I am! Why not?" asked I. "If I vote for Taft, or Bryan, or Hisgen, my vote will be thrown away, even if the man I vote for should win out. They don't stand for the things which I need, Jim, and as I figure it out, when a fellow votes for what he don't want his vote is clean thrown away, even when he wins. And the only sensible way to use a vote according to my notion is to vote for what you want. My vote will go to Debs."

Jim jumped up and took hold of both my hands. "Well done, Hezekiah! Good for you! Three cheers for Debs!" he shouted. I never saw a man get so happy over a new voter in my life. He just danced for joy and kept singing some campaign song about a million Socialist votes. I only remember the words of one line—

"We are coming, Father Abraham, a million voters strong."

Oh, yes, there will be quite a few Socialist votes in Brower's Crossing this time.

JOHN SPARGO.

A Serf of the South.



HE long, elm-shaded street with the afternoon lights and shadows slanting across it was good to look at. The green lawns on either side were gay with flowers, and the wide galleries of the houses were draped with honeysuckles and luxuriant climbing roses and Confederate jasmine. A black maid pushing a go-cart strolled by leisurely. On the opposite side of the quiet street a group of young girls had paused for a moment's gay chatter. On the galleries women in cool, tasteful summer raiment were embroidering or reading or entertaining guests.

Nelle leaned forward with her elbows on the wide window sill and looked at the pleasant scene with a sigh of content.

"'I thank whatever gods may be,'" she said, "that in the South one can dream, without shutting one's eyes, that the horrors of capitalism have no existence."

"Unless that is one of them," I said, glancing at a man who was opening the side gate.

His appearance brought to my mind another line of the poem Nelle had just quoted: "Beneath the bludgeonings of fate my head is bloody but unbowed."

He was literally bloody. A fresh wound on his forehead was almost black with dust and cinders, and little streams of blood had trickled down from it and dried on his hollow cheeks. He was deathly pale and I saw that his hand shook as he lifted the gate-latch. But withal he was unbowed—defiant.

"What on earth," murmured Nelle, and then a woman's shriek came from the side gallery, and a woman ran down the path and took him in her arms. She was a little woman, scarcely five feet tall, and he was a six-footer and more, but there was something in the way she clung to him that seemed protecting and fiercely maternal.

We heard soft, Southern endearments mingled with her sobs, and then in a terrific outburst:

"I hate 'em! I'd like to kill 'em all! O I wish I could burn 'em alive!"

The man only said, "There, there, honey,—there there, honey," and kissed her and patted her soothingly. After a moment they came on up the path, he shaking with weakness, she with rage.

"What can it mean?" asked Nelle impersonally of the world at large. We knew nothing of the woman except that she was very young, and that she had come to the boarding house with her baby a week before to work for mere board only.

"She is always so silent and timid," Nelle said. "Who'd have guessed that she is canned-up hate and tenderness?"

From our landlady we first learned their story, and afterward, when the man found that we were Socialists, he told it himself, seated on the gallery steps with his baby on his knee, in the midst of the flowers and fragrance that tempt one to believe the South an earthly paradise. A good night's rest and nourishing food had revived him wonderfully. The wound on his forehead (caused, as we had learned, by his falling headlong from sheer weakness while climbing a fence), was hidden by a neat white bandage. His voice was even and unemotional.

"I was raised on a farm," he said, "but I had a lot of brothers and wasn't needed at home, so I got a little education and taught school in the mountains. The pay was low—twenty-five a month—but board was five a month and other things in proportion. I kept on teaching after we were married and worked on her father's farm in the summer time.

"But after the baby came we took a notion we wanted a home of our own, so last summer we came to town so as to make more money.

"I got a job from the telephone company—unskilled labor, a dollar and a half a day—but I was taking a correspondence course at night; you know electricians get good wages. But it costs lots more to live in town, and the baby got sick; we thought it was the town milk and the hot little rooms we had to live in, so I went out in the country and got work on a farm.

"The farmer promised thirty dollars a month and a house and garden and fuel. After I'd been there a week Hilda and the baby came, and I went to a little cross-roads store and went in debt for a few things to set up housekeeping. We had rented furnished rooms in town and had nothing but our trunks, but we only went in debt twelve dollars. We've always been used to the simple life and we believe in plain living and high thinking, as Emerson says."

Nelle was looking at him with delighted approval. It is a bit unusual to hear a convict, just from the coal mines, quoting Emerson. I saw that Nelle was mentally putting it down in her notes of the new South.

"I promised to pay the cross-roads storekeeper in three weeks," the man's even voice went on. "Sanders, that's the farmer's name, had promised to pay me monthly and I had already worked a week. But when pay day came he counted

out the rainy days and said I had to make up for them before he would pay a cent. And then the storekeeper came down on me for the twelve dollars."

The little woman seated near him moved nearer and her hand crept involuntarily toward his, but changed the direction and began playing with the baby's toes. Mountain women are seldom demonstrative.

"It seems strange, the way they treated me. You'd hardly believe it. I don't know how to believe it myself, though I've known of other cases just as bad and even worse.

"Of course I understand why the sheriff sent me to the mines without a trial. That was graft. But the storekeeper didn't get any graft, I don't reckon, unless Sanders paid him more than the twelve I owed him. Whatever Sanders paid he kept the rest of my thirty dollars. I never saw a cent of it. I reckon he wanted to get me off his place too because I'm a Socialist. He didn't know it when he hired me and after I told him he seemed kind of scared of me. He's powerful ignorant and reads only capitalist papers.

"It came off one Sunday evening Sanders sent for us to go over to his house and pick the banjo and sing. He had some whiskey and tried to get me to drink with him. I wouldn't, and he kept drinking and quarreling at me for not drinking till I was disgusted and got up to go home.

"Then of a sudden he was on me like a tiger. I thought he'd choke me. I was that surprised I couldn't get my fight up for a minute. I tore loose then. I didn't want to hurt a drunken fool, and Hilda was scared and the baby was screaming, so I started home with them. He said he'd shoot me and went in the house, so we started running, for I was unarmed. He did bring out his gun but his wife gave him a good bawling out and he didn't shoot.

"We walked twelve miles that night back to town. They arrested me next day, and the stoorkeeper corroborated everything Sanders charged and together they got me sent to the mines—without trial.

"Those coal mines are hell. Sick or well, men are lashed to their tasks—and such tasks. The shaft we walked through to our work was four feet high. I walked three miles in the morning and three miles at night bent down in that shaft, besides doing the inhuman day's work they demanded. I was sick and worked till I literally dropped in my tracks, and they kicked and cuffed me before—and after—the regular lashing. They killed a man at least twice a month in that shaft. They tortured others to death."

The man's voice was still even and unemotional but his eyes

glowed with red-hot rage, and the veins in his temples were throbbing. I noticed that the stress of his emotion had reopened the wound on his forehead. It had been badly cut by his fall on some sharp stones, and the red blood was moistening the lower edge of the bandage. He paused and when Nelle and the landlady had voiced their indignant horror I changed the subject.

"What did you do all that time?" I asked the little woman whose hand rested in his now, openly and unashamed.

I sat on the steps of the jail till dark and then the sheriff's wife let me sleep on some quilts in her kitchen. Then a preacher's wife took me to work for my board; but she had eleven children, so I came here as soon as I had a chance."

"I reckon," said the landlady, "that you're as much of a Socialist now as your husband."

"I'm no Socialist at all," said the other woman fiercely, "I'm an anarchist. I'd love to shoot down like dogs every cowardly cur that laid their hands on him, and then some."

The baby, dozing in its father's arms, startled perhaps by the vehemence of its mother's voice, stirred and whimpered uneasily. The father patted it soothingly and raised it to his shoulder.

"There, there, honey," he murmured. "There, there, honey."

MAY BEALS.

Marysville, Tennessee.

Doubly Enslaved.

TOM SELBY.

Though whipt, though shackled, though in bondage pent,
No slave is he who struggles to be free;
But slave indeed—aye, twice enslaved is he—
Who bears his servitude in dull content!

You Can Change Conditions.



E are in the midst of a widespread revolt of the workers against oppression and misrule. Political bosses, owned body and soul by the big trusts and monopolies, are endeavoring to raise up here the same forms of oppression which exist in the autocracies of the Old World. Our political life is a nest of corruption. Over municipal councillors and legislators, over even our executives and judges, is the rule of the boss. And as the Czar gives orders to HIS agents, big and little, so it is coming about with us that great capitalists give orders to THEIR public officials.

Unquestionably this private ownership of our government and of our public officials is the greatest political issue of our time. No one can doubt but that the people alone will decide the outcome of this issue. It is a matter for their choosing whether we shall have in this country Czarism or Democracy, Oligarchy or Republicanism, Capitalism or Socialism.

One must speak of this as our foremost issue because the workers are helpless to protect themselves from injustice and oppression so long as the government is owned and controlled by the capitalists. The first duty, therefore, before the workers of this country is to exercise their political power intelligently, —is to smash corrupt and despotic political machines, to rid themselves of self-seeking bosses, and to take into their own hands the governing institutions. Until this is done no great or lasting improvement can be effected in the condition of the people, and no really effective effort made against the manifold forms of economic oppression.

Every citizen will agree that all this is obvious, but some may ask, "How shall the workers gain control of the government?" We answer that the ownership and control of the government by the workers is possible ONLY through the agency of the Socialist party. It is an organization of the workers themselves. It is the ONLY political party which is not owned, controlled and dominated by capitalists. It is the ONLY party without bosses,—the ONLY party in which the decision of the rank and file is final. Furthermore it is the ONLY party which expresses every hope and aspiration of the working-class, the ONLY party which has declared for uncompromising warfare

against every form of oppression and misrule in our political, in our economic, and in our social life. Its whole LIFE AND BEING is democratic: ITS BODY, the working-class; ITS SPIRIT, the revolution.

Nearly all the voters of American cities are wage-workers. They do *not* own the tools with which they work. They do *not* own the houses in which they live. They depend from day to day upon the wages which they receive from their masters. In times like the present when factories and sweatshops are closed they and their families are forced into destitution. They roam the street in want. And as the baker is shut out of the bakery, and the sweatshop worker out of the sweatshop, they cannot produce bread and clothing even for themselves. As a plant rooted up from its soil and left to wither and die, so is the unemployed wage-worker.

During this last winter, scores of thousands of fathers and mothers have been unemployed; thousands upon thousands of school-children have gone hungry; and although all our public officials knew of this widespread distress among the workers, not a single public act was taken to relieve their misery. When the unemployed came out into Union Square they were beaten and clubbed by policemen, ridden down by American Cossacks, and denied the exercise of their constitutional rights to peaceably assemble and state their grievances. And as the Tammany government in New York ignored this misery so likewise did the Republican legislature at Albany. During all the sad months of last winter the legislature discussed everything under the heavens except the misery and starvation of this multitude of wage-workers.

In face of such a record can wage-workers fail to ask: Are these public officials OUR representatives, and is this government OUR government? If New York State were part of a great despotism one would expect its public officials to ignore the distress of the people, and even to ride them down when they assembled to voice their wrongs; one would then expect our representatives at Albany to ignore destitution and hunger, and at the same time to pass legislation for the benefit of the rich. But what shall we think when these very things happen in this so-called Republic?

It is impossible to suppose that the workers are content to have their distress so ignored. They are not different from other men. They are rightly determined to force upon the community some recognition of their necessities. They want, and intend to have, an opportunity to work until they and their families have the food they require. They want, and are determined to have, wages increased and hours of labor decreased. They want, and

are determined to have, some security in life, some regularity of employment, and an opportunity to earn a decent and honorable livelihood for themselves and their families.

As the political expression of the workers it is the aim and purpose of the Socialist party to fight in every municipal council and legislature in the country to achieve better conditions for the workers. It will never be content until economic and political conditions are changed and the well being of the workers is made the chief end and aim of every legislative act. In the growth of the Socialist party lies THE ONLY HOPE of the working-class. Until the workers have their own representatives in the legislatures they can expect NO SOLUTION of the great economic and social problems which now bear so heavily upon them.

The conditions which confront the wage-workers of to-day are intolerable. They are exploited by their employers, who for the sake of greater profits force down wages to the lowest point, and increase the hours of labor to the very limit of human endurance. Factories are dirty and unsanitary; machines are unguarded. During the rush season, men, women and children work until they drop from exhaustion, and during the periods of unemployment they must live somehow upon their meager savings.

Nor is this the end of their exploitation. The coal trust, the meat trust, the ice trust, and the land trust exist for the purpose of raising prices artificially until no matter how much the workers receive in wages, all and more must be spent to provide themselves and their families with the necessaries of life. Despite the fact that their tenements fall more and more into decay, become more and more filthy and unsanitary, rents constantly mount upward. Even during this panic, when the people have nowhere to turn to find work, the meat trust has raised the price of meat, the landlord trust the rent, and the other trusts have forced up the prices of the other necessaries of life.

And is there no one to protect wage-workers from these onslaughts? Are there no representatives in your government anywhere to deal with the employers who exploit you or with the trusts which rob you? Is there not ONE of your political representatives to whom you can turn for help? You know I need not answer. You know, or ought to know, that the men whom YOUR votes have put in power are not YOUR representatives, but the representatives of the employers who exploit you in the factory, and of the big trusts which exploit you at home.

And yet, my friends, you can do anything if you will only make the necessary effort. You have the power of numbers. You have the ballot, and you can alter and change conditions as

you will. You have only to vote intelligently. With your votes wisely used you can build up your own political organizations and control your political representatives—your city councils, your legislatures, and your national government. And not until you gain this control over your government can you hope to pass legislation remedying social and economic wrongs and abolishing every form of political and industrial oppression. Filthy streets and foul tenements can be ABOLISHED BY YOU. Foul sweatshops and fouler bakeries can be ABOLISHED BY YOU. Your dwelling-places and your working-places can be made wholesome and clean and beautiful. Your children can be saved from the early toil of the sweatshop, and your wives from drudgery and misery. Even the fundamental cause of all poverty, misery and degradation—the capitalist system itself—can be ABOLISHED BY YOU.

Whenever you will! Instead of our present disorder, our wealth and our poverty, you can create the co-opeative commonwealth in which men will labor together to help, to befriend and to succor each other, instead of being forced as now to tear to pieces, bankrupt and impoverish each other.

Are you satisfied with conditions now? Then you have no reason to vote for the Socialists. We who make up the Socialist party are profoundly dissatisfied with conditions now. We intend to work with might and main to abolish for ever the miserable and wretched conditions of life which surround the modern wage-worker, and we want ONLY THOSE men to vote for us who are dissatisfied as we are with conditions now.

It is a big work. We realize that. But WE KNOW that in time victory will be ours. We know that in time education and organization will make the working-class powerful enough to overturn the present political and economic institutions which make for inter-fraternal warfare, for misery and poverty, and to establish in their stead a community of brothers, where want will be unknown and the heart of man has peace.

ROBERT HUNTER.

Out of the Dump.

No. VI.

With the Charity Organizations.



FEW days after they took Bob away to the House of Correction, I left the kiddies in charge of one of our neighbors and went over to see my old employer at The Guildhall. She had been kind to me and, in my misery and helpness, I hoped she would be able to give me some advice. But Mrs. Van Kleeck had sent her on to Hot Springs for the baths with a trained nurse in attendance. And Mrs. Van was too busy amid her social functions to be bored by a recital of my troubles. She interrupted me almost at the beginning of my story.

"Never mind about that," she said. And wrote out a check for one hundred dollars, which she sent to old Copperthwaite with a note asking him to employ me in one of the charity organization offices. She assured me he would take care of me and promptly wiped her shoes of the affair. I went to see Mr. Copperthwaite the next morning.

Mrs. Van Kleeck's requests were regarded as commands by the General Superintendent. She was one of the patronesses whose name it was only necessary to have at the head of any charitable enterprise in order to secure scores of Social Climbers scrambling to work and to contribute.

John Copperthwaite was the hardest, least sympathetic man I have ever known. He cared nothing at all about the Poor. His chief ambition was to become the highest salaried man working in the field wherein he shone. He was one of the fathers of "Scientific Charity" and desired to be quoted upon all philanthropic questions as the greatest American authority upon the subject.

His motto was "Teach the Poor self-help." It was very simple. All the investigator had to do was to advise the applicant to "get work." According to old Copperthwaite, every time an organization GAVE anything to a poor man or woman that organization proved itself inefficient. He believed that a perfect institution should pay next to nothing in practical aid—or

"relief," as he called it. He said he hoped to live to see the time when charity workers would be educated to the point where they would realize the importance of spending 99% of all money received for the Cause in the "Scientific Way." The investigators would be educated workers. They would be able to promptly separate the many "unworthy" from the "worthy" poor. Of course it did not matter what became of the "unworthies." The "worthy" ones would appeal to the investigators; drink in a little Wisdom on How to Help Themselves and go upon their ways rejoicing.

But I do not mean to discuss the uncharitable charity workers, nor the dishonest ones. There are uncharitable and dishonest people everywhere. Rather I wish to tell about those whose greatest joy is in aiding and helping the poor and unfortunate. It concerns us only whether THEY are able to cope with the great and INCREASING illness—Poverty.

Fortunately Mr. Copperthwaite decided to send me over to assist in the office of Mr. Pythias. And he was truly a friend—a Pythian, to the poor as far as in his power lay.

His eyes filled with tears when I told him about mother and Bob and my wish to make a little home for Sam and Maggie.

"Well, well, well!" he said sympathetically. "We'll see if we can't manage it."

And so he installed me in the great store rooms and before long I was busy clothing the naked Poor in the cast-off garments of the Rich. Mr. Pythias paid me seven dollars a week besides giving me some good warm clothes for Sam and Maggie. Our rent was $2.00 a week. And Mrs. Maloney, who lived just overhead, kept an eye on the children every day till I came home.

In a short time they had learned to put the potatoes to boil and to set the table before I returned. We were really managing to get along very well. My work in the store rooms was always interesting and I found the winter days slipping away faster than I had dreamed possible. I was too busy to feel very lonely. The housework had to be accomplished in the evenings and Sam and Maggie were beginning to take pleasure in making things "look nice."

As I said before my work in the store rooms of the Northwest Bureau grew more interesting every day. The greatest desire of Mr. Pythias's heart was to help the Poor and he inspired all his workers with zeal in this direction. He wished too to help them permanently, to put them on the road to happy, wholesome, self-supporting lives. But this was impossible except in a very few cases. I have seen him sit at his desk with his great head bowed in his hands and doubt and perplexity filling his heart. He reminded me of the physician who puts salve on the

sore he fears will never heal; the physician who knows that his efforts may assauge the pain but can never CURE the disease.

During those days it seems to me I was absorbing views of Charity Work at every pore and from a dozen angles. I talked with the investigators and with the applicants. I read the reports made out on the various cases. I studied books by representative charity workers. Better still, I had not lived seven years in the home of the Van Cleecks without acquiring a tolerable knowledge of the lives of the rich patrons of the various organizations. It's easier to learn about their inside phases in the Servants' Quarters than it is from the drawing rooms. And what I don't know about the people from The Alley, The Dump or Bubbley Creek isn't worth putting down on the records. You see, I'm ONE OF THEM. So when I saw a motto over the mahogany desk of Mr. Copperthwaite that read:

"Not MONEY but ENCOURAGEMENT is what the Poor need"—Leo Tolstoi,

I knew it was in the Upper Element where Stupidity reigned supreme. Anybody who looks over the records of the various cases can see that either directly or indirectly the cause of distress in ninety-five cases out of one hundred is LACK of EMPLOYMENT or INSUFFICIENT INCOME. Over 65% were so reported by the investigators. But in a case like the one of John Walters, where the man deserted his wife and children because he was unable to get work and because he knew it was the only way to secure aid for them from the charity organizations, the *apparent* cause of distress is DESERTION.

Although so reported by the charity investigator, it was not because of SICKNESS that the Wineshevsky family was in need. Neither they, nor the thousands of other families that are dying every year in unhealthy tenements or unsanitary houses, choose to live in them. They love sunshine and fresh air and beautiful homes as well as anybody. But a poor wage worker has to take what he can get. And so the babies die year after year.

Rip Mahoney hadn't been a drunkard BEFORE he was injured and his family was not sinking into the hopeless mire of misery because of his drunkenness. Rip drank BECAUSE he WAS rendered hopeless, because he was unable to keep his family FROM SINKING. Of course he was unable to get anything from the street railway company when his back was hurt. He couldn't afford a lawyer. You might say he was "improviden" because he had never been able ta save anything out of his enormous salary of nine dollars a week.

I saw very clearly before I had worked very long for Mr. Pythias, that the disease that was killing my people was Poverty.

lack-of-work, and I longed to find a cure in the name of the thousands of miserable ones.

One morning in January Rosa Ferri came staggering up the long flight of stairs to the store room. She carried the baby in her arms, and Tony, a little fellow of two, pulled at her skirts, while an older boy of three or four brought up the rear. Giavonni, her husband, was in the Bridewell, sent up on a charge of Vagrancy for six months, she said. She gave me an order from the investigator for a pair of shoes for Tony.

"Corpus Christi!" she groaned, seating herself upon a chair, "an' nex' week he have a-de-job."

The hose Tony wore were stockings in name only. So I fitted him out with two pairs, almost new, and the older boy as well.

"They're all boys; aren't they, Rosa?" I asked.

"Sure, sure," she replied, sadly.

"Are you sorry?" I asked.

"Sure sure," she said. "The girls—they can make a piece of de money on de street, but BOYS——" she threw up her hands.

"They will be for sure—CROOKS."

I felt sick and weak when she spoke, for I knew it was the truth. We children of the Dump know also that if she does not return to the organization to ask for aid, Rosa is pretty certain to go out upon the street herself, unless she be of very sturdy virtue, when she will prefer to "dip the poke" (pick pockets).

My next visitor was O. Carrington Lee. Mr. Pythias brought him up, introduced us in his kindly manner and returned to his office. Mr. Lee explained that his man was bringing a lot of things which Mr. Lee wanted to donate. And the "man" shortly appeared heavily laden with clothing. There were twenty of Mr. Lee's "old suits" (as good as new) in the lot. Ten of them were of the finest linen, for Mr. Lee had wintered at Tampa, Fla. And there were fourteen fancy vests, silken hose and underwear, half a cart-load of shoes and nearly two dozen fine shirts.

I knew a great deal about Mr. Lee. Mr. Pythias was fond of talking about this man, who, in spite of his great wealth and social position, still had time and money to spend upon those who were less fortunate than he.

He was very good to look at, one of those tall, hardy, well-groomed young men who have all their lives fed upon the Cream of things: a clean-limbed, frank and noble young man who has had all those riches and pleasures handed to him that poor folks are forced to make themselves "ignoble" to secure.

He glanced around the great room with the same quick and interested manner Bob has. And my heart pounded hotly and my eyes grew moist. He was what Bob might have been if OUR father had left us two or three business blocks when HE died. Poor Bob! who was spending his young days in the House of Correction because he was forced to stealing in order to take care of mother! I looked at Mr. Lee's hands. O yes! All his fingers were there. He had never worked at a "lapping machine." Probably his father had left him the OWNER of one.

Mr. Lee walked about the store room with an assured step as though he had a right to be there.

"I want you to see, Miss Piper," he said pleasantly, "that the things I have brought over are given to WORTHY people."

"I don't understand, Mr. Lee," I said quickly, for I felt that I would choke in my wrath. He looked up surprised.

"Worthy, DESERVING," he repeated. "You understand."

"No, but I DON'T understand," I repeated. "Is there any one who is '*un*worthy'?"

"But the LAZY men, the DRUNKEN men, the DISHONEST men. I mean them, of course," he said. And I must confess that he spoke kindly and earnestly. The rage and anger died out of my heart for I thought, if Bob had been born in his bed he would have been just such a strong, handsome, stupid young man. It wasn't Mr. Lee's fault that he did not know our lives. But it seemed to me then that he was our enemy for all that; that the reason he, and such men as he, might live prodigally all their lives was because we poor folks slaved ourselves to death for a pittance. But I felt weary of a sudden. We were too far apart. I could never make him understand. It seemed useless to try. I thought I would not.

Mr. Lee kept his eyes upon me. He was waiting for an answer. And I smiled a little, though my eyes were wet.

"You see, Mr. Lee," I said, "I was born in The Dump. I've lived there most of my life. I'm one of those people. I know and come from the folks some of whom you would call 'unworthy.'"

"I have a brother eighteen years old in the House of Correction. YOU would call him a criminal. He stole, I believe, in order to get money to save my mother when she was dying.

"He is younger than you. He has had scarcely any schooling, but he is a great deal smarter than you are.

"When our father was killed he left a debt which Bob worked one year to pay. He was twelve years old. He has been working almost ever since. Your father left you a great deal of valuable property. That's the only difference between you."

Just then one of the Mahoney children came up stairs with an order for a pair of trousers and some underwear, and while I was waiting on him, and trying to choke back the tears, Mr. Lee slipped away. I hoped he would not be angry or tell Mr. Pythias that I had been rude, but I was glad I had spoken anyway.

Bob spoke the truth when he said the thing that was hardest to endure was the judgment of the people who have inherited Rector Meal tickets for life. The morality they preach is wholly impossible to the Poor. Through the devious and troubled pathways which we tread the fierce struggle for existence breaks down the barriers of refinement, of modesty, of virtue and of honesty. If we are not ever intent upon the main issue, we fall on the way. To secure is to live. Some one has said, "There is not living a very poor, *honest* man." I wonder if it is because the very poor, very honest people die young!

The capitalists love a moral working man. He is patriotic! He will fight then for his country! All the Kings of Industry have to do when their warehouses are crammed to the bursting point is to pick a quarrel with one of the little countries. Somebody insults the Flag! The dear old flag! And the moral, patriotic man is up in arms in a moment ready to shoot the little Cuban, or Mexican, or Venezuelan into the eternal darkness, or to be himself shot. And so the Beef Trust gets a new market and the cotton trust another lease on life.

But honesty and industry as well as thrift are the great bulwarks of capitalism. An honest man will take nothing from the Rich. No matter how the rich man secured his wealth the honest man will have none of it. He is honest. He goes down to his grave honest. But that does not matter to the capitalist. Workingmen are a glut on the market! Always there are many more begging for jobs!

And the industrious man! Is he not a valuable employe? Is his labor not more productive to the man who hires him?

And the thrifty one! Can he not work for lower wages? Does he not save and pinch and deny himself in good times against a Rainy Day? He does not need to ask for Charity and is it not the Rich who support charity.

Verily! Verily! It seems to me that the reward of Virtue and Morality in the workingman goes very surely into the pockets of the Rich!

MARY E. MARCY.

Rich and Poor in America.



O SECURE the widest practicable distribution of wealth is a prime aim of Socialism. When industry is administered democratically rewards will be better proportioned to merit, millionaire-dom and pauperism destroyed. What are the inequalities of wealth now prevailing, the outcome of competitive chaos?

There is a feud between Socialistic and capitalistic writers about the distribution of wealth in the United States, and any statement made on the one side can be contraverted with equal authority on the other side. On the one hand the Census Bureau compiles formidable and cheering volumes of figures which amaze by their magnitude to the critics of our social system but carry no conviction; on the other hand radical critics make statements about the appalling poverty right across and up and down the continent which sanguine review writers hold up to scorn.

Unfortunately we have no official analysis of incomes in the United States such as Germany and Great Britain possess, and most of the Census calculations about wealth distribution deal with the ownership of property, not with the annual returns.

According to the wealth census of the United States, while we possessed in 1860 but sixteen billion dollars, in 1900 we possessed nearly six times as much, ninety-four billion dollars, though population had increased less than two and a half times. "The United States is now beyond dispute the richest nation in the world." ("American Finance," by W. R. Lawson of London.) But this wealth, which has grown more than twice as fast as population and is growing with accelerating velocity each year, instead of assuring to every industrious family a competence, is unhealthily fattening a few families while the bulk are left propertyless.

There are certain outstanding facts which cannot be disputed.

Millionaires have multiplied and multi-millionaires come into existence within the half century covered by the figures. "Between 1820 and 1830 Stephen Girard was a proverb for great wealth. In 1848 John Jacob Astor stood alone in point of wealth. To-day a great number surpass him. A fortune of $300,000 was then regarded as constituting wealth. It was taken as a mini-

mum above which men were 'rich.' It is certain that before long some man will have a billion." (See article by Prof. Wm. G. Sumner, LL.D., "Independent," May 1st, 1902.)

How many actual millionaires there are in the United States to-day nobody knows. The number depends upon fluctuations of values in Wall Street. An active member of one of New York's most important banking and promoting houses declares that there are five thousand in New York alone—twenty-five hundred whom he could count up and twenty-five hundred more, "many of whom are absolutely unknown in Wall Street." In 1902 the "World Almanac" listed nearly 3,500 of them. They are a prolific family. In 1907 the Secretary of Agriculture stated that one gentleman, discovered to be a Mr. Weyerhauser, of whom few had previously heard, owned thirty million acres of timber. Commenting on this phenomenon, which had darted comet-like into vision, the conservative New York "Times" stated: "The time is coming when the possession of thirty million acres of wooded land may be worth more than the largest fortune of any of the hated capitalists of this hour."

"I was walking up town a few months ago with a Wall Street financier. 'Do you see that house?' he said. 'It's just been bought by Mr. Blank. Did you ever hear the name?' I admitted my ignorance. 'Well,' he continued, 'I never heard of him either till last week. He's from Podunk, and he's worth twenty millions.' Then he pointed out another house, recently bought by another unknown visitor who was rated at thirty millions. 'I'm hearing of new men worth twenty and thirty millions every week,' he said, 'and I don't know where it will all end.'" (See article by Ernest Howard Crosby, "Independent," May 1st, 1902.)

At irregular intervals the newspapers announce the death of a Lockhart, a Barnes—some man whose name is unfamiliar to the public but whose estate is probated for thirty, forty, fifty million dollars. In September, 1907, it was shown in court that a score of stockholders of the Standard Oil Company owned shares of a million dollars in value at that time and of much greater value when stock quotations were high. Why, indeed, should not the supply of millionaires be generous? How easy is their creation when the Indiana Pipe Line Company yields a profit of 200 per cent and the Southern Pipe Line makes a precisely similar showing. (See evidence in Federal suit at New York against the Standard Oil Company, 1907.) Getting rich is surely easy to the man who, entrenched within a trust industry, receives back double his investment each year. It is simpler than betting on loaded dice.

In October, 1907, the public learned for the first time that a

trust deed had transferred from the Lake Superior Company to four trustees, three of them sons of Mr. James J. Hill, various ore-lands "in trust, to be held during the life of a number of individuals mentioned in the deed of trust and for twenty years beyond the death of the last survivor." It may be judged for what period the deed runs when it is noticed that some of the persons named in it are grandchildren of James J. Hill. One provision of the deed is that the president of the trustees shall receive a substantial salary "until such time as the gross income of the trust equals five millions a year, and thereafter the percentage upon the gross income over five millions." Here is record of an empire which is coolly calculated to yield an income of five million dollars to the members of one family and a few of their associates—and five millions income represents a hundred millions of capitalized wealth or enough to create a hundred millionaires at one swoop out of nothing.

Though our information may not be exact enough to enable us to say precisely what proportion of the wealth of the country is owned by the richest of the population, clearly we can heartily endorse the verdict of a conservative writer: "If it were known what the possessions of the 126,000 richest families in the United States are, the result would be all that any agitator need ask." ("The Social Unrest," by John Graham Brooks, page 164.)

The rulers among this class of millionaires control, each one, many millions, how many no one can correctly estimate. But it is known with certainty that Mr. Andrew Carnegie received 217 millions in mortgage bonds for his interest in steel works when the United States Steel Corporation was established, and Mr. John D. Rockefeller's interest in the Standard Oil Company alone was worth 109 million dollars in September, 1907, with the quotation at $440 a share. And who shall say what is the correct capitalization of each share when the Standard of Indiana was shown in court to have earned one thousand per cent on its capital and the profits of the Standard Oil Company in 1906 rose to over 83 millions?

Below the members of the millionaire families come the industrial leaders, the heads of the learned professions, the successful merchants, the country bankers—people with incomes ging from three to thirty thousand dollars per annum or thereabouts, who inhabit those long streets of beautiful houses which adorn the suburbs and the best residential quarters of our cities. Along with them might be put the most prosperous farmers. Their numbers I shall not attempt to calculate. They form the middle classes.

Rapidly shading down from this class we reach the mass of the wage earners who have the best right to be dissatisfied

with the existing distribution of the national income. How much are they receiving? It is upon their condition, compared with the condition of the classes higher up, that this part of the argument of Socialism rests.

I make no exhibit of the miserable statistics of pauperism, of the restless regiments of hoboes, of the sad occupants of our penitentiaries. Socialism is not a gospel of despair. It does not rest upon the assertion that the poor are getting poorer and all but a few millionaires threatened with starvation. Its argument is not addressed chiefly to the submerged tenth. It does not attempt to prove that Americans in mass are half-starved slaves. It rejoices that, as I once heard one of the foremost English Socialists say, "Probably the eighty millions in America are better fed than ever eighty millions before." So rich are the natural resources of our country, so energetic are our people, so inventive are our artisans, so stimulating is such freedom as our institutions confer, that the output of products each year surpasses the wildest dreams of a century ago. Therefore very few of our citizens need go to bed supperless in ordinary times, especially as our city charities are lavish. Our forefathers with their devotion to democracy, their ideal of equality, were not entirely fools. They established laws and institutions which have given to the Americans a better outlook, a fuller subsistence than ever Europeans enjoyed.

It is true that in New York 10 per cent are buried in a pauper's grave; it is true that around the Chicago stockyards hideous degradation and grinding poverty degrades our civilization (see "The Jungle," by Upton Sinclair); it is true that in every large city there is a slum section where puny children—dirty, ill-clad, aenemic—swarm in the gutters; where vice and crime flourish luxuriantly and men and women stumble at middle age into the grave. But pitiable as is the lot of these swarming crowds, they do not, thank Heaven, as yet represent our civilization. It may be plausibly argued that a large proportion of the adults in the noisome quarters of our big cities, the failures of society, cannot be debited to our economic system; and that their children, the victims of the parents' ignorance, weakness or vice, may be rescued without our accepting collectively the responsibility for the submergence of the parents. Most of the adults, it will be said, are recent immigrants, struggling up from the still lower condition in which they sweltered in the country of their birth. They have been granted asylum and opportunity to rise. They came voluntarily; their coming shows that they prefer our country to their own; American institutions could hardly be expected immediately to raise them to refinement and comfort. Still others are the moral and physical degenerates who will burden any

society and regeneration is the fit task of our charitable and rescue organizations; but for whom we cannot alter our whole industrial life.

The case for Socialism does not depend upon the rebuttal of this argument. It is not a system primarily for aiding the abject failures. It's appeal is to the capable who manage to float in the social sea even more than to the few who are submerged. The half-fed, struggling, weak-minded weak-willed denizens of the abyss have never of themselves secured greater freedom, and any system which rested upon their activity and co-operation would be doomed to failure. But above them come the millions of wage-earners and farmers who compose the plain people of Lincoln's admiration and the politician's lip homage, and whose energy and intelligence sustain the national life. What share are our great troops of workers in mill and mine and factory and field and forest getting of the fabulous increase of riches, measured both by income and by capital values, to which our Census returns testify?

Here again we meet the difficulty of fluctuating prices and conflicting estimates. Therefore to avoid all appearance of unfairness I shall discard entirely socialistic statisticians; I shall accept the estimates of the enemy.

Let us begin with Mr. Carroll D. Wright, former United States Commissioner of Labor. He is accused by Socialist editors of presenting rose-colored figures, purposely tinted to defend our civilization and our political parties. In May, 1902, in an argument to show how widely wealth is distributed, he said ("The Independent"): "It is safe to assume that the average wages paid the eighteen million wage receivers in the United States annually is $400." This agrees with the return made by the Canadian Census Bureau in 1907, showing the average income of persons fifteen years old or older working at gainful occupations in 1901, to have been for males $387 and for females $120, the occupations in the return ranging from fishing and agriculture up to professional classes.

Professor Johan A. Ryan ("The Living Wage," published in 1906 under the editorship of Professor Richard T. Ely), after weighing all the facts given in a number of official reports (none of them accepted as impartial by Socialist writers), concludes that "At least 60 per cent of the adult male wage earners (outside of agriculture, where the remuneration is much lower, but the cost of living not so high) obtain less than $600 per year."

Since he wrote, the Bureau of Labor (Bulletin July, 1907) has issued the results of an investigation covering the whole of the United States, of the average wages and hours of labor in a variety of the trades carried on in cities. This shows that wages

have risen in the decade from 1896 to 1906, but that prices have risen as fast. For every $10.00 which one of the city wage earners received in 1896 he was getting $12.40 in 1906. But the for food which he paid $9.60 in the former year cost him $11.60 in the latter year.

Clothing, rent, amusements and the thousand and one little things besides food which every household must purchase, increased in price in similar proportion. Therefore, accepting patriotically, without challenge, the figures of the Bureau of Labor, it is clear that, measured in purchasing power, the workman's wages *remained stationary;* and this in a decade when, according to our Census Bureau, the national wealth, the savings of the land, which these battalions of wage earners did most to create, increased by about 25 billion dollars (see "Wealth and Distribution in the United States in 1904": Bulletin of the U. S. Census Bureau)—enough to give each family, if it were evenly distributed, savings of about $1,500. The head of a family on Mr. Carroll D. Wright's average of $400 a year, must have lived, he and his wife and children, like anchorites, on $4.70 a week during the whole decade and saved all the remainder with the saintliness of the "economic man" to secure his share of the savings.

This most recent return made in the hey-day of business activity, reports that of the 334,000 employes included in the return, not less than 22.5 per cent received less than ten dollars a week wages and 15.7 per cent received from ten to twelve dollars a week. (Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor, July, 1907, pp. 26-60.) Therefore, making a deduction for lost time or for vacations of only a fortnight in the year, it appears that in the twelve months of flush prosperity, among the best-paid city wage-earners 38.2 per cent got not more than $600, a sum with the same purchasing power (according to the same report) as $500 had ten years earlier; while 22.5 per cent received only $500 or less, which was equivalent to $413 ten years earlier.

I admit cheerfully that in this period of prosperity the workman was better off than in the gloomy years of business depression. He gained by the greater steadiness of labor. His total earnings were higher, his household accounts easier, because, forsooth, he was guaranteed the privilege of working more steadily from January to December.

On Mr. Carroll D. Wright's average of $400 a year, not only would a workman and his wife be mad to adopt President Roosevelt's ideal of a large family, but they cannot rear a small family; nay, they cannot maintain even themselves in a manner befitting "sovereign citizens." When sovereigns were kings, who would have dared to suggest that $400 a year were sufficient

for a king and his royal mate? Today citizens are kings. Dare we argue that for our monarch and his mate $400 a year is proper subsistence? Vacations, books, newspapers, amusements, insurance against sickness and old age—how shall these be provided for even two people on less than ten dollars a week? And, if babies come, where is provision for the doctor, nurse, tiny garments, extra food and strong clothes as the youngster grows? Though education is free, can the people afford to send the lads and lasses, whose wants increase with their years, through the high-school; and is not a high-school education the minimum requisite for a "sovereign citizen?"

I shall not enter the controversy as to what sum constitutes a "living wage." One expert reporter, a college professor, has shown by the exact details of his household expenditures that $3,000 a year is insufficient for his family ("What Shall College Professors Be Paid?" by G. H. M., "Atlantic Monthly"), and I can detect no item in that budget which anybody I know would consider superfluous for his family.

Yes, yes, I am aware that $3,000 a year is far beyond the standard of European peasants and artisans and perhaps more than our own bountiful national income can provide as yet for every family. That does not affect the argument.

This point is clear. Whether one thousand, two thousand or three thousand be the annual family allowance possibly available, so long as the busy workers get only $400, and comparative idlers—the Astors, Goulds, Vanderbilts, et al.—four millions, there is something rotten in the state of Denmark. We need not be concerned as to whether a family of five might subsist on less than $400 a year. We know without further argument that an industrial "system" which produces such inequalities is woefully imperfect; that any method which will drain wealth from the palace and pour it into the cottage will make ideal conditions of life more widespread; will bring the cottagers nearer to the minimum which no man, however philosophic, is willing to have his own family fall below. If there be not enough to give every family a sufficiency, the more reason for making the distribution equitable; for depriving the upper ten per cent of their power and temptation to waste.

These city workers include the best organized workmen whose wages have increased most rapidly. We do not know exactly how the small tradesman, the humbler doctors and lawyers, the teachers, the farm workers and the battalions of unskilled laborers have fared. Assuming, however, that they have done as well as their better organized city colleagues, why should these millions who carry the burden of our industrial, agricultural and commercial life be content? True, they enjoy comforts which

Queen Elizabeth did not know; true, their table contains a variety of foods which George Washington might have envied; true, they can ride on street cars and read cheap newspapers, which to George the Fourth would have seemed miracles of speed and of entertainment. These changes, which their critics are so fond of calling to their attention, we do not deny. But the question is not whether they have received a little of the advantages of scientific invention and improved production, but whether they receive a *fair share* of the improvements. It is nothing to the point to show that the workman of today is better off materially than the workman of the last century. The question is, since our wealth has increased so marvellously with the result that millionaires have multiplied and hundred-millionaires, a monstrous brood, have been evolved, while a middle class enjoys incomes which only the richest enjoyed a century ago, why should the propertyless wage-earners not strive for an organization of industry, an improvement in their condition which will not leave them, even when they are fully employed, with only $400 a year on an average and 60 per cent of them with less than $600 a year.

Only one form of organization can secure for the worker the big slice of the national cake which is now eaten in idleness by bond-holder, trust manipulator and city landlord. By only one form of organization can the startling inequalities of fortune that have marked recent decades be cured, the highest average of well-being attained, degrading poverty and debilitating luxury alike prevented. That organization is the co-operative form, the democratic assumption of ownership, risks, management and profits, a form culminating in the co-operative commonwealth, the glowing goal of Socialism.

JOHN MARTIN.

The Growth of Socialism in Australia.



OCIALISTS in Australia have every reason to be pleased with the growth of the Socialist movement in Australia. Until a comparatively recent date, within the last two years, the Socialists only existed as scattered organizations without practically any cohesive power. Recognizing the necessity of uniting in order to present a solid front to the enemy, a conference was held about two years ago, the outcome of which was the present Socialist Federation of Australia, the S. L. P., a small but commendably militant organization, remaining outside. As indicative of the progress since made it may be stated that at the second conference, held in June of this year, the delegates who took part in that assembly represented a membership of several thousand. Especially gratifying was the message from the New Zealand Socialist party, affiliating with the Federation, the numerical strength of the N. Z. party being, I believe, between two and three thousand. As regards the objective of the Federation, it is frankly revolutionary, and by a unanimous vote the conference passed a strongly-worded resolution warning the working class against the side-tracking "reforms" that are dangled before their eyes by the Labor party and other middle-class political organizations.

As regards the trades unionism question, the Federation endorses and supports the principles of industrial unionism, very properly recognizing, as I hold, that this is the only possible form of industrial organization that can be advocated by Socialists who recognize the position Capitalism has reached in industrial evolution!

At the present time everything seems to be playing into the hands of the Socialists. That much-vaunted reform, compulsory arbitration, that was to bring the dear brothers, capital and labor, even closer, has completely broken and there is now none so poor to do it reverence! This is only one of a score of other "reforms" for the "dear workingman" that have completely failed, as foretold by the Socialists. Let me here say that if there is still a comrade in the American movement who believes in the "something now" bill reforms, then he, or she, would do well to study the complete failure of that policy in Australia and New Zealand, the countries that more than any other have "experimented" in these things. The failure then of the reforms advo-

cated by the Labor party has had the effect of opening the eyes of quite a number of the workers to the folly of further supporting a party that is a Labor party only in name, and are now recognizing the truth of Socialist philosophy. Even some of the more advanced labor papers in the colonies are now lampooning their party for the pitiable ignorance of economics and Socialist philosophy in general shown by the parliamentarians. As I write this article the master class are busily engaged in an attempt to work up excitement over the visit of the American fleet, which will arrive here shortly. The Federation and I. W. W. Club, to which belong both members of the Federation and S. L P. and which is making good progress, will hold anti-militast demonstration in the various states, a piece of propaganda work that is likely to be very effective. Three papers are published by parties affiliated with the Federation. They are: "The Socialist," the organ of the Victorian Socialist party; "The Flame," the organ of the Broken Hill Socialist party, and the "Socialist Review," the organ of the International Socialists of New South Wales. It was decided at the last conference that as soon as possible these papers should be amalgamated, the Federation to have one weekly official organ and a monthly "International Socialist Review" for Australia. All the organizations hold regular propaganda meetings in the various cities and states and have nothing to complain of in the matter of audiences. Indeed, of late the main difficulty in connection with the indoor propaganda work is to get theaters and halls that are large enough! Tom Mann, who is the organizer for the Victorian party, has just returned fom a propaganda run in New Zealand and there, as here, he reports the movement is now forging well to the front. From what has been said American comrades will see that Australasia is making the necessary preparations for the social revolution.

Optimism, not pessimism, holds the field with Australian Socialists at the present time, and optimism that the writer feels is by no means misplaced. H. Scott Bennett.

New South Wales, Australia.

The Economic Aspects of the Negro Problem.

CHAPTER V. (Concluded.)

The Re-establishment of White Supremacy.

Such are a few of the results of the epoch of the white man supremacy upon the fate of the 10 millions of negroes living in the south. Such oppression of the conquered and beaten foe the negroes never practiced in the worst days of the black man's supremacy. Every day in his life the colored man, or even the man who by the faintest symptoms discloses his partial relationship with the African race, is reminded that he is not a full citizen of the country in which he was born, but only a tolerated pariah, a despised and a hated intruder; and this relation is justified by the plea, that he is a member of a lower, i. e., a less cultured, a less intellectually developed race; but the peculiar paradox is that the more cultured, the more intellectual, the more like the superior race the colored man or woman is, the more is he hated and despised. This relation between the races undoubtedly represents a noticeable aggravation of conditions as compared with those before the war; and this is frequently pointed out by the southerners, who, nevertheless, entirely misunderstand the real nature of the changes that have taken place.

The facts themselves are undisputable. Says a very intelligent southern observer: "To-day there is practically no social intercourse between the two races, excepting such as exists between the negroes and the most degraded white. It was far different in slavery. Then the two races mingled freely together, not in terms of social equality but in very extended and constant social intercourse. In almost every household the children of the two races played and frolicked together, or hunted, fished or swam together in the fields, streams and forests. .....Social intercourse between white and black during slavery was not confined to children. Visits to the slave cabin were made regularly, often daily, by the white woman of the household, who went not merely to visit the sick and inspect the children, to advise and direct about work and household matters, but to show her personal interest and regard for the negroes themselves, not as slaves nor workers, but as individuals, as human beings and sometimes as dear

friends. In short a social visit was made; not upon terms of social equality but still a social visit during which the news of the plantation or neighborhood was exchanged and discussed..... The mistress sewed or cut garments in the same room with the slave seamstresses. The lady's maid slept upon a couch or pallet in the lady's chamber or the one adjoining..... But the social intercourse between the races in the south which was so helpful to the blacks, has now practically ceased. The children of this generation no longer play and frolic together, while ladies no longer visit negro cabins."

Nevertheless, the new relations have naturally developed from the soil of the old patriarchical relations of the slavery times. For the foundation of the new relations must be sought in the slavery that had existed so recently ,and in the natural results of the destruction of that patriarchal atmosphere which had in those earlier days somewhat softened, and in the eyes of the southerners, even justified slavery. The preceding pages of this study have, it is hoped, shown conclusively enough, that these conceptions of the lower race, and the impossibility of the equality of races, have had their foundations laid some three centuries ago. And the memories of the civil war, and the days of reconstruction, have only added some venom and bitterness to these views.

It must be conceded that the majority of the restrictions indicated above materially affect only the higher circles of the negro race. At the bottom of the social ladder, where intellectual life is very much limited, and the entire existence is reduced to one elemental struggle for its own preservation, the insults to one's selfrespect or vanity are much less felt, and even seldom noticed at all. The proletarian negro does not make any efforts to be admitted to the theatre, or to the fashionable hotel, and when travelling on the railroad, pays a great deal less attention to the surroundings and the comforts of the car. Nevertheless, it would be quite wrong to conclude therefrom that the negro problem is only a problem of the owning classes, or of the educated few. The negro laborer or skilled worker feels the damnation of his race almost as acutely. One must not forget, that negro-hating has entered into its worst stage,—the stage of fashion. The lowest classes of the superior white race imitate the higher classes except that they express their hatred of the negro in a much rougher, cruder manner. The white workingman refuses to work next to the black workingman, and in the industrial development of the south, the black race gets only the roughest sort of work. The negro will not be permitted to

work like the white man and women behind one of the looms of a cotton factory, though he may be employed at the subsidiary occupation of cleaning up the factory. Thus the poor and underpaid white factory slaves of the south still preserve, or think that they preserve, their right to look down upon the black man. Even disregarding the mental effects of such discrimination, the material interests of the colored workingman are very visibly affected thereby.

But, to be frank, how could one for a moment imagine that with the total destruction of the participation of the negroes in the framing of the laws, and in the administration, and in view of the natural enmity which the events of the preceding decades have created, that in view of such conditions the essential rights will remain unmolested, their interests not injured? It is true that the regenerated capitalistic southerner does not any more openly dream of the reestablishment of slavery, though he still sighs after the convenient custom of slavery. It is true that the south has had time and opportunity to learn the blessings of free labor. Nevertheless the southerner's conception of what constitutes free labor, is a peculiar one, and the southerner has always approved of methods of "reasonable" compulsion of that free labor.

In speaking of the period immediately following the civil war, I have indicated the many special laws against vagrancy, which were passed for the special benefit of the negroes, and made possible the instantaneous arrest and public sale of many negroes into temporary slavery or what amounted to such, for the slightest infringment of the laws, or without any such infringment at all.

Since then, the special black code, i. e., the special criminal code for the black race, was abolished, but the exceptional position of the negro before the law has remained in fact, if not in theory. For the south, impoverished as it was by the war and the subsequent years of reconstruction, the system of renting out their criminals and making them a source of revenue instead of expense, had its signal advantages, and the ignorant mass of negroes, among whom petty infringements of laws were naturally very frequent furnished excellent material for increase of state revenues. The white judges acted as if they were trying to collect from the negro vagrants the damages which the white south had suffered during the short days of the negro domination. In the eighties when the southern writer Cable was investigating this problem, the practice of renting out the negro criminals had reached enormous dimensions. The practice embraced tens of thousands of negroes annually. The negro criminal's labor

was not only sold in the prison building, but was even permitted to leave the prison for the farm of the purchaser, and when these criminals were taken out in chains to work on private plantations, very little difference could be found between this and slavery labor. As the very interesting investigations of Cable have shown, the southern criminal records included ten times as many negroes as whites, and the average sentence of the negro was at least twice as long as that of the white man; the heavy sentences often reached the limits of absurdity, as when, in 1879 a Georgia negro was sentenced to twenty years' hard labor for stealing a pig.

But enforced "free" labor in the south was not at all limited to the real criminals. This form of enforced labor has somewhat abated in the south within the recent years, but a new form of such enforced labor has sprung up in several southern states, of a much more contemptible form. That the question of peonage could become acute in the beginning of the twentieth century, serves as the best proof imaginable how the suppression of the political rights has influenced the material condition of the negro in the south, and how far material advantage was behind this effort of political oppression.

Within the last few years cases of peonage have been discovered in the states of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi. Not only the pettiest crimes, or even the failure to pay debts, have been used as a pretext for the state authorities to come to the assistance of the southern planter in establishing the system of peonage, but often nothing but plain brute force could be cited in defense of the practice. Either criminals who have served their term were not permitted to leave their camps, or other negroes were hunted down and brought into the camp. It is almost incredible, yet true nevertheless, and thoroughly established by documentary evidence, before various investigation committees, and before the juries of various states.

It was established by these committees and before these juries, that the system of peonage has been quite extensive in these two states and several others, and that it existed under direct support of local legislatures, administration, and judiciary. The criminal prosecution of the planters guilty of practicing this system of peonage was only possible because of the federal statutes. The investigation disclosed not only the wide spread nature of these practices, since in Alabama alone 99 cases of peonage came to the knowledge of the courts, but also the extremely cruel treatment of the peons.

These disclosures have called out many expressions of

condemnation in the American press. But that these facts could exist for many years without the northern press knowing anything about it, and without the southern press, which could not help knowing them, saying anything about it, may serve as a characteristic symptom of the present status of the negro question. No less significant is the fact, that in the first case which came up for trial in Alabama, it was impossible to get a conviction. There could be seen one of the practical results of the ineligibility of negroes for jury service.

It is true, that the jurymen, who insisted upon the acquittal were severely censured by the federal judge. It is true that verdicts of guilty were brought out in other cases: that the northern press loudly proclaimed its deep satisfaction, and that even some southern newspapers insisted that these verdicts denoted a signal improvement in the condition of the negroes in the south.

But it is no less significant, that the South was very far from unanimous in its condemnation of peonage, and that even a northern paper, the famous New York Herald,—which in its long career has defended every vicious political condition in this country as well as in many foreign countries,—that the New York Herald thought it proper to come out in defense of the southern planter, with the argument that cotton culture could not get along without contract labor, and without the use of corporal punishment and arm force in the effort to enforce the contract. Said the southern planter, as reported by the New York Herald: "Whether Judge Jones has declared this law constitutional or not, the planters in the black belt will have to maintain their right to reclaim their contract labor, or else they will have to go out of business. Under any other system you would find it impossible to get in your cotton, because the negroes at the critical time would simply sit down and refuse to work. When they are well, we compel our laborers to go to field by force." When asked by the reporter whether he had ever whipped a negro himself, the planter answered: "Yes, I have, we have to do it once in a while. A negro ran away, from me, and hid in the next plantation, eleven miles away. I went after him with my negro foreman. I took him out of the cabin with a revolver in my hand and drove him home. There I took it out of him with a buggy whip, while the negro foreman held him."

These arguments of the southern planters need not be dignified with any serious economic refutation. But what is extremely significant and noteworthy, is the defense of enforced, practically slave, labor forty years after the emancipation of the slaves. It is perhaps worth while to point out,

that by far not all this peonage labor is the result of a free contract, as the southern planter would have us believe. Thus in the very trial, which ended in the disagreement of the jury, the case was of a young negro boy, who was forced to work in payment of a fine for no greater a crime than vagrancy —vagrancy in a country which has no passport system.

The preceding dry enumeration of specific cases of suppression of the rights of the negroes, does not give any vivid picture of the real situation. To do that, it is not enough to be a painstaking observer of facts; only a great artist could give a true picture, which should convey the proper impression to one who has never lived in the south. Barring such direct experiences and observations, it would be necessary to quote hundreds of concrete illustrations so as to build up synthetically the true story of that suffocating atmosphere in which must spend all his life the negro of even limited culture, intelligence and sensitiveness. To the northerner, and even more the man who has come to learn the ways and habits of this country from abroad, these facts are often horrible. blood-boiling. Often his sense of justice is wounded most by those little incidents which may not have any serious import in themselves, but serve as an illustration of the general attitude towards the entire race. Such an incident, which remained perfectly beyond the comprehension of European society was the celebrated White House breakfast with Booker Washington, at the President's table. It was only a few months before that incident occured, that the attitude of the south in regard to such matters, was succinctly stated by that fanatical negro hater, John Temple Graves:

"Take Booker Washington. He is the type and embodiment of all worth and all achievement in his race. His linen is as clear as yours. His fame is broader than the repute of any statesman in this hall. His character stainless and unimpeachable, defies criticism. His patriotism is clear, his courtesy unfailing. And yet I challenge this conference with a proposition: What man of you, gentlemen, philosophers, statesmen, metaphysicians, problem solvers that you are, what man of you would install this great and blameless negro in your guest chamber to night?

Would you do this now? Would you do it to-morrow? Would you do it in ten years? When would you do it? And why would you refuse to do it?"

Evidently, Graves was sure of his answer.

How relentless is the southerner in his pursuit of the negro, and how strong his desire to destroy all vestiges of civil rights, the following case may serve to illustrate. It was

mentioned above, that the courts of the southern states systematically exclude the negroes from the jurybox. Not only the democratic judges of the State courts, but even the republican judges of the federal courts are equally relentless in this practice. In 1898 in the state of Louisiana, a very light mulatto was accidentally selected to serve on a jury, because even the southern gentlemen did not recognize in him a member of the negro race. During the very first recess the fact leaked out, that a "negro" was among the twelve men good and true, and the remaining eleven jurymen immediately signed a protest against the inclusion of the mulatto, and by agreement of the counsel and the state attorney with the judge the negro was "excused." The incident caused a great deal of commotion among the negro population of the town and a protest against the action of the federal judge was sent to the U. S. Senate, where a resolution was immediately passed commanding the Attorney General to investigate the incident. In reply to this inquiry, the Attorney General presented letters from the judge as well as from the prosecuting attorney in the case, stating that they had the perfect right to remove the juryman, that this did not constitute any infringment of the man's rights, that in fact they were forced to act in the way they did, for otherwise they would have never have been able to get a jury together, as the other jurymen absolutely refused to serve in conjunction with that man; that the case was going to be a long one, and would necessitate the jury sleeping and eating together. These explanations were considered satisfactory by the senate, and the case was dropped.

It was stated above, that mixed marriages are prohibited and are not recognized by law. Some five years ago the following case occured in Alabama. A white woman, who had been married to a "white negro" for about fifteen years, after his death demanded her part of the estate. The court of the first instance refused her petition on the plea that her marriage was illegal, notwithstanding the fact that she had stated that at the time of her marriage she did not know that her husband belonged to the negro race. The supreme court of her state affirmed the decision of the lower court.

It is well known, that all state officers are absolutely beyond the reach of the negroes in the south. But a great many public offices and positions in the South are filled from Washington, and when the federal government is in the hand of the Republican party, petty positions are frequently given to negroes in payment of the negro's support of the republican party. This is now recognized as a historical institution, but

the southern protests against this practice are becoming stronger and stronger every day, no matter how petty the position given to the negro. The case in the little town of Indianola is still vivid in the memories of all, when the appointment of a negro as postmaster has called out such disorders that the Post Office Department was forced to close the postoffice of that town. It is true that the federal service has a long and complicated civil service act, which on the whole works quite well. But this excepts the negroes. If a negro who has passed the best civil service examination is appointed to the petty position of a letter carrier, the most southern towns force the resignation of such a letter carrier by threats, intimidation, and even do not stop at direct violence.

These few characteristic cases are sufficient for our purpose, for they illustrate the tendency, which has grown up upon the basis of material interests, but is now extending to all possible forms of social life. The relations are not improved either by the education of the black men. For if the french author Dumas or the great Russian poet Pushkin, both of whom had a strong vein of negro blood in them, were to live in the south to-day, they would be treated no better than any other ordinary "nigger". A Virginia physician, residing in Washington, stated to me without any feeling of shame, that negroes were making life intolerable in Washington, for there he dare not knock down a negro, who does not leave a sidewalk when meeting him. Medical societies refuse to admit negro physicians into their membership, no matter what their personal achievements. One cannot help indorsing the words of Judge Powell of Mississippi, in reference to the efforts of several towns in that state to expell all their negroes from their limits: "I confess, gentlemen, I cannot understand this foolish hostility to the negro. He is here without his consent, and here undoubtedly he must remain in large numbers. He has been eliminated by our constitution and laws from all political control. He asks not for social recognition. He only asks the poor privilege of working for his daily bread in peace, and to indulge in hope that the coming years may bring something better to his posterity. We of white race have all the offices of power, from Governor to constable, and the negro is simply the creature of our mercy. It strikes me that for us to oppress where we should protect, to debase where we might lift up, is unmanly and unworthy of the proud race to which we belong."

The sympthetic judge did not even suspect that in the very deliverance of one part of the population into the tender

mercy of the other part lay the real secret of this persecution and injustice.

"So much for the negro in the South, and his place, the place the southerner gives him. What of the negro in the North. There he has no place at all. Says the Northerner: We have no place for the negro. We don't like him. Take him away."

Thus a Southern lady writing in an English magazine an apology for the Southern treatment of the negro.

In these words is seen the characteristic desire of the southerner to show that the negro is worse off in the North than in the south and that the North therefore has nothing to reproach the South with. It is scarcely necessary to say that this point of view represents an extreme exaggeration. That the negro is better off in the north than he is in the south, is shown by the fact that the immigration of the negroes northward is growing, notwithstanding the unfavorable climate of the north. Thus in the North Atlantic states the total number of negroes during the decade 1890-1900 increased from 269,906 to 385,020 or by 42.6 per cent, while the increase of the negroes in the country at large was only 18.1 per cent. But it is certainly true that the conditions in the north are far from ideal for the negro, especially the intelligent, cultured negro. It is true that there are no legislative restrictions of the civil or political rights of the negro, and that the 13th, 14th, and 15th amendments to the constitution have been of some permanent value to the negro of the north. The political rights of the negro once granted remained inviolable. The social intolerance towards the negro, has somewhat decreased, though it has not yet vanished altogether. Sporadic instances of the revival of the old feelings occur now and then. While the president has not hesitated to put Mr. Booker Washington at his table and treat him as his equal, nevertheless, the aristocratic white servants of the rich still eat at a separate table from the negro servant. While the theatres admit the negroes, yet every now and then the demands of a southerner in regard to the ejection of a negro patron are complied with. First class hotels still persist in declining to serve negroes, but the majority of the second class hotels are getting rid of of this race pride. The majority of the Northern Universities, (though by no means all) admit negro male students on terms of absolute equality with the white students, and among the male students there occasionally may be found absolute freedom from the racial prejudice. But the condition of affairs is different in the female colleges, most of which firmly

decline to accept any students with ever so slight an admixture of negro blood. In those few colleges, where female negro students are admitted, the white students refuse to have anything at all to do with them. The terrible scandal which was caused by the discovery that one of the students in the aristocratic Vassar was found to be a negress, (i. e., a white girl with such a small mixture of negro blood that there was no trace of it in her appearance, is still remembered by many. On the other hand many state and municipal institutions receive negro students of both sexes without any restrictions whatsoever. Here the state appears to be a progressive force in comparison with some social strata. In the majority of the northern cities the common schools are the same for both races, though in some cities the local feeling has forced separation. New York City has even seen a few negro school teachers in classes of white children, though their position was not enviable and they often wandered from one school to another.

In general, it may be said, that the north is more ready to recognize the rights of the prominent exceptional negro; the capitalist, the artist, scientist, poet, writer, etc., while the south is emphatically opposed to any such favorable distinctions; "once a nigger always a nigger," and that is all there is to it; that is the southerner's absolute decree. Northern papers and magazines frequently invite the collaboration of negro writers and public men; the south does not think that the best negro is capable of saying anything that is worth listening to. The northerner is less fanatical to the presence of a drop of negro blood; and if the drop is slight, and not noticeable, is willing to disregard it.

Nevertheless, those rude incidents which with relentless cruelty remind the negro of his belonging to a lower race, and which are so frequent in the south, are sometimes met with in the north as well. Here a negro will be forced out of his honest employment, there a neighborhood will rise in revolt at a perfectly respectable negro buying a house on the exclusive street.

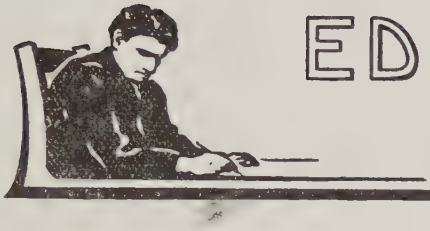
In the northern cities those cases excite some attention, so as to be recorded in the daily press, while in the south the situation is so well agreed upon, that no paper would consider it worth while mentioning it, and so a search through the files of northern papers might disclose a great number of these cases. Yet one cannot tell, that these cases represent a well formed plan or attitude towards the negro. The average northerner of some education and intelligence will not permit himself to express any prejudice towards the negroes, but

when it is a question of personal relations in private life, one can find side by side with many cases of absolute tolerance, also numerous cases of a feeling of disgust, which the persons affected do not all try to analyse. On one hand it is an unconscious survival of the old, on the other it shows the effect of the moral contamination of the south, the effect of fashion, and imitation.

And this effect of fashion is remarkably well displayed by the northerners who come down to live in the south. For the average American is nothing but a faithful slave of fashion, and is dreadfully afraid of any effort to overcome and resist it. Before the average northerner has lived a week in the south, he stops calling the negro "mister", and loudly proclaims the doctrine of the inferiority of the negro race. In this the southerner finds the strongest corroboration of the justice of his own attitude on the question, disregarding the fact that the northerner does not change his opinion out of any serious considerations or study of conditions, but simply out of the desire to fall in line, which makes his future business and personal relations with local society so much easier and pleasanter. Thus because of the increasing intercourse between the north and the south, the contamination of race hatred is enabled to find its victims far beyond the geographical limits within which it is historically logical.

(*To be continued.*)

I. M. Robbins.



EDITOR'S CHAIR

The Economic Interpretation of Politics. The editor of the *Nation,* the weekly edition of the *Evening Post* of New York City, is an able and clear-headed writer who is more fortunate than the editors of the papers published by capitalists for the edification of workingmen. His paper is read by capitalists and by many of the professors, writers and editors who help make "public opinion." These people need to know the truth themselves, and the editor of the *Nation* therefore writes with a freedom that is altogether exceptional. In summing up the issues of the present campaign he says:

"When one considers the attempt this year to make out in the official platforms sharp issues between the Republicans and the Democrats, one merely gets a new impression of the confusion of current politics, and of the way in which old shibboleths and party watchwords have lost their force. . . . When both parties have come to the same things, neither can attack the other with anything but artificial zeal. . . . Hence, if there is to be excitement in the campaign, it must be extra-political. The truth is that sagacious observers are already looking more to the business than to the political situation. The former may easily dominate the latter. If conditions in the industrial world should not sensibly improve; if thousands of men remain out of work; if they see their savings disappear and the pinch of another winter coming, with no sure promise of better times, then, indeed, we might expect exciting times, which could not fail to be reflected in politics. The one critical sign which the shrewd managers of both parties are watching is the state of trade. If there is much to be said for the economic interpretation of history, there is more to be said for the economic interpretation of politics. Parties go solemnly through their motions, yet in their hearts they know that the result of the election may easily depend, not upon party creed or party leaders, but upon the reduced shipments of iron ore from the Great Lakes, the number of idle men in Pittsburg and Youngstown, St. Louis and Chicago and New York, the size of the wheat and corn and cotton crops, and the prices they bring. Let him who wants real excitement eschew platforms and campaign speeches, and study grain reports and the iron output and the earnings of railways. They are to be this year bigger than all the politicians."

The *Nation* is not alone in the opinion we have just quoted. Mr. E. H. Harriman was interviewed on Sept. 15 by a special representative of the Chicago Tribune, which quotes him as saying that "so far as the business of his railroads was concerned it would make no difference who was elected President." By this of course he means that it makes little difference to the railroads whether the next President is Bryan or Taft. If the working class had become intelligent enough to make Debs' election probable, he might talk in a different strain. But the industrial conditions mentioned by the *Nation* are doing the work of education for us. When industry runs smoothly and the laborers seem to be secure from month to month and year to year in wages which, though scanty, are as good as they ever had, then it is only the brighter and more thoughtful among them who are likely to look around or ahead enough to become revolutionists. But when the patient wage-slaves suddenly find themselves idle and hungry through no fault of their own, they wake up to the fact that the social system under which they live is not giving them what they want, and they begin to listen to what the Socialists have to say. All signs indicate that next winter will bring more terrible sufferings to the workers of the United States than they have ever known before. Two million votes for Debs would bring hope out of despair for the millions of toilers crushed by the machines they tend but as yet can not control. Two million votes would sweep all side issues out of the way and bring to the front the one vital question, Capitalism or Socialism,—shall the workers continue to hand over most of what they produce to a small owning class, or shall they keep it all for themselves?

The Backwardness of America. Why is organized Socialism in America so far behind organized Socialism in Europe? Here there are no feudal lords with special political privileges, the workers generally have votes, speech and press are freer than in most countries, and yet our Socialist movement has thus far lagged behind those of the rest of the civilized world. A clue to the answer will be found if we remember that the prevailing ideas of any generation do not necessarily correspond to the current mode of production, as might hastily be assumed by a new convert to the theory of economic determinism. True, they are modified continually by the current mode of production, but they have been developed under previous modes of production. This is the plain prose of a truth glimpsed by Lowell when he wrote of

"One long conflict through the ages twixt old systems and the Word."

America today is the most highly developed of capitalist nations, but yesterday the small individual producer was monarch of all he surveyed, and he does not yet realize what has happened. More important still, it was true not long ago that an American wage-

worker of ordinary energy and initiative was not obliged to remain a wage-worker, but could start out as an independent producer and grow into a capitalist. With this prospect in view, he thought of himself as a possible profit-maker, and had more interest in plans for raising himself into the capitalist class than in plans for improving the condition of wage-workers,—still less of abolishing wage-labor. New methods of production have now made it utterly impossible for any considerable number of wage-workers to rise out of their class, and this change has laid a solid foundation for an American Socialist movement. Slowly and steadily it has been rising on that foundation. Its growth is inevitable, and if Europe offers any trustworthy analogy, our movement will soon enroll the mass of the city wage-workers.

The Small Producer and the Socialist Party. The city wage-workers are as yet a minority of the voters in most of the states. The agricultural wage-workers are either floaters who move too often to have votes, or else are farmers' sons whose views are colored by the mental atmosphere of their fathers. Another element important numerically if not economically is made up of the small merchants who sell goods to wage-workers and farmers, and of the doctors, teachers, barbers and others rendering personal or professional services to the wage-workers and small producers. If capitalism must necessarily last until all these have by industrial development been transformed into wage-workers, then the owning class and their immediate descendants have little to fear. Can our propaganda be addressed successfully to others than wage-workers? The "opportunists" say yes, and are furthermore in favor of laying stress on certain incidental reform measures calculated to promote the apparent interests of the small producers, hoping thereby to attract them into the party whether they have any understanding of Socialism or not, and no matter whether they can be counted on to support a thorough-going Socialist program or not. The "impossibilists," on the other hand, say that it is only a waste of energy to attempt propaganda among others than wage-workers. As between the two, we believe that our propaganda always and everywhere should be so directed as to develop clear-headed Socialists. We believe that new voters won over by the advocacy of reform measures are a source of weakness rather than of strength. But we do not believe that propaganda addressed to others than wage-workers is necessarily wasted. Many convinced Socialists live where they can not come into personal touch with wage-workers, but only with small producers. These Socialists are going to try to make converts. They are not satisfied to sit still and wait for capitalism to change the small producers into proletarians. They want to do what they can to bring the revolution while they are alive to see it. The question for them is whether to teach Socialism or to advocate reforms in

the name of Socialism. If the material interests of the small producer were not closely allied to the material interests of the wage-worker, the latter course would be a natural one for these Socialists to take. This question thus becomes a vital one.

Wages, Prices and Profits. We have been accustomed to say that the wage-worker gets less than half what he produces, that more than half goes to the employing class. And this is true when we consider the whole body of laborers in their relation to the whole body of capitalists. But it is not necessarily true of one particular laborer in his relation to his own employer, especially if that employer's capital is slender. Again, certain passages in Marx have led Socialists to assume that commodities are generally sold at their values,—at prices corresponding to the amount of human labor embodied in each commodity. But Marx does not say this; he says that human labor is the only source of value, and that the whole mass of commodities taken together are sold at their value, but he also says that it is only accidentally that any particular commodity is sold at its value. That happens (apart from temporary fluctuations) only when such commodity is produced by a capital in which the "constant" and "variable" elements happen to be just equal to the average. The tendency under capitalism is for equal capitals to draw equal profits. This equality is brought about through supply and demand, by raising above their value the prices of commodities produced with relatively little human labor and relatively expensive means of production, and by depressing below their value the prices of goods produced with much human labor and little capital. Thus the cobbler with his simple tools, or the "one horse" farmer, gets for his product under capitalist competition only a trifle more than the value of his labor power. Therefore his real interests, however he may conceive them, are the same as the interests of the wage-worker. He can get some immediate relief by raising the general wage-scale, since the prices he will get for his products or services will go up almost in proportion. He can get the full value of his product only by abolishing capitalism, only by joining with the wage-workers to bring about the revolution. Therefore our logical course is to make the same appeal to all producers to join us in the movement for the overthrow of capitalism. Let us welcome them all, but turn aside for none.



England.—Are the English Socialist leaders betraying the cause of internationalism? That is the question which is exciting capitalistic as well as Socialist writers. It is all *à propos* of the German war-scare. The National Executive of the Labor party recently published a resolution on the subject, and that is what started the trouble. This resolution deplores "the reckless and mischievous attempts now being made by small interested sections, both in Great Britain and Germany, to persuade the people of the two countries that a war is inevitable, and condemns the provocative policies of naval construction pursued by both these countries." German comrades are assured that English workers have no sympathy with militarist propapaganda. In fact, it is roundly asserted that if war is brought about it will be through the action of a few individuals who have bought the newspapers to distort news to suit their flamboyant political passions and their economic interests. The resolution closes with an appeal to German workingmen to coöperate for the purpose of defeating the war propaganda. This resolution represents the traditional Socialist policy, and is subscribed to by Keir Hardie, Henderson, Snowden, Macdonald and others of the best known and most responsible leaders of the Laborites.

The Laborite resolution has been vigorously assailed by Robert Blatchford, H. M. Hyndman, and H. Quelch. Comrade Blatchford's principal attack is to be found in *The Clarion* for Aug. 7th. His chief contention is that the resolution in question misstates the facts of the case. According to the Laborites German and English capitalists are working together to plunge the two nations into war. Mr. Blatchford asserts, on the contrary, that there is no English war party, that in the event of war English capital would have everything to lose and nothing to gain. German capital, however, needs an outlet and the scattered British empire invites attack. Now, says Mr. Blatchford, the question as to war or no war is not in the hands of the German people, but in those of the Emperor; and once hostilities were begun the Socialists would be powerless. This being taken for granted, the Laborite proposal seems hopeless. The matter is really urgent, we are told. The Germans are enlarging their navy and drilling their troops with a view to rapid embarkation. War may begin at any time, and in the face of it anti-militarist and internationalist would stand helpless. The English could not resist the German attack: he Germans are an army, the English are not. And a German victory would be a disaster to English labor as well as to English capital. It would be a blow to European civilization. To

prevent this disaster some really practical measures must be undertaken.

Mr. Blatchford has reiterated his arguments in succeeding issues of *The Clarion* and has been supported by Comrades Hyndman and Quelch in *Justice*. The latter puts the problem thus: "Agreed as we all are as to the means of maintaining peace generally, there is none among us but must regard war between England and Germany as a crime and disaster of the greatest magniture. There is no 'split' or difference of opinion about that. The only difference of opinion, the only ground of controversy, is as to the best means by which such a crime and disaster can be avoided." In the very last number of *Justice* to come to hand (Sept. 5th), Mr. Hyndman returns to the attack, laying special stress on the fact that he is not suspicious of the German people, but the Emperor must be guarded against.

The other side of the question is represented by J. Hunter Watts and J. B. Askew. Mr. Watts, writing in *Justice,* mentions the fact that the Socialists have been instrumental in preventing a war between Norway and Sweden and between Austria and Italy, and then asks. "Is the arm of Socialism shortened that war is 'inevitable' between Germany and Britain?" Mr. Askew calls in question the information available on the matter, and more than implies that Mr. Blatchford and the others have sounded a false alarm.

English criticisms of the position taken by the Socialist leaders is naturally echoed in Germany. Herr Bebel writes to the *English Labor Leader* to protest against it. But he advises the Labor party not to send a delegation to Germany, as has been proposed. This action would, in his opinion, give German politicians the notion that the English are afraid of war.

The nature of the "practical' measure that Mr. Blatchford and his party have in mind is indicated by Robert Edmondson, in *Justice,* Aug. 29th. What they propose is to organize a citizen army. The present military force is weak in every respect. Neither the influence of the workingmen nor Sir Edward Grey's foreign machinations can be depended upon to prevent war. What England needs is sufficient military power to stand alone. The citizen army proposed is to be made up of all male subjects capable of service between the ages of 18 and 45. To their 29th year they are to be liable to short periods of service for the sake of training. This army is to be democratically organized and in no case is it to be called out except to repel threatened invasion. The provisions of this plan are soon to be embodied in a bill and presented to Parliament by Will Thorne.

A moment's thought about the matter will show that the English Socialist leaders are not to be highly charged with infidelity to the cause of internationalism. It is true that their arguments smack a good deal of professional politics. But the worst that can be said of them is that they are trying to make a brilliant stroke. They are evidently working together and with a definite purpose. And their purpose at least is a good one. The country is supposed to be in danger; they will use the opportunity to overthrow the class military system and substitute for it a proletarian army, an army which, when the time comes, will ensure control to the working class. Whether the tactics adopted are the right ones, only time will tell. I am very sceptical of them. But at any rate Laborites and the two factions among the Socialists have the same purpose; they differ only as to the means of its accomplishment.

Australia.—In the September *Review* I gave some account of the position taken by the Socialist Federation of Australasia in relation to the Industrial Workers of the World. At the convention of the Federation, it will be remembered, a resolution was passed in favor of having the work of the I. W. W. Clubs performed "by Socialist organizations." This resolution has called forth a heated discussion. The trouble has all arisen from the attempt to transplant an organization bodily from the land where it grew up to another where its environment must be quite different. Of course Australian workingmen find it difficult to understand an organization which gets on without "endorsing or desiring the endorsement of any political party."

Nevertheless the discussions in Australian papers make me feel more certain than ever that our Australian comrades are getting at the difficulty in the wrong way. In fact, a long letter from H. E. Holland in the *International Socialist Review,* Sydney, confirms my worst fears. Most of the arguments in it are borrowed from secret or open enemies of the I. W. W. If Mr. Holland wishes to know what their policy will lead to let him study the history of the old Socialist Trades and Labor Alliance. Labor simply will not be organized by politicians; its chief struggle is in the industrial field, and political parties rise and develope in response to needs discovered there. When Mr. Holland says, "The Socialist movement is an economic movement acting in two domains, the industrial and the parliamentary," he rouses a suspicion that he does not appreciate the nature of the industrial struggle. The Socialist party is the political expression of those who have already become industrially class-conscious. But the I. W. W. is a class-conscious organization. Let its work go on unhindered and it will make Socialists faster than any political propaganda.

The federal conference of the Australian Labor party met at Brisbane July 4-10. Its discussions were chiefly concerned with details of proposed legislation affecting working class interests. The usual motion to make Socialism the main objective of the party was voted down and the old objective reaffirmed. According to this old objective the Laborites are working for two things, a "white Australia" and "the securing of the full results of this industry to all producers by the collective ownership *of monopolies,* and the extension of the industrial and economic functions of the state and municipality."

But the convention was not devoid of signs of promise. Mr. Andrew Fisher, the president, said in his address: "I say with pleasure that in my 20 years of public life I have seen this question (of Socialism), from being tabooed, sneered at and scouted, brought to a first place in public discussion." The significance of this statement is not clouded even by the unctuous, "We are all Socialists now," which follows it. *The Worker,* a Laborite weekly published at Brisbane, quotes Mr. Fisher's address to show that the time has come for a change of policy, and goes on, "Palliatives occupy too much time and energy now. They can carry us but little farther along the road we have to travel."

* * * *

Belgium.—Never were the beauties of bourgeois government better displayed than recently in Belgium. We have been told much in this country of the atrocities and the maladministration in the Congo Free State. But when it became known that the Belgian government was to take over the Congo colony from King Leopold we

felt much relieved—at least many of us did. Finally there was to be an enlightened, Christian government along the Congo.

And now behold what has happened. The act of acceptance has finally been passed by the Belgian parliament. Immense sums have been turned over to the King and his privileges are carefully protected, but of provision for the amelioration of life on the Congo there is hardly a trace. There is guaranteed to neither native nor European the right of free speech, free press or public assemblage. The accounts of the government are not to be open to inspection. The Socialist group in the lower house fought at every step for liberal provisions, but all it was able to secure was a clause forbidding forced labor for *private concerns*. So the old business will go on under a new firm name. In fact, the King himself is still to be in large measure the personal ruler of the colony. And all this was voted by a chamber of enlightened, Christian, bourgeois statemen.

* * * *

Germany.—The *Parteitag* of the Social Democratic party, to be held soon at Nuremburg, promises to be one of the most exciting and important of recent years. For the past month the old subject of tactics has been up for discussion, and the debate upon it has grown voluminous and bitter. The matter immediately in dispute is the right of Socialist parliamentarians to vote for the acceptance of government budgets. Thus far party conventions have held this to be contrary to Socialist revolutionary doctrine. The Revisionists, however, have long been discontent with this ruling, and early in August the parliamentary fractions of the southern German states met at Stuttgart and informally decided to disregard it. Soon afterward Socialist members of the lower houses of Baden and Bavaria voted in favor of the accepance of their respective budgets.

Needless to say this action has raised a storm. *Vorwaerts* and countless other papers thunder against it. The support for the new move comes chiefly from South Germany, and especially from the revisionists. The last number of *Socialistische Monatshefte* may be described as a great broadside against the orthodox, north-German wing of the party. In some quarters there is even talk of withdrawal from the party. The whole matter will come up for settlement at Nuremberg.



WORLD OF LABOR



BY MAX S. HAYES

No local labor struggle of recent years has created such widespread interest as the strike of the Alabama miners against an 18 per cent reduction in their wages, and which, in a sense, was abandoned by the national officers during the past month. The deepest indignation is being manifested in labor circles everywhere, and, although the strike was declared off in a formal manner, the fight against the Alabama operators and the capitalists and politicians who co-operated with them has not ceased and warfare will be continued indefinitely.

The Alabama contest is further proof of the correctness of the Socialist contention that capitalists are thoroughly class-conscious and stand together in every crisis and will go to any extreme to hold labor in subjection. During a conversation with one of the chief officials of the miners several days ago he informed me that the strike was declared off because the unionists had learned that Governor Comer was not only prepared to call a special session of the Legislature and secure the enactment of laws outlawing striking, boycotting, picketing, etc., but that union miners were to be arrested and sent to the stone-piles and into the mines as convicts and forced to dig coal. Worse yet, the stony-hearted plutocrats in possession of the political and industrial machinery of Alabama were actually plotting to inaugurate a race war and drench the soil of the state with the blood of blacks and whites if necessary to maintain their supremacy. This would have given the modern slave masters an opportunity to hunt down union miners with their militia and strike-breaking thugs like wild animals, and it is not difficult to imagine the awful oppression that would have been the fate of those poor, oppressed workers.

It is not generally known but nevertheless a fact that the plantation owners of Alabama were largely responsible for the wage reduction promulgated by the mine operators. For some time the plantation masters have been complaining that "their lazy niggers" were deserting the cotton fields for the mines because they were not required to work as long hours and received somewhat better wages. Hence they began to howl about "negro domination" and "union domination" and "interference with our business," etc., and demanded that the mine operators come down to their wage level. When the politicians threw themselves to the side of the plantation owners and assured the operators that they would be backed up in a contest to reduce wages, the latter, smelling higher profits on their coal, did not require a great amount of urging and forced the fighting. Review readers are familiar with the news dispatches that were sent out of Alabama describing many incidents of the struggle, how the mining district was overrun with militia and deputies, how the miners were

driven out of the miserable company hovels and their tents razed when they camped on ground leased by the union, and how free speech and public assemblage was prohibited.

But one important incident occurred that has been enshrouded in considerable mystery and that is only beginning to be cleared up, but which is not being exploited in the capitalistic press for obvious reasons. I refer to the shooting up of the train near Blockton, which outrage was promptly laid at the doors of the miners, accompanied by the usual editorial denunciations from the reptile press. But now it leaks out that the original route of the train was suddenly changed without notice and sent through a district where there were but few miners, and in the center of the train there was an empty coach, with doors locked. Why was the route of the train changed at the last moment, and how could the miners have discovered that fact and marshaled their forces for assault, and why was the empty car carried? Governor Comer, when asked these questions, hinted rather vaguely that a telegraph operator had revealed the whereabouts of the train to the miners and refused to explain the reason for carrying the empty car.

The telegrapher is to be victimized in Colorado fashion by the capitalists and their politicians, but when the trial takes place there may be some sensational developments. The miners' officials believe —and they employed detectives to search out the facts and have had considerable success—that the train was to be shot up by thugs in the employ of the plutocrats, that the route traversed by the train was the one originally selected and false information about another route was given out to cover up the movements of the highwaymen, and that the latter misunderstood instructions and shot into a loaded car instead of the empty one. These and other facts will probably be brought out in court.

Meanwhile the miners' officials have no intention of abandoning the Alabama field in reality. They are going to drain that field of the best miners and place them at work in other districts whenever possible, and by inaugurating a system of guerilla warfare they hope to cripple the Alabama mines and keep them crippled.

The labor papers are commenting on the significant silence of the American Federationist regarding the Alabama strike. In fact very few of the Democratic "labor" papers have discussed that struggle in their editorial columns, contenting themselves with merely printing short news notes or ignoring the contest entirely. Possibly this peculiar policy was due to the further fact that Governor Comer was touted as a "workingman's friend" during his campaign for election, who was to be duly "rewarded" while his opponent was, of course, "stingingly rebuked." Nevertheless some of the labor papers that have not been hypnotized by the Democratic party are calling upon Bro. Gompers to take his bunch of organizers and invade the "friends'" country and convert them from their evil ways of union-smashing. It is pointed out that after he cleanses the Augean stables of Alabama he might drift over into Georgia, where the Supreme Court of that state has just declared picketing unlawful and practically smashed the machinists' strike at Atlanta and outlawed organized labor. After Mr. Gompers informs the Supreme Court of the Cracker State how much he respects it he might jaunt into Mississippi and commune with the authorities at Vicksburg, who promised to reward the striking longshoremen and sailors at that port with promotions to the stone-pile if they did not cease pestering Bro. Capital and return to

work, thus squelching their movement. Over in North and South Carolina, which states, like Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi, will cast their electorial votes for "our friends," the child labor chain gangs are kept working overtime in the patriotic task of beating down the wages of New England competitors, and voluntary organizers and wicked Socialists who commit the horrible crime of attempting to form unions for the protection of the workers are driven from place to place and sent to the stone-piles, the modern "peculiar" Southern institution. Surely Mr. Gompers would be welcomed with open arms by his "friends" who are in control of the industrial shambles of the South.

In the good, old, rock-ribbed Republican state of Pennsylvania another great industrial struggle is brewing, and, as in the South and West, the miners are to be the victims of the capitalistic tyranny. It is rather significant that Republican capitalists and politicians are making common cause with Democratic capitalists and politicians against the miners. The courts and militia, deputies and strike-breakers of Colorado and Alabama and Pennsylvania are working together harmoniously to batter the unions out of existence, and yet we have before us the disgusting spectacle of alleged labor leaders endeavoring to split hairs on the question as to which party of slave-drivers is "our friend" and which "our enemy." No wonder that the organized working people of Europe and Australia have contempt for the boasted superior intelligence of American "labor leaders."

On the first of April, next year, the present scale expires in the anthracite region. The miners, thanks to the open shop agreement forced upon them by President Roosevelt and Judge Gray, erstwhile candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination, permitted their local organizations to droop and die in many places. The operators and their minions have encouraged disorganization as much as possible, and no opportunity is neglected to sow the seeds of distrust, incite racial and religious prejudices, discriminate against active union workers, and resort to other disreputable methods to weaken the spirit of unionism. The operators desire a lower wage scale and in order to enforce a reduction they intend, if possible, to smash the union.

On the other hand the miners are being reorganized and are rallying to the standard with the cry of eight hours per day, more wages and recognition of the union. President Lewis and other officers of the United Mine Workers have been holding meetings throughout the district and urging the men to combine unless they are prepared to accept burdensome conditions. The unionists do not disguise the fact that they expect to fight and they intend to make ready to meet the issue when it is precipitated.

Meanwhile the corporations are rushing production and piling up surplus stocks. They expect to have ten million tons of coal stored by spring and the price of this will be greatly enhanced if a strike comes. Many of the manufactories in Eastern cities are also placing large orders for immediate delivery, having received hints from the inside that there is likely to be a national suspension in the anthracite fields.

The operators regard next spring as the opportune time to deal the union a blow from which it may require years to recover. The Presidential election will be over and there will be no meddling on the part of "workingman's friend" politicians, and, having the state government and the "Cossacks" behind them, they are sanguine of

the outcome. A side issue that is giving Mr. Baer and his fellow plutocrats much satisfaction was the recent United States Court decision that the Hepburn law, which sought to prevent railway corporations from owning mines, was unconstitutional. It is significant that Judge Gray, the immaculate Democratic jurist, who, as before mentioned, forced the open shop upon the miners and wanted to be the nominee for President and could have secured second place by a nod, rendered the decision in this case which killed the law that was designed to break up the anthracite monopoly. The railroads claimed "confiscation" and insisted that the Hepburn act deprived them of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, or words to that effect, and won their point, as usual. So instead of being weakened by the enforcement of the law the anthracite barons are stronger than ever, and soon the country probably will be treated to the extraordinary spectacle of an industry closed down and production at a standstill, and yet the corporation stocks mountaing skyward and, with the prices of the stored commodities, enormously enriching the coal barons and impoverishing and starving the working class.

Of course capitalism is a splendid system—for the capitalists. And one cannot help but feel, with such illustrations constantly before us, that the fool-killer is neglecting his duty in an unpardonable manner.

Another national strike has been lost. Mention was made in the Review recently that the papermakers had gone on strike at a number of points in New England, New York and the West to resist a reduction in wages. After pitting their stomachs against the millions of the trust for several months the men were compelled to surrender and return to work at the terms dictated by the combine. The trust could not very well lose. It controls the principal mills of the country and had thousands of tons of paper stored to meet just such an emergency as a strike. Indeed, while the paper mill employes were out starving for principle, the trust magnates sat back and took things easy. They dictated a reduction of wages on the one hand and advanced the price of paper on the other hand, and all between the low cost of production and the high cost of consumption is velvet for those gents. It's heads they win and tails the suckers lose.

One would think that the "labor leaders" would begoin to appreciate the helplessness of the workers when opposed in contests with trustified capital. But no such luck. Ths great leaders are merely throwing dust in the eyes of their followers by fidding away on the trifling question of injunctions—the right to strike freely in certain cases where such strikes are hampered, to bump their heads against the stone wall of monopolized capital, where the magnates can pack their trunks and take a vacation in Europe, and before boarding ship can say, "Strike and starve to your heart's content and when you get tired of it return to work at our terms."

It's almost a crime nowadays to call a strike and the pity is that these self-same "great leaders," who strut and boast of their power, are not thrown upon the street along with the rest and have their salaries choked off. Perhaps then they would admit that the Socialists' analysis of capitalism is correct and would favor making some real political progress. There hasn't been a great national strike won during the past decade with the possible single exception of the printers' eight-hour contest, which cost the Typographical Union about $4,500,000. All the others were lost or at best compromised.

And yet Gompers, the loudest boaster and greatest of all great

leaders—the little Napoleon, mind you—writes Debs down as "the Apostle of Failure!" Where in blazes has Gompers ever won a strike! It has come to be regarded as tantamount to preparing for a funeral when Gompers is called in for assistance. Go down the line for only a year or two and view the failures. Besides the paper-makers, the packing house employes, the teamsters, the shipbuilders on the lakes, the lithographers, the telegraphers and others have been worsted, not because the injunction was the most powerful weapon in the hands of the plutocrats, but because labor lacked funds to feed the hungry and political power to enforce its sense of justice.

Apostle of failure, indeed! The great leader in Washington ought to inform us where and when victories were won that can be credited to his superior wisdom and extraordinary ability.



Professor Edward Alsworth Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, is very modest and almost apologetic in offering us his stimulating and helpful volume, *Social Psychology,* published by the Macmillan Company. "In spite of infinite pains and thirteen years of experience in university teaching of the subject, I feel sure this book is strewn with errors. The ground is new, and among the hundreds of interpretations, inferences, and generalizations I have ventured on, no doubt scores will turn out to be wrong. Of course I would strike them out if I knew which they are. I would hold back the book could I hope by longer scrutiny to detect them. But I have brought social psychology as far as I can unaided, and nothing is to be gained by delay. The time has come to hand over the results of my reflection to my fellow-workers, in the hope of provoking discussions which will part the wheat from the chaff and set it to producing an hundred fold." With such an introduction one opens the book assured at least of candor and freedom from bigotry.

Professor Ross has a very useful and tangible definition of social psychology. He points to the great planes of uniformity into which human beings are gathered. Judging from their heredity we should expect people to be far more dissimilar and individual than they actually are. As a consequence of association, the individuality with which Nature endows us is largely modified. It is with these uniformities which are produced by mental contact and interaction that social psychology deals. It does not deal with uniformities arising out of physical environments, racial traits or historical conditions, but only with those planes and currents of uniformity which can be traced to psychic factors.

It is, therefore, a study of the relation of society to the individual and *vice versa.* We can distinguish very sharply between social psychology and sociology if we bear in mind that the province of sociology is to study social conditions and structures, social groupings, while the province of social psychology is to study the planes and currents of feeling, belief and purpose which have motived the groupings. In a word, Professor Ross writes of mental contagion expressing itself in a thousand ways—in lynchings, religious frenzy, "booms," fads, panics, and so on. The influence of Gabriel Tarde is strongly marked throughout, and, let me add, gratefully acknowledged by the charmingly candid author.

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Dr. George M. Kober, Chairman of the Committee on Social Betterment of the President's Homes Commission, of Washington, D. C., has written and published for that organization a very interest-

ing and valuable monograph entitled *Industrial and Personal Hygiene,* in which the Socialist student will find many important and interesting facts set forth. The committee, of which Dr. Kober is chairman, seems to have been charged with the task of elaborating plans for the improvement of the standards of living among the "least resourceful" part of the population. At a very early stage of its investigations, the committee found that it had to face the fact that the question of health is intimately connected with the physical and moral welfare, and that the prosperity of countless numbers of the workers, whose only income is the product of their daily labor, is destroyed by sickness and accidents. The illness and disability of the wage-earner is now universally regarded as a fundamental cause of poverty and distress and no solution of the poverty problem will be found which does not aim at the preservation of health and the prevention of disease and accident.

This aspect of the problem is receiving tardy recognition in this country. Germany, France and England have done very much more to conserve the health and strength of the workers than the United States has yet attempted. Dr. Kober's volume of 170 pages is chiefly remarkable as the beginning of an important literature. The material with which the author deals is largely familiar to most students and concerns the relation of mortality to occupation, occupational diseases, physical effects of the employment of women and children, infant mortality and low wages. The practical measures of reform sketched are in the main such as have already been tested elsewhere and found to be successful in practice. The report is one of the most intelligent and useful publications of its kind which I have seen in a long time. It is published by the President's Homes Commission, Washington, D. C.

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In a little group of Socialists and other radical thinkers recently the work of Professor Charles Zueblin was being discussed when one of the number defined the position of the subject of the discussion as that of "A near-Socialist living under a benevolent feudalism." Of the correctness of the first part of this definition—of Professor Zueblin's nearness to Socialism—no one will doubt after reading his little volume, *The Religion of a Democrat,* which B. W. Huebsch, of New York, has published with rare taste and artistic feeling. His nearness to Socialism is at once encouraging and disappointing. One feels that, despite his title, he has not yet a religion of his own; that the very hesitancy and uncertainty of his attitude toward Socialism indicate an absence of that deep-rooted and vital conviction without which religion cannot live. It is a religion without soul, without passion or fire, which he holds up to our gaze; discreet, cautious, refined, admirably adapted ot the drawing room or the fashionable lecture platform, but without the courage and passion which all religions have depended upon. One thinks of Taine's description of Tennyson's carefully decorous mourning, of the care with which he uses his fine cambric handkerchief: Professor Zueblin's religion is very decorous, studiously proper in all things.

His definition of religion is one that is becoming common now that the old theological concepts of religion are being so largely abandoned. It is primal and cosmic. "Religion is the expression of man's relation to the universal, ultimate, and infinite," he says. The definition is at once definite and vague, according to one's own attitude. Attempt to build a creed upon it, a creed of positive tenets, and you will surely fail, but then no creed has ever given a true

expression of the religion it pretended to express. Religion is thus a personal thing. Its essence is personality. It is *my* relation to the universal, ultimate, and infinite, and *your* relation. This does not mean that religion is individualistic. It is social: it ties, it binds together. Personality is not lost in social life but found there. "The richest of human experience come through sharing the common life." Each individual may have a religion of his own, stamped indelibly with his personality, but still a social religion seeking the good of all as the sure road to individual good.

The constraint of orthodoxy handicaps thought, makes moral cowards, and emphasizes non-essentials. This is true of all kinds of orthodoxy, religious, political, economic, social. One may be heterodox in religion and despise the orthodox while being orthodox in political or economic beliefs and despising those who are heterodox. Christians were offended by Ingersoll's denunciations of "the mistakes of Moses," and he would have been just as much offended as they if some one else had written a book on the mistakes of McKinley. Professor Zueblin gives free rein to his fancy and declares that "economic orthodoxy is represented by the familiar term 'class consciousness.'" The reader rubs his eyes and goes back over the page to see that he has not made a mistake. "Class-consciousness" may be a familiar term to Professor Zueblin, as a near-Socialist, but surely it is not so to the great mass of people! It is new and unfamiliar to most of them. Only recently have we found it used outside of Socialist circles in presidential messages. And surely it has never yet represented orthodoxy to any except Socialists.

Socialism, on account of the tremendous moral zeal of its advocates, its philosophy of life, and its ideal, is a religious movement, "both a prophetic and an evangelizing force." Many of us will agree with our author that the tendency to orthodoxy and the authority of the letter of Marx may become a very serious limitation upon the movement. The conservatism of Socialists is well-known; it is hard for many of our comrades to recognize that Marx did not close the books of wisdom and that they are most truly Marxist when they face new facts and change their position accordingly. On this critical side there is much that is valuable and stimulating in Professor Zueblin's little volume. That is its chief claim to our attention.

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Professor Charles Sprague Smith, of the People's Institute, New York City, has issued, through the A. Wessels Company, a slim volume of verse with the simple title, *Poems*. His claim to attention is very modestly and unostentatiously set forth:

> "My muse, thou art a simple thing,
> Thy home is in the silent wood,
> Where brooklets laugh or sparrow's wing
> Alone disturbs the solitude."

Most of the poems are such as this modest verse suggests, contemplations of nature's wonders and beauties. At the end of the volume, however, are a number of songs of freedom, written to be sung by the vast audiences at Cooper Union on Sunday evenings, of which a "Marching Song," sung to the tune of the Marseillaise, is perhaps the most successful.



What Will the Socialist Vote Be? Economic conditions reflect themselves in people's actions, and this principle applies to voting as to other acts. But it takes time for people to adjust themselves to changed conditions. Capitalism is breaking down, but millions will still act as if things were as in 1906, while millions more will act as if they were living under the economic conditions of 1856. Only those who see clearly or are directly influenced by those who see clearly can be reasonably expected to vote the Socialist ticket this year. The editor of the REVIEW has asked each State Secretary of the Socialist party for an estimate of the probable vote. The responses are printed herewith and are followed by a table showing our estimate for 1908, taking all obtainable data into account. In general it should be remembered that the Debs vote of 1904 included many Bryan men who would not support Parker yet did not endorse the Socialist platform. This year, with Bryan and Hisgen in the field, ours will be a class-conscious vote. Here are the reports:

Alabama. Locals in 1904, 10; now, 20. Members in 1904, 150; now, 400. Paid organizers in 1904, none; now, 1. Local elections have shown increase. Vote of 1904 was counted as 839, of which 375 were in Birmingham; now the sentiment is strong all over the state. Estimated vote, 4,000. Thomas M. Freeman, Secretary.

Arizona. Locals in 1904, 15; now, 27. Paid organizers in 1904, 1; now, 1 for a complete tour and 5 for partial tours of the territory. Vote in 1904, 1,304; in 1906, 2,078; estimated vote for 1908, at least double that of 1904. Geneva M. Fryer, Secretary.

Arkansas. Locals in 1904, 30; now, 195. Membership in 1904, 250; now, 1,100. Paid organizers in 1904, 2; now, 4 to 6 most of the time. Vote in 1904, 1,816; unofficial returns on state election already held this year indicate vote of 10,000. Debs only received 26 votes in Arkansas in 1900. W. R. Snow, Secretary.

California. Debs and Hanford received 29,535 votes in California in 1904. A large number of these were not Socialist votes, but were cast by dissatisfied Democrats as a protest against Parker.

In 1906 the vote for Austin Lewis, Socialist candidate for Governor, dropped to 16.036. The favorable conditions of 1904 had been reversed. Bell, the Democratic candidate for Governor, was a popular man, and received the endorsement of the Union Labor party, thus becoming the regular candidate of both parties. The Independence League nominated Langdon, reformer, and, supported by the two Hearst papers in this state, that party polled 45,000 votes.

This drew away the unreliables from the Socialist party and reduced its vote to rock bottom.

In 1904 the dues paying membership was about 1,300. During June, 1908, the dues paying members numbered 2,710; in July, 3,201, and in August, 3,852.

The number of paid organizers and speakers now in the field is about double the number employed in 1904.

The circulation of Socialist papers has been doubled during the last two years, and a great increase in Socialist sentiment and activity is reported from all parts of the state.

It is impossible to make any close estimate of the increase in our vote this year, as many thousands of working men, a large percentage of them Socialists, are disfranchised by the registration laws; but if a reasonable portion of the increased sentiment is expressed in votes we should poll from 60,000 to 70,000 for Debs. H. C. Tuck, Secretary.

Colorado. Although this state will show an increase in the vote over 1904, which was 4,304, I expect a large decrease from the vote of 1906, which was 17,000. In explanation, in 1906 our nominee for Governor was William D. Haywood, Secretary-Treasurer of the Western Federation of Miners, and at that time confined in jail in Idaho, charged with the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg of that state. A great effort was made by the Socialists and organized labor to poll a large vote for Haywood, as a protest, and a campaign fund of $5,000 was handled, with three national organizers in the field during the campaign. This year we have nominated H. C. Darrah, an old soldier, for Governor, a man who is not identified with any labor organization, and who is not known outside the Socialist party. Our campaign fund will be *very* small and the vote that we poll in 1908 can be depended on to be a strictly class-conscious Socialist vote. We have only one organizer in the field. Our state organization is the strongest it has ever been. Lewis E. Floaten, Secretary.

Connecticut. No report; vote in 1904, 4,543; our estimate, 6,000.

Delaware. No report; vote in 1904, 146; our estimate, 300.

Florida. No report; vote in 1904, 2,337; our estimate, 4,000.

Georgia. No report; vote in 1904, 197; our estimate, 1,000.

Idaho. The situation in Idaho is very promising and satisfactory to the Socialists at this time. Certainly not all we want but all we could reasonably expect, taking all things into consideration. In 1904 Debs' vote was 5,000 nearly, while the state ticket fell far below. In 1906 the state ticket came up to the Debs' vote. This election we expect the state ticket to more nearly be same as Debs' vote and expect it to be near three times the 1904 vote. There will be some counties that will not have a local ticket this year, while there will be several precincts in the state that will give Debs' electors more votes than all the "Bills" together. Our dues paying membership have nearly doubled since last January, and now number near 800. Our state organization is not yet what it should be, but by next election we hope to close up the ranks, touch elbows, and cause the enemy to take notice. Fraternally, Thos. J. Coonrod, Secretary.

Illinois. The 1904 vote was 69,225, a figure far ahead of any previous vote, and not maintained at the congressional election of 1906. Of this vote, about 48,000 were cast in Cook county (Chicago), and 21,000 in the rest of the state. Reports from outside the city are encouraging, and this portion of the vote should rise to 35,000. The party organization in the city has been badly handicapped by dissen-

sions and by the fact that much energy has been diverted into efforts to conform to the changing primary laws of Illinois. It will therefore be exceedingly gratifying if the 1904 vote in the city is maintained. A conservative estimate for the total vote of Illinois this year is 75,000.

Indiana. Locals in 1904, altogether, 70; now, 98; all of which are active. No record of 1904 membership; present membership, 1,300. Paid organizers in 1904, 3; now, 6. Vote in 1904, 12,013. Estimated vote, 30,000. May M. Strickland, Secretary.

Iowa. Locals in 1904, 30; now, 45. Members in 1904, 500; now, 900. We have never had regularly employed state organizers but have depended on national organizers, of which different ones were employed about all the time in 1904 and the same may be said this year. The vote for Governor in 1906 showed a falling off of 40 per cent. Compared with the vote of 1904 (14,847) we will probably hold our own or make a substantial increase this year. W. C. Hills, Secretary.

Kansas. No report. Vote in 1904, 15,494. Our estimate, 20,000.

Kentucky. No report. Vote in 1904, 3,602. Our estimate, 6,000.

Louisiana. Vote in 1904, 995. State election in April, 1908, showed 25 per cent increase. There are more Socialist candidates this year than ever before. Besides electors and congressmen, most of the nominations are for minor offices, such as school board members. In the city of New Orleans, a municipal ticket but no members for city council, which is on account of a vicious election law. Information from three or four parishes says comrades of the several wards are confident of electing school board members and casting a good vote for the rest of the ticket. G. F. Weller, Secretary.

Maine. Vote in 1904, 2,106. A. F. Cushman, Secretary, sends no detailed report, but estimates vote at 2,500.

Maryland. No report. Vote in 1904, 2,247. Our estimate, 3,000.

Massachusetts. I have no statistics covering membership for 1904 or 1905. Membership (paid up) in 1906, 1,201; in 1907, 1,244; in 1908, 1,605; 27 per cent increase in membership in 1908 over 1907. Clubs in 1907, 66; in 1908, 88,—33 per cent gain. Vote for Debs, 1904, 13,604; for governor, 1906, 7,938; for governor, 1907, 7,621; in both cases a largely decreased total vote. Expect this year from 12,000 to 15,000 for Debs. J. F. Carey, Secretary.

Michigan. No written report. Vote in 1904 was 8,941. Comrade A. M. Stirton visited this office on Sept. 25, and confirms our previous opinion that 12,000 is a conservative estimate for this year's vote.

Minnesota. No report. Vote in 1904, 11,692. Our estimate, 20,000.

Mississippi. No report. Vote in 1904, 393. Our estimate, 1,000.

Missouri. Otto Pauls, Secretary, reports that the party in 1904 had 40 to 50 locals; now, 150. Membership in 1904, 800; now, 2,000. In 1904, 1 paid organizer; now, 4. The vote in 1904 was 13,000. Comrade Pauls declines to name a figure for this year's probable vote; our estimate is 25,000.

Montana. No report. Vote in 1904, 5,676. Our estimate, 10,000.

Nebraska. No report. Vote in 1904, 7,412. Our estimate, 10,000.

Nevada. No report. Vote in 1904, 925. Our estimate, 2,000.

New Hampshire. Locals in 1904, 18; Now, 25. Membership in 1904, 175; now, 300. No paid organizers in 1904; one now. Vote in 1904, 1,090; in 1906, 1,146. My estimate for this year, 1,500; most all others place it higher. W. H. Wilkins, Secretary.

New Jersey. No report. Vote in 1904, 9,587. Our estimate, 12,000.

New Mexico. No report. Vote in 1904, 162. Our estimate, 1,000.

New York. No official report. Vote in 1904, 36,883. Since then there has been a considerable gain in membership. Moreover the Socialist Labor party, which then polled a considerable vote, is greatly weakened. On the other hand the Hearst newspapers will probably divert to Hisgen many floating votes that might otherwise go to Debs. Moreover the growth of the party in New York has always been slow. The unknown quantity is the results that may come from the circulation of the Call, which may be important. A conservative estimate of this year's vote is 50,000.

North Carolina. No report. Vote in 1904, 124. Our estimate, 500.

North Dakota. No report. Vote in 1904, 2,017. Our estimate, 3,000.

Ohio. Locals in 1904, about 50; now, 106. Two paid organizers now in field. Estimated vote, 100,000. John Willert, Secretary.

Oklahoma. No report. Vote in 1904, 4,443. Our estimate, 15,000.

Oregon. In reference to your communication will say that I am not a prophet and refuse to speculate. The State of Oregon is a seething mass of Socialism. What part of it is conscious and what part unconscious, what part will be able to carry their ideas to the political field I do not know. I expect an increased vote, how much I can not say. The vote of four years ago was not a Socialist vote, the vote of this year will be nothing else. The vote of four years ago was a sentimental vote to a large extent. The sentimentalists are quitting us; the revolutionary element that four years ago were scoffing at us are joining us now. The lines are being drawn sharply, hatred is being expressed and a class conflict is clearly in evidence. We have enthusiastic members and bitter enemies and the man on the fence is getting hell from both sides. Four years ago we had 32 locals, today 74; we had no organizers out then; we have the same number yet. Socialists organize themselves like clouds form under the hot sun. Local elections have shown an increase all over the state and the straight vote, which is all we pay attention to in Oregon, has more than doubled, in Portland trebled. What the vote will be election day I do not know, but I do know that if all of the 3,000 men that marched in the Debs procession on Monday, the 14th of September, had a vote, that when the votes were counted in Portland some of the capitalists in this city would climb some of these tall Oregon pines and stay there until the co-operative commonwealth was ushered in. Yours for the Revolution, Thomas A. Sladden, Secretary.

Pennsylvania. Unless all signs fail we will see a big increase in the Socialist vote in Pennsylvania. The speakers report larger meetings, more interest, larger literature sales and better collections from the crowds than ever before. State Organizer Kennedy recently toured the western end of the state, and reports the field ripe for the harvest. Applications for charters more numerous than ever. Member of the party more alive and enthusiastic in the work. If the votes are counted we should see the vote quadrupled in this state. Expect to have watchers at the polls wherever we have organizations, so as to get as full count as possible. Suggest that all other states adopt the same plan, so as to keep fraud as low as we can. Yours in the Cause, Robert B. Ringler, Secretary. (Vote of Pennsylvania in 1904 was 21,863. A conservative estimate for this year would be 40,000.)

Rhode Island. Locals in 1904, 5; now, 10. Members in 1904,

100; now, 200. No local speakers in 1904; now, 6, one under pay. Our vote in 1904 was 743, in 1905 it dropped to 364, in 1907 it rose to 779. The panic has compelled wage earners to change residence, so the registration this year is much smaller than usual, but from general indications we feel that a vote of 1,200 to 1,500 is probable. Fred Hurst, Secretary.

South Carolina. No report. Vote in 1904, 22.

South Dakota. No report. Vote in 1904, 3,138. Our estimate, 5,000.

Tennessee. Have no records for 1904; think the number of locals then was 12, with membership of 150. Now 25, with membership of over 400. No paid organizers; all new locals the spontaneous result of reading Socialist books and papers. In 1904 our ticket was on the official ballot in only 55 counties; this year our campaign committee is working hard to get our ticket on the ballot of every one of the 95 counties. Vote in 1904 was 1355. Local elections since have shown a marked increase. In my opinion the Socialist vote in Tennessee this year will be about 3,500. On with the Revolution. H. H. Tersliner, Secretary.

Texas. Locals in 1904, 30 or 40; membership, 400; vote, 2,791. Locals in 1906, about 60; membership ,about 600; vote only slightly increased. We now have some 200 locals, with a membership of about 1,600. Our vote is out of proportion with our organized strength. One potent cause for this is the poll tax qualification. This disfranchises so many that the vote cast by any party is but a fraction of its strength. As for 1908, we do not like to count votes until they are cast. There is certain to be a marked increase. If the sanguine are to be believed we may reach 15,000. We believe we will cast 5,000, but will be satisfied if it is 4,000. W. J. Bell, Secretary.

Utah. No records for 1904. Locals that year numbered about 22, with membership of a little over 300; now 47 locals, enrolling about 1,300 members. Vote in 1904, 6,010. This year even our opponents grant the probability of our reaching 17,000. Jos. MacLachlan, Secretary.

Vermont. No report. Vote in 1904, 844. Our estimate, 1,000.

Virginia. No report. Vote in 1904, 218. Our estimate, 1,000.

Washington. Your letter requesting me to answer several questions reached me only yesterday. Most likely it will be too late now; nevertheless I will say Washington will be heard from at the coming election with at least 22,000 votes. Probably in no other state are so many workingmen disfranchised by reason of residence qualifications as here in Washington. If systematic party organization is also a factor to determine our political strength, then it is safe to say that if the vote at the next election is proportionately larger from previous elections, then our vote will be much more than 22,000, for we now have an organization of over a hundred locals with about 160 members-at-large; while, whatever the organization may have been four years ago, it was surely not an organization showing any considerable strength, and above all it lacked system. Now locals or members-at-large in bad standing are not tolerated and will not be kept on our roll. By a referendum vote recently our membership voted an increase of dues to 35 cents for local members and 50 cents for members-at-large to the State office, thus indicating and recognizing a principle that the burdens of any organization must be borne by all members, if att all possible by all members alike. R. Krueger, Secretary.

West Virginia. Locals in 1904, 21; now, 42. Membership in

1904, 150; now, 250. Vote in 1900, 286; in 1904, 1,574; in 1906, over 2,500; my estimate for 1908, 4,500. George B. Kline, Secretary.

Wisconsin. The Social-Democrats have goon prospects of electing two congressmen from the Fourth and Fifth Districts. In the Fourth District, comprising the southern part of Milwaukee county, we lost in 1906 by only 3,472 votes. In our city election last spring, the Social-Democratic party gained enough votes in the Fourth District to wipe out this majority. In the Fifth Congressional District, the majority to be overcome is somewhat larger, but the conditions are better, as the old parties in this district are completely demoralized.

We also are confident that we shall double our number of state senators. We shall elect from seven to ten assemblymen, besides having a good fighting chance of carrying Milwaukee county for our entire county ticket. Outside of Milwaukee county, three assembly districts have a fighting chance for sending Social-Democrats to Madison. Wisconsin, on a conservative estimate, will probably give 60,000 votes for Debs and Hanford. E. H. Thomas, Secretary.

Wyoming. No report. Vote in 1904, 1,077. Our estimate, 2,000.

Summary of Estimated Vote. The following figures correspond for the most part with the reports from state secretaries in the preceding paragraphs. A few secretaries have refrained from giving definite figures, and a few have, in our opinion, been over-sanguine. The figures in the table represent our sober judgment of what we may fairly expect. But much may happen in a month, and a million votes are not impossible.

Alabama	4,000	Brought forward	336,800
Arizona	2,500	Nebraska	10,000
Arkansas	10,000	Nevada	2,000
California	60,000	New Hampshire	1,500
Colorado	7,500	New Jersey	12,000
Connecticut	5,000	New Mexico	1,000
Delaware	300	New York	50,000
Florida	4,000	North Carolina	500
Georgia	1,000	North Dakota	3,000
Idaho	8,000	Ohio	75,000
Illinois	75,000	Oklahoma	15,000
Indiana	25,000	Oregon	15,000
Iowa	20,000	Pennsylvania	40,000
Kansas	20,000	Rhode Island	1,000
Kentucky	6,000	South Carolina	200
Louisiana	2,000	South Dakota	5,000
Maine	2,500	Tennessee	3,500
Maryland	3,000	Texas	5,000
Massachusetts	13,000	Utah	12,000
Michigan	12,000	Vermont	1,000
Minnesota	20,000	Virginia	1,000
Mississippi	1,000	Washington	20,000
Missouri	25,000	West Virginia	4,000
Montana	10,000	Wisconsin	60,000
		Wyoming	2,000
Carried forward	336,800		676,500

Organization. I have recently read several articles in **The Review** upon organization and on best methods to keep up interest in the Locals. It has been my experience as local organizer in both Cali-

fornia and Nevada, that it is almost impossible to get the average workingman to take an active part in the movement. Studying this phenomenon I have reached the conclusion that our National Organization is somewhere at fault. To my mind it is too loosely connected and it lacks discipline. I believe it should be organized upon the following lines:

Absolute state autonomy should be done away with. The locals should make out monthly reports giving data upon members and topics of general interest to the movement. These to be forwarded to the State Office and after being reviewed on to the National Office. There reports should be again reviewed and important data concerning members and their work copied in a book used for such a purpose and the report filed. This would insure prompt action and attendance to duty of both local and state officials. Upon failure of either to report promptly the superior officer could notify the delinquent and thus stimulate action and prevent the entire state from becoming disorganized, as happened here in Nevada when the State Secretary failed to communicate with the National Office.

Most of our National Organizers are such in name only. They are generally good lecturers or orators, but organizing is another matter. Very few possess any ability in that line. Last fall this state had one of the National Organizers here for two months. I heard him give one or two very fine lectures but his remarks upon organization were ridiculous. Now I know many members who are able to go quietly about among the workers and organize them but who are unable to make fine speeches.

There should be a general organizer at the National Office to work in conjunction with the Secretary. He should have charge of a corps of organizers and lecturers. The Secretary should turn over to him a list of the WEAK points (gleaned from the monthly reports) and the general organizer should send the organizers and lecturers to those places instead of, as at present, to the locals already strong where the revenue is greatest.

The general organizer could thus assist the National Secretary. I suppose objections will roll in on the ground that this gives one or two men too much authority, or criticisms of the red tape or expense. But in reply I want to say you cannot have a large and a strong organization unless it is thoroughly organized and the expense will be amply met by the increase in the montly dues.

E. E. LEMKE,
Silver Bow, Nev.

Hobson's Choice. In the REVIEW for September, S. G. Hobson has stated an old truth in a new way. ("Confessions of a New Fabian.") He has shown what Marx and others have shown, and that is, that as a rule men's "ethics" and their economic interests are one and the same thing. Mr. Hobson contends that "the whole stress and emphasis of the Socialist propaganda" depend upon our proper assimilation of this fact. He says:

"In whatever direction we turn, I believe we shall always make the same discovery: whatever is economically necessary is ethically desirable or vice versa."

This we accept without question, but reject as idealistic his conclusion that "ethics is the science of transforming our economic conceptions into a code of conduct," if we are to accept his definition of "our code of conduct" as being "our conception of our relationship

to mankind" or to "our neighbor"; because nothing, to the average man, is "ethically desirable," unless it is "economically necessary" to HIM, individually. We are not Socialists, nor do we adopt a code of conduct, because Socialism or that particular code of conduct is "economically necessary," and hence "ethically desirable," for our neighbors, but for OURSELVES. If Socialism wins, it will be by direct appeal to the self-interest of the individual, and not by an appeal to the individual to alter his "relationship to mankind," for the good of mankind. We join the ocialist party, not because of the party's attitude toward our neighbors, but for what it promises to do fr US, individually.

Let there be class-consciousness, solidarity, comradeship and all that; but let us not get so far away from fundamental principles as to imagine that they are "rooted" in any other "human impulse" than the one that has thus far dominated human conduct, namely, SELF-INTEREST.

LINCOLN BRADEN.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT



TART SOCIALIST LIBRARIES.

The cut on this page shows twenty out of the two hundred books now issued by our co-operative publishing house. Ten years ago it was practically impossible for an American workingman to own a Socialist library, and most of the works of the great European Socialists could not be had in the English language at any price. Through the work of our two thousand stockholders it has become an easy matter to start a library.

The books shown in the illustration and some twenty more uniform with them in size and style are sold at the retail price of 50c each. Our stockholders buy them at 25c each, or 30c if sent postpaid. A share of stock costs $10.00, but it can be paid for at the rate of

$1.00 a month, and the purchaser can buy books at a discount while making his payments.

If you do not like to bind yourself to make monthly payments, and can not spare $10.00 at once, here is a plan by which you can lose nothing and can pay for a share without any trouble or annoyance. Simply send a dollar or more to pay for our books at advertised prices. We will mail you the books and with them a credit slip for 40 per cent of the amount you send. This credit slip will be receivable at any time within a year toward the purchase of a share of stock.

A descriptive catalog of all our books will be sent promptly on request. This will show just what we do and do not publish. It is a waste of time on both sides to ask us for books of other publishers; we do not supply them at any price. On our own books a stockholder gets a discount of 50 per cent if he pays the expressage; 40 per cent if we pay it. On our five cent booklets we make stockholders a special rate of $1.00 per hundred or 60c for a set of sixty, postage included. If the stockholder pays expressage he can get 100 of these booklets, assorted, for 80c; 1,000 for $7.00; 5,000 for $30.00. Remember that 5,000 booklets at the retail price amount to $250.00, and you will realize that a local state organization of the Socialist party, or a traveling organizer, can cover a large amount of the necessary expense through the sale of these booklets. The latest addition to our list is **Economic Evolution**, newly translated by Charles H. Kerr from the French of **Paul Lafargue.** It is the most brilliant and readable defense of Socialism yet published in booklet form.

TEN BLIND LEADERS OF THE BLIND.

This volume of lectures by Arthur M. Lewis, announced several months ago, has been unavoidably delayed through the author's illness, which prevented his completing the work until quite lately. The printing is now nearly finished, and we expect to have copies ready for delivery shortly after this issue of the REVIEW is in the hands of its readers. The volume will contain 200 pages, and will retail for 50 cents. Mr. Lewis's first volume, **Evolution, Social and Organic,** also published at 50 cents, is now in its fourth edition.

SOCIALISM FOR STUDENTS.

Under this general heading we shall publish in the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, beginning with the November number, a series of articles by **Joseph E. Cohen,** which in our opinion will constitute the best **Study Course in Socialism** ever published in the English language. The titles of the successive articles will be as follows:

I. Why Study Socialism?
II. The Socialist Indictment.
III. Socialist Economics.
IV. The Class Struggle.

V. Historical Materialism.
VI. Socialism and Science.
VII. Socialist Philosophy.
VIII. Socialist Sociology.
IX. Socialist Statesmanship.

In "Why Study Socialism?" and, in fact, in the whole series of lessons, particudar stress will be laid upon the fact that "modern" Socialism, while historically it is the natural outcome of former Socialism, is distinct from it, and is the only Socialism with which we are concerned. It is the product of existing conditions, and the International Socialist movement of today is a reflex of these conditions.

A detailed outline of the entire course will be given in the opening article next month. We believe that this study course will be the most effective tool for developing clear-headed Socialists, both inside and outside the membership of the Socialist party, that has yet been devised. To give it an introduction wherever needed, we need the help of all present REVIEW subscribers, and we have accordingly mailed each of them a letter, containing a special offer, which will not be made public. Any REVIEW subscriber who has failed to receive his letter, or who has mislaid it without giving it a careful reading, can have a duplicate by requesting it.

For over eight years the REVIEW has been published at a loss. This has in part been made up by the contributions of individuals; at present Eugene Dietzgen is making quarterly contributions of $250 each, which he promises to continue until the middle of 1909. But the greater part of the loss has fallen directly upon the co-operative publishing house; it has kept us in debt and has delayed us in the issue of important books; it has also prevented us from advertising our publications widely.

The loss has been mainly due to the fact that the matter in the REVIEW has been over the heads of those who tried to read it, so that after a year or two a subscriber would drop out. We propose to change this state of things by two methods. We have already enlarged the REVIEW and increased the proportion of easy reading in it. We propose in the new **Study Course** we have been describing to give new readers the groundwork that will enable them to enjoy even the more technical articles that we may publish in future.

The study of Socialism never can be very simple, because capitalist society, the subject matter of our study, is very far from simple. But this study brings its reward from day to day in an added insight into everything around us, and an added sense of power in dealing with each new problem from day to day. Most of the present readers of the REVIEW are already students and realize what study has done for them. If every Socialist party member were to become a student of Socialism, the efficiency of the party would be more than doubled.

SOCIALIST BOOKS AT COST

The Right Books at the Right Prices Through Co-operation.

This is not a dream of the future; it is doing now. Perhaps it might have come about in some other way, but the way it **has** come about is this: Nineteen hundred and fifty socialists have put in ten dollars each for the sake of having real socialist books published and for the privilege of buying them at cost. They draw no dividends, but they buy books at the following

SPECIAL STOCKHOLDERS' PRICES.

Pocket Library of Socialism (five-cent books): By mail, $1.00 a hundred; 60c for a set of 60 booklets; 2c each in smaller lots. By express at purchaser's expense, 80c a hundred; $7.00 a thousand; $30.00 for 5,000.

All other books, cloth and paper alike, 40 per cent discount if the postage or expressage is prepaid; 50 per cent discount if purchaser pays expressage. No cheaper by the hundred or thousand.

International Socialist Review, ten copies or more of any one issue, 5c each, postpaid; five yearly subscriptions sent at one time, $3.00; no discount on smaller orders.

No orders for books or periodicals of other publishers received at any price.

ONE PURPOSE IN VIEW.

This co-operative publishing house is organized to do just one thing—to bring out books that are valuable to the international socialist movement and to circulate them at prices within the reach of the working class.

A few capitalist houses are beginning to bring out a few good socialist books, but with just enough exceptions to prove the rule, the prices are too high. No other socialist house is in a position to bring out the classics of socialism, and in fact other socialist publishers come to us for the more valuable portion of the books that they advertise.

Our list includes by far the greater portion of the socialist literature worth reading that has appeared in the English language, but many able writers are now active, and there is urgent need of new capital to pay for bringing out new books. If you want to do your share, just as others have done, send TEN DOLLARS, all at once if possible, but in monthly installments of a dollar if necessary, and you will have the privilege of buying books at stockholders' prices as soon as you have made your first payment. If you can spare more than ten dollars, we can use a limited amount of money at five per cent interest if payable on six months' call or at four per cent on thirty days' call. We also receive loans without interest payable on demand. It will readily be seen that if the payment of interest can be avoided, we shall be able to increase the circulation of socialist literature and reduce prices.

If the work we are doing is something that you want done, we look for your help. The money is not needed to pay deficits; there is no deficit. We are not going to stop, whether you respond or not. But if you take hold with us, we can do so much the more toward providing the literature that the Socialist Party needs.

CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY (Co-operative)



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THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

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Socialism for Students.

I. Why Study Socialism?



SOCIALISM is the issue today. It inspires press, pulpit and forum; it is the theme of artist and poet; it is the problem of problems confronting the statesman. For many years the Socialists of Germany, France and other European countries have been able to say truthfully that their governments formulated no policies without first considering: "How will this effect the Socialist movement?" In America the new force in politics was a little slow in coming to be felt. But the spectre of Socialism has entered the White House and is being wrestled with by the two dominant political parties.

While Socialism is the all-absorbing topic of discussion, it is a subject concerning which the greatest misunderstanding prevails. Within recent years no less a personage than Eugene Richter, while member of the German Reichstag, wrote a book called "Pictures of the Future," in which he most effectively demolished the straw man who advocates governmental interference in every detail of life. And in the

campaign of 1906 our own Speaker of the House of Representatives, Joseph G. Cannon, unburdened his bulging brow of the "stalest of the stale" — that "Socialism means dividing up." We are still told that Socialism would reduce us to a dead level, or that human nature is too imperfect to permit of the realization of the new order; that Socialism means paternalism — extension of governmental regulation, or anarchy—destruction of all government; that Socialism existed thousands of years ago, or that it is a thousand years ahead of the times; that Socialism is a beautiful but impossible utopia, or that it is the coming slavery.

One need not pause here to meet these common objections to Socialism. They have been admirably answered by Work, Spargo, Vail, Hundman; Plechanoff; and Marx and Engels. The opjections usually encountered are found to spring from misinformation as to what Socialism is, and, more particularly, of the aim of the Socialist movement. In studying Socialism, we can, in a great measure, note the historical situations that gave rise to other schools of thought and that prompt the criticisms offered by the opponents of Socialism.

If Socialism is not what the non-Socialists declare it to be—what is it?

Here is the word of an authority:

"Modern Socialism," says Engels, in his Socialism: Utopia and Scientific, is, in its essence, the direct product of the recognition, on the one hand, of the class antagonisms existing in the society of today, between proprietors and non-proprietors, between capitalist and wage-workers; on the other hand of the anarchy existing in production."

Let us dwell upon this definition. It contains several points, all of which are indispensable to a clear understanding of Socialism.

First of all, we are dealing with modern Socialism—not the early Socialism of Owen, St. Simon, Fourier and the like. We are not dealing with the many attempts that, from Plato to Bellamy have been made to picture a beautiful utopia, upon the impression that, irrespective of actual conditions, it needs but to be presented to any people in order to be promptly accepted. We are not dealing with the prehistoric communism of tribal society, nor with the communism that was practiced in the early days of christianity.

The Socialism of our time flows out of circumstances "existing in the society of today," not that of five hundred years ago or ten thousand years ago. Here we at once part company with many non-Socialist political economists. Unlike them, we shall not trespass upon Robinson

Crusoe's mythical island. The Indian, with his bow and arrow, shall, for the time being, be allowed to rest his oft-troubled bones in peace in his happy hunting ground; the Esquimaux and South Sea islanders, too, shall be permitted to go their own way rejoicing. For, in this connection, we shall deal only with countries in a state of civilization.

The circumstances which concern us here are the heritage especially of the industrial revolution of the last century. Certain inventions and discoveries gave us steam and electricity for power, which, applied to the simple, inexpensive tool, through the transmitting mechanism of fly-wheels, shafting, pulleys, etc., transformed it into a complicated, expensive machine. The industrial revolution thus separated society, roughly speaking, into two classes: those who own the machines and those who operate them. In other words, a small number of the people, capitalists, possess as their exclusive, private property the land, mines, factories, railroads and other important instruments by the use of which goods are produced to satisfy human wants; while the great mass of the people, workers, possess only their brain and brawn, which they dispose of to the capitatalists for wages.

Capitalists and workers meet upon the labor market, the capitalists as buyers, the workers as sellers, of labor power. The capitalists aim to buy the labor power of the workers as cheaply as possible; the workers aim to sell their labor power as dearly as possible. Out of this inherent conflict of interests between capitalists and wage-workers arises the class struggle.

The industrial revolution, at the same time, brought about the factory system with its division of labor and the world market. In the factory thousands of men and women and children toil together, each performing but a single task, the results of hundreds of operations being finally assembled into the finished article. More than that, the four corners of the earth vie with each other to contribute food and clothing for employer and employe, and the building material, illumination, fuel, raw material, machinery and power, for the factory. Again, the factory product is not retained by those who have toiled together to bring it forth, but by the factory owner. But rarely does the owner use even a morsel of the goods produced in his factory. He produces, not for his own use, but for sale. Almost invariably he thrusts the article upon the market in competition with the wares of all lands. Commerce thus breaks down all barriers, destroys all geographical boundaries, establishes international relations and makes the working class of the

whole world kin. Merchandise is your most persistent globe trotter.

But while the production of goods is a social affair, it is nevertheless carried on by the capitalist class for their private profit; that is to say, production is social while ownership and distribution are individual. The workers make and the capitalists take. It is this contradiction between socialized production and capitalistic appropriation which causes the waste, the lack of order and the anarchy that prevails in the making and disposing of goods.

Thus we have the anarchy in production and the consequent class struggle. To explain fully the capitalist system of production; showing that the more useless the capitalists become the richer do they wax in the unpaid labor of the workers; showing that the system is responsible for all the economic ills from which we suffer; showing that the trend of industrial progress is toward the collective, social ownership by all the people of the means of production they use in common—that is Socialist political economy. To organize, upon the basis of the class struggle, all who are dissatisfied with present arrangements, voicing the aims of the oppressed, fighting their battles and having for its ultimate object the elimination of the anarchy in production and the ending the class struggle—that is the Socialist movement.

To aid him in clearly understanding present society, the Socialist turns to the discoveries in the modern sciences, embraces the theory that all life is a change from the simple to the complex, and that every organism and organization rises, flourishes and carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction. The Socialist brings to light the hidden secrets of past society as his contribution toward the solution of the "riddle of the universe." And the result of this excursion is the materialistic interpretation of history, the theory that, from epoch to epoch, changes in the forms of government, human nature, arts, sciences, philosophies and conceptions of the purpose of existence can be accounted for only by considering the changes in the manner of securing a livelihood; that, consequently, since prehistoric communism one struggle between oppressors and oppressed has followed another, these struggles being always political in character, and that the time has now come when the industrial revolution must be supplemented by a political and social revolution, whereby the workers, in securing power, once and for all time abolish class distinctions. Modern Socialism is therefore scientific. The Socialist movement is therefore a political movement.

Relying upon the assurance that every transformation in the economic basis of society is accompanied by a transformation in the intellectual superstructure, Socialism maintains that once the economic question is settled, that once the lust of gain at the expense of our fellow men is no longer the paramount incentive, as it is today, peering into the baby's cradle, chilling the warmth of the hearth, turning awry the affection of husband and wife and breaking up the family into a camp of enemies—that once the economic pressure is removed, there will follow such a blossoming of all that is best in human nature as will be a veritable rebirth of the soul of man.

The Socialist ideal therefore rests upon a solid foundation.

The Socialist traces the development of the family, property and the state from ancient down to modern times. From a knowledge of the changes the form of the family has undergone in the past, he can more intelligently consider the problems of morality and ethics. In a like manner, a knowledge of the history of property and government enables him to explain ideas of justice and equity, duties and rights. Especially is this valuable in setting aside the evils that can be treated immediately from those that will only adjust themselves after the fundamental wrong is righted. The sociology of the Socialist therefore assumes the broadest dimensions.

The Socialist then directs his attention to the manner in which the human brain operates. He inquires into the process of thinking and ascertains the method by which the mind forms ideas and spins philosophies. He discovers that the material is the substance of the ideal; but that they complement each other in a universal conception. By so doing the Socialist exposes the false reasoning and undermines the last stronghold, the dualism. of his opponents; he establishes a monistic view of life growing out of historical materialism, and completes the synthetic philosophy of Socialism.

In thus dividing Socialism into a system of political economy, a theory of social evolution and an ideal, and showing its relation to modern science, sociology and philosophy, we are just as arbitrary as is Shakespeare in dividing the span of Man's life into seven ages. For, to the Socialist, Socialism is not a piece of mechanism, which can be decomposed into its parts, requiring only lubrication and the touch of some man's finger to start it agoing. To the thirty millions of men and women of all climes and com-

plexions who constitute the international Socialist movement, Socialism is a compact whole, one and indivisable, striving for the freedom of the human race from economic bondage.

Because capitalism degrades woman even more so than man, and because the emancipation of society at large depends upon the emancipation of woman, woman takes her place by the side of man in the Socialist movement; because society is divided into two contending classes, the Socialist movement is a class movement; because economic questions are political questions, the Socialist movement is a political movement; because the working class are without a country, migrating from one end of the earth to the other in search of a master, because capitalism is international, the Socialist movement is international; because the source of the trouble is the contradiction between socialized production and capitalistic appropriation, not reform but a social revolution is the remedy; because the workers cannot free themselves without at the same time freeing all mankind, the Socialist movement has the grandest ideal of any movement in history.

Socialism is something more than the passing of one order in favor of another. It is born of the slavery, the anguish and the travail of the world's toilers. The story of labor's struggle upward out of bondage is written in tears and blood. It is a record of bold spirits who have been ostracised and exiled because of their convictions. It is a record of noble men who have gladly abandoned lives of ease and luxury to bend their genius to the cause of the oppressed. It is a record of a mighty host who have gone to their graves "unwept, unhonored and unsung," because of the unquenchable fire of justice burning in their breasts. It is a record of the sublimest comradeship that ever encircled the earth.

With the coming of the Socialist movement, labor ceases to be an object of pity and charity. Conscious of its wrongs and how to right them, it no longer looks to the upper class for its salvation, but sounds the call for the solidarity of the workers of the world, to the end that all economic oppression may be abolished. Against the political economy, the science, the philosophy, the law, the morality, the art and the ideals of the masters, it submits its own political economy, science, pholisophy, law, morality, art and ideal. Against the present labor offers the future.

Finally, the Socialist recognizes that, while the revolutions have been fought and won by the lower classes without either they or the upper classes having a well-defined idea

of the outcome the benefits have, on that account, accrued to the upper classes; that the social revolution which it is the mission of the working classes as a class, to accomplish, because it is a movement for the benefit of the masses, requires the intelligence of the workers and particluarly a thorough familiarity with Socialist thought by those who ally themselves with the workers. The slogan of the Socialist therefore, "More light, more light!" His emblem is the arm and torch.

Through the labyrinths of darkness and gloom the seeker after truth must wend his way for the golden thread of knowledge. It is thus that the torchlight of truth is ever borne aloft by her apostles, now to flicker and wane among the crags, then to illuminate the sombre wilderness; now to be lost in the caverns, then to burst forth anew from the mountain peaks: ever forward, ever onward, ever upward!

JOS. E. COHEN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A COURSE OF READING.

The following list of works is recommended to the student. They cover the subject touched upon by the above article, and it is suggested that they be read in the order named.—J. R. C.

What's So and What Isn't. By John M. Work. Cloth, 50c.

The Socialists. By John Spargo. Cloth, 50c; paper, 10c.

The Common Sense of Socialism. By John Spargo. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 25c.

Proletariat; Capitalist Class; Class Struggle. By Karl Kautsky. Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas.

Modern Socialism. By Charles H. Vail. Cloth, 75c; paper 25c.

Principles of Scientific Socialism. By Charles H. Vail. Cloth $1.00; paper, 35c.

Communist Manifesto. By Marx and Engels. Cloth, 50c; paper, 10c.

Socialism, Utopian and Scientific. By Frederick Engels. Cloth, 50c paper, 10c.

Socialism, Its Growth and Outcome. By Morris and Bax. Twentieth Century Press, London.

History of Socialism in the United States. By Morris Hillquit. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

Recent Progress of the Socialist Movement in America. By Morris Hillquit. Paper, 10c.

(All of the books named above are published by Charles H. Kerr & Company, 153 Kinzie street, Chicago, and will be mailed promptly on receipt of price, except where the name of another publisher is given. We do not sell books of other publishers, nor can we undertake to answer questions about them.—Editor.)

What is the Use of Theories?

Dr. Friedrich Adler.

I.



HERE are two means of production in possession of bourgeois society: the means of life and the means of death. The means of life consist of machines for the manufacture of clothing, food, everything, in short, which is necessary to existence; the means of death are the weapons, the guns and cannons, with which it is possible to wound and kill mankind. The possession of weapons and machines is the monopoly of bourgeois society; on this monopoly is based its overlordship.

The working class possesses nothing but its labor power; the power of which the bourgeoisie must make use in order to put into operation either the life-giving or the death-dealing machines. This fact determines the purpose and means of the struggle of the workers. The purpose is the seizure by society as a whole of all existing means of production; of the machines in order that they may be put to work for the good of all mankind; of the guns in order that all with equal right may see to it that they are not brought into use.

Until the means of production have finally been taken possession of by the community as a whole, it is necessary to dictate to the capitalist class what use it shall make of these means of production, to set limits to its despotism. The extent to which the machines are used as a means of exploitation must be limited; the bourgeoisie must be given to understand that weapons are not to be played with, that they must submit to limitations if they wish to use them to force workers into submission. *And this will be done.* In place of the decree, in place of the imposition of labor terms by masters bent on "running their own business," we have now the labor contract. At first only a single factory would have its hours of labor, scale of wages, etc. settled by contract; later an entire branch of industry of a given city, and finally of the whole country, would be included. To be sure for the present the contract is between the workers, as one party, and the capitalist, as another; while what we are working for is that in settling the terms all individuals concerned co-operate as equal factors.

But we have much more inclusive enactments which affect

the life of the individual quite as much as the labor contract; the laws of the state. These also at first are decrees of an absolute ruler, then of a ruling class—decrees in the making of which the worker has nothing to say. In the first place the worker is entirely without rights, but it is possible in ever increasing measure to put an end to this condition. Thus the nature of law is constantly changing: from being a decree of a particular class it tends more and more to become an agreement among all citizens. No longer a privileged class, but the majority of the people has the determining influence. To be sure not the exclusive one; for the minority does not receive concessions in proportion to its strength. It is coerced, and so feels itself no longer bound by law and can obstruct society in all its functions.

As in the factory, so in the state the worker is at first without rights: as he gains influence in the industrial world so will he finally in the political. Like the despotism of the individual capitalist, that of the capitalistic government is more limited by the organized working classs. *What means are at the disposal of this class?* In the final analysis it can depend only on the *property* which it actually possesses, of which it enjoys the free use; *the life of the individual person and in particular his labor power.*

The first weapon of the workers is thus the refusal to use their labor power, by the withdrawal of the means of production from service, i. e. the strike. This includes the means of life as well as the means of death: the idleness of machinery, which we experience every day, and the refusal to carry guns, which must finally come in decisive conflicts.

Further, the power of the working class, in the Socialistic sense, operates above all through the only machine which belongs to the proletariat,—through its organizing activity, that means to the *production of power in the working class.* In the other means of production Socialistic activity can only bear a part in so far as control has been wrested from the owning class. The work at the "machine" in our labor organizations is *Socialist* work. Finally the work done with the means of death, the guns, can also become Socialistic, for "the fate of the world depends on muskets."

Labor-power, and finally life itself, are the support upon which in the last analysis our entire struggle depends. In the conferences concerning labor contracts as well as in the conferences called parliaments, in which much more inclusive agreements are discussed, the achievements of our delegates, our representatives, depend entirely on the power of the workers who support them, on their number, on their willingness to make sacrifices, on their readiness to stake their labor power on the

issue and finally throw their very lives into the breach. The working class must not deceive itself into the notion that in the drawing up of agreements in offices and parliaments its representatives play the important part, that they can do the work alone. The fact is just the contrary: everything depends on the extent to which the agents of the working class can depend upon their constituents. The great body needs not even to enter *visibly* into action; *readiness for the conflict* is usually enough. Only the smallest fraction of agreements are reached as a result of open war; but the degree of *preparedness for war determines the nature of the agreement.* In parliaments our demands are never granted, and yet every decision that is come to, every law that is past, contains concessions to the working class exactly in proportion to the *actual power* of that class at that particular moment.

If this, briefly described, is the weapon of the proletariat, we are forced to answer the question: Then why is there always so much talk of theories? And here and there has been heard the query, *Do we really need theories at all?*

In order to make ourselves clear on this question, we must first answer another one: What in reality are theories? Are they actually as foreign to every-day life as many imagine who have never answered this question? or are they not rather a natural product which is constanly playing a part in our activity?

II.

A theory is a system of generalizations ranged in the simplest possible scheme; or, to put it in another way, a system of laws, natural laws, or, better, laws of science.

If we wish to know what a theory is we shall first have to investigate the nature of these generalizations; these laws which go to make up a theory.

At the very beginning we must guard against a misunderstanding. We have the quite unpractical habit of calling two altogether different things by the same name. Above we have just used the word "law," spoken of laws of state, and said that they were in the first place decrees and that with increasing democratization they developed into agreements among citizens. A law of science is, as we shall have occasion to show, no agreement, but a generalization.

"The burnt child shuns the fire." This old proverb shows clearly how a law of science comes into being. The child touches the stove and experiences pain. If he repeats this experience, he is finally forced to recognize a *relation* between the feeling of pain and the touching of the stove. He formulates the law, "If I touch the stove, it hurts." This generalization comes into his

mind as often as he sees the stove, and it comes to regulate his action; he respectfully avoids the disagreeable object.

Such generalizations we have in great number. A theory includes them in a system so that they may be more easily laid hold of when needed.

The child merely expresses what has happened: "On touching the stove I suffered pain." Law, and likewise theory, is thus in the first place a description of an experience which has occurred in the past. The utility of such a mental summing up of experience results from the fact that it saves us the *necessity of repeating experiences. In determining our action in future cases we can make use of the experiences of the past.* The child burns itself a few times, then no more; for when he approaches the stove his thought begins to function; his brain becomes an apparatus for the inhibition of action. Through theory there is thus accomplished an economy, a saving. Theory is, therefore, a *description* and fulfills an economic function.

But the child is not under the necessity of burning himself at the stove in order to utilize this theory. *Experience each must go through for himself;* theory on the contrary, can be *communicated* from man to man. This is accomplished through teaching; its purpose is to save the individual the necessity of experience through the communication of the experiences of other individuals.

The child to whom his mother says: "Do not touch the stove; it will hurt; other children have tried it often enough,"—this child can go through life without ever once burning his fingers. But the saving from experience by means of theory goes much farther than would be possible through mere oral teaching. Whole generations are saved from the necessity of going through unpleasant experience by the storing up of records in libraries which are open to future generations. It is only through this economy that it is possible for us to make ourselves at home in the world, to accomplish anything. For what an individual person experiences himself is only a minute section of the world, by means of which he can only serve the most primitive functions and remains exposed to manifold dangers. Let us imagine for a moment what our lives would be like deprived of all we have got from books and newspapers; then add to this what has been imparted to us through systematic teaching, and finally all that has been told us by word of mouth — and we shall see that the little remaining, which we have experienced ourselves, would be of small use. Deprived of the communication made possible by thought, by theory, we should sink back into the animal kingdom, or rather, we should never have risen out of it.

A single individual can have but few experiences; he is de-

pendent on those of others, and this is just as true in ordinary life as in the most complex scientific activities. Here comes into play *the one great faith* which science must acknowledge that faith which the great thinker Joseph Dietzgen formulated thus: "We are forced to believe in the knowledge of other persons." This is the one faith which we are bound to insist upon, the faith without which all work, all results, would be impossible. But neither in this case shall we be able to *believe always, to believe blindly*. The account which another gives of his experience is not necessarily true. He may have been mistaken, he may have lacked the intelligence necessary to a ninterpretation; or it may be that he purposely falsifies details, that he lacks character. If we discover that at any time we are working upon the basis of false presuppositions, then we must make an examination of the case and so determine if the statement of our fellow being is in harmony with the facts. In general, however, we operate with a considerable element of justifiable faith, without which any work would be impossible.

Advances in knowledge, advances in skill, are only possible so far as we are able to make use of the economic experiences of all the world. This presupposes, however, the formulation of these experiences, *for experience which is not formulated, which has not become theory, is lost, can never again be made use of.* The formulation of experience can be of many different sorts. Were every child to describe in detail the stove at which he had burnt himself, to give an account of all the particular circumstances, we should have great volumes to read about this one fact, that contact with a stove produces pain. Thus there must be *an economy in the formulation of experience.* The characteristic features must be selected and summed up in a short sentence. In all sciences it is in this way that the complicated multifariousness of phenomena is brought under a simple scheme and presented in the form of ready-to-hand, easily applicable propositions. The second purpose of theory is, then, *to save us the labor of memory and reason through the most economical formulation of experience.*

III.

How, then, can theory, this most concise possible account of former experiences, *help us in the future?*

Nature is confusingly manifold, but she exhibits recurrences. A process once observed reappears repeatedly—at least in its main features. Were it not for this, all theory, all science, would be superfluous,—but nothing like life, in our sense of the word, would be at all possible. From the fact that recurrences of like cases are observable, experiences of the past, as summed up in theories, are of use to us. We see a part of a phenomenon, the beginning of a process. Our theories tell us what are the possibilities

as to its continuation, or the appearance of the other parts. That is to say, our theories inform us just what particular cases we have to deal with when a particular combination of phenomena is given. If we had no theories all possibilities would be open. Consider for a moment the discomfort, the suspicion, which we felt when for the first time we stepped up to an entirely unknown machine, e. g. when we saw an automobile for the first time. In such a case we possess no adequate experience; all possibilities are open. One hesitates to touch it, for he is in doubt as to what touch will start it or make it explode. The more experience we gather, the further we develop our theory, by so much we increase our confidence, by so much is there *a lifit set to the possibilities.* Therefore we can say with Ernst Mach: Theories (including laws) *are limitations of our expectations in future cases.*

Does theory give us absolute certainty? Do we know by means of theory what must *necessarily* happen? Not at all. We know only what will *most probably* happen. The larger the number of cases of experience on which our theory is based, the oftener the recurrence of a process has taken place, the greater is the probability that it will reappear.

In theory we regard *certain phenomena as dependent upon others.* Theory tells us: hitherto these phenomena were always dependent upon those others. But suddenly it may turn out that *still other phenomena* come into play which so far *have accidentally remained constant.* The result is entirely different from that anticipated by theory. Let us take a simple example: the child who has set up the theory, "if I touch the stove, it hurts," comes again in contact with the stove and experiences no pain. He sees that his theory does not apply to all cases. If he is over hasty—like some labor union men—he will say: Yes, this theory has made a fine fool of me; I'll have nothing more to do with theory! But if he is a wise child he will say: The theory was *incomplete;* I must supplement it; I must see what condition which has hitherto remained constant has now varied. And after some investigation he will reach the conclusion: Not contact with a heated stove. When he first set up his theory it was winter; in the meantime it has become summer. The completed law is *more accurate,* adapted to a larger number of experienecs.

Not necessarily does that appear which theory has prophesied. Its appearance is only *probable,* and, further, its probability is in proportion to the exactness with which *determining conditions* have been taken into account. But despite the fact that a theory is not a recipe, that it cannot give an absolute certainty, we conduct ourselves in accordance with it. In the morning we enter a certain house to go to our work because, on the basis of

former experiences, we accept the theoretical supposition that there we can pursue our habitual occupation. Our theory may, however, be false; a condition may have appeared which never appeared before, e. g. that house may have burnt down. But despite the uncertainty we undertake the journey, i. e. we depend upon our theory. For not to go to work because of these unknown possibilities would be far more impractical than to put our theory to the test.

To act in accordance with theory is our most practical course of conduct, for what corresponds to our theory is more likely to happen than anything else.

IV.

An animal in which a wish, a desire, a will, is excited, follows this will automatically and reacts directly. The moth sees the lamp; he has the wish to get nearer and flies into the fire. A child reacts at first like an animal; only gradually does he learn to use a *tool* which will shield him from danger, i. e. theory. A grown-up person restrains the first impulse of his will, reacts first with his brain, determines by means of this tool—theory—what will happen if he gives way to his impulse. If he discovers that his impulse would lead him to dash himself against a wall, he tries to master this desire; but if his theory shows him his impulse will lead him to a higher development, gladly he lets it have free play.

Theories are tools, which we all use. In this sense everyone is a theorizer; the only question is as to whether he is a good or a bad one. The old lady who maintains that Friday is unlucky is also a devotee of a theory, and, further, a theory which is based upon experience. The first fact taken into account by this theory is the crucifixion of Christ; and since then a vast deal of misfortune has occurred on Friday. One has broken a glass, another has sprained his foot, etc. Therefoee old ladies—of both sexes—will not begin a journey on Friday or engage in any complicated undertaking. Now why is the old lady who has summed up her unpleasant Friday experiences in a theory not justified? Because she has not taken in a sufficient range of experience. She has noticed only her Fridays, and never counted the glasses she has "accidentally" broken on other days; otherwise she would have discovered that all the days of the week exhibit about an even number of misfortunes.

Since we all are, and must be, theorizers, the question as to whether a theory is good or bad is of importance not to science alone, but is a matter of the utmost concern in *the direction of our lives.* Therefore has arisen *the bitter strife among theories.* By means of bad theories the oppressed are induced to remain under the protection of the church, under the rod of class rule:

by means of good theories is to be pointed out the way to freedom. the way to the consciousness that it need not always remain so, that it can become different, if we only will it. *Our whole propaganda consists of the attempt to make good theories out of bad ones.*

We have said that we are all forced to be theorizers in the sense that we are all forced to *apply* theories. More than this, everyone contributes, through his experiment, a trifle toward the testing of theories, and thus to their improvement. We have also theorizers in the more restricted sense, who concern themselves with the elaboration of theories, with the formulation of the facts of experience in the briefest and most logically arranged generalizations. It is just as with any tool: there are some whose profession it is to produce tools, and others to manipulate his product. He can produce a very good hammer without being able to drive a nail. Thus it happens in the case of those who elaborate theories and those who apply them and so come to call themselves "practical men." Between practicioners and theorists there often occur differences. You hear the reproach, "He is only a theorist." This means that he is a poor theorist. And likewise, on the other side, when you hear it said, "he is nothing but a practicioner" it does not mean that this fact is a reproach, but that he, also, is a poor theorist. We stand equally in need of good theorists and good practicioners—those who make good theories and those who apply them well. That the same person is at once a good theorizer and a good practicioner comes about only now and then in cases of rare good fortune. But this happy combination is not necessary: the two faculties are not directly connected. It is enough if the practical man knows how to make right application of the theories furnished him by the theorist; and the theorist, on his part, must understand what theories are necessary to the practical man: on the basis of this division of labor productive activity is possible.

A tool can be, moreover, too refined or too complex for a particular purpose. One could not use an apothecary's scale in the common market; its greater exactness is superfluous for the purposes of ordinary life, but demands a greater expenditure of labor,—is thus in the highest degree *uneconomical*. In the same manner the tool furnished by the theorist may be *too good for certain cases*. We use, therefore, theories of various degrees of refinement *side by side*.

Theories couched in the ordinary vernacular and representing only crude approximations are adequate for simple cases. But if fine points, difficult decisions, are in question, then increasingly refined and complicated theories must be utilized: then the

terminology of science, and finally that of mathematics, must be resorted to.

V.

To illustrate what has been said let us glance briefly at *the theories of human society;* and we are particularly interested in the great social upheavals, the *historical development of society.* The original material, *we might say the stuff* with which these theories deal, is the activity, the struggle, of the *human will.* In the first place we see a chaos of clashing wills, an unintelligible tangle of deeds and efforts. For a long time it was impossible to lay down any laws; it was not known that there was any discoverable order among these various individual wills. Men were satisfied to follow the wills of particular personalities and ascribed the chief roles to dominating individuals who were able to assert themselves. Karl Marx was the first who was able to show how *the volition of great masses is directed;* to him we owe *the first great insight* into the will of the masses of men. In the generalization, "The history of all societies thus far is the history of class-struggles," he formulated his view. Thus with one stroke he threw light on the expressions—words and deeds—which embody the volition of all mankind. This law does not include all volitional strivings, but only those which relate to *the development of society.* It was shown that in the bewildering mass of volitional elements great groups of similarly directed wills were discoverable; and thus for the first time we were placed in possession of the key to the understanding of the fundamental phenomena. Clearly outlined class-struggles had often taken place—e. g. in ancient Rome, in the agrarian wars, in the revolution of 1789, in the July revolution of 1830. But never had anyone come to a clear consciousness as to what was at stake. It was class-instinct, class-interest, which was effective; through Marx class-consciousness first became possible. And this theory of the *class-struggle* has been of incalculable value to us. For so long as the class-struggle is carried on unconsciously, without theory, as a mere reflex, the preachers of law and order, the paid writers of the capitalists, have an easy game; without difficulty they can convince us that peace and unity should be maintained between capital and labor, and impose upon us their false theories as to the evils which will follow upon discontent and strife. Against these false theories, these siren calls to a life of peace, Marx made it possible for us to struggle with *full consciousness of our goal,* to carry out our own will *deliberately and systematically.*

Persons unable to understand Marx imagined sometimes that he had overlooked the human will altogether. Marx is always

talking of struggle, of the *revolutionizing of society, of the organization of the workers*, in short, *exclusively of acts of the human will*. That the man who first laid down the theory of the volitional acts of men in society should have "overlooked" the will—this can be affirmed only by persons who have never entered into the spirit of the Marxian teaching, who cannot see the forest for the trees.

But Marx penetrated farther into the theory of the will. He saw that in all periods there were individual minds, ideas, desires for the improvement of the world; that ideals were striven for and that the will was there to realize them. He saw that certain ideas and desires were always frustrated till at last the time came when the will could be effective. He asked himself: What is the significant mark? How is it possible to tell when an idea will be realized? He noticed that in the main the stream of social life flows steadily on. But that great changes always follow alterations in the manner of production. The prerequisite of a social change is always a change in the conditions of production. Thus before the French revolution of 1789 handicraft is replaced by manufacture, by the organization of labor on a large scale; with this there comes a change in the structure of classes; the bourgeoisie comes upon the scene; the stationary condition of society is changed to a mobile one; new positions are occupied preparatory to a struggle. The struggle occurs; the will of the oppressed can prevail: a revolution takes place. Thus Marx gives us for the first time a theory of revolution. Revolutions do not come about because of the plottings of the wicked, as the apostles of law and order proclaim; nor because the really good people, the idealists, have come into their own, as naive liberal historians suppose: on the contrary only when the conditions of production have changed, when the conditions outlined in the Marxian theory of revolution are fulfilled, can the will to revolutionize be victorious, can the desires, the ideas, the will which are always present, finally prevail.

And this theory, again, is of immediate importance for it shows us what revolution is possible at the present time, what one can become effective. The reactionaries also wish to bring about a revolution, a revolution back to the good old times — which, at least so far as they were concerned, were so much better. Marx has taught us that all their endeavors must go for naught; the reactionaries can take up our time, can retard us; but in the end they will dash their heads against a stone wall. The workers, too, were in the beginning so naive as to think it possible to bring about a revolution backwards. When the Saxon weavers saw the first machines installed, saw them steal the bread out of the mouths of the workers, drag the children into the fac-

tories and suck their blood day and night, they took to smashing the machines, which were the immediate and evident cause of their distress. And this story was repeated in nearly all countries. Everywhere the first thought was: "Away with the machines!" And the destruction of them followed. But the theory was false. New and greater monsters arrived, and the struggle against them was hopeless. Then Marx showed that it was not the machines that drink the blood of the workers, but the capitalists, who, being owners of the machines, are able to take from the laborer a part of his earnings. He set up the theory of surplus value, the value which the capitalist is able to appropriate instead of turning it over to the worker. And thus Marx furnished, not only the theory of revolution in general, but also the theory of the revolution which we are going through at present, the proletarian revolution. His cry was not, Backward! — like that of the weavers in the 40's — not, Away with the machines! His counsel was rather to build these machines as property of the community, to found a new society in which economical exploitation should be brought to an end.

In regard to this theory of revolution, also, Marx has sometimes been misunderstood. He showed that certain conditions of production are prerequisite, that certain tendencies of the mass-will have appeared, that certain strivings of the public consciousness prevail. Instead of this a good many persons have interpreted the Marxian explanation to mean that the conditions of production will bring forth a new society automatically — without any exertion of the human will. This is just as irrational as to say that the air brings forth the human race, and yet it is true that air is prerequisite to human existence. Just so is a certain method of production the necessary condition of a new social order.

Theory can never serve as a substitute for the human will, but it is equally true that the human will can never serve in place of theory. The will without theory is blind: theory without will is powerless. Theory shows us what revolutionary elements are present, what ideas, what wishes can be fulfilled, what will is to prevail! It is not enough to will blindly; we do not wish to dash ourselves against a wall: we wish to make our will effective; we wish to triumph! We need theories so that the will which animates the class-conscious workers can achieve the overthrow of our present society, can achieve freedom and victory!

More than sixty years ago Karl Marx wrote in the Communist Manifesto this sentence: "The proletarians have naught to lose but their chains; they have a world to gain!" The first part of this sentence is no longer exactly true to the facts. In these sixty years the proletarians have changed. The scorned,

outlawed, defenseless workers of the forties, without right or recognition, exist no more. By their own might they have raised themselves, built up organizations, taken rights; they stand at the center of events, all activity turns about them. Today they have more than their chains to lose; they have recognition, the fruit of their organizing activity. Every step that they take may mean gain, but also loss. Therefore everyone of them must strive to become more thoughtful; therefore theories are becoming constantly more important as tools in the class-struggle. But if it is true that proletarians today have more to lose than their chains — a world still remains to be won. Proletarians of all lands, unite!

Translated by William E. Bohn.



As to Leveling Down—and Up.

THE RECEIVER—Today someone on our line quoted Attorney-General Bonaparte's Chautauqua address in which he said that Socialists have foolish longings for impossible equality and that when the Socialist saw another man President and realized that he could never reach that high office he was consumed by envy, and it started me to thinking that, after all, envy does play an important part.

THE TRANSMITTER.—Undoubtedly—among people of Bonaparte's environment and circumscribed intellectuality. The Attorney-General, however, is wholly in error as to the direction of the Socialist aspiration. Being little, he sees small. The Socialist does not covet another's place or another's property: he desires to make a place for himself and to possess what he creates.

According to a report of one of William Morris's London meetings, a man described as a Socialist bawled at a passing vehicle, "We'll have you out of that carriage in a year!" The man who said that was not a Socialist; he was a Bonaparte out of a job. To illustrate my meaning, Do you envy the Queen of Spain?

THE RECEIVER.—What! That poor little woman with rings in her ears who had to change her religion over night? I'd rather be a telephone receiver as long as I live!



Attorney-General Bonaparte's Idea of an Exalted Station.

THE TRANSMITTER.—Exactly. But you would like to be a George Eliot?

THE RECEIVER.—Indeed I would; or a Mme. Curie, assisting her husband in developing the scientific miracles of radium.

THE TRANSMITTER.—Still, you would not displace either one or the other?

THE RECEIVER.—Certainly not. To make a name for myself, though—that would be really worth while.

THE TRANSMITTER.—You express the idea precisely. I never knew an English Socialist or a German Socialist who had the slightest desire to supplant King or Kaiser in his mardi-gras trappings; yet I never met one from either land who would not make any sacrifice to reach the station of the truly great — Humbolt, Darwin, Goethe, Burns, Watt, William Morris. To show how little they regard bourgeois "place" or "power," the Socialists of France repudiated a member of the party for accepting a portfolio in a capitalist Cabinet. As to a Socialist's envying the grotesque reactionary rattling around in the Presidential chair in this country at the present time, it is unthinkable.

Socialism is a principle, not an expedient, and political action is merely a form of expression.

THE RECEIVER.—But under Socialism every one will have to work: Will not that bring everybody down to the same level?

THE TRANSMITTER.—Up toward the same level, my dear. Eliminating useless labor and parasitic idleness, wealth will increase at a rate undreamed of under the present wasteful capitalist system. And Socialism will generously reward a Rockefeller for his administrative ability, as it will an Edison for his invention, or a Wagner for his music; but with this allimportant difference:

SOCIALISM WILL DESTROY THE POSSIBILITY OF FORGING THAT REWARD INTO FETTERS TO ENSLAVE HIS FELLOWS.

THE RECEIVER.—Then why do these men fear Socialism?

THE TRANSMITTER.—That is merely a habit of mind. To those who worship the dead past and its institutions, live things are disquieting and therefore sinful; and Socialism is very much alive.

Francois Thane



Mr. Gompers (contemplating the Postoffice Department). — Oh, hell, there ain't no such thing!"

There is a story going around of a countryman who had in some unaccountable way "got by" the dromedary until one day when he encountered one in the Zoo. He gazed at it for a long time, and then turned away with the conclusive assertion, "Oh, hell, there ain't no such animal!"

In a speech, some time ago, Mr. Gompers said that Socialism was "industrially impossible!"

The Political Parties in the Great Russian Revolution.



IT IS VERY interesting to examine all the Russian political parties, which have appeared on the scene of Russian political life, since the Revolution began. —

First of all, we must divide all these parties into two classes; those, which are connected with the people, fight for them and have put on their standard the device: "We serve the people",—and those which work for their own benefit,—making no difference, whether they fight for a more or less extended group of society, or for a whole class, provided only that their interests are opposed to those of the greatest part of the Russian people.

From this standpoint we must distinguish the revolutionary parties from all the others, or—what will be the same thing—the democratic parties from the non-democratic ones.

In the former we include all the proletarian and, to some extent, the little-bourgeois parties; in the latter—all the bourgeois parties of traders, manufacturers,—capitalists, land-owners,—briefly, all the owners and those which are directly or indirectly interested in preserving the bourgeois institution of private ownership.

Among the revolutionary parties we shall name in the first place, naturally, "The Russian Social-Democratic Labor Party," and afterwards—the party of the peasant-laborers and workers, the so called "Social-Revolutionary Party" and the party, which is very close to the latter in its ideals and program, "The Labor Party", which consists partly of peasants and partly of that wing of the intellectuals, which is devoted to their interests. All these parties are revolutionary and democratic, putting forward, as their highest aim, service to the people. These, however, are only the chief revolutionary parties. There are in Russia, besides, some others, which are either a part of one of them, as, for instance, all the different national sections of the chief Russian party, or which share nearly the same program and tactics, but differ by some local reasons from the main revolutionary parties.—

Among the Russian political parties,—the revolutionary as well as the bourgeois,—the Russian Social-Democratic Labor Party is the largest and the best organized. The theoretical basis of this party is the same, which animates the International Social-Democracy, that is the scientific revolutionary Marxism. The Russian Social-Democracy works among the laborers and, partly, among the little-bourgeoisie,—among the intellectuals and the peasant-workers; besides, it works among the army, revolutionizing the soldiers.

The program of the Russian Social-Democratic Labor Party consists of two chief-divisions. The first one is the so-called "Program-Maximum", which requires the socialization, that is the common ownership of all the means of production. Of course, this is the fundamental aim of the International Revolutionary Social-Democracy. But, in order to accomplish it, all Socialistic Parties in every land first of all must clear the field for the battle for Socialism. This, indeed, is the first task of the Russian revolutionaries. Therefore, along with its demands for Socialism the Russian Social-Democracy puts out its "Program-Minimum", which is defined by the present needs of the Russian people and corresponds with the immediate demands of the Socialists in all lands, modified by the conditions peculiar to each. The main points of this "Program-Minimum" contain the demand for the freedom of the people from economic shackles and political slavery. Accordingly the Russian Social-Democracy claims for the laborers an improvement in the conditions of their work, an eight-hour workday, work for the unemployed, a state-insurance, liberty of strikes and organizations, and so on; for the peasants it demands land, all the land, which means the confiscation of all the land, owned by private individuals, the government, church, monastery, even including that owned by the tzar.

Concerning its political program, it calls upon the people to throw down despotism and even the monarchy itself, and to put in its place the democratic republic with full freedom and liberty for all the people, with autonomy and selfgovernment for the Russian provinces. These are the chief points of its platform. Of course, there are many details, but this is no place to speak of them, and, first of all, they would be, perhaps, not so easy for foreigners to understand, because one must be closely acquainted with the Russian political situation, in order to know more about the other points of its program.—

Now—about the tactics.

The tactics of every political party are always determined

by the conditions of the political life, by the form of government, by the degree of political consciousness of the people and, first of all, by the social situation of that social group or class, which this party represents. When the program of a party is its interior substance, its policy defines the manner of accomplishing the aim of the party. Therefore the tactics of every party are changeable according to the social and political conditions, whilst the program is always more stable, more steadfast.

Of course, though the tactics very often become changed, depending upon the demand of the immediate need,—the spirit of the tactics, their general character remains the same, is always unchangeable. Far from the compromises of the liberal bourgeois parties, free from utopian ideas and irresolutness, peculiar to the radical and revolutionary parties of the little-bourgeoisie, the Russian Social-Democracy, like that of all other lands, carries out its program with directness and resolutness, always faithful to the interests of the proletariat.

The way this party works is to accept no agreement nor settlement with the ruling power nor compromises with the bourgeoisie. The Russian Social-Democracy does not believe either in the utopian methods of combatting by plotting against the tzar or government, or in the heroic stepping out of single persons and groups with terroristic attempts.

Its tactics, its methods consist in the moving of masses, and, therefore the Russian Social-Democracy, first of all organizes the workmen, wakening in them their political and class consciousness and calling them to the fight with the despotism of the government and of the ruling classes. "The business of freeing the workers is their own business",—said Marx. Only the general attack of organized people, armed with the revolutionary consciousness will be able to break down the tzar's despotism. Therefore the most important work in Russia now consists in the organization and political education of democratic masses.

Social-Democracy joins under its standard, only that part of the people, who are interested to go with it to the very end, even to the barricades and the armed insurrection. In contemporary society, however, the working class is the most revolutionary.

"The workingmen have nothing to lose, but their chains, but they have the world to gain",—said Marx. This is the reason why the working class is the most revolutionary: it is the last and the lowest class of our society, and therefore, protesting against the exploitation of workers, it protests, at the same time, against every exploitation; freeing the laborers,

the working class at the same time will free the whole of mankind.

If this be true of the proletariat in general, it is true of the Russian proletariat. Therefore the representative of the more conscious part of the Russian workmen, the Russian Social-Democracy, fighting for proletarians, fight for all Russian people.

The Russian Social-Democracy carries on a slow and persevering work. It must fight at the same time with two enemies: with the despotic government and with the rapacious Russian bourgeoisie. However, we are sure, that the victory will be for the proletariat. It has already torn from its adversaries not a few important cessions. Nobody will say, that these victories are won by the bows of the liberals before the tzar and his ministers. It is evident to everybody, who knows the history of the last three years of Russia, that every victory came to us immediately after a strong movement of workmen and because of their strength and directness. Not the fine speeches of the liberals, not their submissive solicitations before the power, and not the bombs and shots of single revolutionaries have gained for Russia the political victories. Only the unanimous will of the proletariat could dictate to the ruling classes and to the tzar its claims, and only before the organized power of the conscious democratic masses, because of their unanimous stepping out, the tzar's government was obliged to go out to the cessions.

The movement of the workers in Baku (in December 1904), the big movement of workers in Petersbourg the 22nd of January 1905), the strikes in January and February 1905 on the railroads and the insurrection in the army in Rostov-na-Donu, in Odessa, in Revel (during the Summer of 1905) have wrested from the goverment the tzar's ordinance concerning the representation of the people.

However the people were not satisfied with such a representation: the tzar's ordinance had fixed only a consultant Duma without any right of decision; and therefore the proletariat and all the democratic masses protested against such a representation. A new attack of the organized people has torn from the tzar a new victory. The university students and those of all the highest schools, acting upon the advice of Social-Democracy, and under its direction, pronounced a general strike of all the students until the government should give up its power to the people.

The doors of the universities were opened to the large meetings of workmen and, generally, of the masses of people. The free voice of revolutionaries sounded now in all the cities

and even in the villages. The people awakened, aroused and with a new force rushed upon their enemy. A new general strike of all the workmen in the whole of immense Russia, a strike on the railroads, in the factories, in the shops, in busniess, a new pressure of the organized proletarian power,—and the government gave up: the tzar pronounced his famous manifesto of the 30th of October (1905) concerning the extension of the rights of Douma, which now became even legislative. At the same time the tzar promised in his manifesto all kinds of liberties. But the proletariat knows very well the real price of the promises of the bloody tzar and of his cruel government. Besides, although Duma became legislative, the right of suffrage remained very limited. Two months later the Russian people orangized themselves, and then, when the clever government took back all the liberties, when it began to suppress the democratic and revolutionary papers, to arrest the greatest revolutionaries and leaders of the proletariat,—the Social-Democracy together with the other revolutionary parties called upon the people to step out again with a new force against their oppressors.

In the whole of Russia began a new general strike. At this time, however, the government was prepared for the new trouble. It opposed to the strikers all the complex apparatus of the despotic oppression: soldiers, cosacks, gendarmes and police. But not all the soldiers remained loyal to the government; here and there burst out disorders even in the army itself. Many regiments didn't want to obey their chiefs and refused to struggle against the people. Still the government bent its last efforts to destroy the riots of revolutionaries. There was not any other issue for the government: either to conquer, or to be conquered,—and the government moved its troops against the people.

Then the Social-Democracy in an agreement with all the other revolutionary parties and organizations, sent out the watchword: "The armed insurrection for the Reconstructive Convention."—All, to whom liberty was dear, went out on the streets: workmen, peasants, students,—even women and youths. The month of December (1905) in many cities of Russia, and especially in Moscow, was the month of general pressure. Nine days lasted the armed insurrection in Moscow; for nine days the government regiments failed to destroy the barricades of the revolutionaries; during nine days the revolutionary masses day and night did not cease to attack their enemy. Many soldiers, even large parts of regiments, passed over to the side of the revolutionaries. But

when on the ninth day the government of Moscow was reenforced by the new troops, which came from St. Petersbourg, the armed insurrection was suppressed.

Still even this defeat was a victory: the frightened autocracy hastened to pronounce a new law of suffrage, which greatly enlarged the number of electors. Besides, along with it the Tzar gave out a new manifesto, in which he fixed the day of the election of the Duma, as well as the day of its opening, fulfilling in this way the most important part of his promises of October.

Thus we see that every victory for the proletariat is the direct result of its organized stepping out, of its conscious movement.

The Russian-Social-Democracy, like every Social-Democracy, has as the basis of its teaching the materialistic theory.—Not the abstract ideas of equality, liberty and brotherhood, not the vain desires, grounded on the blind faith in future happiness, form the substances of the Social-Democracy theory. Just the opposite: objective study proves, that independent of our will, and even in spite of it, in social life uninterruptedly proceed changes, evoked by certain economic reasons. Every form of social production creates within itself a new, higher degree of social order, a higher form of social production.—Thus the primitive communism gradually grew into the patriarchal organization of society. Hence developed ancient slavery, on the ruins of which blossomed the feudal society. When Feudalism became a barrier to further development of social production, the foundation of Feudalism fell to pieces, and instead of the feudal organization grew the bourgeois society. Slowly and invisibly the bourgeois society developed. The little-bourgeois society enlarged and strengthened, and, after the period of primitive accumulation of wealth, opened the field for the mercantile capital. The mercantile capital expelled the little-bourgeois form of society, but in the same way, after its development, it was itself replaced by productive capitalism: first, by the form of manufacture-production, and then—by the introduction of machinery.

Thus, we see that the contemporary bourgeois world has not existed always, that it is a result of a long process of economic changes, and that the basis of these changes is bound up in the conditions of production.

The capitalistic form of social production, as every other so far, grows, developes and prepares the ground for the next, higher form of production, but it will come itself, independent of our will. The organized society can only quicken or delay

its appearance; however neither kings, nor capitalists can resist the steadfast law of economic and historical progress. Capitalism digs a grave for itself, on the one hand enlarging the masses of proletariat and thus producing paupers, and on the other—concentrating capital. Therefore the opposition of the class-interests incessantly grows,—and the abyss between the bourgeois class and proletariat continually widens. When this antagonism reaches its highest point, when almost all the capital is monopolized by a few, and all the rest of the people become pauperized,—then the Socialistic Revolution will burst forth.

This is more apparent, because the capitalists themselves a long period before will suffer from the dreadful economic crisis: on account of the poverty of the proletarian masses, the exterior as well as the interior market will become more and more limited, and production will begin to fail. The magnificent wealth of the whole world will remain unused. Then will come the time of the new form of production. The proletariat, organized by the socialists into a political power, will expropriate from the bourgeois expropriators all the means of social production: manufactories, shops, mines, stores, land, as well as the railroads, steam-navigation, postal-service, telegraphs, telephones; briefly,—all means of production, as well as those of communication and transportation, will become socialized, that means, will belong to all the people. The bourgeois hypocrites like to speak about Socialism, overturning our theory. They babble every possible absurdity, assuring everybody, that we mean to divide all the wealth among all the people. That is a lie.

This is the theory of the International Socialism, shared by the Russian Social-Democracy, and this very theory separates it from all other Russian political parties. The other above mentioned revolutionary and democratic parties are not so straightforward and consequential. They are more utopian, more or less liable to compromises, believing more in the heroic stepping out of individuals, than in the strong movement of the conscious masses.

We must acknowledge, that even these parties of little-bourgeoisie and peasants even now are radical enough: they fight, as well as we for the republic constitution. However, we can be sure, that the first large cessions will eliminate the little-bourgeoisie from the Revolution, and it is very well understood: peasants, tradespeople, clerks and so on,—are not so conscious as workmen, and therefore they can be more easily pacified. When their needs are only partly satisfied, they will become interested even in the contre-revolution,—

in order not to lose their goods, their land, their little possessions. The proletarian psychology is strange to them. Along with the private ownership they are used to caring only for their own interests, when laborers, fighting for themselves, fight for all mankind, as their freedom is only the result of the freedom of the whole of mankind from every exploitation and oppression. The revolutionary little-bourgeois parties in Russia now are even socialistic, but it is because now the little-bourgeois people in Russia have too little ownership, and because they are very limited in their rights. Of course, a little extension of their rights, a little increase in their property will make them conservative enough, for the private ownership and socialistic ideals cannot be reconciled.

At the opposite pole are found all the bourgeois parties, —liberals, as well as conservative and reactionary. Though there is, naturally, a great difference among all these bourgeois parties, we can put all of them, as a whole, in opposition to all the revolutionary, democratic parties, for the bourgeoisie, even the most radical part of it, always and everywhere have fought, are now fighting and will fight against democracy, and especially against Socialism. All bourgeois parties, first of all, desire a strong power, which shall be able to guard their private ownership from the revolutionary attempts, to defend with the help of all the clever apparatus of the contemporary state their private interests, opposed to those of the democratic masses.

This is the connecting link between all the bourgeois parties. Of course, the different bourgeois parties are fighting amongst themselves, for their interests are very often different: the landowners are opposed to the productive bourgeoisie: the interests of the great capitalists are other than those of the little ones, and so on. Therefore among the bourgeoisie itself there are different parties, which pursue different aims.

The productive bourgeoisie of the big capitalists together with their hired servants—the intellectuals—form the liberal and radical parties, the so-called "People's Liberty Party", "Democratic Reform Party", "Pacific Renewal Party", etc. All these parties are now progressive. However, one must realize, that their programs promise always more, than they are willing and able to accomplish.

These parties hesitate between the constitutional monarchy and the bourgeois republic. They fight only for the primitive elements of liberty in order to acquire favorable conditions for the development of bourgeois production. Along with it they try to moderate the demands of the work-

ing class, as they dread every movement of the democratic masses. Their program on the one hand claims some liberal reforms for themselves, and on the other—defends them from all the democratic attempts of peasants and workmen.

Their policy consists in solicitations, in loyal petitions and, sometimes, in a very moderate and careful opposition.—

The conservative party is represented by "The League of the 30th of October", which practically supports the Tzar's government and fights against even liberal reforms. This "League" appeared after the Tzar's manifesto of the 30th of October, 1905, and its substance was taken to be a platform of this political party. However even these very moderate promises of the Tzar's manifesto seemed to the big capitalists and landowners to be too radical. Every new reactionary attack of the government meets their approbation. "The League of the 30th of October" even a long time ago was called by the progressive part of Russian citizens "the party of the very last communication of the government," for it approves even such acts of the government, which are directly opposed to the famous manifesto. This "League" wants a very moderate constitution with a representation only of their class, that is with a very limited right of votes only for the big capitalists and landowners.—Therefore the government knew very well, what it intended to do, limiting by the Tzar's proclamation of the 16th of June (1907),—in spite of the official law, —the rights of votes.

The extreme right of the Russian political parties is the so-called "League of the Russian People". We call them "the black hundreds". They fight for the church and for the Tzar. They are, of course, reactionary, for they fight against the constitution, requiring the old unlimited power of the Tzar's autocracy. This party is supported by the highest dignitaries, by the courtiers and by the Tzar himself. Their policy corresponds to their "lofty" program: they kill Jews, students, intellectuals; they make "pogroms" and troubles for the revolutionary and even oppositionary parties.—

This is the general characterization of contemporary Russian political parties.

Of course, all political life is complicated, and in the stormy time of Revolution all the parties, their programs, their policies, their mutual relations, their aims are too compound, too complex, too intricate for characterizing them in a short article, and especially, when the readers, as foreigners, have not any idea about this question. Therefore there are illuminated only the most important features of the contemporary Russian political parties.

In order to better understand the substance of those political parties, one must remember, that political movement starts not because of some private will of the individuals or even of some social groups or organizations, but because of some objective economic reasons. These economic causes produce changes in every social life, and on the ground of this objective progress burst out a political war between the different parts of society,—between those, who are selfishly interested in preserving the old form of production and those, who, following the progress of mankind, fight for the new, higher form of social organization, in order to secure for the majority better, more favorable conditions of existence; and between those two camps of strugglers cowardly run the liberal accorders, trying to reconcile both enemies,—in order to take from each an advantage for themselves, though with evident harm to the large democratic masses.

In Russia now growing capitalism awakens the workers, who can no longer exist under the despotic power of the autocracy. Peasants, revolutionized by the working class, are fighting for their existence; they can exist no longer under the exploiting power of the landowners. Even the productive bourgeoisie needs some important changes in the political life, for the old forms became too restricted for developed capitalism.

Only the big landowners are interested in preserving the old power, as the feudal autocracy corresponds to their feudal interests of the landowners.

Hence—the bloody struggle between the partisans of autocracy and those of liberty,—and between them are fluttering the bourgeois liberals, attempting to calm the fighters with their half-way measures of reform, more useful, of course, for them than for the others.

Thus we see that the political struggle produces political parties, every one of which represents the interests of that particular part of society, of that class, which is organized in this party. Economic interest is the leading power of every political party. Yet Marx said, that every political struggle is an economic struggle, and the Great Russian Revolution gives us now the wise practical example as a proof of this scientific truth.

What is the real cause of the Great Russian Revolution?

The administration and its agents assure us, that all the revolts are made by the "criminal" agitators. Everybody understands, however, the falsity of such a declaration. In fact, the true reason for the revolts is the government's despotism, against which all nationalities, which inhabit

Russia, have protested, do protest, and will protest. This despotism has led all the Russian people to beggary, ignorance and lawlessness, although Russia is a very large and rich country with an industrious and diligent population.—The Tzar, dignitaries, ministers, governors,—briefly, all the minions and tyrants tear Russia to pieces: they hang, shoot down, destroy and kill; they exile and put into prisons and fortresses hundreds of thousands; they coerce and persecute, torture and slay the best people of the country, even women, young girls, and children; they oppress all the country, placing it under martial law, with bayonet and scourge: they violate the people and ruin the land, like drunken soldiers in the conquered camp of the enemy.....

At present the Russian people are silent as to all this violence and crime; but this silence is only the calm before the storm. The people are tired of the Tzar's bloodshed, and now seem humble; it is quiet now, organizing its own powers, in order so much the better to disperse its sworn enemy at a future more favorable time. The people and the government are evidently, two irreconcilable enemies. At present the Russian people collect their forces, slowly prepare themselves, and then—the "dead" Revolution will be revived with doubled and trebled strength; the revolting people will annihilate the old authority of violence and despotism.

When the Russian people fought against the government, when they revolted and resisted, they acted so not only for abstract ideas of right and justice, and not only for moral reasons, but, first of all, in order to gain for themselves the necessary conditions of life and future development. This great country suffocates in the musty atmosphere of despotism. The workmen demand an improvement of the conditions of their work; the unemployed claim work; the peasants want land; the bourgeoisie need a large and rich interior market; and all the people need liberty, which will give them the power to direct their own fate; this liberty will bring to all the people juster courts, better laws and general education.

Jews demand equality; Poland, the Caucasus, the Baltic provinces and Finland want autonomy, and all nationalities need the opportunity of self-government.

Thus we see that the Russian Revolution has very deep and strong roots, and until all these needs are satisfied, the war between the people and the Tzar will continue. The Russian people, indeed know, how to die fighting for liberty.....

Abstract ideas may be forgotten; moral reasons may be

rejected. But the needs of subsistence can be neither forgotten, nor rejected. If this be so, the Russian Revolution is living.

It is difficult to foretell, when and how the Russian people will obtain liberty. All the social, economic and political conditions are too complex, too intricate for us to decide such a question. But we can with assurance say, that Russia will soon be free. Its people love and value liberty too highly, the Russian proletariat is too intelligent to bear the ignominious slavery of the bloody Tzar. First of all, without freedom, without rights, without selfgovernment Russia can exist no longer. The despotic power rests on only a hundred and thirty six thousand landowners, who are interested in the old order, while all the inhabitants of Russia, who number a hundred fifty millions, can not live without land, work, bread and liberty. It is true, that not all the people understand their condition; it is true, that even among the village people, the peasants and some of the workmen there are partisans of the old regime. But it is so not because the old authority can satisfy them, but only because of their ignorance and superstition.

The revolutionaries tear down the old idols and carry to their country light and happiness. It may be, the day of Russian liberty is nearer even than the revolutionaries themselves imagine....

M. Verus.

Out of the Dump.

VII.

Thanksgiving Day.



URING the next month Mr. Lee came down to the office of the Northwestern Charity Bureau oftener than usual, and he always made occasion to come up to the wardrobe rooms. He would sit around asking questions and offering suggestions and watching me wait on my old friends or acquaintances from The Dump or the Alley till he got on my nerves.

"He is studying the Lower Element," I said to myself. "Perhaps he means to break into print and write a book about the way we live." And it made me so vexed that I longed to give him something unique to say about us. I wasn't always polite, but a girl who works for her living does not dare to be altogether rude to a young man who is owner of the luxurious Cleveland House and next thing to a millionaire.

But I could be doubly kind to the unfortunate folks I had long known in the shadow of the Dump, saying in every way, save words, "These are the conditions to which you and your rich and idle friends have brought the poor who work." I felt that men like Mr. Lee were a large factor in producing the misery I saw every day and I wanted him to blush for every shameful thing he saw among us.

Old Granny Nome came in to patronize a rummage sale. She was looking for a bargain in boys' shoes for one of the neighbor's children. Her breath, as usual, smelled strongly of gin, but I was more than cordial.

"Always trying to help somebody; aren't you, Granny?" I said loud enough for Mr. Lee to hear. "You're not one of the people who think advice and encouragement are enough for poor folks; are you?"

Mrs. Nome chuckled gleefully and poked me playfully in the side.

"It's the folks whose fathers leave them heaps of money", I continued, "the folks who never have to stand on their own legs, who are always so free with moral talk to the hungry ones!"

Granny laughed boisterously again. "Take keer of the stummicks, sez I," she said, "en the morals'll take keer o' themselves."

This was the best thing I had ever heard Granny say and I glanced around to see if Mr. Lee was close enough to hear. He was still sitting at the counter apparently looking over some papers.

"Yes, Granny," I added, "people whose fathers leave money don't steal coats, nor food nor money. Nobody would steal if he had things."

At this time if Mr. Lee had debated on any subject with old Granny Nome or my brother Bob, who was still serving time in the House of Correction, he would have lasted about ten minutes. It seemed hard for him to talk about **FACTS.** He was always dwelling upon abstractions.

But he kept on coming to the office for one cause or another and I continued to turn my rude side toward him. Always I allied myself with the poor applicants, which is not the usual way with charity workers. Perhaps in time we would understand something of their sufferings.

"You don't like me very well. Do you, Miss Piper?" he asked one morning.

I laughed scornfully. "It takes folks like us, Granny Nome, and my brother Bob and Mr. Wineshevsky, to make those like you," I said. "You can't expect the victim to love the judge who convicts him. There are the workers on one side and the people who work them, on the other. It's too big a bridge for me to cross."

"What would YOU do if your father had left you a great deal of money?" he asked.

"O I'd pay the judge who sentenced my brother, Bob, enough money to let him out of the House of Correction," I replied, "I hadn't thought much about it."

I was too busy to talk longer for November was unusally cold that year and already the number of applicants for aid had doubled.

It was only a few days before Thanksgiving and I had written Bob I would be out to see him on that day. But Mrs. Murphy told me visitors were not allowed on holidays, and Mrs. Murphy had had experience in the ways of penal institutions. So I sent Bob a great bundle of old magazines and a long letter to cheer him up, although I was miserably blue myself. It seemed terrible for Bob to have to spend Thanksgiving in a cell.

I had no heart to plan an outing for myself but Sam and Maggie would be content with nothing less than a stuffed

chicken with cranberry sauce. And I promised to take them to the Five Cent Theatre in the afternoon.

Mr. Pythias gave us all a day off, although he, himself, was on hand at the office of the Charity Organization to look after any urgent cases of need that might turn up.

The sky was grey on Thanksgiving morning, and I began by wishing the day were over. For holidays are the saddest times in the year to lonely or hungry folks. But if I could not enjoy myself, I could, at least, accomplish something, so I sent the children out to the grocer's for a treat, rolled up my sleeves and started to clean up.

I had swept and dusted the two little rooms and was just putting the stuffed chicken into Mrs. Murphy's oven (we had invited her to dine with us to pay for the use of it), when I heard a whistle from somewhere that sounded just like the shrill one nobody but Bob had ever used. I sat down very limp on the floor, when it came again, saying as plain and clear as words,

"Where the dickens are you?" which Bob said it meant.

I looked at Mrs. Murphy.

"Sounds like Bob; doesn't it?" and then fell pell mell down the rickety old stairs and out on to the street with my heart pounding like an engine.

I saw him turning the corner, my dear old Bob! His cap was on the side of his head in the same old angle and his hands were in his pockets, and there was somebody with him. I couldn't make clear. I only knew it was my precious Bobbie coming home and I ran down the street with my arms outstretched.

Bob tried to look stolid but his face worked and his lips quivered and he batted his eyes very fast to keep back the tears. And then we just stood there a few minutes holding each other close, unable to speak one word.

Bob was the first to find his voice again. He pulled me around and said huskily,

"It was Mr. Lee who got me out."

Then I saw Mr. Lee a few steps in the rear. His face was the color of a ripe tomato. I had never seen him look so uncomfortable as when I discovered him in this kind act.

"YOU!" I said in amazement. "How did YOU do it?"

"The judge was a friend of my father's. I was named for him, you know," he began as though he were giving testimony against himself.

"I'm so glad. I don't know how to thank you." And my eyes filled foolishly again.

"There's nothing in the world that COULD be half so good as this."

We all went down to the basement to the little rooms we called Home and for an hour or two there was so much happiness to the square inch that everybody acted light-headed.

Fortunately Mrs. Murphy kept an eye on the chicken, and while I bustled around like a rudderless yawl, set the table for dinner, using her own china to eke out all deficiencies. Fortunately I recovered sufficiently to bribe Sam and Maggie in advance to stop at a leg of chicken apiece, in order that Bob and Mr. Lee might glut themselves in honor of the occasion. In my joy I forgot how very rich Mr. Lee was and that there were no napkins for the table. He seemed only a very kind friend.

When he had finished, Bob pushed his chair away from the table and beamed upon us all.

"I'm so happy. You CAN'T know how good it is to be here," he said. "But there's something I learned out there from my cell-mate, a little Jew by the name of Krohn, that's the best dope I've heard yet.

I'd got to thinking, Mr. Lee," he continued, "that things would always have to be just about as they are now and that made me desperate. Everything I tried to do seemed like pouring water into a sieve. I couldn't get anywhere.

It takes poor wretches like us, clinging on to the edge of life, to make the millionaires, and I hated the swell guys and the hard struggle so much that I thought I'd try to cop off a little of the Cream of things.

You see I thought it was all YOUR fault, or the fault of rich men like you, but old Krohn put me wise to the real situation. If anybody's to blame it's us mutts that sit around whining instead of going out to try to get what we want. Krohn gave me hope of a way out for us Dump rats.

Hope! And the other word for it, Betty, is Socialism!" Bob's lips quivered and he paused for a moment and then continued.

"I don't suppose it is easy for you to understand, Mr. Lee," said Bob, "how I feel about this any more than I would know how to act if I were put out tomorrow to manage a million dollar estate. You've never known what it is to wonder where your next meal is coming from, or where you'll sleep at night. And I guess it's a safe bet that you've never worked nine or ten hours a day month after month getting

farther behind every week, like the guy who climbed forward one step and slipped back TWO every time.

"I'll tell you," said Bob, "that's the kind of life that takes the heart right out of a boy, and that's what makes many of us willing to take mighty long chances on getting a piece of easy money. They'll tell you that 'a FLOP in jail can't be much worse than NO flop outside' ".

Mr. Lee's face flushed again and he said,

"It is true, I have never lived that kind of a life nor earned any money. But now that I have it, I will be glad to give you a better chance."

"Yes," Bob said, in answer to my look of inquiry, "Mr. Lee told the judge he had a job for me, so that's settled. I will not have to waste time hunting for a Meal Ticket and I can begin the things I want to do right away."

Here Bob pulled a little red paper-covered book from his pocket and held it up so we could read the title. It was Value, Price and Profit, by Karl Marx.

"This book is full of the real dope," Bob said. "It will teach a workingman more in a week than he learned in his whole life about HOW HE does the work and the boss gets all the VELVET."

"Perhaps Mr. Lee does not know what you mean by Velvet, Bob," I began, but Bob interrupted.

"Velvet is something you get for NOTHING, winnings in a gambling game, a stolen pocket-book, or PLAIN PROFITS."

"I understand," Mr. Lee replied. "You would call the money my father left me 'Velvet'. It is something I got without making any return."

Bob nodded. "Anybody can see," he continued, "that if every workman got the value of the article he made there could be no profits or rake-off left for anybody who did NOT work.

It's a case of the bosses against the workmen. The more profits the bosses make, the less there is left for the men; and the more the men get in wages the lower become the profits of the bosses. That's where the 'Identity (?) of interest' between the capitalist and the laborer does NOT come in.

"My idea is," continued Bob, "that if the workingmen knew about these things, it would not take them long to wise up to their interests and they'd get together and run things for themselves instead of for a lot of do-nothings.

I mean to study Marx and the works of other socialist

writers and when I am sure I have the right dope, I'll start handing it out to the working class."

Then Bob began to hunt for his hat. "I promised old Krohn," he said, "that I would celebrate on the day I got out of the House of Correction, by hunting up a socialist and joining a Local. And he did.

MARY E. MARCY.

Sunrise.

BY TOM SELBY.

It is high time to awaken out of sleep; for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.—Romans xiii, 11.

It is time to awaken from sleep;
For the day of salvation is near;
And the enemy, stricken with fear,
Cannot longer the battlements keep.

Let the pulse of the proletaire leap
To the shibboleth, confident, clear:
"It is time to awaken from sleep,
For the day of salvation is near!"

Awaken! Triumphantly sweep
On to victory! Be of good cheer;
For the harvest is full in the ear,
It is ripe for the workers to reap.
For the day of salvation is near,—
It is time to awaken from sleep!

Some Notes on a Weissmann Lecture.



COPY of the Arthur Morrow Lewis lectures entitled, "Evolution, Social and Organic," has just come to my notice. It is a most laudable and successful effort to show the harmony which exists between modern science and revolutionary Socialism, besides being a labor-saving epitome of some of the most important scientific thought. But we may be allowed a few critical notes on the lecture on "Weismann's Theory of Heredity." In this lecture there appears a decided bias in favor of Weismannism, and apparently for no other reason than that the Weisman theory seems to favor Socialism.

In the first place, we are told that Weismann "totally and indisputably" overthrew the idea that death "is essential to the very nature of life iself." And how is Weismann supposed to have done this? By proving that among the one-celled organisms reproduction takes place by a division of the organism into two equal parts; and then, because nothing is left of the parent in this production of two children, we are to believe that the parent individual has not died. This looks very much like a difference without a distinction. The reproduction of the one-celled animal may be held to be essentially the same as the reproduction of the multicellular animal. To be sure, the reproduction of the latter may take place in a manner different from the reproduction of the former, but in both cases the individual, by giving up either all or a small part of itself, enters into the continued life of its race; in the case of the amoeba all of its substance is given up for the young and in the case of any of the higher organisms only a fraction of the body substance is given for the same purpose. Weismann is quoted as saying "that we cannot speak of natural death among unicellular animals, for their growth has no termination which is comparable with death." But that depends upon what we call death. That depends upon whether we consider the human life's end or the end of the individual amoeba as the truly standard form of death. Speaking of the one-celled organisms, Weismann says that the two equal parts into which one of these creatures divides have "their growth."

Thus he admits for the new one-celled individuals a period of immaturity or youth, which certainly distinguishes them from the full-grown parent individual. The fact that the organism gives up all of itself for the formation of two new individuals does not countenance the view that the parent cell can divide itself into two and still be one, any more than that the human parent and its offspring can be regarded as one and the same individual. The fact that in one case the parent enters wholly into its offspring and in the other only fractionally does not identify the individualities of parent and children in either case. And, admitting that these individualities are not the same, how are we warranted in saying that in the case of the amoeba the parent did not die a "natural death" simply because its children each took half of it at their birth? Because the amoeba's "natural death" is different in time and circumstances from our own is no reason why it isn't a natural organic death for the parent amoeba. And the peculiar manner of the unicellular animal's reproduction gives it no "capability of living on indefinitely," except in the sense that it transmits itself to its posterity, just as the human parent does. Whether the individual is divided by the reproductive process without a remainder, as in the case of the amoeba, or with a big remainder which lives on, as in the human animal, gives no warrant in either case for speaking of the parents as "living on indefinitely" as individuals. And in a more remote sense, even the racial life in which organisms get a kind of indefinitely prolonged existence, must come to an end. For even if a race escapes other possible ways of becoming extinct, it cannot escape the ultimate extinction brought on by the inevitable exhaustion of the sun's light and heat, when the solar system shall lapse from evolution to dissolution.

Next, we cannot see why Weismann's germ-plasm theory, or Pamnixia, should be presented to the proletariat as favoring Socialism. At most, Pamnixia, with its impossible theory of determinants, is a mere speculation. In the end it presupposes that the reproductive elements are somehow shut away from the influence of the rest of the body and its changes, and this in spite of the fact that those same elements are conceded to be supplied with the same nourishment that the rest of the body receives through the blood. This is on a par with the people who claim they have a brain area where evolution does not apply and where they foster a religious ideology as Weismann fosters its germ-plasm.

Coming to the question of the "inheritance or noninherit-

ance of acquired characters," over which the "fiercest fight" was made, Lewis starts by saying: "Herbert Spencer cited the case of the supposed degeneration of the little toe in civilized man as a result of the shoe-wearing habit. This it was urged could only have occurred through the transmission of acquired characters and not by natural selection, as this diminished toe could not be of any value in the struggle for existence. But it was shown by measuring the feet of savages who do not wear shoes, and whose ancestors never wore them, that the small toes of savages had degenerated quite as much. "Now, had Appendix B to Spencer's Principles of Biology, vol. 1, been consulted, it would have been found that Weismann got the little-toe argument from another opponent than Spencer; that is, it was not originally used by Spencer. Moreover, in the same place will be found a discussion by Spencer of the "little-toe" illustration — a discussion which, by taking into account the big toe and the mechanics of walking, helps to turn the case against Weismann.

Lewis seems to lay great stress on the difficulty the opponents of Weismann had in furnishing cases of the inheritance of mutilations. He says: "It was clearly seen that if a case of the transmission of a mutilation could be established, Weismann's theory would be thereby demolished." And then some cases are cited where opponents failed in their attempts to show a case of inherited mutilation. But the weakness of the arguments from mutilations was eventually discovered by the opponents of Weismann themselves. And when the "inheritance of functionally acquired characters" was taken as the principal ground of contention, it was well pointed out that to bring mutilations in as proof or disproof was beside the question. Thus, by falling back on the evolutionary factors of use and disuse the question finally was, are functionally acquired characters inheritable? From this standpoint the opponents of Weismann had no trouble in showing the inadequacy of natural selection to account for all the phenomena of organic evolution, and also that inheritance of functionally-acquired characters was the only reasonable explanation for a large part of the phenomena left unexplained by natural selection. If anyone wishes to look up the arguments which were developed against Weismannism along this line of functionally-acquired characters, they will find many good reasons in favor of the inheritance of such characters,—so many, in fact, as to make it seem quite incredible that the reproductive elements are kept in some tight compartment where they remain uninfluenced by the func-

tional and structural changes which go on in the rest of the body during the individual's lifetime.

It is assumed in the lecture that Weismannism favors Socialism. We cannot see how ruling out of the inherheritance of the effects of use and disuse can be a point in favor of Socialism, unless it is Utopian Socialism of some sort or another. If Socialism means the abolition of wage slavery and of private ownership of socially-used property, together with the inauguration of such social readjustments as that abolition makes necessary, why should the inheritance of functionally-acquired organic modifications be an argument against such a program? Lewis says: "If it were true that the terrible results of the degrading conditions forced upon the dwellers in the slums were transmitted to their children by heredity, until in a few generations they became fixed characters, the hopes of Socialists for a regenerated society would be much more difficult to realize. In that case the unfortunate creatures would continue to act in the same discouraging way for several generations, no matter how their environment had been transformed by the corporate action of society. This much, at any rate, Weismann has done for us, he has scientifically destroyed that lie."

Inasmuch as the whole Weismannian position rests, on its positive side, on an improved speculation about the reproductive elements, and on its negative side is simply a challenge for proof that functionally-acquired characters are inherited, we fail to see how Weismann has "scientifically destroyed" any lie whatsoever. The most that has resulted from the controversy which the Weismann theory precipitated is that it forced the believers in the inheritance of functionally-acquired characters to look sharper for facts in keeping with their theory.

But speaking of the slum: The slum can hardly be thought of as producing a proper field for the proving or disproving of the inheritance of functionally-acquired characters. The slum is worse than the primitive jungle. In it natural selection reigns supreme—the weak are killed off, and the position of even the strongest is so untenable there that even they are rotted out after a few generations if they are not strong enough to get out before, and to get out by some other way than the tramp route, which is after all only a wide-spreading tentacle of the slum. Were it not for the fresh material from the outside that continually replenishes them, the slums of our great cities would soon cease to exist. They do not perpetuate themselves by their

birthrate, but by continual additions from the surplus labor army which capital and wage slavery create. People cannot be said to undergo change by inheritance of acquired characters in this hell—they simply undergo functional and structural suppression and perversion. But, even admitting an inheritance of the perverted and degenerated organisms which breed in the slums, that would only the quicker make the weakened descendants victims for the killing of natural selection. Before the perversions and degenerations induced by the conditions of the slums can become fixed through heredity, natural selection gets in its killing work, leaving mainly such constitutions as because of the recency of their advent in the slum have not had time to fix by inheritance any hopeless amount of degeneracy. For it takes a long time to fix characteristics by inheritance, a much longer time than the transient generations of the slum afford. Natural selection never permits the fixing of degeneracy, it never permits a series of organisms or a society to become fixed in the backward path—it cuts them off. Only when the tendencies of an organic or social body are predominately towards a better correspondence between it and its environment do its structures and functions tend to become fixed.

When the source of supply to the slum is cut off and the survivors have a chance to work out their destiny in a decent environment, then there will be a better opportunity to study the inheritance of functionally-acquired characters in the dwellers, not of the slums, but of what used to be or might have been the slums. But taking slum children and placing them into wholesome surroundings, where they show a capacity for becoming normal human beings, while such experiments help to create the conditions under which the question of heredity may be studied to advantage, they do not disprove the inheritance of acquired characters; they simply prove the value of a good environment. It would take some careful observations on equal numbers of slum-born children and of children born of normal parents, both classes immediately after birth being given the same decent environment, to determine that the former had not been disadvantaged by their unfortunate parentage. So far as we know such an experiment has not yet been made.

HERMAN H. MOELLERING.

What Life Means to Me.



IFE? What does life mean to me, an uncultured biped with a past of darkness and well-nigh certain evidence of a like future? Why should I be everything to myself, nothing to the surging, teeming, myriad-shaped units of existence which fill the worlds of space, and to the near, who know me best, unknown—a separate, impinging entity? Is it for me, who am no muck-raker, but more surely the muck itself—who am no social worker studying conditions in the underworld but rather a type of the underworld—is it for me to raise my voice among the shouting multitudes and tell the seeming of things to the sentient thing which is myself? And why not? Though my view be limited some things I see which no one else can ever see, since I alone am I, unique of all creation.

Mine is a world of iron. Among iron I have dwelt these many years, between high and narrow walls, knowing the four seasons only through the skylight, conscious of freedom merely as a name. Among iron I have spent troublous monotonous days — hammering, shaping, welding, wrestling always with the naked metal, always grimy and unkempt, choked by the flying dust, leered at by darting tongues of flame, deafened by the clangorous riveters and the roar of many-voiced machinery. From the iron I have squeezed food, clothing, shelter—all those necessaries which keep burning my spark of self. From me the iron has squeezed more, much more. It has knocked the light from one of my eyes. Its stubborn mass has maimed my hands, and crooked my once upright frame. Its deadly particles, filtering into my throat, have played havoc with my breathing apparatus and even now are laying the foundation of a disease which is no less than a plague. Nay, its continuous proximity has petrified my very soul. No longer is the rose a delight, the Gothic spire a sign. Beauty and romance are dead slowly, surely, implacably strangled within me by the unnatural sordidness of my life; so that the edge of my desire is blunt, the will of today is not the will of yesterday, and what might have been is swallowed up by what is.

Existence itself seems irony to me now. I set out to master the trade, but the trade mastered me. To it I am a slave, being unable to do anything else. It is all iron—everywhere—at work and between whiles and during holidays. I see it in the battleship, the locomotive, the skyscraper. And these things give me no joy, for behind their imposing bulk I see the hornyhanded millions of rough and hardy devils who grind away their lives in the narrow bondage of mines, workshops, and factories, digging; moulding; refining, forever dragging this stuff from the bowels of the earth, forever reorganizing and disorganizing, and never getting done. All of which, I am informed, represents wealth, and progress. From which I conclude that wealth must be matter out of place, and that progress is nothing more nor less than motion—in a circle, since the same round is gone through cycle after cycle without end. As to the desirability of either, let the wise answer.

Now, in greener days, I imagined life as something unfettered—free to enjoy the sight of land and sea and sky; to explore this vast and varied menagerie of other life, this bewildering museum of curious forms of matter, which is the world. In that I hoped to find some solving of my riddle, and in the game, happiness.

Naive fool that I was. Ought I not to have perceived that expansion of mind and spirit—yes, and of body sometimes—are contingent not alone on wish and will, but also on gold; that he who has it not must pay a tithe in terms of labor for the right to enjoy the fruits of the earth; and that, while among primitive races this tithe is next to nothing, among civilized peoples it is an oppressive burden, keeping pace with so-called progress, absorbing the entire lives of millions who thus lose the end in striving to acquire the means? Above all, should I not have known that I, being born poor, had no right to expect that freedom from wear and tear which allows scope for development of the higher faculties?

But no. These truths dawned upon me later. I was told, or rather the idea was instilled, that work was eminently honorable. The hobo was hinted at as a disgrace, the moneyed man as a model. By conscientious industry at my trade, I might hope to cut coupons some day with the kind shepherds who owned the trust. Ah! Had I then known that I might with more certainty expect to be worn out before my time, and in the intervening years would be discharged again and again without apparent reason, only to be forced to wait for months sometimes for a chance to sweat

afresh at what I hated, thus preventing me from saving, and consequently always in fear either of never being able to cut away from the incubus of drudgery, or of floundering deeper in the bog of poverty—had I known these things, I say, I might have gone on one long, uncompromising strike to the end of my days. In other words, I might have become a tramp, and in so becoming concealed more virtue in my rags than is often found beneath a frock coat with a high-sounding title to back it. For be it said, that in a person of a sensitive nature, to deliberately choose to become a tramp requires a courage of no ordinary kind. It is to fly in the face of public opinion when public opinion clings to the fetish of centuries that there is something peculiarly noble and uplifting about work, no matter how degrading such "work" happens to be. It is to meet contempt with contempt against overpowering numbers, to frequent the back door and the jail, and to rub elbows with all kinds of climax and anti-climax in the omnipresent loneliness of ostracism.

Could I have weathered all this? Could I have dumped overboard all my conventional ideas and resolve to be myself through thick and thin rather than to be somebody else's attendant self and be despised for it—to be a free outcast in preference to being an outcast grubber among the iron and the muck? If so, my condition might have been better; it surely could have been no worse. Variety, at least, I should have had, with more knowledge of nature and perhaps of man; and in their wake, many and pleasing memories—the manna of old age. Instead of which I have but two or three memories, now nearly blotted out by the all-absorbing one that will be reality with me while I live: I mean the cramped precincts of my world of iron, where I am confined to the ugli sameness of repetition and the mind-blanking monotony of frowning factory walls scarcely less to be dreaded and of but little greater compass than the narrow house which each of us must one day occupy; and where, as the striding seasons pass without, I waste the days in endless caressing of bolts and embracing of steel ingots, even as in decades gone by, when the flesh was unsullied and the mind nimble and the spirit fresh and sweet as a May-morning breeze.

Escape? There is no escape. Time and circumstance have forged chains which I cannot break. Habit holds me fast. The rasping voice, the ungraceful body, the crude manners of the workshop will stick to me always. I am become an automaton, going for the most part from the dark-

ness of toil to the darkness of sleep, week in and week out, from the old year's day to New Mear's day. And no matter where I go, there goes my drudgery also. If it goes not, then are the necessaries of life lacking. In its midst is peril, since it kills by inches. In its absence is the peril of starvation. So that whether I be here or there, is immaterial; I am hampered in the one place as in the other. Mine is the liberty of the man bound hand and foot, and carried or allowed to roll where he lists. Surroundings may change, but the condition remains ever the same.

Yet despite all this, a transient hope sustains me now and again, seeming to draw me out of myself. At such times I forget that it is not for me to bask in the sunshine, and that I am old, fixed—a pillar of progress, though a small, unwilling and decayed one. And so dear to me are these evanescent reveries and ideas—unsubstantial shadows compared with the ironical reality which surrounds me — so sweet they are, that I cling to them foolishly, as one tries to prolong a pleasant dream. But reason drowns them soon, leaving only the barren perspective behind and before — the vanity of all my toil. Then, indeed, does life seem void of worth, so that weight of distress often impels me to drown reason in rum, the haven of refuge which civilization in her infinite wisdom has instituted for such as I, and which, like much of the bungling patchwork of this enlightened age, is but the adding of poison to poison, the engendering of one disease in the effort to kill another. For unnatural and toxic as it is, it yet serves as a lame antidote to my unnatural environment. It enables me to conjure up more or less confusedly the dream that should have been substance. It lifts the crushing load, snatches away the wearying uniformity of unwished-for actions and results, diversifies anew the stagnation of my life and lends me wings; until the old I, who longed for more light, who desired the form of an Apollo, the intellect of a Bacon, the morals of a Christ, finds itself in full possession of them, only to fall suddenly and helplessly into the abysmal hell of bitterness and remorse.

And now the question, Why the crushing load and the wearying uniformity in the first place? What crime have I committed that I should suffer this blight? Is this what I exist for—I and the millions of my kind? Is more drudgery, or starvation, all that is offered me for the drudgery I have already waded through, for the maiming of my body and the strangling of the aesthetic sense within me? Is terrestrial damnation all that our boasted Christianity can afford me?

Is niggardly charity, with a final resting place among the slag and the dross all that our much-mouthed wealth and progress can guarantee me? As a man among cave men, I might have given less and received more. I could not have received less.

Far be it from me, however, to lay the blame of my undoing upon the pioneers of advancement and the captains of industry, although I do not much admire the economics of the one, nor the hypocrisy of the other. Both have then joys and their sorrows, even as I. Very likely the former find me an ungrateful wretch because I do not raise my voice in unison with theirs to sing the paean of progress. Doubtless it is as difficult, as painful, for the latter to choose satisfactory raiment for the fluffy lapdogs of their wives, as for me to secure a gingham dress for my child—my own flesh and blood. The first remind me of duty and obligation, forgetting that duty and obligation imply benefit. The second tell me that work is both honorable and necessary, and forget that mine is not work, but the long-drawn-out, unnatural toil which fosters the eye that is vacant, and the body that seems a mockery to its creator. And both together inform me that the present is but a preface to a future of ease, when the burden shall be lifted and work shall be as play. As if, forsooth, there could be any easement of burdens in the addition of burdens; or freedom from toil in the searching of out of things to be done; or from worry in the contriving of complexities and extravagances. Cannot the mind which invents a machine for the harvesting of corn likewise invent one for the manufacturing of things worse than useless? Nay, it can and will, for artificiality breeds artificiality as surely as mosquitoes breed mosquitoes. The end is without limit, and the end is vain.

But enough. Since the wise have entangled, let them disentangle if they can. As for me, poor inefficient that I am, unfit to survive, as some would have it, I shall bear the wearisome burden until it crushes me, as it has crushed millions in the past, as it will crush countless others when this, my life, my sentient nightmare, knows itself no more. Not that there is no beauty or goodness in the world, but rather that it is beyond me. I peer into the future as into a tunnel of unknown length, dimly lighted, ever narrowing in the distance, ever with walls of the same composition. Although I see not the end, I know it. Time pushes me on. There is but one outlet — eternity. Meanwhile remain the changeless days of waiting, the drink that lends forgetfulness, the nights of dreams in awe of light.

EDLINGTON MOAT.

Gems of Unconscious Humor.



HE "Independent," a weekly magazine in New York City, published in its issue of October 15 an article from each of the seven presidential candidates, on the issues of the campaign. Eugene V. Debs easily stands head and shoulders above the others, not merely by the "tremendous earnestness" for which the editor of the Independent gives him credit, but also for his logical grasp of the real issue.

But the delightful humor of the situation is in the innocent and artless fashion in which five of the six rival candidates pledge themselves to the maintenance of property interests, while the sixth taks his stand on the "natural rights" of the eighteenth century. The following quotations are taken from the "Independent" without the change of a syllable:

Taft: The Republican party is determined that the power of the courts shall be maintained.

Bryan: The Democratic party favors economy in public expenditures and condemns the extravagance of the Republican party.

Chafin (Prohibitionist): We represent more thoroughly than any other political party the Christian conscience, the intelligence, the morality and the business interests.

Watson (People's Party): A law which makes it impossible for the citizen to earn a fair profit on his investment is unjust, and should be repealed.

Hisgen: The platform of the new party — the Independence party — founded by William Randolph Hearst and fearlessly backed by this great friend of the people, is the best Democratic document written since the Declaration of Independence.

Gilhaus: The Socialist Labor Party holds certain concrete truths — amplifications of the truths of 1776 — to be self-evident today; and it announces them plump and plain.

Socialism and Education.



FFICIENCY is the thing..... the world belongs to the efficient" says Broadbent in "John Bull's Other Island", and so saying he expresses the representative opinion of modern liberalism, according to which, public education has for its object the production of efficient humans. It must be noted, however, that this production of the efficient is not regarded as a social end, but is directed solely to the formation of efficient individuals as such,—the trying out of human material so as to enable the strong to acquire greater control of their fellows—a conclusion which is sustained by the system of payment by results and competitive examinations in the country to which Mr. Broadbent belonged. This pronounced passion for efficiency also shows itself on one side as the exploitation of human energy for the benefit of those who control the great masses of wealth.

To each is held out the prospect that he may at some time achieve distinction, if he follow industriously the educational lines marked out for him, and so reach success. He can only achieve success however in terms of the society in which he finds himself, and that means, nowadays, that he must make money. That is to be efficient; all else is vanity.

Public education has arisen from the necessities of modern capitalism. The introduction of the machine industry and all the complicated ramifications of modern capitalism have made necessary the development of a proletariat capable of handling the varied machinery of modern production and distribution. Moreover the rise of democracy which is itself also a by-product of the capitalist system has brought about the modern state and by its proclamation of political equality has made some form of public education necessary.

This public education has been hailed, particularly by ourselves, as a panacea for all the public ills and the public school system has been lauded as the apex of civilization, the great intellectual discovery of modern times. The public school has come to be regarded as a factory of citizenship, so that the children are put through a series of patriotic devotions by means of a flag worship, which is, in its ultimate, the blindest of fetichism. The exigencies of modern life have

compelled the community to take upon itself the care of the educational system, with the result that the public school system is often referred to as a practical example of socialism in this country, and together with the postoffice is made to serve as a rebuke to those bold spirits who would attack the present state as purely individualistic. It may be conceded that the public school is an attempt at social work but it is at the same time a glaring example of the unsatisfactory fashion in which social work is carried on in a community which rests upon a capitalist basis. Still, poor as the work is, it is hailed as the great discovery, and no part of the administrative system of the country has received greater praise so that the inordinate adulation at the hands of the press and the platform have converted the public school into an object of affectionate veneration and the "little red schoolhouse" is frequently carried in parades like a heathen statue on a Roman holiday.

This enthusiasm for the public school is by no means confined to this country, wherever the modern system has spread its paeans are just as loudly chanted. Even as long ago as the French Directory we find the most extravagant hopes held out by the apostles of the new educational idea and Quinette indulged in speculations and prophecies as to its effect upon the national life from which even our own orators could draw inspiration.

But these material results have failed to materialize and instead we find a growing dissatisfaction with life itself, outside of the new revolutionary movement, so that the apostles of civic virtue find themselves confronted by awkward and indeed insuperable facts. As a result the public school system has been accused of having failed to produce the effects expected of it and which, as a matter of fact, it never could have accomplished, for had it been divinely instituted and carried on by angels, it could not have availed against the corruption and the social disintegration inherent in the very nature of the capitalist system.

The system cannot be escaped. Society is not constructed on the compartment plan. It is an organism, and the disease from which it suffers is an organic disease proceeding from and inherent in the system, not to be produced by the public school and not to be laid at the door of any institution in particular. No reasonable individual can blame the public school, yet, such is the disinclination of men to seek the fundamental causes of social phenomena, that the public school is made to bear an undeserved amount of abuse for evils which it has had no hand in producing. Still there

cannot be the least doubt that the actual workings of the public school system have caused the most profound feelings of disappointment even among those ardent democrats who have made an evangel of public education while the snobocracy is by no means sparing in abuse and denunciation of it.

So that there is necessarily somewhat of a reaction against the old enthusiasm for the public school and of this, advantage is being taken to limit the scope of public instruction and to reduce the amounts of public expenditure devoted to public educatin.

Thus, Comptroller Grant of New York has stated, as his opinion, that a popular system of education should be limited to sending from the elementary school "Graduates having a practical knowledge and habitual correct use of the English language together with such knowledge of mathematics, history and geography as may reasonably be expected. ..... There can be no knowledge, training or accomplishment, however desirable of sufficient relative importance to warrant its acquirement in the public schools at the expense of what is called a common school education." This opinion is hailed with great delight by the wealthy and snobbish class of which Whitelaw Reid is an excellent representative. He has not hesitated to put himself on record as favoring this view of public education and his approval may be taken as fairly typical of the ideas of the American plutocracy, which, like its British aristocratic prototype, is particularly anxious that the masses should be kept as ignorant as possible and by no means be brought into contact with that culture and refinement which are to be regarded as the exclusive and distinctive property of a particular caste.

It is worth noting that the attacks on existing institutions come with much greater emphasis from the specialist who has a definite work to perform and who counts all else secondary than from the iconoclast and general fault-finder. Some of the most telling, because, for the most part, unconscious strokes at the present order are delivered by physicians, clergymen and others who find their special labors embarrassed and their progress impeded by the banalities of to-day. Conditions which favor class supremacy and which are manipulated for the benefit of a particular class are not such as render possible the accomplishment of special work of a social character. In this respect the educationalist suffers with the rest. The New York "Nation", a journal, which, whatever its drawbacks, has always maintained a high social ideal in matters of popular education, says, with respect to the above opinion of Comptroller Grant, "Intelligent citizenship!

Is that to be nurtured by an education adapted to the production of tally clerks and cash girls?—an education which gives no outlook upon the vast industrial civilization of our time, quickens and aids no aptitudes other than those of the pen and the tape measure, awakens and feeds no interests that are humanizing and civic? Genuine education is scarce begun, the tools of education are furnished—little more—to be used selfishly or socially, criminally or worthily, according as the development of the moral faculties, the sentiments, the energies, the aspirations of the child is directed."

This criticism of the educational specialist is unanswerable as a criticism. Its essential truth and validity are undeniable by anyone who has a real vital interest in the cultivation of the social potentalities involved in the proper development of the children of a community. But it is none the less idle and vain criticism. It is helpless in face of the actual conditions and these latter require the labor of the social revolutionist before a path can be prepared for the feet of the schoolmaster. Moreover it involves an assumption which really unhorses the critic himself and renders his contribution to the discussion of much less value than it deserved to be. The direction of the moral qualities of the child is regarded as the determining factor of education, as that which renders education of value or the reverse. This central truth that the chief value of education is the production of "moral", that is to say, social, human beings, is not to be gainsaid but how is the development of the "moral" faculties to be directed? The poor school teacher cannot be expected to undertake the task, since he is brought into conflict with social forces against which it would be vain for him to strive, and he, himself, with all his idealism and honest intentions, is, in reality, an integral part of the system against whose effects he would have to contend. He is in the position of one who endeavors to combat tuberculosis in a state of society which is perpetually piling up slums and consequent and unavoidable disease conditions. The pedagogue finally has no alternative but, like the physician and the clergyman, who likewise find their social efforts impeded by society, to turn round and blame the social institutions and most of all the capitalist foundation of those institutions for his failure to realize what he regards as educational ends.

Thus the "Nation," in the course of the very article to which we have hitherto referred, goes on rather unexpectedly but really quite naturally to say, "There is too much naive ignoring of the real and well known causes of our present failure to accomplish the results we have hoped in the

elementary school, namely, greatly overcrowded classes, which preclude individual attention; the poor physical condition of the children, due to underfeeding and insanitary conditions in the tenements; the foreign nationalities (twenty-seven in one school) and their varying standard of living and manners, and, we must add, the still insufficient equipment of our teachers, for which the too low standards of our training schools are partly responsible."

And so even our somewhat idealistic journal directly it comes to examine into a social matter in which it is really interested, and with whose characteristics it is thoroughly familiar, is obliged to leave the realm of abstract speculation and come down to the disgusting and actual facts. And what are the facts which according to the "Nation" lie at the base of the so called failure in public education? They consist in one word, in the meanness of the community towards education, in the insufficient provision for elementary education in proportion to its requirements as a social institution. All the defects of the educational system are traceable to the fact that society does not spend enough upon education, which means that the dominant class in society does not regard public education as of sufficient value. In spite of all the talk of educational progress and the incessant cant with which we are unceasingly deluged, the fact remains that public education is still regarded as a matter of minor importance. The "Nation" says that the system is adapted to the production of "tally-clerks and shop-girls" and these, or their equivalents in other branches of life, are precisely what the dominant class requires. In other words the citizens are not being trained as citizens in spite of all the flag-flapping and patriotic genuflections. The effort is to train servants for the dominant class and while such is the case the education will be that adapted for a servant not for a citizen, and history proves plainly enough that only that education will be bestowed upon a servant which tends to enhance his value as a servant.

The reason then for the educational outlook of Comptroller Grant and Chancellor Whitelaw Reid becomes painfully apparent. They speak not as educationalists, not as men who are interested in the educational problem *per se,* but as partisans who are anxious that the industrial lords shall be supplied with servants who are just sufficiently trained to perform their behests and no more.

Even though the great magnates were not so well supplied with retainers and even though the comprehension of the necessity of a broader and more widely diffused education were more generally understood still the persistence of

the existing economic system would seriously, if not entirely, interfere with anything like a properly and soundly organized effort at public education on more satisfactory lines because the poor physical development of the children due to underfeeding and unsanitary conditions in the tenements would of itself be sufficient to prevent the realization of the full benefit of any system of real education.

The obstacle which the pedagogue as such can never surmount lies in the poverty of the people or of such a proportion of the people as to render the effects of public education at least dubious; and a system of public education which does not educate can hardly receive the unadulterated enthusiasm of the educational specialist.

Still the contradiction between the system as it is and as it should be cannot prevent the enthusiast from stating his educational ideals and the "Nation" in unabated pursuit of its hobby goes on to say, "Democracy cannot prosper with parts of men for its pillars: it must produce whole men or perish," and it must do so "in spite of the tendency of modern industrial life to develop and use mere fractions of men, mere 'hands', the makers of small parts of things, mere cogs in the great commercial wheel." To educationalists possessed of these ideals and with such a definite grasp of the fundamentals of education in a democracy, the actual economic conditions which require the sacrifice of so large a portion of the population and the deprivation of its members of the education which the specialist regards as essential to the members of a democratic society must be very unsatisfactory.

Briefly, it appears necessary that the educationalist if he is to be logical, and if he is really in earnest, as, it must be conceded he appears to be, with respect to his educational ideals, must turn revolutionist and attack the economic conditions which paralyze his efforts and render abortive his attempts at reformation. But this the educational specialist obstinately refuses to do. Instead; he continues to proclaim his gospel of platitudes; and drowns his conscience in an ocean of talk.

The specialist disdains and rightly, the "old education" because it promotes "a narrow, routine intelligence, with the emphasis on drill, habit and memory" whereas democracy demands "reason, judgment, observation, originality". Yes, but the dominant economic class requires less and less of these latter qualities, as the system becomes more and more securely based, and the moneyed oligarchy more and more closely approximates the old static aristocracy. The "new education" cannot succeed in terms of the system of to-day, a fact with

which the pedagogue should be as well acquainted as the rest of us. "New education" has no chance against the system, for the faculties which the "new education" designs to cultivate are not the faculties required on the part of its servants by a static class in possession of the main sources of social wealth.

Austin Lewis,

The Oratory of Debs.

BY ROBIN E. DUNBAR.



N THE first place, there is such a thing as genius, or the faculty of being able to do a hard task easily. A few illustrations; singing a leading part in grand opera; playing Chopin as Paderewski does; painting with Millais; carving the marble with Rodin; conquering science with Haeckel or philosophy with Dietzgen; writing poetry with the fire of Joaquin Miller, or the ecstacy of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Natural ability coupled with psychic force in these cases was recognized as genius.

Robert G. Ingersoll was the finished orator of the last years of the nineteenth century. He chose an unpopular subject, agnosticism, which was the despairing cry of "God knows, I don't" in religion. It was a purely negative position and negation repels rather than attracts converts. Nevertheless, by the charm of a lovable personality, by unflagging perseverance and a fine art of word phrasing, he made for himself a place in the world's group of orators.

Debs has been called the successor to Wendell Phillips, William Garrison and Abraham Lincoln. I would also call Debs the legitimate successor to "Col. Bob" even though this will call forth a shriek of dissent both from the admirers of "Bob" and of "Gene," for Debs has all that Ingersoll had, and all that Phillips had. He has humor and fire, good nature and fine training, natural art and finished phrasing.

He is the orator of laughter and tears, as well as of thrills and cheers.

There is all the lovableness in Debs that there was in Ingersoll. This spirit enabled the agnostic to preach to thousands his unpopular message. And it avails Debs in the same way. Preachers and churchgoers, as well as infidels and sceptics, flocked to hear the former. Capitalists and plutocrats, as well as Socialists and proletarians, crowd to listen to the latter.

There is not only a curiosity to hear the message, there is a desire to delight in the art.

* * * *

Wendell Phillips was the only one of the middle part of

the nineteenth century who was entitled to rank with the great orators. His message was that of freedom—freedom for the chattel slave. It was an unpopular message, even in the North, but his spirit, his eloquence, his power and his art made it heard of all men. He organized the feeling for freedom as well as spoke for it, and his speeches were all eloquent, because all made for the same cause. And he helped win another world's battle for liberty. He spoke without ranting, without hatred, but with restrained and well directed power and kindly love. Ingersoll ransacked literature, sacred and profane to seek out words, figures and all sorts of rhetorical weapons with which to assail the church. He pulled the Bible to pieces; he dissected it with master hand; he analyzed; he criticised and he destroyed, but he did not build up. He had no organization, and when he died agnosticism died with him. There is nowhere in the world a great vital body of men worshipping the unknowable God. Scientists of today are with Haeckel, worshipping nature. They are cosmic materialists. They have a religion called Monism, which is a positive creed, preaching this world for all men, and all men for this world. This is the religion of the Socialists, too. It is the religion of Eugene V. Debs. He has helped to organize it into a church, called the Socialist Party. He is its High Priest, and while he can use the sarcasm and ridicule of Ingersoll, he also makes use of the inspiration and fire of Phillips. He unites in himself the best qualities of them both. His message, now unpopular, is destined to become popular. He, hated and detested, is soon to become respected and admired, and whether he die now or ten years from now, he will always be recognized as the greatest orator of the early part of the twentieth century, that not only America but that the world has produced. For we are yet the land where the cry for freedom finds its most powerful expression. Witness Tom Paine, Benjamin Franklin, Wendell Phillips, John Brown, William Lloyd Garrison, Walt. Whitman, Joaquin Miller, Edwin Markham, Robert G. Ingersoll and Eugene V. Debs.



EDITOR'S CHAIR

Thoughts for Thanksgiving Day. It is a glad time for Socialists. These lines are printed too soon to give news of the elections, but no figures are needed to prove that Socialism has at last come to the front in America. In spite of the panic and industrial depression, nearly every Socialist paper is prospering, more good Socialist books are being sold than ever before, the party organization has had more than twice as much money for the campaign as in any previous year and nearly all of it has been contributed in small sums by thousands of wage-workers. Eugene V. Debs has toured the United States in the Red Special, and almost everywhere his meetings have overshadowed those of Taft and Bryan. Voters have trooped by the thousands to hear Debs, paying admittance fees for the privilege, while it has been hard for the Republicans and Democrats to find occupants for the free seats at their meetings. The sham fight between the two capitalist parties is about over, the real fight between Socialism and capitalism is beginning. This is a good time to live and we are glad we are living. We, the workers have for thousands of years been slaves to the owners. This slavery was necessary to develop a mode of production which could provide all with the comforts of life and banish forever the fear of want. Capitalism has solved this question of production; it has organized the workers on such a plan that a small portion of their labor power produces more than enough for all. Meanwhile the owners have converted themselves into mere parasites. The workers can do without them, and they are beginning to find it out. They see that poverty is no longer necessary, and because they see it, the day of poverty is nearly over. The sun of a new day is rising.

The Unending Campaign. The Socialist campaign does not end on election day. To the old-party politician, votes and offices are the end of all effort. To us, offices are unimportant, and votes are valuable just because they indicate a certain number of people who can be depended upon to help along the revolution. This

year's vote means far more than the vote of four years ago. For that vote was swelled by many thousand democrats who were disgusted at the nomination of Parker, but would have voted for Bryan had he been in the field. This year he is there, and any "freak" who has personal objections to Bryan can find ample comfort in Hisgen or Watson. Debs has stood clearly for revolution, and no mere reformer has any good reason for voting for him. The Debs vote is a revolutionary vote. But that is not saying that every Debs voter is a clear-headed revolutionist; only that he probably has the making of a clear-headed revolutionist in him. In the two years that will pass between now and the next congressional election no work is so important as that of making real socialists out of the new recruits who have come to us. The membership of the Socialist Party is now about 50,000. If every branch or local can be turned into a class for the study of socialism, the new interest that will be developed in the meetings will easily double the membership, and more important still, each member will have a chance to fit himself for the work of socialist propaganda. We shall soon be electing members to office. If we elect men who are ignorant of socialism, their folly will discredit the party and cause set-backs and waste of energy. The way to prevent this waste is to study socialism now, and get your neighbors to study it too.

Workingmen and the Courts. Apart from an occasional injunction, the civil courts, both of the United States and of the various states, are used to settle disputes between capitalists and to enforce contracts between capitalists, so that workingmen are naturally and logically indifferent to most of what they do. But it is otherwise with the criminal courts. If we are to believe the editors, teachers, preachers and other apologists of the present system, the object of these courts is to protect the People in their Inalienable Rights to Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. But as a matter of fact, the courts and the police departments are coming to be run openly in the interest of the property owners with brutal disregard of the "Inalienable Rights" of the people without property. We take one case at random to illustrate, and we take it from Pittsburg rather than Chicago because we do not wish to mix up personalities with the issue under discussion, and so prefer to speak of men we do not know. The Pittsburg Gazette-Times in its issue of Oct. 19 says:

"Shot through the leg early Friday morning, when he attempted to break into the Westinghouse works in Wilmerding, Frank Sisco tried to make his escape from the Turtle Creek lockup yesterday. He was only prevented from doing so by the watchfulness of one of the guards and last night was committed to the county jail for 30 days as a suspicious person.

The Westinghouse people have been missing quantities of wire

recently and instructed their watchman to be on the lookout. Friday morning Special Officer Trax saw two men acting suspiciously around one of the windows. When he went toward them they started to run and Trax, after warning them, shot three times. The first two bullets went wild, but the third struck one man in the leg and he fell. The other man continued his flight.

Trax had the wounded man removed to the Turtle Creek lockup. Here the prisoner gave the name of Frank Sisco. Medical attention was given him and he recovered quickly. Yesterday one of the keepers heard a sound coming from Sisco's cell and investigation showed that the prisoner had almost sawed his way to liberty and would have been out by nightfall.

Burgess Strange decided to commit the man to jail, where he would be safe.

Evidently to the mind of the reporter and most of the readers of the paper the actions of Trax and Strange seem entirely commendable, and Sisco seems a criminal. But examine the statements a moment. In the opening sentence it is said that Sisco attempted to break into the Westinghouse works, but when details are given it appears that he was only "acting suspiciously", and that apparently on a public street. He was breaking no law and was under no legal obligation to stand and talk with the watchman after the "warning". The watchman on the other hand was legally a "criminal" for firing the shot, which by his own showing was not in self-defence, and he would doubtless have been locked up for it if he had not been defending property interests. Instead of this, it was Sisco who was locked up, apparently without any legal proceedings whatever. It is hardly surprising that he had a poor opinion of the law, and tried to "make way for liberty" with a saw. Being discovered in this attempt he was committed to jail for 30 days as a "suspicious person." It really seems as if a "suspicious person" in Pittsburg must have money if he is to shine in society. It is a good deal the same in Chicago, only here the laws happens to be such that workingmen have a remedy for such practices in their own hands if they choose to apply it. In Illinois, and probably in other states also, a man can not be sentenced without a trial by jury unless he signs a waiver of a jury trial.

If arrested demand a jury trial. If drawn on a jury, remember that you are a judge of the law as well as the facts. Let every city wage-worker do these two things and our capitalist governments would be obliged to take energetic measures for the relief of the unemployed. As it is, the vagrancy laws are used relentlessly to frighten those out of work into underbidding those at work, and to lock up summarily any man out of work who dares to ask employment in other than the humblest tones. A man who helps himself to food because he is hungry is railroaded through to the bridewell almost without a hearing, because the police take advantage of his ignorance by making him sign a jury waiver with-

out knowing what it is. We who have jobs have not yet realized that our interests are bound up with those of the poor devil who goes to the house of correction. So we sit still and let the brutal policeman and the servile judge do as they like with him. What we might do is to let him know he has a right to a jury trial, and then if we are drawn on his jury, vote to acquit if we believe he acted as he was forced to act. If even one thousand of those arrested in Chicago on petty charges were to demand jury trials, and if half the juries acquitted the prisoners or failed to agree, the capitalist government would be panic-stricken, for the courts would be clogged so that the usual business could not be done, and unless the mayor is less efficient than we take him for, he would devise some measure for the temporary relief of the unemployed. In any event, we have "nothing to lose but our chains," and the jury is a weapon as yet untried that may serve the working class well in the stormy years that are just ahead.

A Working Class Party. The constitution adopted at the national convention of the Socialist Party last May has been almost unanimously ratified by a referendum of the membership, and goes into effect at the beginning of 1909. The most important change is that the executive committee of seven, now elected by a plurality vote of the membership, will hereafter be chosen by the National Committee, consisting of one or more members from each state. At first sight this may seem like a step away from democracy. But the practical effect of the old plan was that most of the members scattered their votes among a multitude of candidates who had no chance of election, while a small but well-organized minority succeeded in electing several members who are far from representing the temper of the party as a whole. The next four years will almost certainly be a period of rapid growth for the organization, and the acts of the new executive committee will shape to some extent the lines on which it will grow. Through all the little questions that the committee must solve from day to day, one larger question will inhere, namely, whether the Socialist Party is to put its main energy into getting votes and offices by whatever propaganda will get them most effectively, or whether it is to put its work into the development of clear-headed revolutionists who will not allow themselves to be diverted from one single aim, the destruction of capitalism. Is the Socialist party to work for reforms or for revolution? We believe three fourths of the members are for revolution. We believe most of the members of the National Committee are sincerely desirous of representing those who elect them. The next few weeks will be the time for those who want a revolutionary executive committee to make their wishes known.



The past two months have been a critical period for German Social Democracy — more critical, in fact, than any the party has known for half a decade. Last month I gave a brief account of the controversy that has been raging about the question of Socialist parliamentary tactics. This is not a new controversy: the problem with which it concerns itself has frequently demanded solution in times past and will doubtless reappear in the future. So deep is its theoretical significance, so wide was the meaning given it in the discussions of our German comrades, that the solution reached must be taken into account by Socialists the world over.

Six years ago the German party congress — in session at Lübeck — decided that Socialist parliamentary factions throughout the empire should consistently vote against the granting of budgets — except under very special circumstances. A vote for a budget, it was held, is a vote in support of a capitalist government; hence, inconsistent with the Socialist policy of criticism and opposition. This policy is the only one in harmony with the Marxian doctrine. According to Marx the position of the worker under capitalism grows steadily worse. Hence, no permanent good can be achieved by anything short of the abolition of the entire system. What are called tactical advantages are of no use.

The Revisionists, on the other hand, maintain that even under the capitalist system the condition of the proletariat is gradually improving. It seems to them that this improvement can be facilitated by judicious parliamentary alliances; that by throwing their votes here or there the Socialists may now and then gain favorable legislation which would otherwise be unobtainable. And every bit of favorable legislation is a new weapon in the hands of the workers. The better they are situated economically and politically the more effectively they can fight for their cause. Therefore, say the Revisionists, this problem of tactics is of vital importance; upon its solution depends the rapidity of our advance. So the principle at stake is the Marxian theory as to the position of the working class under capitalism.

The conflict of opinion was brought to a head by the recent actions of Socialist factions in the assemblies of Bavaria, Baden and Würtemberg — all south German states. Socialist representatives in all these assemblies supported their respective budgets. In one case the excuse given was that by so doing they were saving the government from the clericals; in another that the budget voted for contains provisions favorable to the working class. The actions and explanations of the south Germans roused a storm

of criticism — especially in the north. This was answered by the contention that conditions in north and south are very different. In the south constitutions are comparatively liberal, and so there the proletariat has a chance to gain advantages. Under the medieval laws of Prussia this may be impossible — but Prussia ought not to be allowed to dictate. In Socialistische Monatshefte this position has been vigorously defended by Comrades Bernstein, Heine and others.

The German Parteitag, or congress, met at Nüremberg, September 15-19. There were 362 delegates present — which makes this the most representative assembly the party has ever held. The whole matter of Revisionism as represented in the budget cases was thoroughly thrashed out. The debate lasted for two and a half days; so the decision arrived at must be taken as conclusive for the present.

The principal resolution under discussion was presented by the executive committee of the party. It is of so great importance that I translate it in full:

"The party convention indorses anew the resolutions of Lübeck and Dresden, which read: 'As long as the state remains in the hands of the ruling class it is an organ of class rule and constitutes a means of keeping down the propertyless masses. The political purpose of the proletarian class-struggle is to get possession of the powers of state by conquering the enemy. Any policy of compromise with the existing social and political order is not to be considered.'

"As a necessary consequence of this fundamental conception and in view of the fact that a vote in favor of a budget must be regarded as a vote of confidence in the government. Socialist representatives are always to refuse to vote in favor of a budget presented by an opposing government — except in case the defeat of such a budget through the action of our comrades means the acceptance of one less favorable to the working class.

"The granting of the budgets in the assemblies of Würtemburg, Baden and Bavaria is, therefore, out of harmony with the resolutions of Lübeck and Dresden.

"The refusal to vote for the budget, as a matter of principle, is a policy fully in accord with the present position of the propertyless masses, a position which makes necessary an uncompromising opposition to the existing, capital-serving political power.

"It is the never ending task of our agitation to enlighten the working classes continually in regard to this matter."

On the second day of the congress Comrade Bebel, though much broken in health, rose to open the discussion. The Lübeck resolution provided that only in very exceptional cases should Socialists agree to the granting of a budget. Bebel explained that in the congress of Lübeck only two possible cases were considered. If the withholding of Socialist votes from a budget should bring about the acceptance of one less favorable to the working class, or if the Socialists were in the majority and so could present a budget of their own, they would be justified in casting affirmative ballots. According to Bebel these were the only cases to be regarded as "exceptional" under the Lübeck resolution.

And the actions of the representatives in Bavaria, Baden and Würtemburg, he maintained, could be brought under neither of these cases. Since our whole activity is to give the proletariat such

an insight into present political and social order that a change will become inevitable, any coalition with this order is absolutely out of the question The action of the south German comrades has been defended on the ground that the budgets supported granted increased wages to state employes. These increased wages were granted for two reasons: (1) because under capitalist control tariff and other similar measures have increased the cost of living; (2) because by preventing the utmost discontent the government wishes to keep its employes from the Socialist ranks. Further than this, whenever it raises wages it adds to the burden of taxation, which falls principally upon the backs of the workers. So when the matter is looked at in the large any capitalist budget gives no more to the workers than must be given: there is absolutely no reason why a Socialist should vote for it. So far as tactical advantages are concerned, the speaker showed that in cases in which alliances have been made the burgeois parties have held to the Socialists only so long as they could make use of them. Quotations from bourgeois statesmen were read to prove that they recognize the class-struggle and realize that there can be no permanent compromise. When we consent to coalitions we are naively delivering ourselves into their hands. By so doing, we necessarily alienate the workers, and so lose the only power which can support us in the conflict.

This address by Comrade Bebel was answered at great length by three south Germans representing the parliamentary factions whose actions were under discussion. They attempted to show that the Lübeck resolution left it to the separate parliamentary groups to decide just what are the exceptional circumstances which justify a departure from the general rule of conduct in regard to the budget. Then they went on to prove that they had assisted in working out the details of the budgets in question, that they had secured concessions for the good of the working class — hence they felt compelled to vote in the affirmative. But all this was invalidated by the admission that Bebel was right when he said that the governments had given no more than was forced from them by economic conditions.

Comrade Ebert closed the debate with an appeal for party unity. The resolution of the Executive Committee was accepted by a majority of 258 to 119. It will be noticed that this resolution is more definite than that accepted at Lübeck. Only one exceptional case is recognized — and that is so defined that hereafter parliamentary groups will have their path clearly marked out.

After the result of the ballot had been announced Comrade Segitz, in the name of 66 delegates from Bavaria, Baden, Würtemburg and Hessen, presented the following protest: "The undersigned party members declare: The German party congress being the legitimate representative of the whole organization, we acknowledge it as the final authority in all matters of principle and in such matters of tactics as concern the entire empire. But we are also of the opinion that in all particular affairs of the politics of the individual states the state organization is the proper and competent power. On the basis of our common program it should determine the course of our politics in accordance with the particular circumstances in the various states. Therefore, the decision as to the vote on the budget should be left to the conscientious

judgment of parliamentary fractions responsible only to their state organizations."

The action of the congress together with the above protest has been widely discussed in journals and at public meetings. In general the north Germans support the action of the convention and the south Germans the protest. Just what will come of it all is hard to tell at the present moment. The question is, Just how far will the south Germans dare to go in their rebellion?

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The Socialists of Italy have also been having a national congress. It met only a few days later than that of the Germans and, significantly enough, dealt with the same general problem. To be sure the situation in Italy is so special and so complex that the conclusions reached have not the importance for the outside world which must be attributed to those arrived at by our German comrades. In fact, the lining up the various wings of the Italian movement is so different from anything we know in this country that it is difficult to give an intelligible account of them in a short summary of the convention proceedings.

In the first place it must be said that the changes of policy decided on at Florence, where the congress met, were not so momentous as had been represented. In the words of Comrade Lazzari, "We have changed directors, but the music remains the same." That is to say, the straight revolutionary wing of the party was replaced at the head of affairs by the Reformists, a faction hitherto corresponding to the German revisionists; but these Reformists themselves have changed with time so that now their name has become a libel. In some provinces they are the most radical of revolutionists.

There are in Italy four different tendencies in the labor movement, represented by factions or separate organizations. These are: (1) the syndicalists, the membership of which relies entirely on physical force, especially on the general strike; (2) the Integralist wing of the Socialist party, representing a sort of labor party movement; (3) the Revolutionary Socialist wing, standing for straight Socialism in connection with labor unionism; (4) the Reformist wing of the Socialist party. When they were originally formed these various groups might have been arranged according to a scale in the order in which I have named them: then we should have had at one end political forcists, at the other pure and simple politicians.

Now if the Reformist wing, with its original spirit and purpose, had come to dominate the movement, it would have been an irreparable calamity. But that is not what has occurred. So many concessions did the Reformists make that Comrade Morgari, the leader of the Integralists, finally voted with them. They agreed, first of all, not to go so far in their effort to take part in the practical affairs of government as to accept cabinet positions. They agreed, further, to form coalitions with other parties at the ballot box only under very exceptional circumstances. After declaring in a resolution that it held it advisable to institute constructive legislation in the interest of the working-cass movement, the congress accepted the following as a declaration of the limitations which the party must subject itself to in the working out of its political program: "The congress is of the opinion, however, that political

action not designed especially to play a part in actual government, should always be clearly marked off from that of the bourgeois reformers. And even in case a temporary coalition is made the particular marks of the Socialist cause, the difference in methods and final purposes, should be emphasized, in order to make it clear to the workers that a class-struggle against the privileges of capitalist property is inevitable." The convention also passed strong resolutions against the physical forcists and against the general strike as an immediate weapon in the class-struggle.

So it appears that what really took place at Florence was a compromise between the various wings of the Socialist movement. Personally, the leaders of the Reformists were the victors; they are now to be the leaders of the party. But they had to promise to lead the workers in a clear-cut proletarian warfare on capitalism.



WORLD OF LABOR



BY MAX S. HAYES

While this number of The Review is being printed and distributed the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor will be in session in Denver. It can hardly be expected that very great progress will be made over previous conventions. Doubtless the annual jurisdictional wrangles will be engaged in, as usual, the annual election of officers will probably result as usual and the annual and usual heap big talk in one breath and tales of woe in the next breath will be heard early and late.

There can be no distinct change made from reactionary and fossilized policies because the rank and file remain in a state of lethargy and continue to re-elect delegates possessed of mildewed and moss-covered ideas to represent them. Just how long that sort of thing will continue no man knoweth.

But while the big bulk of delegates will be composed of brethren who pride themselves upon their "conservatism" — and how they do like to roll that word over their tongues! — there will also be a few other delegates present who "see red," and they will undoubtedly do what they can to enliven the session.

It should be added that the annual talk has been going the rounds of dumping Gompers out of the presidency and promoting First Vice-President Duncan. There is little choice between the two. Of course, the political question will also be considered, and that will be the only real matter of interest before the annual and usual gathering of this ancient and honorable body.

As was intimated in the last number of The Review, the probabilities are that another great strike will be precipitated in the anthracite mining region of Pennsylvania next spring. During the past month there have been developments of an important character that foreshadow the coming crisis. The officers of the United Mine Workers have strained every nerve to organize the coal diggers and make ready to present their demands. They were quite successful in their organizing campaign, and during the midst of it a convention of the three districts was held at Scranton, Pa., where the demands were formally considered and adopted by practically unanimous vote.

The principal demands embrace the recognition of the United Mine Workers of America to negotiate wage contracts and its right to provide any method the body deems best to collect dues and assessments; that the eight-hour day be conceded without a reduction of wages; that all coal mined shall be paid for at the rate of 2,000 pounds per ton; that all employes paid $1.50 or less per

day shall receive 10 per cent advance, and all employes paid more than $1.50 and less than $2 per day shall receive an increase of 5 per cent.

The convention represented approximately 150,000 miners, and, although the claim is made that not all are organized, there is no doubt but all will be in the union by spring or obey the order to cease work if no agreement can be arranged with the operators.

While no official action has been taken as yet by the operators, it is quite certain that they will refuse to grant the demands or any part of them. One of the most influential coal barons in the district expressed the individual opinion shortly after the convention was held that the operators would not concede a single demand made by the mine workers. He declared that the cost of production prohibits the wage advance demanded or the reduction of working hours from nine to eight per day, and that under no circumstances would they recognize the union in the sense of abandoning the open shop and collect dues for the union through the means of a check-off system.

Thus the lines of battle are pretty strongly drawn before negotiations are begun and some five months before the present agreement expires. It is not improbable that the operators will submit a counter proposition for a reduction of wages when the union's demands are presented, although the managers of several of the larger corporations in the combine are said to favor a policy of completely ignoring the union representatives and "running their business to suit themselves." Whichever plan is finally decided upon by the operators holds out scant comfort for the workers.

An interesting sidelight to the business transactions of the United Mine Workers is the political maneuvering that is taking place inside of the big organization. The nominations for the annual election of officers are taking place at present and it is certain there will be some new faces in the official family for the coming year. Secretary-Treasurer W. D. Ryan has declined a renomination to accept the position of commissioner for the operators of Southern Illinois, and Vice-President John P. White has also decided to retire from office. President Van Horn, of the Indiana miners, is being mentioned as a candidate for secretary, as are McCulloch, of Michigan, and several others.

The most prominent opponent of President T. L. Lewis is John Walker, president of the Illinois miners. Walker has always been a staunch adherent of John Mitchell and supported the latter's candidate for president, Congressman W. B. Wilson, last year, although the radicals were said to have lined up quite solidly for Lewis. Walker claims to be an independent Socialist and whether he can unite the progressive elements and the old Mitchell followers on himself is problematical. The fact of having abandoned the Alabama fight will count against Lewis, but that loss will be offset by the settlement he gained in the Northwest. Then, again, Lewis weakned himself in Indiana by ordering the miners back to work several months ago when they were in a strike, but he will loom up strong in Ohio and Pennsylvania. The forthcoming election will also see the passing of John Mitchell as a delegate to the A. F. of L., as the union's constitution debars members not actively employed at the trade from holding office.

Not satisfied with having created a great deal of confusion in

the local unions and central bodies by the injection of capitalistic politics, the A. F. of L. executive council has recently thrown another boom by ordering subordinate organizations to sever all connections with the American Flint Glass Workers, who are engaged in a jurisdictional controversy with the Green Bottle Blowers' Union, of which body D. A. Hayes, a vice-president of the A. F. of L., is president. Reports from various loalities indicate that the membership is fully as much inclined to defy the executive council's edict in this instance as they were in the case of the brewery workers who were placed under the ban because they refused to permit their organization to be plucked to pieces by rival unions

As a reply to the executive council's order the Ohio Federation of Labor elected President Thomas W. Rowe, of the American Flint Glass Workers, as their delegate to the A. F. of L. convention now in session in Denver. The Indiana Federation of Labor also refused to expel the "flints" and elected one of their members a vice-president of that body. Various city central bodies in glass manufacturing districts likewise declined to part company with the "flints," and in several instances strong resolutions of protest were adopted and forwarded to the powers at Washington.

The peculiar thing about this contest is that the flint glass workers, who are numbered among the most progressive toilers in the country, are not only desirous of joining the A. F. of L., but they offer to amalgamate with the green bottle blowers. But President Hayes, of the latter union, doesn't want combination, probably fearing that he might lose his official head. What Hayes does want is the jobs now held by "flints" for the green bottle blowers.

Contrary to the earlier reports made public last month, the papermakers did not abandon their strike against a reduction of wages. The announcement in The Review was based upon the statements given out by national officials of the union, who had been in conference with the trust magnates and accepted a reduction of 5 per cent. But when the proposition was submitted to a referendum of the membership they repudiated the reported settlement and refused to return to work unless the demand for a wage cut was entirely withdrawn. This the trust barons declined to do, charged the membership with having "broken an agreement," which they had no voice in arranging, and declared for the open shop, against further treating with the union and that strikers would be compelled to work as individuals. The action of the trust officials incensed the unionists and they demanded in turn that the fight be spread to include mills that supplied the combine's patrons with paper. This move was made and a number of important independent mills were added to the strike roll. The trust has been endeavoring to make a start to operate with strike-breakers, but with poor success, as it requires considerable skill to operate a plant and obtain good results.

And once more railway magnates in New York and Chicago are broadly hinting at wage reductions. Some of the corporations, like the Pennsylvania, the Big Four, the Lehigh Valley, the Lackawanna, the N. Y. N. H. & H. and others, have been so successful in imposing unsatisfactory conditions upon certain employes and bluffing others to a standstill that the managers are becoming im-

bued with the notion that they occupy an advantageous position and can enforce almost any demands they may make.

The managers have been playing a shrewd game during the past year or so to keep the workers divided. While coddling the old brotherhoods, especially the engineers and conductors, on the one hand, they threw the harpoon into the shop men, such as the boilermakers, machinists and kindred trades. It is not unlikely that the turn of the brotherhoods will come next.

The great strike of the shop employes on the Canadian Pacific Railway has been declared off — lost. While the shopmen were fighting desperately to maintain their organization and decent working conditions, the engineers, firemen, conductors, trainmen, etc., worked with scabs imported from the states and from Europe, and thus by keeping trains moving aided to break the strike. It is only one more illustration of what a vicious, not to say downright criminal, scheme craft autonomy actually is in practice.

Here's another example: After four years of hard fighting from the Mississippi river to the Pacific coast and from the Ohio river to the gulf, the machinists have been compelled to abandon their strikes on the Santa Fe and the L. & N. railways. The engines and cars built an drepaired in the railway shops by strike-breakers were hauled over the roads by members of the old brotherhoods without the slightest objections. No wonder that onlookers become disgusted with such "unionism." Some union cards cover a multitude of sins.

It looks as though certain of the old brotherhood chiefs are endeavoring to barter and deliver the railway workers to the corporations wholesale. One of the latest snares calculated to bind the workers more firmly to the corporation juggernaut is labeled the "American Railroad Employes and Investors' Association." The purpose of this holy labor-and-capital combination is stated to be to culivate and maintain "a spirit of mutual interest" between "employes, investors and the public" — everybody. Furthermore, "this association shall at no time be used for partisan political purposes, nor shall it take part in any controversy, if any, which may arise between railroad employes and railroad officials."

As this wonderful association will strive to make everybody happy — employers, employes and the dear public — and will engage in no political and industrial movements, some unsophisticated persons probably imagine that it will go into the business of holding prayer meetings or pink teas. It can be well surmised that the railway managers will hardly endorse strikes, no matter what he grievances may be, and when it is understood that Chief Morrisey has resigned from the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen to accept the job of directing this wonderful aggregation, with a salary of $6,000 per year, and that other chiefs will be on the board of managers, it can be easily seen that the old brotherhoods will be more thoroughly petrified than ever, if such a thing is possible.



Self-Interest. In the last article of the News and Views Department of the October Review, Lincoln Braden quotes with approval L. G. Hobson's words: "In whatever direction we turn, I believe we shall always make the same discovery; whatever is economically necessary is ethically desirable and vice versa." But L. B. "rejects as idealistic" Hobson's "conclusion that 'ethics is the science of transforming our economic conceptions into a code of conduct.'" He rejects it, that is "if we are to accept his definition of our code of conduct" as being "our conception of our relationship to mankind" or to "our neighbor," because nothing to the average man is "ethically desirable" unless it is "economically necessary" to HIM individually." "We are not Socialists," continues L.-B., "nor do we adopt a code of conduct because Socialism or that particular code of conduct is 'economically necessary,' and hence 'ethically desirable' for our neighbors, but for OURSELVES." Now if L. B. had ended with that sentence "nothing to the average man," etc., I should consent to say nothing. But when he says "WE are not Socialists . . . . . for our neighbors but for ourselves" (the capitals, too, are his), I am moved to suggest that he add, with Dickens's attorney, "I speak for Self & Krags." He does not speak for me. I am a Socialist. Have been one for twenty years and think I know the literature of Socialism quite thoroughly. Have paid dues regularly as a member of the Socialist party during all its existence. Have lectured for the Socialists to all sorts of people. Am on the state ticket as one trusted by Socialists and am always giving and working to promote Socialist propaganda, but "SELF-INTEREST," so far from being the motive with me, would, had I yielded to it, have kept me out of the Socialist ranks altogether. I am getting old. I have been out of pocket and shall be to the end, for the Work's sake. I know that this will never advance me a cent economically. Were it not for my neighbors and their children and their childrens' children I would allow my subscriptions to Socialist papers to expire, stop buying and giving away Socialist literature and cease proclaiming the doctrines of Socialism and paying my dues into its treasury. There are some millions of us, and unless the Socialist party can get at least a million votes of those who feel as I do, it will never elect a president or a congress. L. B. may think if he only had my ear for an hour, he could convince me of his wisdom. But he will pardon my seeming presumption if

I say that I am already as familiar as he, or any one else can possibily be with all his reasoning and philosophy. I know that concerning our ever-growing numbers, it is not the truth.
El Monte, Calif.

Huddersfield, England. The capitalist papers over here have only tales to tell of your Republican and Democratic presidential candidates which would give us all the impression that there were only these two. In our Socialist and labor papers, however, we got reports of Debs and your splendid Red Special campaign. Comrade Charles Lapworth, formerly editor of our local "Worker," is now sending us reports of the work you are doing. We are now running ten candidates for the municipal elections and last night nominated H. Snell, Secretary of the Ethical Society, as our parliamentary candidate. Yesterday I cycled over to Accrington in Lancashire to see a comrade and found him very much disgusted with revisionism and the other comrades preparing themselves for the study of economics during the winter months. They are strong industrial unionists. We find disgust on every hand with old methods. Everybody is seeking knowledge and the best way to attain it. Comrades Sanderson has another club under way and we shall be sending for more books in about three weeks. Let me know when I can do anything for you over here.

* * * *

Comrade Grayson. Have you read of Comrade Grayson's outburst in the House of Commons on the Unemployed? He called the Labor Members traitors to the cause as he was going out after the scene. From the reports of the Labor Members' meetings, up and down the country, they appear one like the other. Induction says that the had a private meeting in order to be unanimous in their condemnation of Grayson. Philip Snowden, at Blackburn, said on Sunday that when Grayson received his last quarter's salary of fifty-wo pounds, he gave a sumptuous dinner to some of his friends and that this dinner made the waiters of the house gossip for many days because of its splendor. The press representatives went to investigate and after much scratching of heads among the whole staff of waiters, they found one who remembered that he had four of his friends to donner, at $2 a head. And so on with other malicious statements made by Philip Snowden, the great man of Sunday school platforms. There is talk of stopping Grayson's salary and the papers are filled with slinging of personalities. But it is not the Socialists who are washing their linen in capitalist papers. They are for Grayson en masse and the S. D. P. passed a resolution thanking him. However, Grayson is expelled for this session. The police are now following him for his inflammatory speeches to the unemployed.—Fred Shaw, Huddersfield, England.

Education. Dear comrades:—Enclosed find money order for twenty copies of the November Review containing thhe first lesson of Comrade Cohen's Course in Socialism. I am a mere common workingman with no more schooling than the law is supposed to compel. My greatest desire has long been to attain a scientific education but Capitalism has decreed otherwise. However, I subscribe to socialist papers and have a fine socialist library. I believe that the socialist movement is necessarily an educational, as well as

a political one, and that now is the time for us to work along educational lines. Comrades, one and all, enlighten yourselves!

R. A. Huebner.

A Question.—Inasmuch as the Socialists recognize the truth of economic determinism, or in other words that people's material interests dominate their actions—why is it that in the Socialist literature and propaganda generally the Socialists appeal more to the utopia than to the immediate material or constructive policy? Is it not a fact that an exposition of the constructive policy of the Socialist party is productive of better results than the continuous harping upon the bitter class struggle or revolutionary tactic?—M. Youtz, 8 Viola Summit Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Reply by the Editor. In the first place, our correspondent has mis-stated the "truth of economic determinism", as he will readily see for himself by referring to the classic statement of that theory in Engels' preface to the Communist Manifest (page 8 of our edition). It is the prevailing mode of production, not individual "interests" alone, that dominates people's actions. But our comrade is still more seriously mistaken when he imagines that the Socialist Party has a constructive policy which stands in contrast to the class struggle. The Socialist Party the world over recognizes that the class struggle is the only effective means for improving the material condition of the workers. No reform will abolish poverty while the wage system lasts. Reforms will be conceded by the ruling classes in the hope of checking the growth of socialism, and the quickest way to get these, if one cares for them, is to increase the army of revolutionists.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

ALL RECORDS BROKEN.

The receipts of the Review for October exceed five hundred dollars and our book sales for the month will approximate $2,400; we go to press too soon to give exact figures, but the month sets a new record. The success of the Review is especially gratifying, because for nearly eight years it was a drain on the slender income of the publishing house. Our new policy of endeavoring to make the Review each month enjoyable as well as instructive is bringing us new friends every day.

An Easy Way to Get Books. We want YOUR help in bringing the Review to the attention of new readers, and we do not ask you to work for nothing. We offer no cash commission for the reason that Socialists have a way of cutting prices on periodicals when they can, not wishing to make any profit for themselves on their work for socialism. This is all very well, but if we allow it, the subscription price of the Review would generally be cut by the amount of the commission, and those who had paid the full dollar would feel cheated. So we propose to hold the price uniformly at a dollar for new and old subscribers, stockholders and non-stockholders. Our book offer is only to those who are already subscribers, and who send us the names of new subscribers at a dollar a year. Under the conditions just named we will send by mail or by express prepaid any books published by us to the amount of one dollar at retail prices for every dollar sent with the name of one new subscriber for a year or with the names of two new subscribers for six months. The books, we repeat, are NOT for the new subscribers, but for the hustlers who send in the names.

Book Catalogue Free. A descriptive list of our books will be be sent to any one requesting it. When ordering books, always be sure that you have our latest list before you. We are constantly

publishing new books and dropping old ones. The American socialist movement is constantly growing clearer, and some semi-utopian pamphlets which were freely circulated a few years ago are now being discarded by all well-informed socialist workers. Our latest list will show you **what to order** and **what not to order** if you wish to get the best returns for your time and money.

Our Co-operative Publishing House, by combining the slender resources of two thousand working people, has at last reached the point where it can bring out such books as the socialist movement needs, and can supply them to its co-operators at prices far below their values. (If you want to know how this is possible, read the third volume of Marx's "Capital".) We are now gradually paying off what remains of our interest-bearing debt. Our stockholders receive no dividends and expect none; what they do get is the privilege of buying books at cost, and this cost will soon be reduced by our being able to market larger and larger editions of the new and standard socialist books, so that all our stockholders, both new and old, will soon be able to get better books for their money than ever before.

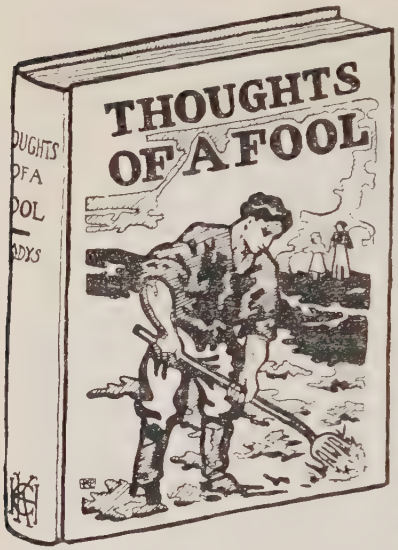
How to Become a Stockholder. A share of stock costs $10.00. If you can spare this amount at one time, it will save labor on both sides to pay for the share in full when you subscribe for it, but if you wish, you can pay at the rate of a dollar a month, and get the stockholders' discount. This is forty per cent when we prepay postage or expressage; fifty per cent when expressage is paid by purchaser. This discount might not mean much if our retail prices for books were higher than those at which books on sociology and economics are usually sold. But they are lower.

Marx's Capital, of which two volumes are now ready and the third will appear early in 1909, is published by us at $2.00 a volume. Volume I contains 869 large pages, volume II 618, Volume III will contain nearly 900. Capitalist publishers charge $4.00 or even $5.00 a volume for such books; our stockholders buy these volumes at $1.00 each if they pay the expressage; $1.20 if we pay it.

The Third Volume of Capital is far easier and pleasanter reading than the other two. In them, the author had to establish certain theoretical principles, by a process of difficult reasoning. In the third volume he applies these principles to real life and shows how they work out in actual practice. This third volume will be of untold value to our propagandists outside the large cities, because it enables us to show how it is that the small producer, like the wage-worker, gets under the profit system only the **value of his labor power,** plus a trifle more or less than the average profit on what little capital he may have. This enables us to show that the material interests of the small producers are the same as those of the wage-workers, and that

a clear revolutionary program will serve them better than chasing after petty reforms.

Every man or woman who intends to do any writing or any public speaking on socialism must read this third volume or else find himself at a needless disadvantage. And to understand the third volume you must have read the other two. Better order them at once, and be ready to read Volume III when it appears, a few weeks from now.



Thoughts of a Fool, by Evelyn Gladys, is a delightful book of essays, emphasizing an essential part of the international socialist program that is sometimes misconceived by our well-meaning friends and sometimes misrepresented by our clever enemies. The morals of working people are now rigidly regulated by judges, policemen, and sometimes priests. But revolutionary working people are perverse enough to think themselves competent to regulate their own morals, and while they propose to socialize the means of production, they also propose to stop the meddlesome interference of functionaries with other people's affairs. Those who share this view will enjoy the Fool"; those who think their own need regulating should let the book alone; it would annoy them. It is beautifully printed and will make an acceptable Christmas gift if sent to the right person. Cloth, $1.00.

keen satire of "Thoughts of a and their acquaintances' morals

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The Tour of the Red Special.

By Charles Lapworth.



HE RED SPECIAL was an inspiration; just an inspiration. I am told that the idea was conceived by National Secretary Barnes, and that when this child of his brain was brought forth, and as he nursed it for a night or two and saw its promising growth, he was as much embarrassed by it as any bachelor would be with a baby on his hands.

And then he took his trouble to the National Committee. As the blushing, but pardonably proud, father came before them, it is said that these eminently respectable gentlemen coughed uncomfortably behind their hands, and said "ahem" a good many times; but at last agreed, not without misgiving and foreboding, to stand sponsor to the thing.

Some genius—I believe it was Comrade Simons,—dubbed it the "Red Special." Out of the goodness of their souls, and of course out of their purses also, the comrades of the whole country were asked to contribute to the child's maintenance, and—well, I understand so much money was subscribed that it has for ever dispelled anxiety about providing for the next addition to the family—the "Red Regular."

* * * *

That was a memorable day when the Red Special was

taken for a try-out to Lemont Park. Unprecedented enthusiasm had been aroused and the people of Chicago poured out in their thousands to give the train a hearty send-off on its twice-across-



AT LEMONT PARK, NEAR CHICAGO, ILL.

the-continent trip. The Presidential candidate, Eugene V. Debs, made a great speech, which allayed any fear there might be that he could not talk politics. And Governor-yet-to-be Brower put in some slashing work.

But that was a picnic crowd. We had yet to hit up against the cold callosity of that awfully long list of places on the map that we were scheduled to visit; where the farmers lived, and the miners lived, and the other workingmen lived, amid so much Republican prosperity, all of whom most likely would laugh at us for our pains in talking about the need for a revolution in our social and economic system. And so we were a little nervous when we started out on the morrow. But in the very first day's meetings we got amongst miners out of work; and they gave us a hearty welcome. They could give us very little financial support; but they gave us their hands, and we went on our way strengthened. And even the stolid farmers got interested. So that by the time we got to Davenport, had "processioned" the town, and Debs and Brower and Simons had stirred up a big meeting to enthusiasm—we felt the Red Special was marked out for success. By the evening of the second day the last doubt had left us. We had got to the other extreme: we were just a little frightened at our own success.

Des Moines, Kansas City and Omaha gave us enormous paid admission meetings, Leavenworth and St. Joe received us royally; and we had not the slightest doubt but that the train would go right ahead and rip the old parties up the back and front.

And then — we got a telegram from the National Office The effect of this telegram was that as subscriptions had fallen off, the Eastern Trip of the Red Special was out of the question; that the Train must go to the sheds on its return to Chicago on September 26. That kinder hit us where we lived. There was a hurry-up meeting called in the chief's two-by-four stateroom— we sat on each other's knees — and there we solemnly took oath that "By ——, this thing's gotter go through to election-day." The telegraph wire to Chicago showed an astonishing temperature shortly after that. The Red Special crew discussed ways and means for an hour. We were seeing with our own eyes what the Red Special was accomplishing. And we felt confident the comrades all over the country would appreciate that very soon. And sure enough they did. An appeal, hot and marked "urgent", was sent out from the crew to all the locals in the land. And wherever we had meetings, although the locals had exploited their audiences to the limit in charging admission for a political meeting, the Red Special crew waded in, and exonerating the local comrades, exploited the Democrats and Republicans for a collection. We put it up to the boys of the West to give the boys of the East a chance to see the Red Special. And did'nt they just throw in those big silver dollars, kerplunk? We said "Please give an ocular demonstration of whence the Socialist Party gets its campaign funds." And they did thus. And the

committee at headquarters were comforted. And the trip East was assured.

* * * *

We had started out amid great enthusiasm, and wherever we went the enthusiasm was the same, only more so. After a great meeting at Denver we climbed and climbed the mountains until we got to Leadville, where at an altitude of 11,500 feet we hit up against what the Americans call, I believe, a tough proposition. Although it is so high up on the map Leadville is about as low down as it can possibly get morally and economically. Unemployment we found to be a chronic state of things, and the busiest places seemed to be the saloons and the flaunting redlight district. It made one's heart sick. There was very good reason for the flaring motto that smote me between the eyes when I entered the newspaper office—"Smile, damn you!"—for everybody, even in the open-air meeting that we had, at a corner, where the four winds met, seemed unutterably miserable. Before Gene got through with his speech he had kindled a few sparks in the hearts of his hearers—but Leadville was a sad experience.

At Glenwood Springs we stayed long enough for a useful meeting among the plutes, with the Mayor presiding, and in order to boil the candidate in the natural hot springs in the mountain caves. While we were lunching on the train, in tripped a dainty little maid of about ten years, announcing that she was from Terre Haute, to present Gene with a beautiful bunch of flowers. And this set the fashion. For ever afterwards on the Western trip—flowers and fruits are rare in the East—the train was embarrassed by the mountains of fruit and flowers that were brought in by Socialist daughters and dames.

We were late when we got to the City of the Mormons. Ogden was scheduled to have a noon-hour meeting before Salt Lake City had its Labor Day demonstration. Our tardy arrival was the cause of a dickens of a shindy between the two locals. Between the two sets of representatives, it looked as if Debs would be divided, and so one or two of our heavyweights had to sail in and cause the enthusiasts to break away. No blood was spilt, no bones were broken, and very little moral and intellectual damage was sustained; but we hope that Ogden and Salt Lake City are going to live happily ever afterwards.

We left immediately after the night meeting at Salt Lake City, and struck the new trail across the desert to California. We were to reach Las Vegas in twelve hours. For two days our hearts had been heavy within us,—we had been told by travellers and railroad men that Las Vegas was the hottest place outside of Hades. But, lo! the fates were with us. On the evening before we crossed those arid wastes there had been a surprising down-



AT GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COLORADO.

pour of rain, with the result that instead of the temperature at Las Vegas being 128 degrees as on the day previous, it was but 94 on our arrival. We had a warm meeting there.

Then we were off for California. We are never likely to forget passing through those beautiful mountains and valleys, during the sunset and the twilight. Words can convey no idea of it, and so it's no use talking. We had a great welcome at San Bernardino. The local comrades had put their all upon the altar, and it turned up trumps. The metaphor's mixed, but so were the feelings of the Democrats and the Republicans when they caught sight of that parade, and saw the crowded hall —paid admission, mark you!—and heard how much collection respectable "Sanbadoo" had put up for the spread of "these pernicious Socialist doctrines."

"Sanbadoo" struck the keynote for California. At San Diego was that never-to-be-forgotten open air meeting, where 14,000 people assembled—and paid, mark you!—to hear Austin Adams and A. M. Simons and Eugene Debs. And they all did hear. For the open-air acoustics of that natural amphitheatre were perfect. Los Angeles and San Francisco followed suit with enormous gatherings and great collections for the Red Special, so that Manager Harry Parker had to be provided with a bodyguard to escort him and his precious burden to the train. At the University of California at Berkeley, there was a mild "divarshun" by the questions asked the candidate by an evidently sincere inquirer. "But if these things are against the Constitution, what do you propose to do about it?" asked the gentleman. Of course, that was dead easy. "Why, just abolish the Constitution," said Gene with a smile. And that great crowd in the Greek Theatre just opened their heads wide in appreciation.

* * * *

The personality of Eugene V. Debs was a considerable factor in the campaign. From being the most maligned man in the country he is to-day the most loved. A book could be filled with the pathetic incidents that occurred of the people's devotion to this man. Many a time we had literally to fight to get him out of the roughly-tender hands of the crowds. We have almost despised ourselves when doing it, as we have caught sight of many a young face—aye, and many a time-seared face—with that inexpressible ardour and zeal and affection in their eyes—the spirit of the enthusiast without which revolutions could never be. Many were content if they could only get near enough to Gene to touch him. These were anxious times for the "brother's keepers", because Gene was as eager as the comrades to fraternize. But while their minds were harassed by their responsibility, their hearts were gladdened that the man who had

been so long persecuted was at last coming into his own. The American movement is indeed fortunate in its candidate.

I remember talking to a man out West—a middle-aged man of business, with a family, and not an irresponsible fanatic. He carried on his hip an automatic Colt, and almost blushed to confess that he still carried a gun. He had carried one ever since



WESTWARD HO! FROM PITTSBURG, PA.

the days when a gun was a necessary article of wearing apparel; and I suppose if he were to go without it now he would most likely catch cold. This man's love for Debs was a passion. We were talking about the many leaders of the people who had been maltreated by capitalist thugs, and this man of the West said, "I often feel that some day they will do something to Gene. They

are more afraid of him now than ever." With his teeth almost clenched, and placing his hand significantly on his hip, he added, "But, by God, the man who hurts Gene, wherever he be, has got to answer to me personally!" And I believed him.

We had to save Debs from his friends. When he was not dictating to his long-suffering Brother Theodore, or speaking, he was ordered rest, and his stateroom door was locked. Hundreds of men and women have come on the train at various points, and begged and pleaded just for a hand-shake with Gene—"Nothing more, on my oath!"—and they invariably had to be denied. This indeed, was the "unkindest cut of all." Most of us shrank from it, and the distressing work of disappointment these comrades fell upon Stephen Reynolds. Most of the applicants took their medicine manfully; but it was very, very hard, and very, very bitter. I have seen many a workingman, who had perhaps looked forward for weeks to grasping Gene's hand, when it was explained to him that the candidate was resting, swing round on his heel and march out of that car, with perhaps only the faintest touch of a tear in the corner of his eye to indicate how much it cost him.

One old man—I believe it was at Grand Junction—had come many miles to greet the candidate. When he arrived at the train Gene was sleeping prior to the evening meeting, and it was not until after the meeting, and Gene had got back to the Pullman, that the old man caught him alone. And there, between the double row of bunks, these two great souls put their arms about each other; and the old man, with tears trickling on to his white beard, told Gene how long he had loved him from afar. I was busy at the other end of the car, but I got out—I just couldn't stand it.

* * * *

We were sorry to have to part with Comrade Simons at Frisco. Then we hauled on board Harry McKee. Simons had been general utility man so far as managing the day meetings concerned. He was on a beggage wagon and barking before the brakes of the train had done squeaking. Tabloid talks were the order of the day, with a band concert thrown in; and therefore we were a little anxious when our hustler had to leave us. But bless your life, Harry McKee had only to take a couple of bites, and then he came up smiling; and for ever afterwards he could not be suppressed.

Those were splendid meetings at Portland and Seattle; and indeed all the way up the Pacific Coast. It was nothing unusual on the day stops for a town to close up stores and come down en masse to the depot. You see, a Presidential candidate, alive and very much kicking, did not come their way every day.

And what do you think of Everett's effort? Thousands of people crowded into a hall for a meeting in the wee sma' hours of the morn. Why, it was like a religious revival, where I understand they always sing "We won't go home till morning."

Soon we were in the mining districts that have been making history during recent years. Wardner and Wallace had great day meetings. There is no half-heartedness about those miners, I tell you; and America will hear from them again before very long. At Mullan, Idaho, we had to leave McKee, and our hearts were sore; but we left him among friends in those mountain wilds.

Then we had trouble with Hill's railroad, and our train was delayed hours. Instead of reaching Missoula, Montana, in the afternoon, it was pitch dark at night before we got there; and then we wondered what we were up against. The people were at the depot in thousands, and it was so dark that we could not see the edge of the crowd. They were keeping the red flag flying in very deed. We are never likely to forget the man with the red flag. It was about as big as he could manage; but there was a look in his eyes and in his moustache that boded ill for any man rash enough to touch that flag.

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Now there had been a strike at Butte. The Red Special was due there for a night meeting. The presence of the Red Special and of Eugene Debs was undesirable—from the capitalist point of view. And the Red Special just didn't get to Butte until six o'clock next morning. The local comrades, however, held the fort until after midnight, and demonstrated that the Socialist movement is not necessarily a one man show.

Sheridan and Billings were visited, and then we had one of the finest meetings of the campaign at Lead, where Comrade Freeman Knowles, much persecuted by the capitalists and much beloved by the comrades, was paid a glowing tribute by Eugene Debs. In Minnestota we had Beecher Moore aboard as a speaker. Right along we had nothing but enthusiastic gatherings, and the work of the young farmers out in that country and South Dakota is something to make note of. St. Paul, Duluth, Hancock and Green Bay, and a full day at Manitowoc, before we got back to Chicago, made us tired—but it was "fair champion," as the Yorkshireman would say.

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And by the way, I must just express my admiration of the oratory of Eugene Debs. It was perfect in every respect. He said the right things in the right way, and brought home to the

workingmen in a way I have not seen equalled, their responsibility for the abominable system we are living in to-day. His epigrams ought to be preserved. They took the people off their feet.



ON THE WAY TO DANVILLE, ILL.

And particularly in dealing with the emancipation of woman and of the child slave, was he effective. Here is an instance. He was speaking of the enormous evils of prostitution, and quietly reminding the workingmen that it was the daughters of working

men who were found in the Red Light district. He spoke of the many temptations that beset the path of the young girl in the factory and the department store; and said with all the vehemence in his soul:

"I want you to understand this. When you go home and look at that bright-eyed girl of yours, that you love more than life itself; when you look deep into the liquid depths of her eyes and see there your own image reflected,—I want you to understand, that if it be written in the book of fate that that child of yours shall perish in a brothel, *you* are responsible if you vote to perpetuate this system."

And a fierce yell, as the roar of a wounded animal, would break from the audience, in full acknowledgement of the truth of that charge.

* * * *

Within two or three hours of our return from the Western trip we were ordered East. Not an hour's vacation was couchsafed us. And there was very little enthusiasm about the starting of the second trip, although there was a dogged, determined, do-or-die sort of atmosphere on the Red Special. That first day, including even Indianapolis, was rather a depressing one. The meetings were all right, but—everybody seemed to have the idea that everybody was going to get upon everybody else's nerves. But, bless you, after we left Indianapolis, everything brightened up. Fact was, that it went hard that not a day's rest was given between trips—and then that Eastern schedule did look formidable, didn't it?

The wheels of the Red Special were soon running merrily. South Bend with its warm real welcome did well, and on the Sunday there were enormous crowds at Battle Creek and Albion and Jackson. In the evening we were in Detroit, notorious as being the biggest scab town in the States. John Chase was now putting up most pathetic pleas for collecions—and getting the money. He simply told how the boys of the West had put their hands down for the boys of the East, and,—well, the boys of the East didn't want charity, did they? Not half.

It rained next day, and it was during the rain at Trenton, Illinois, that those dear little school children came to visit us, and Gene recited to them Riley's "Clover," and told them about the little waifs in the big cities who had never seen a live chicken—just think of that!—and how the Red Special was an effort to make the lives of all children brighter and happier—and all that loving talk that only Gene can talk; talk that touched the hearts of those ruddy-faced children, and moistened the eyes of the upgrown onlookers.

At Toledo we were officially met by Brand Whitlock, mayor

of the city, upon whose shoulders seems to have fallen the mantle of Golden Rule Jones; and whose logical next step should be on to the Socialist platform. Toledo simply overflowed into several meetings that night. Cleveland filled its vast armory—paid admission, mark you!—and Erie and Buffalo and Rochester and Syracuse did ditto repeato. Coming down New York State, Joshua Wanhope, candidate for Governor, was a spell-binder; and did so much work with his throat that he could only whisper when he got to the Hippodrome at New York. Leffingwell of Wilshire's, was also with Comrade Floaten's literature lads for several days.

During these latter days we had on the train Mr. Sturdevant, the genial representative of "The World," and Collier's Weekly also had a man abroad. That reminds me that throughout the campaign one of the most surprising features has been the attention given the Red Special by the capitalist press. We had nearly always some reporter travelling with us. And scores were served by Publicity McFeely with "dope" about the Socialist campaign. In cities where formerly Debs had been dismissed disdainfully in a dozen lines he had now two or three columns, with spread eagle headers. Papers went to any expense to get interviews and photos. And it must be said that with very few exceptions their reports were remarkably fair. There was a very good reason for that—most of the newspaper men were sympathetic to Socialism, and quite a few were won over entirely by the geniality of Debs and the simple logic of the Socialist speakers.

* * * *

And then the Red Special hit New York City—and the Democrats and the Republicans, and the capitalists and the newspapers, especially the newspapers. Why, the capitalist newspapers were as enthusiastic about it as our own modest journals. But you all know what happened in New York. New York was just New York—and New York rocked that day.

Some of the New Yorkers however were over zealous in their attentions to the candidate, and he got no sleep. The consequence was that he was hardly fit to stand on the following day. That Monday was a busy day, too. Waterbury, Springfield and Worcester, particularly Worcester, are not likely to forget it. Did you ever see Socialists on the warpath? Well, you ought to have been at Worcester's depot when the Red Special pulled in—late; and Debs almost on the retired list. There was enough heat generated to set the place on fire. The Rev. Elit White will be remembered as an effectual fire extinguisher.

That night the walls of Old Faneuil Hall, Boston, were in danger of falling — the place was packed nigh to bursting—and

there were six thousand people in the Square outside. Franklin Wentworth was the chairman, and "Jim" Carey was also a speaker. The time of Gene's arrival on the platform approached; and the time went by, and still no candidate. The people inside answered the cheers of the people outside, the police between them; and still no candidate. And then about closing time, the heavens were ripped by the shout of the multitude as the candidate's cab hove into sight. It appeared that the Red Special had been taken away and lost in the labyrinth of tracks away miles up those dark yards, and the cabman couldn't find the candidate, and the candidate couldn't find the cabman. That was a gathering. It was appropriate that Gene Debs should stand magnificent where Patrick Henry stood—only the oration of Debs was the heralding of a far greater revolution.

The cities of Concord and Providence and Haverhill and Manchester gave us splendid receptions. At Hartford we had to compete with a parade of soldiers and other curiously dressed persons, who were celebrating the opening of a bridge. But a large crowd preferred hearing Debs to listening to the blare of trumpets, and watching a fools' parade. They knew that at that very hour, while money was being wasted in profusion and fireworks and decorations, there were men out of work in Hartford; that there were starving children in Hartford.

New Haven, Bridgeport and Connecticut generally had meetings which showed great promise for the near future. And then we were away to Trenton, New Jersey and Philadelphia. Quaker City, although just recovering from its Founders Celebrations, simply fell over itself that day. There were three meetings simultaneously in various parts of the city, and the local comrades got it in the neck from their own servants, the police. That was nothing fresh for Philadelphia, but it made some of the crew of the Red Special see red when they witnessed the rough handling of those peaceful demonstrators. At night Camden Theatre was filled to overflowing, and there with us was Comrade Horace Traubel. After the meeting the candidate caught a severe chill, being exposed to a raw night air while driving in an automobile, still perspiring and exhausted from his oratorical efforts.

Next morning, with long faces, we had to announce that Gene was ill abed with a fever. We were as much disappointed as Newark that day. Gene did not rise from his bed until it was time for him to visit the rally that had been arranged in the East Side of New York on the next day. Jee—rewsalem! Wasn't that a demonstration? Most admirable arrangements had been made by Robert Hunter, and Gene and his escort came through those cheering meetings unscathed. A tribute is due to the police, for

their kindness that day. Their conduct was different to what it was when last I happened to be in New York with Robert Hunter —that was the day of Union Square.

Brooklyn spread itself out that evening over two great meetings, and among the speakers were Franklin Wentworth and Alexander Irvine. Jersey City followed suit next evening after Comrade Sadie Walling and the Wilshire Girls had entertained the Red Special Boys at 200 William Street. Reading and Baltimore wondered what had happened when we struck town—great parades and meetings. At Wilmington, Delaware, the train and the candidate again got lost, and Comrade Parker and myself had a sweating time keeping that meeting going, wondering all the time what the deuce had got the candidate. But like the hero always does, Debs arrived just in the nick of time. I can't mention all those towns where the comrades worked so indefatigably to get together those big demonstrations, but Pittsburg was superb, thanks in no small measure to Comrade Slayton. There the police also interfered, but they were entirely disarmed by the legal suavity of friend Stedman.

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Seymour Stedman had joined the speaking staff of the train at Pittsburg, and he, poor chap, got up against an open-air overflow meeting for about an hour—and for two days he was simply deadheaded, and treated as a distinguished, or rather as an extinguished, passenger. But when he got into shape,—well, a whirlwind is but a gentle zephyr in comparisson. So many big-voiced men were down-and-outed by that outdoor speaking in competition with railroad engines. It was pathetic at Dayton, Ohio, for instance, where Comrade Caldwell was in "my own country", to hear this croaking raven comparing vocal notes with Stedman in front of a big meeting on a grandstand.

Another disappointment at Columbus, where Ellis O. Jones presided over a splendid gathering—paid admission, mark you! —in competition with two or three other political gatherings. At the last moment before the meeting Gene was again "all in," and Stevie Reynolds had to step into the breach. Cincinnati was fortunate in having Debs on his feet again next night, however. And they deserved it, for 't was a great meeting. At Louisville, Kentucky, we had a meeting at the top of a big hotel, where Comrade Dobbs introduced us to some very select sort of people, who were very much interested in "this Socialism."

At Evansville we were in competition with William Howard Taft, and we did not come off second best. We had the larger meeting, and the people paid admission at *our* meeting, mark you! St. Louis filled the new Armory, and provided soldiers to escort us, and see that we were not hurt by the five thousand un-

fortunates in the overflow meeting outside. Decatur and Hannibal were the next evening stops, and we had then the service of the Rev. J. Stitt Wilson, who had just stepped over from England to spend a few days in the fight. Brower was again with us, and after Galesburg and Streator we finished up strong at Joliet.

Our third trip was commenced next day. After we had fired Milwaukee at three meetings, and had rousing times at Racine and Madison University, we came back to Chicago for that great demonstration, when the twenty thousand did that shouting stunt for thirty minutes---an achievement about which they seemed proud. And then we went to take Gene home to Terre Haute, taking along with us as a special favor, National Secretary Barnes. There were also with us the girls of the National Office, a favor conferred upon us. Moreover there was aboard no less a person than big Bill Haywood. It was very appropriate that he should appear alongside of Debs when he as welcomed to his home city. And that was a welcome, and no mistake. There was very little politics in it so far as Terre Haute was concerned. It was simply the city's whole hearted tribute to an honored citizen.

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It was a stupendous achievement, and the American Socialists have every reason to be proud of it. It stirred up the country as no other scheme could have done. The party was brought together over it,—it was as a grand parade of the entire Socialist strength of the country. We found the people hungry for education. We found that the strength of Socialism was in the small towns and country places; and there it is that it will be worth while to concentrate propaganda. At any rate the big cities will certainly say that they can take care of themselves. It was a stupendous achievement. And paid for, mark you!

Socialism for Students.

II. The Socialist Indictment.



THE PRESENT order in which we live did not begin the moment the first man upon earth had the breath of life blown into his nostrils. It came much later. In fact it is less than six hundred years old, having developed out of a former social order, known as feudalism, which was based upon the ownership of land by lords and barons.

And the present order was not ushered in accompanied by sweet strains of music. Quite the contrary. The manner of its coming is fairly indicative of its whole career.

Let us turn to the last part of volume I of "Capital", dealing with "The So-called Primitive Accumulation," for light upon this point. Here we learn that in the transition period between feudalism and capitalism, bands of feudal retainers were broken up, arable land was transformed into sheep walks, the church was despoiled of its property, crown lands were stolen, the commons were enclosed, estates were "cleared" of all people, several Irish villages thus being depopulated at one swoop, while in Scotland areas as large as German principalities were swept clean. In a "clearing" made for the Duchess of Sutherland, 15,000 inhabitants were rooted out, their villages destroyed and burnt and their fields turned into pasturage. By this blow the Duchess appropriated some 794,000 acres of land that had from time immemorial belonged to the clan.

Marx then tells of the "bloody legislation" by which feudal serfs were bludgeoned into becoming factory workers. Vagabonds idling about for three days were branded with a red hot iron with a V on their breasts; refusal to work forfeited a man's economic freedom: did he absent himself a fortnight from his master, he was branded with an S, upon his back, after which, did he run away thrice, he was executed as a felon.

"The discovery of gold and silver in America, the extirpation, enslavement and entombment in mines of the aboriginal population, the beginning of the conquest and looting of the East Indies, the turning of Africa into a warren for the commercial hunting of black-skins, signalised the rosy dawn

of the era of capitalist production. These idyllic proceedings are the chief momenta of primitive accumulation. On their heels tread the commercial wars of the European nations, with the globe for a theatre."

True enough is it, as Marx says: "In actual history it is notorious that conquest, enslavement, robbery, murder, briefly force, play the great part." And, finally, "Capital comes dripping from head to foot, from every pore, with blood and dirt."

And when the industrial revolution had been accomplished, when feudalism had been supplanted by capitalism, what were its fruits? Great blotches upon the earth's surface called cities blotted out the hills, the meadows, the lanes, the running brooks and the golden sunsets of rural life, —great cities in which the inhabitants are huddled together in a mad struggle for existence. Engels describes England just a half century after the introduction of machinery. In his "Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844," he says: "In London, fifty thousand human beings get up every morning, not knowing where they will lay their heads at night. —The poverty is so great in Dublin, that a single benevolent institution, the Mendicity Association, gives relief to 2,500 persons or one per cent of the population daily, receiving and feeding them for the day and dismissing them at night." Similar conditions are cited for Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other cities in the kingdom. Engels speaks of diseases peculiar to the workers and gives figures to show that the death rate among the poor is twice that among the rich. And after telling of the terrible conditions under which factory "hands" are compelled to work, he concludes: "Women made unfit for child-bearing, children deformed, men enfeebled, limbs crushed, whole generations wrecked, afflicted with disease and infirmity, purely to fill the purses of the bourgeoisie."

The same charges—with even a greater burden of proof—can be made against the England of to-day. For example, turn to Jack London's "People of the Abyss," narrating experiences which befell him in the largest city in the world in the summer of 1902, during a period of "good times."

"One million, eight hundred thousand people in London live on the poverty line and below it, and another 1,000,000 live with one week's wages between them and pauperism." "The population of London is one-seventh of the total population of the United Kingdom and in London, year in and year out, an adult in every four dies on public charity, either in the workhouse, the hospital or the asylum." "There are 300,000 people in London, divided into families, that live in one-room tenements. Far, far more live in two and three rooms and

are as badly crowded, regardless of sex, as those that live in one room..... There are 900,000 people living in less than the 400 cubic feet of space prescribed by the law." And when at work, according to Sir A. Forwood: "One of every 1400 workmen is killed annually, one of every 2,500 workmn is totally disabled; one of every 300 workmen is temporarily disabled three or four weeks."

But these are only figures. And figures are cold and lifeless—they do not touch the human heart. Let us take an incident or two. "The shadow of Christ's church falls across Spitafields Garden, and in the shadow of Christ's Church, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I saw a sight I never wish to see again.... 'Those women there,' said our guide (pointing to a group of the 35,000 wretches of the slums, not depraved women, who are homeless), 'will sell themselves for thru' pence, or tu' pence, or a loaf of stale bread.'" Also, this experience, which London tells of his two companions, a carter and a carpenter: "From the slimy sidewalk, they were picking up bits of orange peel, apple skin, and grape stems, and they were eating them. The pits of green gage plums they cracked between their teeth for the kernels inside. They picked up stray crumbs of bread the size of peas, apple cores so black and dirty one would not take them to be apple cores, and these things these two men took in their mouths, and chewed them, and swallowed them."

The author sums it up thus: "In short, the London Abyss is a vast shambles. Year by year, and decade after decade, rural England pours in a flood of vigorous strong life, that not only does not renew itself, but perishes by the third generation." And, quoting the scientist Huxley: "Were the alternative presented to me I would deliberately prefer the life of the savage to that of those people of Christian London."

So much for the "classic land of capitalism." What song does America sing? America, the new world, the Canaan of natural resources, vast expanse of fertile soil, magnificent forests, navigable rivers, and unlimited opportunities? Here, as in the old world, the "primitive accumulation" consists of immense land grants, bestowed upon court favorites by kings at the expense of the original inhabitants, with no other warrant than that "possession is nine points of the law." Stealing of lands is quite a gentlemanly occupation. Some of the colonial surveyors—patriots, all—were not averse to doing it, and, in our own time, several eminent gentlemen have been exposed as timber land thieves. And speaking of patriotism, we may here note that just that time when the love of country

runs strongest is seized by unscrupulous men of means to defraud the people. To this Laurens, in the Revolution, Lincoln, in the Civil War, and General Miles, in the war with Spain, bear witness.

Another popular method in vogue and in line with "primitive accumulation" is the despoiling of inventive genius. Not only do the benefits of progress inure largely to the few, but it is considered axiomatic that inventors are expected to fill paupers' graves. Edison is such a shining exception to this rule, that he is considered the marvel of the age.

Well, capitalism is established in America. We know it by its fruits. For when Robert Hunter stated the problem of poverty, he rendered so many counts in the indictment against the present social system. "These fragments of information, indicative of a widespread poverty, fall under the following heads: Pauperism, the general distress, the number of evictions, the pauper burials; the overcrowding and insanitation due to improper housing; the death rate from tuberculosis; the unemployment, and the number of accidents in certain trades."

These fragments of information gleaned by Hunter are summarized by him as follows: "There are probably in fairly prosperous years no less than 10,000,000 persons in poverty; that is to say, underfed, underclothed and poorly housed. Of these about 4,000,000 are public paupers. Over 2,000,000 workingmen are unemployed from four to six months in the year. About 500,000 male immigrants arrive yearly and seek work in the very districts where unemployment is the greatest. Nearly half of the families in the country are propertyless. Over 1,700,000 little children are forced to become wage-earners when they should still be in school. About 5,000,000 women find it necessary to work and about 2,000,000 are employed in factories, mills, etc. Probably no less than 1,000,000 workers are injured or killed each year while doing their work; and about 10,000,000 of the persons now living, will, if the present ratio is kept up, die of the preventable disease, tuberculosis."

Between eighty and ninety-four per cent of the houses in the large cities are rented; in the year 1903, 60,463 of such "homes" in Manhattan, fourteen per cent of the total, were broken up by forcible eviction. In the city of New York, too, one out of every ten persons who dies is buried at public expense in Potter's Field.

Isador Ladoff, in his "American Pauperism," furnishes us with some interesting data. Over one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars is spent annually in the State of New

York alone in charity. Ladoff quotes Dr. Savage as saying that one-fourth of the tenement population of the metropolis are treated free of charge at the dispensaries. A specific instance of conditions in the large cities surrounding modern industrial enterprises is described by A. M. Simons in his "Packingtown," the antecedent of Upton Sinclair's "Jungle."

Under the influence of the chapter on "The Child" in "Poverty," John Spargo made a more thorough investigation into the hardships of child life to-day, the results of which he gives us in his work, "The Bitter Cry of the Children." We can here only hint at the wealth of information the work contains. "In Chicago, the death rate varies from about twelve per thousand in the wards where the well-to-do reside to thirty-seven per thousand in the tenement wards." "I think it can safely be said that in this country, the richest and greatest country in the world's history, poverty is responsible for at least 80,000 lives every year." In connection with which this should be considered: "The experts say that the baby of the tenement is born physically equal to the baby of the mansion."

"Sanitary conditions do not make any real difference at all; it is food and food alone," declares Dr. Vincent. Personal examinations conducted by Spargo showed that as high as 20 per cent of school children are underfed.

The employment of children who belong in school, child-slavery, is the blackest crime in our social arrangement. The frightful condition depicted by Engels wherein children from orphan asylums and other institutions were hired by mill owners never to return alive, is equaled by a similar condition in the glass factories of New Jersey. The slavery of the breaker boys in Pennsylvania can only be felt by one who has witnessed it. And while children of tender years are employed throughout New England and all industrial states, it is only when we pass the Mason and Dixon Line to the sunny South that the institution of child slavery is presented to us in all its horror.

We give a few figures from the United States Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor for May, 1904. South Carolina prohibits the labor of tots only under ten years of age, but has no provision for factory inspection. Georgia has no age limit, and Alabama none to speak of. North Carolina prohibits the employment of children under 12 years of age but has no provision for carrying this into effect, so that children 6 and 7 years of age were found working. Violations were plentiful in every state. Except for a very few in two establishments,

the children in the Southern States were white children. The working hours run as high as sixty-six a week. None of the children reported for North and South Carolina and Alabama had foreign-born parents, while as high as thirty-seven per cent were unable to read and write English. And the number of child slaves is constantly increasing!

But this is only part of the price the working class pay for the privilege of dragging their weary bodies from the cradle to the grave. For the profit of the capitalist class, so Dr. Wiley, head chemist of the Department of Agriculture, tells us, practically everything we eat and drink, is adulterated.

For the profit of the capitalist class there are "he" towns and "she" towns, with the result that hundreds of thousands of men and women pass their lives in enforced celibacy. And worse than that, the inability of young men to earn sufficient to support families, is responsible for the fact that half a million women peddle their virtue as merchandise upon the street.

With the growth of the system, with the rich growing richer and the poor poorer, the contrast between the two classes is intensified. At one pole, the upper class is steeped in degeneracy. At the other pole, there sinks an element, creatures of the city "dumps" and "slums", into the under world. Both scum and dregs are lost to the race.

Periodically the entire system is thrown out of joint by industrial crises, due to the exploitation of labor, the anarchy in production, and the fact that the capitalist class cannot control the Frankenstein, the productive forces, they have conjured into being. During a commercial depression, the "industrial reserve army" is increased by millions of recruits, with a consequent demoralization of the whole working class. At such a time, the feeling of insecurity as to the present and uncertainty as to the future, that ever haunts the workers, becomes a veritable nightmare. It is just this fear of the future that stings more than poverty itself and that is the strongest charge in the indictment of capitalism.

Thousands of babies are every year the victims of preventable diseases, caused in the main by malnutrition; women are unfitted for the function of motherhood, due to their toiling in the factories, while to name the dangerous occupations in which men are employed is to give an inventory of all occupations—almost every trade having its special disease. In some occupations it is the monotony of work that wrecks the nervous system; in others, the strain upon certain parts of the body or certain organs; in others, the unsanitary conditions

of the workshop; in others, the handling of dyes and poisons, or the inhaling of foul air and dust. It is the last named particularly that is responsible for tuberculosis.

Tuberculosis is not only a social disease—it is a poverty disease, a working class plague—well named the Great White Plague. One glance at a map at a tuberculosis exhibit suffices to show where the "lung" districts are—suffices to prove that out of the working class will come the ten millions of men and women and children in America to-day who will fall in the white massacre. Every occupation has its distinct disease; tuberculosis is the distinct disease of capitalism.

This, then, is the Socialist indictment: That after thousands of years of toil and trial, after having stolen the secrets of the skies and harnessed the forces of nature, society is still engaged in a fiendish struggle for animal existence, a struggle that dooms the great mass of the people to poverty and misery, degradation and disease, slavery and untimely death. And the Socialist charges that the great underlying wrong out of which these evils arise is the fact that the few own what the many need. And the Socialist declares that only when society holds as common property the means of wealth production will the social ills that we are heir to be banished, for only then will the toil of the people inure to the common weal and make for the common good.

Philadelphia, Pa. Jos. E. Cohen.

A COURSE OF READING.

The following list of works is recommended to the student. They cover the subject touched upon by the above article, and it is suggested that they be read in the order named. J. E. C.

Capital, Vol. I, Part 8. By Karl Marx. Cloth, $2.00.
Condition of the Working Class in England. By F. Engels. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London.
People of the Abyss. By Jack London. The Macmillan Co., N. Y.
History of Great American Fortunes. By Gustavus Myers.
American Pauperism. By I. Ladoff. Cloth, 50 cents.
Poverty. By Robert Hunter. The Macmillan Co., New York.
Packingtown. By A. M. Simons. Paper, 5 cents.
Bitter Cry of the Children. By John Spargo. The Macmillan Co., New York.
Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor. May, 1904.

These books for which prices are named above are published by Charles H. Kerr & Company. Books of other publishers can be ordered from the Book Department of the Chicago Daily Socialist.

The Revolutionist.



T PRESENT in the socialist movement there is a spirit which in all sections of the country seems to be manifest, to conceal, somewhere in the background, what should be the foundation stone of any socialist movement, the class struggle.

The meaning of the word proletariat, the proletariat of Marx and of Engels, has been stretched and stretched until to-day, like the word Christianity, it is used to cover a multitude of sins. As the word Christianity is used to cover everything from Unitarianism to Roman Catholicism and from Christian Science to Christian Socialism, so has the word proletarian been used to cover evey thing from a civil engineer to a roustabout and from a millionaire rancher to a Mexican peon. This toying with words has gone on until it is to-day a generally accepted theory that the word socialist and the word proletariat are synonomous. I have been told by socialist organizers; that lawyers were proletarians, that doctors were proletarians, that farmers were proletarians, in fact that all who worked with hand or brain doing useful work in society were proletarians. And here is another extreme error. Under capitalism whether a person were engaged at useful labor or not could in no way alter the economic status of that person.

In defining the class struggle it is a notorius fact that in the United States to-day, ninety per cent of the socialist educators accept the idea and spread it, that the line of demarcation between the classes is a line between poverty and riches. Again it is spread broadcast that every poor person's interest is with the working class, every rich person's interest is with the capitalist class. It is time that something was done in the socialist movement to stop the spread of erroneous ideas —this spreading of the doctrine of the Neo-Communist as Marxian Socialism.

There is one thing and one thing only which marks the line of demarcation between the classes, and that one thing is the wage system. The thing which sways men and societies is not future but immediate interests. In the case of a highly paid official in a corporation, that official's interests are and must be diametrically opposed to the interest of the stock-

holders. It matters not that the official may be a heavy stockholder himself, he is always the gainer by a rise in his wages, the stockholders the losers. Of course this would not mean in any sense that this highly paid official of a corporation would be a desirable acquisition to either an industrial or political organization of the wage working class. He, like every other worker who is paid for his efficiency in extracting toil from others, from section boss to president of a railroad, is by the very nature of his occupation dangerous to any movement of the wage workers.

There is not a rule which applies in any labor organization on the industrial field that will not apply equally well on the political field. A socialist organization that will stand the test of time must be simply the reverse side of the industrial movement. To-day the American Socialist movement is the reverse side of the American labor movement. Every mistake which has ever been made in the American labor movement on the industrial field finds its counterpart in the political organization of the Socialist Party. Much of the trouble in the different unions belonging to the American Federation of Labor finds its inception in the attempt of a labor organization to fuse the interests of two opposing classes.

I wish to call attention to two cases in particular.

The Journeymen Barbers take into their organization not only journeymen barbers as the name would imply, but also all barbers who are shop owners but who employ no journeymen, in other words, to use the old stock phrase of many socialists, men who exploit no one but are themselves exploited by the system. What is the result? A union will be composed we will say of two hundred men, seventy-five will be owners and partners in small shops, seventy-five will work in small shops, and fifty will work for say five big shop owners. Now as a matter of fact this kind of a union will immediately become concerned in something which is of no concern to the journeymen, and that is prices charged in the shop. The journeyman is concerned only with the questions relating to hours and wages or the degree of intensity or speed at which he must work, but the seventy-five owners of small shops are concerned in the question of keeping prices high. Times get hard and the big shop owner desires to cut prices, but the small shop owner objects. The union is now called upon to go into a foreign war to protect the small capitalist barber from his larger competitor. The seventy-five men running shops vote to declare a strike against the big shop owners who wish to crush them, the seventy-five men

working in smaller shops divide evenly according to the temperament of the men, and thus the fifty journeymen who did not desire to strike and who had no grievance are forced out by these small shop owners who have everything to gain and nothing to lose in the strike—and another union is wrecked.

Again in the painters. Small contractors, men that take contracts to paint cottages, rooms, small stores, etc., and who when they have no contracts work for wages—in painters' terms they are called pot-jugglers—these men are allowed in the labor unions. The result is that these men are always in favor of a strike, it matters not whether there is any chance to win or not, in case of a strike they might get a chance to get a small contract themselves, they have everything to gain and nothing to lose. In all these cases the men of another class hold the balance of power in the council chambers and the labor unions must recognize this fact, must put a stop to this intermingling of two classes in one organization, before they can do any more effective work.

Now the Socialist Party must be, if its name is not to belie its character, nothing more and nothing less than a political party to carry this class war from the economic to the political field.

It is nonsense to pretend that two sets of men whose hands are raised with daggers to plunge in each others breasts on the economic field can ever unite and join hands at a love feast in a political organization. It matters not that the system compels men to act as they do, no set of men will join hands with and carry a card in the same political organization with men whom they must fight on the economic field.

Who are the Revolutionists? What is the proletariat? Why has the skilled mechanic so long ignored the unskilled worker?

To some a revolutionist is a nonconformist doctor, lawyer, preacher or a millionaire, or a woman with radical ideas on the sex question, to others it is a man with a dirty shirt without a desire to have it washed or a man who went on a strike against unjust conditions ten years ago and who has been on a perpetual strike ever since.

For a long while I have been seeking for the real revolutionary element in society and I believe I have found it. When these words, "Working men of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains, you have a world to gain," when these words were written they meant something.

As a class the farmer is not revolutionary; this can not be

denied, he is a perpetual reformer. The fact that large numbers of them are at present in the socialist party in the last analysis will have nothing to do with the question and will not alter their status or actions as a class. It may be that it will prove in the end to be a bad thing for the Socialist party. The skilled tradesman, it is a notorious fact, has always been rankly conservative. There must be a reason for this and there is. The skilled tradesman is not a proletarian. He has an interest to conserve, he has that additional skill for which he receives compensation in addition to his ordinary labor power.

A proletarian according to Marx in the Manifesto is a common unskilled worker. The position of Marx and of Engels is clearly defined in their Manifesto. In part they say, "Of all the classes that stand face to face with the bourgeoisie to-day, the proletariat alone is the really revolutionary class. The other classes decay and finally disappear in the face of modern industry; the proletariat is its special and essential product."

Following this comes a paragraph which more clearly defines by elimination, the proletariat. "The lower middle class, the small manufacturer, the shop keeper, the artisan, the peasant, all these fight against the bourgeoisie to save from extinction their existence as fractions of the middle class. They are therefore not revolutionary but conservative. Nay more, they are reactionary for they try to roll back the wheel of history."

Again in reference to the farmers in "Capital" Vol. I, page 815, Kerr Edition, in the chapter "Genesis of the Capitalist Farmer", Marx clearly sets forth his theory of even the farmer on rented ground, the tenant farmer. He says in part, "This form quickly disappears in England, to give place to the farmer proper, who makes his own capital breed by employing wage laborers, and pays part of the surplus product in money or in kind to the landlord as rent."

The artisan is nothing but the skilled tradesman of to-day, skilled laborer is simply an Americanized term for them, in England they are still artisans and the peasant is the small farmer of these United States who hires no one and consequently exploits no one save perhaps his wife and children, and this could hardly be called exploitation in that in general the product of the family toil is family property.

Skilled labor is nothing but common labor refined. Common labor power can be produced at a minimum of cost. Then some one must advance an additional sum above that cost to

refine that labor while the mechanic is learning the trade. Capital you might say is advanced to teach that common laborer a trade, and after becoming skillful and efficient in that line, this specialized worker gets back in addition to his pay as a common laborer the amount advanced to make of him a skilled mechanic. That extra amount he can use in any way that capital can be used. He can use it to buy a home, to wear better clothes, to eat better food, to educate his children better and to bring them up as skilled tradesmen in some line or another of the same degree of skill as he himself possesses.

But now a new factor has to be considered. A machine is invented which entirely does away with the demand for his particular kind of skill. When this occurs he drops back to the level of the unskilled worker. He is confronted with the same problem that confronts a man who has a lumber yard stocked with dressed lumber. There has been considerable capital used to convert rough lumber into finished. We will say the demand for finished lumber was eliminated, the demand for rough lumber increased. It makes no difference how much it cost to finish that lumber, what was spent in finishing it was wasted, it is now worth no more than the rough lumber, in fact it may be worth less on account of the waste in finishing it. The same with the skilled tradesman—he may be worth less than if he had never learned a trade—he may have acquired certain habits and modes of working that were harmful to him in doing simple labor.

So it has been that until the last few years the skilled tradesman, as organized in the American Labor movement, has paid but little heed to the conditions under which the unskilled laborer lived and toiled.

But one by one with but few exceptions the skilled tradesmen were coming in contact with machine production. One skilled tradesman was put to work with two or three men or boys, he doing the skilled part of the work, the boys and unskilled workers doing the rougher work. The skilled tradesman then started enforcing the closed shop rules and limiting the number of apprentices. This was met by the instituting of trades schools, of converting the Y. M. C. A. into a manual training school, giving simple laborers a theoretical and superficial training in many of the skilled trades, while at the same time giving them a moral training which would have a tendency to make of them advocates of the open shop. And now in the last few years, still further to break down the barriers the skilled tradesmen had erected, the capitalist public school is gradually replacing the old course of learning, the

Three R's, by the new Three P's, Plastering, Plumbing and Painting, and a lot of others, too numerous to mention.

The public school system in the last few years has entirely changed in character, while the children of the bourgeoisie in increasing numbers depend for an education on private schools.

In the city of Portland, Oregon, in the last year, in the center of a working class district, the biggest school in that part of the city has been turned over completely into a manual training school. Here no pretense of education is maintained, other than an education in the different trades, and the lack of being able to read or write does not disqualify a child from being a member of any class.

And although this school was in an overcrowded district, no grammar school was built to take its place.

Now where are we drifting? Just this.

A few decades ago practically every wage worker was a mechanic. The plumber dug his own trench. Even the farm laborer was a mechanic. He learned all the branches of diversified farming. In time he married the farmer's daughter. But machine industry has invaded the farm. The farm laborer in most sections of the country is a proletarian. All he knows about farming can be learned in a few days. One set of these laborers is referred to as "skinners." They drive the horses and mules and do the plowing and drift on. They are followed in turn by harvest hands and fruit pickers—they drift on—where do they come from, where do they go to?—God knows.

The skilled tradesman is an ever decreasing quantity—the proletariat an ever increasing one.

The ratio—except in a few trades—between the amount paid skilled and unskilled laborers, constantly decreases. The tendency is toward a common wage.

In the last few years no strike of any magnitude has been won by a skilled trade. They had left the proletariat out. But unorganized though he was, homeless, propertyless and despised, his interests, his desires, his mind and ideas were becoming one. Spontaneously, unknowingly, without a flourish of trumpets he was becoming organized in spirit. His hatred of exploiters was a common hatred. What he lacked in organization he made up in numbers and in spirit, instinct if you insist, class consciousness, if you will allow it.

The tendency of the trades union is gradually toward that proletarian base. It makes no difference what any one likes or dislikes, they must come to it. Even in the talk which now pervades union circles for an industrial form of organiza-

tion there is yet lacking an understanding of what is necessary for the wage workers to cope sucessfully with their employers. The desire for an industrial form of organization in general is for the skilled trades in a given industry to consolidate. But the key to the situation lies not with the skilled trades but with the proletariat.

Just as the Indian with his bow and arrow had to give way before the Spanish with their powder and shot, so must the skilled tradesman retire from the arena and allow the proletarian, the product of the machine to take the stage.

This proletarian with all the strength he is mustering, is very little understood, the conservative unionist, the conservative socialist pass him by while he simply smiles at their childish self assurance and ignorance. He can bide his time. can lose nothing, no home, no family ties, no property—long, long ago he has lost these. He is as Marx described him, "The proletarian is without property; his relation to his wife and children has no longer anything in common with the bourgeois family relations; modern industrial labor, modern subjection to capital, the same in England as in France, in America as in Germany, has stripped him of every trace of National character. Law, morality, religion are to him so many bourgeois prejudices behind which lurk in ambush just as many bourgeois interests."

But the day is here whether it is recognized or not, that no strike on the economic field, no battle on the political field, can be won except through sheer force of numbers of this same unskilled, unrecognized wageworker, the proletariat.

As yet he has no labor organization, he has no political expression. But the tendency is more and more for the economic organization to fall into his hands, the political organization, the Socialist Party, to give way to his numbers. Then and then only will the real struggle begin in earnest. He will not compromise, he will not back up; he has no place to back to. Victory lies before him; misery behind.

The Socialist Party and the Labor Unions must either give way to, or take up arms against, "The man that thinks through his stomach."

Gradually, so slowly that no one noticed, like the storm clouds gathering in the distant skies, like the breaking of day or its fading away, this new factor in society has arisen seemingly from nowhere.

He has a language of his own, different from the accepted language of civilization, he is uncultured and uncouth in appearance, he has a code of morals and ethics as yet unrecog-

nized by society, he has a religion unpreached in orthodox and unorthodox churches, a religion of hate, he has a system of mutual self-help, a system bred from the needs and mode of living of himself and his companions in misery, he has an intelligence which passes the understanding of the intellectuals who are born, reared and living outside his sphere.

Like the instinct of the brute in the forest, his vision is clear and he is ever on the alert, his hearing is keen, his nature suspicious, his spirit is unconquerable. Like the lion in his den this brute king of civilization, caged behind the iron bars of capitalist laws, restrained only by the gleaming lines of bayonets of those "that know and dread his enmity", this king of civilization waits and watches at the fast corroding bars that imprison him. Soon he will launch his mighty weight against them and this prison will tumble like a house of cards. Undaunted by the array of capitalist laws, morals and rights, he will spring into his own. With one swoop he will tear away your puny intellectuality, your bogus respectibility and as master of all he surveys he will determine what is right and what wrong.

This is the proletarian. He has no shops, mills, mines, factories or farms. He has no profession, no trade and no property. He has no home—no country—no religion. He has little education, no manners and little care for what people think of him. His school has been the hard school of human experience. His cradle has been the cradle of want. But upon his shoulders rests the problem of freeing society. The chains that bind him bind all. From his brain must come the plan of the new order.

THOMAS SLADDEN

War and Peace Under Capitalism.

I.

War.



ENGLAND is still echoing the past summer's discussion of a possible or probable war with Germany. The discussion was precipitated by Mr. M. H. Hyndman, the veteran socialist leader; and his presentation of the German danger was ably supported by Mr. Robert Blatchford, editor of "The Clarion", and Mr. Harry Quelch, editor of "Justice". It was further enhanced by the rather brutal presentation of a like point of view to the House of Peers by Lord Cromer. The brunt of the question, however, fell upon Mr. Hyndman. He aroused the indignation of the British Liberals, whose obtuse hypocrisy he exposed to ridicule. But more especially, and most unfairly, was he attacked by the leaders and organs of the British Labor Party. It was through these Liberal and Labor Party misrepresentations that the reports of the discussion went into the American and European press; and upon these misrepresentations, have both socialist and capitalist editorials been written.

Now Mr. Hyndman is the farthest removed of any man from the jingoism of which he has been accused. He has been a life-long advocate of peace, and the most consistent and hated enemy of British imperialism. When others quibbled and compromised, he risked life and limb in opposing the Boer War. For a quarter of a century he has labored, with disastrous consequences to himself, for the freedom of India. No other man has so faithfully borne the banners of the oppressed peoples of the world in the face of the English ruling class. At all times, and through all lands, have the years of his life been spent in inciting the enslaved to manhood and revolt. Of all men, he is the last against whom the charge of jingoism should be brought. And this his opponents in the discussion perfectly well knew.

But Mr. Hyndman knows, as probably no man has known since Joseph Mazzini, what is taking place in the Cabinets of Europe; and the present Anglo-German war discussion is due to his effort to get International Socialism to face the European political fact. It is not because he wants war, but be-

cause he wants to avert war, that his warning has been sounded; it is because he would avert a war that might turn far backward the dial of the world's progress. And his warning is in strict accord with the economic interpretations of history. He is urgent with a knowledge which so few socialist leaders really seem to possess—the knowledge that the wheels of the world are increasingly turned by capitalist control, and in no wise regulated by professional presentations of moral sentiments, or by the idle resolutions of dilettante Peace Congresses.

Now the present dominant European fact, upon which Mr. Hyndman based his warning, is the economic necessity of political expansion on the part of Germay. Next to the United States, Germany has reached the highest stage of development in her productive machinery. The German population is also increasing more rapidly than that of any other nation of capitalist Europe; and, under capitalism, the growth of population means that labor's ability to buy the things it produces decreases in ratio to its increased power of production. Thus industrial Germany necessarily reaches out for new markets. It must possess itself of yet unexploited lands, and found colonies therein, in order to make place for its surplus goods and surplus workers. It must have free course with savage peoples in Africa, with yet unindustrialized peoples in Asia, and with the islands of the seas, that it may compel these populations to buy its products. Either the collapse of German capitalism, with ten million workers in the streets, and with the social revolution at the Kaiser's doors, or else German political expansion,—this is the logic, the sheer economic necessity, of German industrial development.

But it is England that bars Germany's way to possession of more of the earth. England either owns the earth that Germany wants, or controls the ocean highways and island outposts thereto. If the continued existence of capitalism is inevitable, then just so inevitable is the Anglo-German conflict for the possession of these highways, and the markets to which they lead. It is not a question of what Hyndman wants in England, or what Bebel wants in Germany, or of what the Peace Congresses resolve; it is a question of what the capitalist control finds necessary for its continued existence and increase. Nothing but the swift establishment of the cooperative commonwealth in Europe, predicated upon an immediate social revolution, could prevent the great war between Germany and England for possession of the remaining unpillaged lands and peoples. And there is not the slightest sign of the establishment of socialism, in either of the two

nations concerned, in time to avert the world-changing war. If the socialist movement were now fully aware of itself, if it were strong and alert through a mature and vivid international experience, it might hold the strifes of nations in abeyance until labor's triumph and order should end all war by removing its economic cause. But the psychological contradictions of capitalist society still endure in the movement that makes for the overthrow of that society. The socialist movement is not yet a living world-soul, inhabiting a well-informed and harmonious world-body. We have not yet entered the long-opened door of international command; we have not been trained to treat the world as a whole, and to seek the fulfillment of the interest and freedom of each individual, each distinct people, each human type, in this wholeness of view and purpose. International Socialism might speak, even today, the word that would prevail against its enemies. It might say, Let there be peace; and there would be peace. Yet we do but babble before our matchless opportunity.

But coming back to Germany, we may see her as a potent cause of wars apparently not her own. It is well known that the red imbecile ruler of the Russias might have resisted the grand ducal ruffians, and might have compromised with Japan, had it not been for the treacherous encouragement of the Kaiser. The first step in German expansion was the weakening of Russia on the east, and the bullying of France on the west, preparatory to the decisive conflict with England. From the same source springs the embroilment of the Balkans, with the aggressions of Austria and Bulgaria, at the moment when they serve to paralyze the hand of Young Turkey; for a free Turkey would prove an effectual barrier to the German commercial and political occupation of Asia Minor. Besides all that, the program of Young Turkey looks toward a common well-being of the Ottoman peoples, toward a progressively free federal organization, that exceeds anything that either Prussia or Russia desires in neighboring states. Some of the most effective leaders of the reform movement in Turkey, as well as in Persia and India, are intelligent revolutionary socialists, political revolution being but the first step in their program. Of this fact the Prussian and Russian spies keep their respective governments well informed. And though carefully concealing its real dread, European diplomacy is fearfully engaged in quenching the springs of freedom that break forth in the deserts of Oriental despotisms. And it is to the interest of capitalist Germany to restore and protect the crumbling despotisms of Asia and Africa, in order that its own economic despotism may be established in their shadow. To even such

measure of freedom as the English and French colonial systems supply are the interests of German capitalism utterly antagonistic.

But Mr. Hyndman's warning against German purposes was not that of the mere English patriot; his concern is infinitely vaster than that. What he dreads, more than all else, is the effect of German expansion upon the socialist movement. With the hand of the German giant upon European Capitols, the Prussianization of Europe and of nearer Asia quickly follows. And the Prussianization of civilization means its recession into practical barbarism, with the long postponement of the social revolution. Let us be under no illusions about the essential Prussian spirit; it is still the spirit of the savage, ruthless to the last degree; it is preeminently the spirit of capitalism in its culminating and most devastating stage. Compared with the dominant Prussian, the Turk is a kindly and heavenly-minded human animal. It is in Prussia, more than elsewhere in the so-called civilized world, that the peasants might envy the swine they tend; and there, rather than in primitive savagery, that the women are kept in the condition of mere breeding animals and beasts of burden. From the time when the Teutonic knight stole Prussia from the Poles, and spread massacre over eastern Europe in the name of Christ; from the time when the princes and barons made with Luther one of the blackest bargains of history, taking for themselves the comparatively happy lands of the Catholic Church in exchange for their support of Luther's religion—a bargain that put some eleven millions of German peasants beneath their ravaged and untilled earth at last; from the time when Bismarck, cynical, Satanic, and the prince of perjurers, changed Germany into Prussia, every Prussian advance has been destructive to all that is free or fine in the human spirit. The German Kaiser, braggart, brutal and cowardly, and the horrible monstrosities of modern German art, are revealing types of Prussianism. Let this Prussianism once gain the hegemony of Europe, and the result will be a barbarian renaissance, followed by an abysmal human decadence; and this, notwithstanding the present strength of German social democracy. Such is Mr. Hyndman's view of the matter; and it is a view which he does not hold alone. It is because he would prevent so overwhelming a catastrophe to what is worth preserving in civilization, that he has warned English socialists, and the socialists of all nations as well, to prepare against the present European fact. And his words become the more urgent, when it is known that he has good reason for believing that the English aristocracy would welcome a German invasion sooner than a social revolution at home.

Nor is it any answer to say that the German people do not want war with England, and that the English people do not want war with Germany. Up to the present moment, historic peoples have had precious little to do with the decisions to fight, or to make peace. We have only to rightly read our histories, as far back as their first dim conjectures go, to see how world-wars are continually recurring under some form of economic pressure; to see how wars are really fought for no other reason; and to see how wars will continue to waste the earth so long as economic control is private and not social. A study of the psychology of war, especially in the light of capitalist development, also shows how little the previous sentiments of a nation have to do with any particular military struggle. And the rulers of the world know that, in case of war, they may still discount the socialist movement, notwithstanding its latent power to compel international peace; they know that they may still count upon the old appeals to patriotism, and upon the hypnotism exercised by the possession of power. With the possible exception of Italy, the governments can still throw obedient armies against revolting workers. The governing class of Germany knows, just as certainly as the governing class of the United States knows, that the black magic of war, even in the worst possible cause, can still arouse a maudlin national feeling; can still make the people senseless and delirious. Upon this knowledge will the Kaiser and the Hamburg American Steamship Company act, should the psychological moment for war with England arrive. And not Bebel, with all his superb influence, nor the German socialist movement, with all its discipline and strength, could stay the German nation an hour, in the event of such a war.

The American people did not dream of empire, when the war with Spain began. Nor did they need to fight for the freedom of Cuba; it is well known that Spain would have granted our demands on Cuba's behalf. But the knowledge was concealed from the people, in order that the governing class might secretly precipitate its imperialistic program. We really went to war with Spain, in the first place, that the financiers who had preempted Cuba might come into unbridled possession of that beautiful and unhappy island; and, in the second and larger place, the war was planned in order that American capitalism might make the Philippine Islands the door in to the great market of China. Never was a war more inexcusable, or more disgusting and cowardly in all that pertains to it; and never did war bring swifter or deeper degradation to a nation. The best leaders of the republican party were opposed to it, and so was the body of the demo-

cratic party. Yet the capitalist will prevailed; the government played its trick with success; a foul and subsidized press inflamed the people; the preachers preached their loathsome blood-sermons; and the nation went to war. In a day, in the twinkling of an eye, a blood-drunken people parted from what was best in its past, from what was true or noble in its history. And now, wallowing in the hollow of Mr. Roosevelt's hypocritic hand, we have shaped our national ideals unto the glory of the brute. Besotted with the taste of Spanish blood, insanely acclaiming our historic bully as our national hero, we are eager for the war that shall hold the markets of China against all comers. Let our capitalist masters loose the leash whenever they will; we are ready to fly to the fight at their bidding, which we shall soon and certainly have, unless the social revolution come quickly. And we shall be ready to hang as traitors, and to stamp with infamy, such as have the hardihood to declare our national guilt; while the politicians again appeal to the black magic of patriotism, and the clergy again arouse the blood-hunger of the nation in the name of Christ.

The English people did not want war with the Boer republic; England's best men opposed it; Queen Victoria was practically coerced into giving the royal assent, and was broken-hearted thereafter until her death. But the alien owners of the Transvaal mines did want war; and to war the nation went. History affords no more infamous spectacle than that of the English people, supposedly of a higher order of intelligence than most other peoples, thus instantly turned into a sottish beast by the national hypnosis which a few mineowners were able to governmentally produce. And South Africa proved to be not only the grave of seventy-five thousand soldiers, and of England's military reputation; it seems to have been the grave, for awhile at least, of what was left of England's soul; for English times, since the Boer War, have been the times of rapid decay.

The Russian people did not want war with Japan; General Kuropatkin and the the two most powerful ministers of state, exhausted their resources in vain efforts to prevent it. But the grand ducal robbers, and finally the pitiable yet monstrous Czar, thought that war with Japan would perpetuate their economic control; and war they had, with what consequences of measureless evil we now know. They wanted war in order to protect their vast timber speculations in Corea, and the still vaster schemes of governmental graft that were based thereupon. What is it to them that probably a million men, most of them slain in the strength and flush of youth,

are now under the red sod? What is it to them that the dead knew not what they died for—that the nation knew not for what it fought! What is it to them that Russia now reeks with governmental rapine and murder, in order that the ghastly throne of the Czar and his criminal kinsmen be preserved! Nothing; no more to them are the wretchedness and ruin of the people now, nor the fruitless acres of the dead, than were the voices of Russia's prophets at the war's beginning. That the Russian people did not want war from the first, that Tolstoy and Gorky cried out against it, that even the national intelligent capitalist statesmen tried to prevent it, had nothing to do with the final decree. No more than had Queen Victoria, or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, or Mr. Hyndman and Edward Carpenter and Walter Crane, to do with England's war with the Boer republics; no more than had Senator Hoar and Edward Atkinson, or Mr. Bryan and his democratic party, or such of us as raised our poor voices of protest in college rooms and public halls, to do with the advent of American imperialism. In each case, the decision issued from the seat of economic control; which in Russia was the throne of the imperial family; which in England was the will of the owners of the Transvaal mines; which in America was the interest of speculative financiers.

Then we must keep in mind that it is not only new markets that are necessary to capitalism; the first and fundamental necessity, in these days of labor's awakening, is the suppression of domestic revolt, and the diversion of attention from social inquiry. A great foreign war is each capitalist nation's reserved defence against socialism. The German governing class waits only for a war that shall cheat and command the national feeling; that shall arouse the old illusion of the Fatherland. The German Kaiser, who is esentially a commercial drummer in medieval masquerade, and his financial associates, know very well that the idea of the Fatherland will not for a long time be subjected to close analysis or clear exposure. They have sufficiently tested the socialist leaders upon this point, and know that they have little to fear from Social Democracy, in case of a plausible foreign war. They know that, let the right pretext and moment arrive with an officially prepared sense of national danger inspired among the people, and the social revolution may be turned backward. So capitalist America is quite aware of the disgrace and difficulty that would attach to a socialist propaganda, in case of war with Japan, or with Japan and her English allies, for the ostensible freedom of China; and American socialism must be prepared to face just such a disgrace and difficulty;

for this socialist reversal, as well as the market of China, is in the capitalist mind. An American financier once remarked in my presence that he and his kind, as a last resort, could invoke a German occupation of New York against a general strike or a socialist revolution. And I heard an English duke quoted as saying, during the past summer, that his class would prefer defeat and government at the hands of Germany to socialism at the hands of English workingmen. Whether or no the duke be correctly quoted, of this we may be sure: that the possessing class of each nation, if it comes to the choice, will prefer foreign rule to dispossession at the hands of a socialist industrial administration. Grotesque and horrible as it seems, not at all impossible is a situation in which a tacit understanding for mutual preservation might exist between the possessors of two nations, say England and Germany, while the armed workers, numbered by millions, were marching and battling for their own extinction—the blind suicide of the proletaire revolution.

But there is a greater danger to socialism than foreign wars, or the suppression of domestic revolt. Not the revolutions against which the capitalist power will openly arm itself—not these need we fear; but rather the proletaire revolutions which the capitalist himself will insidiously create—these are our danger, and these should be our dread; and against these, seducing the socialist movement to self-destruction should the socialist and the worker watch. It is Victor Berger who has lately said that "a second French Revolution is just what we do not want". And never did a socialist speak more wisely. Well does he state our purpose to be the gradual conquest of political power, with the progressive amelioration of the working-class, and the education of the whole nation, in the theory and practice of socialism. But all this is exactly what the capitalist does not want; and what he will exhaust his last resource in preventing. Perhaps I may be pardoned in this connection, since it is the first time I have ever quoted myself, for repeating some words which I addressed to an audience in Faneuil Hall on the occasion of the celebration of the Paris Commune, March 21, 1903: "I have reason to say that it is already a settled capitalist purpose and tactic, in case it should become evident that socialism is about to conquer political power through the suffrage of American voters, to precipitate a revolution of force on the part of labor before the socialist movement is strong or wise enough to take care of it. It is the capitalist who would like to have us try to win the day with guns and bricks in our hands, rather than with intelligence in our heads

and comradeship in our hearts. And whoever counsels violence in these days may be safely set down as a conscious or unconscious emissary of capitalism, a conscious or unconscious traitor to the socialist movement. We must be wise enough, and have faith enough in our cause, to refuse to let those who would destroy us appoint the hour and manner of the decisive conflict. We must be sane and brave enough not to accept our appointments for battle from capitalist hands. We must be bold and true enough to refuse to be governed by the irritations that are meant to drive us to premature revolt. It is one of the marks of greatness to know how to bide one's time —greatness in a cause, or greatness in an individual. And it is the mark of one's faith in his cause, or of a cause's faith in itself, that the man or the cause know how to wait until the clock strikes the hour for finality of action".

The capitalist necessity for war is something that escapes adequate presentation, even in the attitudes and actions of socialist leaders. One of the evidences of this is the article of Jean Jaures on "Socialism and International Arbitration", in the August number of "The North American Review". Even the old-school political economist would not have written so ignorantly and foolishly about the sources of war; nor would the pietistic preacher have presented a more thoughtless or sentimental cure. Hague Congresses may afford a new amusement for the idle rich; they may provide a rather sportive veil for the cynical and naked hypocrisy of existing governments. But it is silly to suppose that they have anything to do with the world's war or peace.

Socialism is the only preventative of war. Without regard to their previous sentiments or principles, and without regard to their well-being, just so long as capitalism endures, the peoples will go to war when and where the capitalist sends them. Wars will be fought whenever any center of economic control finds war necessary for its preservation or expansion. The peoples will be stupid enough to fight for masters, and to die for masters, just so long as they are stupid enough to have masters. Men will pour out their lives in senseless battles, pour them out unto the brute's death, just so long as men labor in the exploiter's mill or mine. The world will lack the sense and strength to forbid war, and will know nothing of true peace, until it is rounded with the social revolution, and made an altogether new creation, fashioned for the fellowship of man.

II.

Peace.

But peace, no less than war, is a capitalist arrangement. As war is declared, so peace is proclaimed, according to the convenience of the dominant economic interest. And as capitalism develops intensively, interest grappling with interest for final control over the whole industrial arena, the more will the peace of the world be imperiled, and with it the economic security and spiritual repose of the individual. The armaments of the nation will increase with the increase of capitalism, for which war and present institutions endure. In these frankly financial times, the capitalist nature of our institutions is obvious and brazen; there is less and less attempt at concealment. We see that the rulers of the world are but rulers in name; the real rulers sit in the seats of the money-changers. The ambassadors of nations, the kings and the presidents, are butlers and footmen to the great bankers: they are lackeys who must henceforth wear their livery in the face of the world. The old diplomatic appearances are kept up; but it is the diplomat, not the capitalist, who thinks to save his face. The diplomat is a fool; but no fool is his capitalist master. Great Britain's King may be paraded as the peace-maker of his day, as the first gentleman of Europe, and as the presiding prince of international politics. But the great financiers, whose messenger King Edward notoriously is, discount the imposture in advance. Nor is their laughter among themselves confined to their sleeves; it is loud upon the monied streets of London and Paris. That the recent meeting of King and Czar at Reval was a bankers' arrangement is well known; and equally well known is the fact of the King's reluctance. The british government was compelled to send the King, and the King was compelled to go, by a will more sovereign than that of kings or cabinets—the will of the dominant economic interest.

There is no better illustration than the sudden end of the war between Russia and Japan. When Theodore Roosevelt received the Nobel Prize, he was doubtless unconscious that he was being rewarded for a supreme example of diplomatic treachery; nor did the givers of the prize know the thing they were rewarding. But the Portsmouth Treaty was due to no desire for peace as such; it sprang not from the stricken hearts of rulers, seeking to close the scenes of death upon Manchurian battle-fields. The real international concern, and all the sudden grief of governments, was the menaced money of the money-lenders. The value of Russian bonds, and the

collection of their accruing interest, depended upon the stability of the throne of the Czars. Let the Russian Revolution succeed, and not the Russian bonds alone might become worthless; in the revolutionary overflow from Russia, there was danger to all capitalist Europe. There was the possible exposure, too, of the whole system of national indebtedness—the very holy of holies of modern finance. It is by this system, so long and carefully developed, that the money-lenders most subtly and surely appropriate the labor-produce of the world, making even the captains of industry to serve them. A crisis in this international finance was at hand, fateful and far-reaching beyond anything yet realized by the public understanding; the world's owners knew, but not the world's workers. By this time also, Russia had been weakened enough to suit the purposes of Germany; and enough to subtract from England's imperial apprehensions the Russian menace to her Asiatic possessions. So when the great bankers said that peace must be, the governments of Europe were ready to bring it about: to this end the diplomatic machinery was set going; and finding a fit vehicle in the vanity of Theodore Roosevelt, through him the royal servants of the bankers betrayed Japan, and made peace between Japan and Russia. But it is only the ignorant who imagine that the war was ended through the pity of rulers for the Russian and Japanese peasants, by whom the killing and the dying were done; it was ended through the capitalist need of the throne of the Russias, and the other thrones endangered by its danger. The Peace of Portsmouth was made to save the money of Europe, and to prevent or to postpone an international capitalist catastrophe.

Commercial America, let it be said in this connection, was becoming eager for peace as well. Across her capitalist perspective loomed the menace of a greater Japan, balking the exploitation of Asia. That Japan should be cheated into paying for the war which Russia had forced upon her; that the defence of her national being should be made costly to herself; that she should be weakened by the victory she had won; that it should be made difficult for her to stand between the capitalist west and the markets of China; this was the desire of the nations of Europe, and the deed of the United States of America. And Japan's subsequent industrial and military expansion, even when occupied with self-recovery, is the problem and the wrath of the older capitalist world.

The Peace of Portsmouth is the pivot of the present and future history of the world. It was not only the first successful deflection of the international social revolution; it was the beginning of a new tragedy of the nations, moving toward a

universal catastrophe—a catastrophe that might have been avoided, had the socialist movement spoken the word it had power to speak. And when its truthful history comes to be written, this same peace will be read as one of the three or four most infamous bargains ever made by diplomacy—even though diplomacy is but the science of treachery. Whether Mr. Roosevelt knew or not, the rulers of Europe knew well what they did at the time; the blow at socialism was struck secretly, but it was surely aimed. And the Portsmouth Peace was the blow—the key to capitalist diplomacy for a generation. It prevented the immediate collapse of Russian despotism, releasing the hands of the Czar to deal imprisonment, exile, torture and murder to his beloved subjects. It fastened the grip of the money-lender upon the nations. It gave longer life to European capitalism, by saving the throne upon which that capitalism depends for its policing. It moved America to make military and industrial preparations for the commercial conquest of China, and for the practical control of Chinese government. It delayed the Asiatic renaissance—India for the people of India, China for the Chinese, Burmah for the Burmese, Afghanistan for the Afghans, Persia for the Persians; which renaissance, flowing westward, must give Egypt to the Egyptians, Morocco to the Moors, Africa to the Africans, and the world to its workers. The new birth of Asia, with the power to protect itself from an alien industrialism, means the collapse of the capitalist society, and the social revolution throughout the western world. This the capitalist knows better than the socialist; and it was to prevent or to postpone this that the Peace of Portsmouth was proclaimed.

If I have said less of peace than of war, it is because I am discussing national conditions as they exist under capitalism. Indeed, in the state in which mankind now finds itself, the talk of peace is an impertinence. Our whole system of life and labor, with all that we call civilization, is based on nothing else than war. It is a war which the teachers are cunning to conceal; yet it is the woof and warp of the world's social pattern. It is the war between the class that labors and the class that appropriates what that labor produces. It is a war so terrible, so full of death, that its blood is upon every human hand, upon every loaf of bread, and upon every human institution. Capitalist society is but the organization of this one human fight—this one universal and comprehensive contradiction. And it is only folly, or worse falsehood, that prates of peace in such a society. There can be nothing but war in a human system carried on by workers beneath and possessors

above; nothing but war in an order wherein the whole emphasis of government, of social security, of public morality, of individual worth, is laid upon the possession of things produced rather than upon the human producers. Such a state of things is not social at all, and there is no order in it. Our social order is but the anarchy of the jungle—the sign that man is not yet human, not yet evolved from the beast. There can be no peace, not the first basis for peace to build upon, until there is but one class in the world, one mode of progress, and one human worth—the class, the progress, the worth, that associates all men as common workers, to whom all leisure, all culture, all beauty and immortality belong. Then shall prevail, when this one social earth has come to be, and not till then, the peace of good-will among men.

GEORGE D. HERRON, Florence, Italy.

THE BATTLE IS ON.

Awake! Look around you! Listen! The battle is on! Would you sleep
While the march of the people is shaking old earth to its deepest deep?

Never before was a battle like this on land or sea,
On one side gold and the lust of power, on the other the will to be free.

Free from the fear of hunger, from cringing for charity's doles,
Free from the fear of worldly scorn, from having to sell our souls.

For man has at last awakened from ages of hypnotic sleep,
Already the army is moving, embracing the world in its sweep.

Not nation arrayed against nation, nor race against race in blind strife,
But the few that have harnessed the millions 'gainst those millions grown conscious of life.

Hark to the song of the battle, 'tis a paean of joy in the strife,
'Tis a song of the dawn of to-morrow, not the music of death but of life.

From an Unknown Contributor.

The New Zealand Myth.



HAT genial and kindly romantic philosopher, the Honorable Edward Tregear, Secretary for Labor of New Zealand, with undaunted courage comes once again, in the September "Arena", to the defence of the much vaunted Compulsory Arbitration Act. But his eulogy is really a swan-song. He has been personally identified with the New Zealand Government for eighteen years, and he has sincerely hoped (even when he was unable to believe) that New Zealand was blazing for the rest of the world a short and easy trail to the Co-operative Commonwealth, so that he would have to be more than human to admit at once the failure of the Arbitration Act, as that act is the keystone of the New Zealand reform edifice.

It has been so often asserted that New Zealand was the "Paradise of Labor", that it was so because the working-class of New Zealand had gone into politics and won control of the government, that New Zealand had by her Compulsory Arbitration Act abolished strikes and pointed out to the rest of the nations the peaceful method of harmonizing the relations of Capital and Labor, that many American reformers and socialists credit this myth as fully as their grandmothers believed in the account of the creation given in the book of Genesis. Being kindhearted, it has always pained me to puncture this pleasing delusion, but occasionally I steel my heart and do so, and am afterward able to salve my conscience by the pleasing reflection that no one has paid the slightest attention to me and that the New Zealand myth still flourishes with unabated vigor.

The lance with which I was wont to pierce this bubble had grown rusty through disuse but after reading Mr. Tregear's brave little lyric in the "Arena" I began to polish it up again, but before I had it ready for use the socialistic postal department of Mr. Roosevelt's government brought me a request from Comrade Kerr for six pages on New Zealand. It is a large order but as every day these days is bringing a hundred or more new optimistic and idealistic readers to the REVIEW, it may be my duty to put lance to shoulder once again.

What are the facts about New Zealand?

First, and most emphatically, it is a Paradise. This is due, it may be in part to law, but far more largely to the Counter-Trade Winds which sweeping from Cape Horn and the South Pole unimpeded and unobstructed to the West Coasts of New Zealand, give it the most reliably abundant rainfall of any land located in the temperate zone. There is no cold weather that an American born North of Mason & Dixon's line would dignify by the name of Winter. Except in the far South ice more than an eighth of an inch thick is as much of a rarity as hen's teeth. Grass, and such rank green, GREEN, grass as Americans never even dreamt of, furnishes abundant pasture ten months of the year, and while it scarcely grows the other two, it remains green and furnishes feed enough to keep stock from going back in condition. It would require mighty skillful legislation to make such a country any thing but prosperous. I doubt, if Bryan and Roosevelt together would be able to do it.

The Working Class in politics? They've never been in politics in New Zealand except as a sort of tail to the kite of the Liberal Party. The role that Gompers and John Mitchell have been playing toward Bryan and the Democratic Party in this campaign is precisely the role that the few union men in politics in New Zealand have played toward the late Richard Seddon and the Liberal Party.

The reform legislation of New Zealand sprang from the brains of students and dreamers, and the working-class as such have had very little to do with its birth or development. Though, for the decade of good times from 1891 to 1901 they aided in keeping it on the statute books by giving their votes to the Seddon government—a government in which they never had an influential voice.

The author of the Arbitration Act was the idealist scholar, the Honorable William Pember Reeves. Mr. Reeves is a gentleman of great cultivation and a poet of signal distinction. He longed for industrial peace and knew nothing of the Class Struggle. The New Zealand Compulsory Arbitration Act is the natural result.

It is based on the double fallacy, first, that there is or can be such a thing as an impartial State dwelling far removed from the petty sordid disputes of poor humanity in a realm of abstract Justice. Such a State is a sort of spiritual first cousin of the anthropomorphic God of the Christians. Men and women living under a fully developed capitalistic factory system find it difficult to retain unimpaired their faith in either. The second half of Mr. Reeves' fallacy is the belief in the existence of a third party to industrial disputes in the

shape of "a disinterested public". When the whole colony of New Zealand had less manufacturing than the single city of Dayton, Ohio (as was the case till very recently) the farmers and sheep-run owners approached impartiality as between the few manufacturers and their employees, but they only approached it, they did not attain it; for I well remember a sheep-run owner complaining to me that since they had started a flax-mill in his neighborhood he could not get station-hands at "reasonable wages". He was typical of the "disinterested public" even in favored New Zealand, and he was very keenly alive to the fact that low wages were to his interest. But he and his kind have always controlled the New Zealand government which has named and paid the Judges charged with the administration of the Compulsory Arbitration Act. Such a tribunal could always be relied on not to raise wages "unduly" from the standpoint of the employing class. But in a country like the United States where Capitalism has reached its full development it is pernicious nonsense to talk of "a disinterested public". In the words of our dear boys, "there aint none". Here it is absolutely true that no man can serve God and Mammon. The percentage of our population who are not interested on the one side or the other in every important industrial dispute is so small as to be negligible.

Organized States having their characteristic powers to make mandatory laws and to levy taxes, only arose and grew and developed with the emergence and growth of class divisions, and every state of which we have any historical knowledge has been a tool in the hands of the ruling class. Political sovereignty has always tended to follow economic revenue. Those who have the goods are sure in case of need to seize the powers of government to protect themselves in the enjoyment of the goods. Therefore for the working-class, before they have captured the powers of government, to agree to submit disputes over wages and hours of labor to the arbitrament of a Court is simply equivalent to an unconditional surrender. So long as the working class allow their masters to control the government, no scheme of reform can avail them anything.

The chief function of government in capitalist countries is to keep the workers quiet while the masters extract surplus-value from them.

Once upon a time there were two little boys named Johnnie and Robbie. Johnnie was the elder and was a husky little brute. Robbie was a good little boy and worked hard raising chickens. He sold eggs and bought candy. One day Johnnie thought he would like some of Robbie's candy, so he

grabbed the hammer and attacked Robbie and transferred the candy to his own pockets and stomach. Soon their mother heard her dear Johnnie's voice uplifted, "Mother, come here and make Robbie stop crying: every time I hit him in the head with the hammer, he hollers".

Here you have in miniature our whole modern society. Robbie is the Working Class. Johnnie is the capitalist class. The hammer is power of the State. The Mother telling Robbie to stop crying is the Church repeating its trite admonition to the workers "to be content in whatsoever station it has pleased God to place them". No arbitration or reform will do Robbie any good so long as Johnnie keeps the hammer in his own hands. Robbie's only hope is to get that hammer away from Johnnie. But in our modern society there are far more Robbies than there are Johnnies, and one's man vote counts just as much as another's. The day is drawing close when Robbie will take that hammer away from Johnnie. That will be a Social Revolution.

The reformer who tells the American workers that compulsory arbitration and reform *à la* New Zealand enacted by the La Follette Republicans or the Bryan Democrats can do them any good is entitled to just as much credit as would be the Johnnie of my modest little allegory were he to tell Robbie that if he would let him keep the hammer he would use it to make the grocer give him more money for his eggs.

That is exactly the substance of the plea that Roosevelt and Bryan and La Follette have been making for the last four years to the American working class and so far a majority of the workers have been fools enough to believe them, and accept their promise to use the hammer in the interest of the workers. The Socialists stand alone in proclaiming to the workers that they will never be freed from wage-slavery till they grab the hammer themselves.

To one who has well digested the philosophy back of our little parable nothing could be more delightfully naive than the following outburst of juvenile credulity and optimism (from Mr. Tregear's article in the September "Arena".)

"Let me recapitulate very briefly what compulsory arbitration stands for. Unfortunately, such repetition is sometimes necessary because as the new years appear and fresh generations of youths and scholars emerge from the schools and universities we ignore or forget the arguments considered weighty when an idea was first born into practical life. Compulsory arbitration meant the emergence of 'the third party', the community, into industrial existence. We, the general public, said to master and man, 'You shall no longer annoy

and ruin us with your continued petty strifes and disturbances. Your strikes and lockouts, your picketings and boycotts, your blacklisting and crippling of important industries affect the safety and prosperity of thousands besides those who are directly concerned. You shall take your quarrels as to wages and hours of work before an impartial court for settlement, and continue to work under the old conditions till the new are established. If our judges are competent to deal with millions of money in such matters as legacies, land transfers, salvage, etc.; if they can affect our most intimate domestic relations through probate and divorce; if they hold the safety of our lives and our property under the criminal law, then they are quite qualified to decide whether carpenters and brick-layers are entitled to get an increase of twenty-five cents a day on their wages or not. Anyway, we are not going to let you settle your disputes by club-law to our peril and annoyance. Our collective interest is greater than that of any individual and what that individual has to do is to obey'."

We have seen that even in favored New Zealand the Government which appoints and pays the judges is controlled by a class who are interested in preventing any "undue" rise in wages, but who are not directly interested in disputes between manufacturers and employees. Hence the Arbitration Court has been able to *approach* impartiality with the result that in good times when the tendency of wages was to rise, the Act has worked with comparatively little friction. But I cannot help feeling that Mr. Tregear allows his wishes to sway his judgment when he says, "The great majority of the workers are (I believe) still in favor of industrial arbitration." Certain it is that in 1902 or 1903 when we of the Socialist Party called a conference of the Trades Unions of the City of Wellington to consider the Arbitration Act and duly chosen representtatives of the bulk of the Unions attended, only two or three voices were raised in defence of the Act, and Mr. Tregear admits that the Act has lost in popularity since that time.

But even in good times the Court could do nothing when an employer dissatisfied with the award of the Court decided to shut down his works rather than comply. This was done by some furniture manufacturers in Auckland during my residence in the Colony. But in bad times the Court is even more helpless in the face of workers disappointed with the awards of the Court who decide to cease work, or, as we in America say, strike. This Mr. Tregear admits, and he describes in some detail two recent strikes, one of some slaughtermen and the other of some coal-miners, and in his description he unwittingly brings out one of the worst and

saddest results of the Act, namely that by accustoming the workers to rely on the paternalism of the Liberal Government it has almost completely undermined and destroyed the militant self-reliance of the working-class. When these strikes came there was no sense of working-class solidarity to support them. To quote Mr. Tregear, "In both these strikes the movement did not spread beyond the small body of persons locally interested. Others in the same trade or in other trades have only aided them by moral or financial support. The butchers of the colony did not strike in sympathy wtih the export slaughterers nor did the miners in any other coal-mine than the Blackball throw down their tools or leave their employment. Indeed from other and powerful unions came loud expressions of annoyance with the workers who chose to defy the Act, and these objectors passed resolutions of refusal to contribute to the support of the strikers."

It is evident that the Act has not fostered hammer-grabbing propensities in the New Zealand Robbie.

But there are cases in which the Court has not even approached impartiality. The chief of these is the case of the Union Shipping Company. This is a Scotch Corporation and is to the Government of New Zealand what the Standard Oil Company is to the Government of the United States. This company has almost a monopoly of the water transportation business in and about New Zealand, and there is no denying that its marvellously complete and adequate service has done much for the material development of the Colony, but there is no denying either that it is an oppressive monopoly, and maintains high passenger tariffs and low wages. But the dependence of the Colony upon the Company is so great that even the late Richard Seddon, the New Zealand Roosevelt, always handled the Company with gloved hands and kissed the blarney-stone before making any speech dealing with the Company or its affairs.

Let us see how the Arbitration Court has treated this Company. Mr. Tregear tells us that the complaint of the workers of the colony against the operation of the Act "culminated in a judgment of the court given two years ago in regard to the Federated Seamen. The sailors had asked the court again and again for the restoration of ten shillings a month per man which they had lost in 1891 after the great maritime strike which preceded our 'advanced legislation'. They contend that the evidence adduced fairly established the claim that the Union Shipping Company (our almost monopolistic but admirably effective coastal service) had lately made such profits that the sailors in its employment should in fair-

ness share to some small extent in the success of the shareholders. The President of the Arbitration Court in delivering his award declared that he found no direction in the Act as to the basis of wage-rates being dependent or contingent on the profits made by the employers, so refused the ten shillings advance."

This time the Arbitration Court was the hammer and Johnnie had a firm grip upon it. Such decisions will drive the working-class of New Zealand into politics, and Socialist politics at that.

So much for the Arbitration Act. Its consideration has revealed to us one of the great powers dominating the Government of New Zealand,—th Union Shipping Company. Had we space to consider the Public Works policy, the Advance to Settlers Act, and the policy of the Resumption of large landed estates to cut them up into small holdings for actual settlers we should soon se looming up, behind these, in many ways, beneficent policies the hooked nose of the Lombard Street money-lender, the other power behind the throne.

New Zealand has only been able to pursue these policies by continuous money-borrowing. In 1903 she owed 53,000,000 pounds sterling or about $250,000,000 with a population of about 750,000. This debt was growing at the rate of at least $5,000,000 a year. It is obvious that a Government so situated must consider how its every act will affect its credit in the money markets of the world.

The Compulsory Arbitration Act has attempted to make the working-class of New Zealand wholly dependent upon the creatures of a Government which cannot offend either the Union Shipping Company or the Jews of Lombard Street without committing suicide. The conditions for the satisfactory working of compulsory arbitration are far more favorable in New Zealand than they ever can be in the United States. What the working-class of America have to learn from the experience of New Zealand is that no legislative reforms can avail the working-class while the government is in the hands of the employing class. Robbie MUST take that hammer away from Johnnie, and he is going to do it SOON, and he is going to get a mighty lot of help from far-sighted members of the other classes who will soon be so numerous in the Socialist Party that penny-a-liners will cease to exploit the phrase "Parlor Socialist". If this be treason, make the most of it.

Robert Rives La Monte.

New Canaan, Conn.

The Political Organization of the Proletariat.



THERE is much popular confusion regarding the nature of political action and its relation to economic movements. This confusion is responsible for a deplorable waste of time and work in useless projects. A political critique is demanded by the needs of the proletarian movement.

Economic power and political power are one in substance. The economic power of an individual is not political power, but the organized economic power of a class is political power. Political power is organized economic power. Economic power is not a thing of air; it arises only from material things. The possession and control of the means of human subsistence is the source of all political power. Political power exists under no other conditions.

The capitalist class is vested with this possession and control of the means of subsistence. Every power exerted by the capitalist class is an emanation of this fundamental control of the means of subsistence. The means of subsistence is the lever of every capitalist power. A cursory analysis of every capitalist function will reveal this fact.

Political parties, congresses, courts, presidents and all other forms of political organization are subsidized agencies of the economic dominion of the capitalist. They are absolutely subservient to economic power. The voting power of the non-possessing class is a farce. The capitalists either nominate the political candidates or else buy them after election.

No class without economic power ever exerts any political power, and its political power is determined entirely by the form of its economic power.

That the political power of the capitalist arises entirely from his control of the means of production is proved by the fact that the capitalist loses his political power when he loses his control of the means of production. The function of the means of production in the form of capital is self-accumulation. In other words, the means of production appropriates the products of the working class in the form of means of production. Capital is the means of production in the process of accumulative consolidation. This concentrating

movement of the means of production is the economic movement of society. It makes, unmakes, forms, and reforms all social classes, political movements, etc., as the potter moulds the clay.

This concentrated movement of the means of production or capital is now vested in the hands of the capitalist class. It imparts to the capitalist its economic or political power. But note the movement of capital within its own class. As the means of production proceed in its concentrating movement, it withdraws itself from the hands of many capitalists and steadily concentrates itself in the hands of a decreasing group of capitalists.

What is the political potentiality of the expropriated small capitalist? It is nothing. His vote, his party and his political representation in congress and in the executive government are merely the decayed forms of paralyzed functions. The economic power of capital has withdrawn itself from these forms. But what of the great capitalists within whose hands capital is concentrating itself? This class is arrogating to itself all political powers and functions. It manipulates, recasts and overturns the political machinery according to its economic need. In his fight with organized labor, the capitalist has brazenly brushed aside congress and the president and has seized the judiciary as the most convenient instrument for his economic expression. Thus, capital, or the means of production in the process of concentration, reveals itself as the economic power of the capitalist and the motive power of political forms.

The essence of the economic power of the means of production is its command of the social labor power of the working class. The capitalist, because of his possession of the means of production, controls the social labor power of the working class. This control of the social labor power of the working class, or proletariat, is the source of all economic or political power.

If the capitalist should lose his control of the social labor power of the proletariat, he would lose his control of all government and every social power. If the proletariat, on the other hand, should acquire conscious control of its social labor power, it would control all government and every social power. Hence, the struggle of the proletariat is a struggle to obtain control of its own labor power. This is the political problem of the proletariat.

How is the proletariat to acquire the control of its own social labor power? By the conscious organization of its social labor power. With the conscious, organized control

of its own social labor power, the proletariat would assume all economic and social power. It would move as class. No movement would be made except as it willed. Industries would run or not as it directed. At this point the economic power of the capitalist would become a thing of the past. His power has vanished as if it had never existed.

The real question is, How to organize the social labor power of the proletariat? What is the social labor power of the proletariat? It is his capacity to operate the social means of production. The social labor power of the proletariat is engaged in operating the industries of societies in the mills and mines, etc. To organize this capacity is to organize the labor power of the proletariat. Hence, the social labor power of the proletariat is to be organized as the motive power of the social productive process. The organization must adapt itself to the industrial process. No artificial or arbitrary methods are possible. The method of organization is determined by the industrial process itself.

The economic or political power of the proletariat is found in the control of its social labor power, and the control of its social labor power is found in the organization of the industrial process. Hence, industrial organization is the political method and form of the proletariat. In industrial organization, the proletariat finds its economic and political power. It will find these powers nowhere else.

Every social class developes a political organization adapted to the expression of its economic power. When its economic power wanes, its political organiéation goes into decadence. The present political organizations are the decaying forms of the dying economic power of the capitalist. These political forms are in no way adapted to the growing economic power of the proletariat. The proletariat already has its political form in the process of development. The elements of that political form are the trade unions. The political power of the trade unions is dormant and potential, and will remain so until the trade unions re-organize into a general industrial class union. Then their economic power will find its full expression. In this form of organization, the labor power of each individual worker becomes subject to the will of the general organization. In other words, the general organization controls the labor power of society. The economic power of society passes into the hands of the industrial organization, and the capitalist no longer exists.

The Socialist parties are not political organizations of the proletariat. The spokesmen of these organizations re-

gard political or economic functions as independent functions. They speak of the Socialist parties as occupying the political field and the labor organizations the economic field. Two fields are two separate territories and the terms imply two separate capacities. A vague connection between political and economic functions seems to be implied, but the members of Socialist parties do not attempt to define the distinction or relation between political and economic functions. They come to a full stop right here, where the real problem presents itself.

These parties seem to believe that the class ownership of the means of production is merely a matter of legal title to property. They forget that the legal forms of the capitalist class are merely expressions of its economic power. The capitalist did not acquire any legal title to wealth until he acquired the economic power to establish that title. When he loses his economic power, he will lose his legal power. The proletariat will not acquire any legal title to the means of production until it has acquired the economic power to establish that title. When the proletariat has acquired the economic power to establish its claim upon the social means of production, the legal title of the capitalist will be void. Thus the class struggle gravitates everywhere to its economic base, and the economic base of the proletariat is its social labor power.

The political power of the proletariat is not independent of its economic power. The political field is not separated from the economic field. The political power of the proletariat, as of every class, is in its economic power. The so-called political field is enclosed within the economic field and the economic field of the proletariat is the industrial process.

The Socialist parties are essentially educational and propaganda organizations. As political organizations, they are imitations of the old capitalist political forms. The growing class consciousness of the proletariat has not yet developed its medium of political expression. Meanwhile, its awakened powers grope blindly within the old capitalist shell. As its economic powers develop, the necessary form of its political organization will shape itself within the consciousness of the proletariat. The capitalist process is organizing the social labor power of the proletariat. The growing organization of its social labor power will reflect itself in the proletarian consciousness as the form of its political power. When this consciousness becomes general the proletariat will seize political power by assuming conscious control of its industrial organization.

This political consciousness of the proletariat will be hastened by the pressure of capitalist exploitation. Capitalist expropriation of surplus values is exhausting the purchasing power of the world market. With the breaking down of the world market, the capitalist will disappear as the employer of the proletariat. Then the proletariat will be dependent upon its class action to continue the industrial process. At this point, the economic power of the proletariat will develop its full expression.

The dissolution of the capitalist form through the breaking down of the world market is impending. The general industrial organization of the proletariat is a rapidly growing necessity. Every power should be exerted along this line. A general conference of labor unions should be called for this purpose as soon as possible.

But in the midst of the social agony, with the cries of suffering men, women and children calling for help, we find Socialists entangled in an old capitalist political form, and the Socialist press silent regarding the necessary movement of the working class. Utopian "intellectuals" shout to heaven the evils of capitalist society, and thunder at the class tyranny of the capitalists.

But the great capitalist is performing a neseccary function for the proletariat. He is organizing the means of production for the use of the future industrial organization of the proletariat, while "political Socialists" are wandering among the crumbling walls of political ruins.

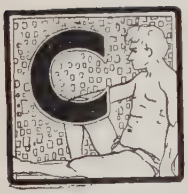
ALBERT E. AVERILL.

Rockland, Maine.

Practical Work in Parliament.

By Karl Kautsky.

I.



COMRADE MAURENBRECHER is reported to have said recently: "In parliament we wish to do practical work, to secure funds for social reforms,—so that step by step we may go on toward the transformation of our class government." It is probably through a mistake of the reporter that the securing of funds is made to appear the principal object of our "practical work." But what I wish to draw attention to is the fact that we "abstract" Socialists, we theorizers "cut off from reality," also wish to do practical work in parliament. But, unlike Comrade Maurenbrecher, we do not halt here; we can see beyond.

According to Comrade Maurenbrecher this practical work is the be-all and end-all of our political activity. To this we are always to limit ourselves, never go beyond it.

This would all be very nice, if we were alone in the world, if we could arrange our field of battle and our tactics to suit our taste. But we have to do with opponents who venture everything to prevent the triumph of the proletariat. Comrade Maurenbrecher will acknowledge, I suppose, that the victory of the proletariat will mean the end of capitalist exploitation. Does he expect the exploiters to look on good-naturedly while we take one position after another and make ready for their expropriation? If so, he lives under a mighty illusion. Imagine for a moment that our parliamentary activity were to assume forms which threatened supremacy of the bourgeoisie. What would happen? The bourgeoisie would try to put an end to parliamentary forms. In particular it would rather do away with the universal, direct and secret ballot that quietly capitulate to the poletariat.

So we are not given the choice as to whether we shall limit ourselves to a purely parliamentary struggle.

It is only by having an extra-parliamentary force to fall back on that the proletariat can make full use of its parlia-

mentary power. We can accomplish in legislative halls what can be accomplished there only on condition that we are ready to defend our right to representation. We must be prepared at any moment to fight for the ballot with all the means at our command.

Wherever the proletarian party is not resolved to do this, where it lives under the conviction that governments and ruling classes are unconquerable, there it is practically powerless. At any rate the possibility of its making use of parliamentary power depends entirely upon the will of the ruling classes. Under such circumstances the proletariat need never try to gain strength for a decisive conflict. Rather must it be content to purchase concessions through compromise; it must seek the good-will of the government, must try to get into a position where it can drive bargains with the bourgeois parties.

But economic development and the class-struggle are strangely careless of the needs of such parliamentarians. They may adopt a tone conciliatory as you please,—the class oppositions grow sharper every day and beget great conflicts which shatter all the calculations of pure-and-simple politicians. Nowhere can the proletariat accomplish anything worth while by the method of compromise. Wherever this method has been tried, as in France, it has had to be given up. Hard facts soon put an end to it. Nowhere has it been in operation without working harm to the proletariat. For nowhere can this be the policy of the whole working-class. Its lack of adaptation to actual economic conditions cannot be overcome. Only particular strata of workers, those who fancy themselves favored by local or craft conditions, are open to its illusions: the great mass must always remain in opposition.

Thus this policy of compromise leads always to a division of the proletariat, and so to a loss of power. This is clearly proved by party history outside of Germany. Only under the banner of the class-struggle, never under that of legislative bargaining, can the whole proletariat be united, can it finally succeed in unfolding its full power.

Moreover respect for the Social Democracy among the masses of the people must suffer under the pure-and-simple parliamentary method. This respect rests upon the courageous and unwavering opposition which we have offered from the beginning. Thus far the Social Democracy has been a rock upon which the violence of the opposition has been splintered. This has shown its power and its confidence; through this it has impressed the world; through this it has won the unfaltering trust of all the oppressed and exploited.

This impression will be lost if it becomes a party like all

the others, if it allows itself to be bought off from its attitude of uncompromising opposition like the Centrists and Liberals.* The respect for the government that could bring about such a change would increase; that felt for the Social Democracy would diminish.

Just recently, therefore, our party rejected this policy. This action was taken at the congress of Dresden, and in the very year when Maurenbrecher's National Socialism played out. The Dresden resolution contained the following passage: "The party condemns most emphatically the Revisionist attempts to alter our tried and triumphant policy. This policy has had for its basis the class-struggle and for its purpose the taking over of power through the overthrow of our enemy. We are opposed to putting in place of this a program of compromise with the existing order of things.

The result of such a change is easy to foresee; instead of a party striving for a rapid transformation of the existing bourgeois society into the Socialist republic we should have a party content with reforming bourgeois society."

This resolution was accepted by a vote of 288 to 11. It is clear that what has been called the position of a few "abstract theorists" is in reality that of the great majority of the party. But the policy which Comrade Maurenbrecher wishes to force upon us is the exact opposite of this; it is the discredited policy of the National Socialists, who wished to tempt the proletariat away from the class-struggle into the bogs of bargains and trade. It is the policy which proved the ruin of National Socialism and is now proving the ruin of the Liberal faction of the bloc. Nevertheless the attempt is now being made to force this policy upon us.

II.

His general conception of the problem of tactics Comrade Maurenbrecher illustrates by means of an explanation of the Bavarian vote in favor of the budget. This action, naturally, meets with his entire approval. He said: "What is a budget? A budget is a financial estimate for the fiscal period during which it is to be in effect. It includes a great variety of provisions and is voted upon item by item. Thereafter occurs the vote on the whole. Theoretically this final vote is, therefore, nothing but the sum of all the previous ones. Each party casts its sum, compares the points granted with those denied, and governs itself accordingly. As a matter of principle we object to the appropriations for army, navy and

*) Freisinnige.

colonies, likewise to the income drawn from indirect taxes. In the make-up of the imperial budget the items voted against by the Socialists outweigh the others; therefore we vote against the budget as a whole. But in Bavaria this time the matter stood quite differently. In this case even *Vorwaerts* could figure out only 15 millions among 600 which Socialists could not accept. Anyone who considers soberly the fact that the comrades had accepted more than five sixths in detail will conclude that they were forced to accept the budget as a whole. It is like the acceptance of a law: if the most essential paragraphs have been incorporated and finally a few objectionable ones appear among them, the law as a whole is nevertheless supported."

This conception of a budget is that of a calculating tradesman, not that of a militant stateman. It leaves entirely out of account one question, the fundamental one, which every statesman must ask himself: To whom am I granting the budget?

To grant the budget means to give the government the right to raise the taxes provided for; it means to put into the hands of the government the control of hundreds of millions of money, as well as thousands of people, laborers and office-holders, who are paid out of these millions.

Many believe that voting in favor of the budget means granting incomes to the employes of the state; and that refusing to do so is to expose this class to starvation. Nothing more false than this. The state employes are necessary to the operation of state machinery. A government inimical to the people, however, can easily be spared. It is not the state employes who would lose their bread through a refusal of the budget, but the government. The government would have to go, the employes would remain. Not against these latter is the policy of refusal directed, but against the government which exploits and oppresses them. The refusal of the budget is one of the means employed to bring about a system under which state employes performing useful labor would be far better off than now.

To represent the vote against the budget as directed against state employes has about as much justification as the complaints of our opponents that strikes are not directed against capitalists but against consumers; as if striking bakers raised the price of bread or striking masons that of houses.

This is something that many voters have not understood hitherto. In the last Reichstag election failure to understand it drove many into the camp of our opponents. But this is no reason why workers should refrain from striking, but only

a reason for enlightening the voters as to the actual state of affairs.

Thus the question as to the final vote on the budget depends on the sort of government and not on the sort of budget. Even in case the budget is unobjectionable to Socialists we must not grant it to a government inimical to the proletariat; for that would mean to put into its hands a tremendous power. Even the best means of education and civilization can in the hands of an unscrupulous government, be used to oppress the people. What, for example, can be more useful or necessary than public schools? But it is unsafe to give a penny for school purposes to a priest-ridden ministry that appoints none but clerical teachers and uses the schools for the systematic degradation of the children. Therefore the important matter is not the individual items of the budget, but the character of the government.

The final vote in the affirmative is in the nature of a vote of confidence. To grant the budget and explain at the same time that we lack confidence, is to exhibit a remarkable degree of political naiveté. It is the same as saying: I wouldn't trust you across the street, but I confide to you the expenditure of a couple of hundred millions a year.

Translated by William E. Bohn.



Socialist Unity in France. What shall be the attitude of the Socialist Party toward reforms? Shall it work through the ballot, through the labor unions, or in both ways? And shall it welcome or exclude those who are working for the social revolution but who oppose political action? These were the burning questions that enlivened the sessions of the fifth National Congress of the Socialist Party of France, held at Toulouse, October 15 to 18. Socialist unity was attained in France only a short time ago, and the declarations on these questions had not been explicit enough to prevent many opposing views as to the true attitude of the unified party. There was therefore a general feeling that it would be necessary eiher to come to some definite understanding or to separate again. Many of the local congresses had sent resolutions for adoption by the national congress. These were all referred to a committee, which found itself unable to agree in advance upon any proposition. It therefore designated two of its members, Tanger, representing the reformists, and Lafargue, who needs no introduction to readers of the Review, to open the discussion. We shall give our own translation from the reports in *l'Humanitè*, the Socialist daily at Paris, of some of the most interesting passages in the debate. In his opening speech Tanger said:

It certainly seems that two opposite conceptions of Revolution confront each other. Some regard it as an event which will come to pass one day; others regard it as an actual and continuous reality, accomplishing itself through all the acts and all the movements of the proletariat. For those who hold the former view, to prepare for the revolution means to group our forces for the day of battle, and current events are looked on from this sole view-point. They do not absolutely deny the conquests made from day to day, for that is impossible, but they disparage them and support them reluctantly. For the other, to prepare for the Revolution means to organize the workers for acting and living through the ceaseless phases of the fight against capitalist rule. This last view is that of the majority of this committee.... The Socialist Party is the party of the working class. To-day, to-morrow, always, the Party is nothing unless it can keep in contact with the workers, voicing at once their ideal of the future and their present needs.

Paul Lafargue, in presenting the minority report, said:

Parliament represents all the forces of government,—financial, police, military, judicial, used to oppress the working class; that is why we fight parliamentarism.... The whole system is incoherent and anarchical. When we send representatives to parliament it is to fight capitalism and to give the proletariat an admirable battle-field. Jaures, in *l'Humanité*, was scandalized when I said that the weekly rest-day, old age pensions and reforms of all sorts will not change class conditions. I say so again. In England these reforms, notably shorter hours of labor, were obtained long ago; they have not worked any change in the living conditions of English laborers.... We demand all reforms, but observe that reforms are proposed by capitalist representatives, they are the personal work of capitalist representatives. We say to the radical party which promises reforms and does not put them through that it is a lying, bankrupt party. But reformist work is not the principal work of our party, because it is not revolutionary work.

A prolonged discussion ensued, in which many delegates took part. The greatest difficulty in the way of a unanimous agreement was that some of the reformers demanded that those opposing political action be excluded from the Socialist Party, while some revolutionary unionists held that political action was useless. The speech of Lagardelle, the recognized spokesman of revolutionary unionism, was therefore awaited with intense interest. We quote a few of his sentences:

The aim of socialism is to free the shop from the authority of the employer, and society from the authority of the state.... There is more revolutionary intelligence, as Vaillant said this morning, in the mass of workers than in the whole Socialist Party.... What then is the function of the Party? It has a part to play like that of the other parties. There are many questions, as of political liberties, finance, colonies, foreign policies, immediate improvements in social legislation, on which it is obliged to say its word. But all these things go on outside the limits of purely socialist activity, and we should definitely state this.... Jaures conceives a new socialist program, a magnificent participation by the working class in the operation of all sorts of state enterprises, social reforms, and the management of capitalist property. The working class is to hold its share of stocks and bonds in private industries, and send its representatives into the directing boards of vast insurance companies, for example, to be organized by the state. This is the most formidable collaboration of classes, to be produced on the economic field, that was ever dreamed of. The class struggle with which he starts out becomes the intimate union of classes, with the proletarian organizations merged into mixed institutions, half-labor and half-employer or half-government.

In opposition to this anti-socialist conception of the Party's action, can we not oppose another, carrying over to the general field of society the new rules of action which arise from the practical experience of the unions? What is the principle to which unionism leads us? The free organization of labor by the laborers. Introduce this into the heart of the State, and you will have reduced its coercive power and disarmed its hostility. Have courage to fight the State, and to aid those of the working class employed in its enter-

prises, held in its power, to organize their revolt against it! I know that the tendency of modern society is, in proportion as the collective needs of social life develop, to extend the field of State monopolies and municipal ownership. We might at least maintain the right of workmen employed by the State to their independent organizations. The State has just bought the Western railway. Are you going to demand for the laborers of the Western absolute independence for their labor organization, as revolutoinary unionist ideas would require? or will you leave the laborers under the double authority of the State, political and economic? Or will you carry out the ideas of the reactionary trade unions, and propose a mixed commission to be composed of representatives of the laborers and of the State?.... But I have no illusions, I know these ideas will be resisted bitterly, and I affirm them here only for the principle of the thing. (Interruptions: "That is not socialism", and "This is certainly surprising".) Whatever your protests, I see no other possible activity for the Party that can rightly be called real and tangible socialism. And it is quite possible that your resistance to it will weaken..... For there is one power we can not resist, and that is Life.

At the conclusion of three days of debate, the whole subject was referred back to the committee, with instructions to agree on a resolution upon which all might unite. At first this seemed impossible, but mutual concessions were made, and (except that one reformer refrained from voting) the following resolutions were adopted unanimously.

The Socialist Party, Party of the working class and of the social revolution, aims at the conquest of political power for the emancipation of the workers by the destruction of the capitalist system and the abolition of classes.

With its never-ending propaganda it reminds the Proletariat that it will find safety and complete freedom only in a system of collectivism or communism; it carries this propaganda into all circles, to stir up everywhere the spirit of aggressive demand and of combat. It incites the working class to daily effort, constant action, for the improvement of its conditions of life, labor and struggle, for the conquest of new safeguards, new means of action,—precisely because it is a revolutionary party, precisely because it is not stopped in its incessant demands by any regard for the obsolete "rights" of capitalist property, large or small.

It is the party of the most essential, the most active reforms, the only party which can carry its efforts to the point of total reconstruction, the only one which can give to each of labor's demands its full effect, the only party which always can make each reform, each conquest, the starting-point and leverage for broader demands and bolder conquests. And when it points out to the working class, with the utility, the need, the benefit of each reform, also the limits imposed on it by the capitalist environment itself, it is not to discourage immediate effort at realizing reforms; it is to incite the workers to conquer new reforms, and keep them ever conscious, amidst their struggle for better conditions, of the need of total reconstruction, of the decisive transformation from capitalist property to collective property.

The way for this transformation is paved by the actual movement of events, by the evolution of the mode of capitalist production, by its extension to all parts of the world, by the accumulation and the

concentration of capital, by the progress of machinery and technique, putting at man's disposal forces of production capable of providing amply for all needs. These make possible the emancipation of the wage-working class by the re-conquest of all the means of production and exchange, which it now operates for the profit of a small minority, and which will then be collectively applied to the satisfaction of the wants of all.

Along with this movement of the forces of production, there must inevitably develop an immense effort toward the education and organization of the proletariat. In view of this the Socialist Party recognizes the prime importance of building up labor organizations (unions, co-operatives, etc.,) necessary elements in the transformation of society. For these combats, for these conquests, the Socialist Party employs all means of action, regulating their use by the deliberate will of a strongly organized proletariat.

The proletariat progresses and frees itself by its direct effort, by its direct, collective, organized action on the employing class and the government, and this direct action includes the general strike, employed to defend the threatened liberties of the workers, to enforce the great demands of labor, as well as every united effort of the organized proletariat in view of capitalist exploitation.

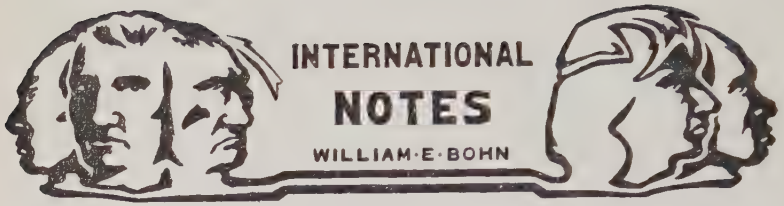
Like all exploited classes throughout history, the proletariat asserts its right of last resort to insurrectional force, but it distinguishes between vast collective movements which can arise only from a general and deeply-stirred feeling of the proletariat, and skirmishes in which a few laborers recklessly hurl themselves against the whole strength of the capitalist state.

It sets itself, with deliberate, constant effort, to the conquest of political power; it opposes to all capitalist parties, with their reactionary, vague or fragmentary programs, the full collectivist and communist affirmation and the ceaseless effort at liberation of the organized proletariat, and it regards it as one essential duty of its militants to work through the ballot, for the increase of the parliamentary and legislative strength of socialism.

We have printed these resolutions in full because we think they are full of valuable suggestions for American socialists. The conquest of political power is not an end in itself, but a means to the destruction of capitalism. The test of membership in the party should therefore turn on the desire to destroy capitalism rather than on an attachment to one particular weapon. To most of us at this day the ballot seems the most available method, and our comrades in France have recognized this, but they have not proscribed those who think differently.

Politics and the Proletariat. The article by Albert E. Averill in this issue of the Review is worth reading because it calls attention to industrial changes now in progress which have a vital relation to the socialist movement. But it is utopian in its unproved assumption that the proletarian revolt must take a certain predestined form, that of a labor organization of such completeness and complexity that it can take over the whole process of social production as soon as capitalism breaks down. The cold fact is that the industrial organizations of the working class to-day are for the most part reactionary,

aiming to maintain the present standard of living for skilled laborers rather than to abolish the wage system. The Industrial Workers of the World, after an imposing start and a checkered existence of three years, does not yet include all the laborers in any one important industry. The Socialist Labor Party, which has always antagonized the actual trade unions and tried to separate the socialists into little unions of their own, has dwindled into puny insignificance. The Socialist Party is the live revolutionary force in the United States. All of these facts tend to show that prophets and theorizers may go wrong by too undivided attention to one hobby. On one really important point involved in this discussion we need only refer our readers to the article by Comrade Adler in last month's Review. As long as the capitalists control the "means of death", they can and doubtless will crush out ruthlessly the first attempt on the part of labor organizations to operate the "means of life" for themselves instead of for the profit of the capitalists. The work of the Socialist Party is to get control of these "means of death" and use them to protect the evolving labor organizations in their peaceful work of reorganizing the machinery of production.



Meeting of the International Socialist Bureau. The International Socialist Bureau met in Brussels Oct. 10-12. The most important matter which presented itself for settlement was the request of the English Labor Party for representation in the international socialist congresses. This had been referred to the Bureau by the Congress of Stuttgart. For some time the Laborites have claimed the privilege of representation. They maintain that they are carrying on the class-struggle on the political field and that their organization is free from bourgeois alliance or influence. The discussion of this matter turned on a resolution presented by Kautsky: "In consideration of the resolutions of past International Congresses, accepting all the organizations which take up their stand upon the ground of the class-struggle and recognise the need of political action;

"The International Bureau declares that it admits the English Labor Party to the International Congresses, because without explicitly accepting the proletarian class-struggle, it is practically engaged in that struggle: because, thanks to its own organization, it is independent of the bourgeois parties and places itself in consequence on the ground of international Socialism."

Comrade Hyndman, representing the English Social Democratic Party, opposed this resolution vigorously. According to his representations the Laborites do not take their stand unequivocally on the class-struggle. As proof of this he showed that at Newcastle recently they entered into a campaign agreement with the Liberals. If the Laborites were admitted, he maintained, there would be no excuse for keeping out any labor organization, even Gompers' American Federation of Labor.

Kautsky answered by saying that though the program of the Labor Party is not as clear as might be desired, its actual campaign is on the basis of the class-struggle. Its understandings with the Liberals have not been of a nature that implied co-operation. The English Social Democrats are not justified in posing as representatives of the whole English revolutionary movement.

The Kautsky resolution was accepted by a large majority. No doubt this result will be welcomed by most American socialists. The members of the International Bureau were evidently in no mood for quibbling. Their action shows that the party is bent on avoiding a separation of the political from the industrial struggle. It shows that socialism is becoming more and more the political expression of the great, slow moving labor movement.

In connection with the sessions of the International Bureau there occurred also an international conference of socialist journal-

ists. This conference discussed in detail the possibility of establishing an international press agency. Cases in plenty were cited to show that socialist papers are at present not in a position to defend the movement against journalistic slander. It seems impossible at present to establish an adequate socialist press service, but the first step in that direction was taken. It was decided that the German socialist news agency, which has become extremely efficient, should gradually extend its activity till it covers the international field.

France. The situation of the French labor movement continues acute. I have already given some account of the war upon the *Coufederation General de Travail.* It will be remembered that just at present this war has taken the form of a bitter persecution of the workingmen captured at the massacre of Draveil. It seemed at the time of this "affaire" that Prime Minister Clemenceau was bent on breaking up the *Confederation.* Without any charge being preferred against them a large number of unionists were imprisoned. Conservative papers, especially the *Journal des Debats* and *Le Temps*, called loudly for parliamentary action outlawing the organization. So far the government has not acceded to their demands. Nevertheless it has gone on steadily with its persecution. Some of its prisoners it has been forced to liberate, but the most of them it is holding for trial. Their cases are being dragged out as long as possible. Apparently the ministry is afraid to bring the matter to a crisis. In view of this situation the recent congress of the Confederation was peculiarly significant. It met at Marseilles Oct. 8-10. In face of all the hue and cry this congress stood unmistakably for the proletarian revolution. The principel discussion concerned itself with the attitude of labor in the event of a declaration of war. The resolution finally adopted closed with the following words: "The congress repeats the cry of the International, 'The working-class has no country.'

"All war is an attack on the working-class, is nothing but an attempt to divert attention from its demands. The congress declares that, looking at the matter from the international point of view, it is necessary to instruct the workers, in case of war between the powers, to respond by declaring a general strike."

This resolution was accepted by a vote of 681 to 421. Those who opposed it were careful to explain that they, also, are antimilitarists. Their position in the matter is due to a doubt as to the practicability of the general strike. It was noticeable that this congress paid more attention to political affairs than its predecessors. French workingmen seem to be waking up to the fact that physical force has its limitations.

Australia. The rapid progress of the Australian labor movement gives evidence of itself in recent numbers of *The Worker* and *Barrier Truth.* In its number for August 5, the former journal published a straight-out revolutionary editorial. There was no mincing of matters. The Marxian theory of the class-struggle was explained as uncompromisingly as any socialist could desire.

On August 28, *Barrier Truth* published a new statement of principles adopted by the Barrier Labor Federation. This federation consists largely of miners and in the past it has often opposed the Barrier Socialist Group. Judged by its present statement of principles, however, it appears to be separated from International Socialism merely on some points of tactics. Of course an outsider is

liable to be deceived, but so far as one can see from its formal declaration it stands now for the same principles as the I. W. W.—except that it believes in direct political action. Its first principle is "That the objective of our union is to obtain for the workers the full fruits of their industry." This is to be brought about, the declaration goes on to say, by the active, united activity of the workers on both industrial and political fields. It is made perfectly clear that the interests of the workers and those of the owners of the land and capital are not, and cannot be, identical.

All labor organizations on "The Barrier" are urged to come into the reorganized body. In urging this upon them the editor says, "The Marxian law of economic determinism.... shows that unionism must change its form because the system of producing wealth has changed its methods..... It is imperative for us unionists to abandon our craft distinctions and unite on the common basis that "an injury to one is an injury to all!" Be it remembered that this is not the proclamation of a few come-outers, but of a well established and influential organization, the chief labor body of an important industrial center. Its organ, *Barrier Truth*, has just been made a daily.

Socialism and the Situation in the Near East. Never has there been a better exemplification of the function of war in the bourgeois scheme of things than we have had recently in the Near East. But a few weeks ago all the western world was rejoicing at the Turkish revolution. Incidentally it may be remarked that the Socialists of Turkey played a much larger part in this uprising than anyone at first supposed. There was no doubt as to the genuineness of the change. It was agreed on all hands that it meant the industrial and intellectual rejuvenation of Turkey. But no sooner did the powers, i. e. the governments, have a chance to catch their breath than there was talk of war. First the Sultan began an attack on the Armenians, and then came the news that Austria had decided upon the reannexation of Bosnia nad Herzegovine. To be sure these provinces were formerly Austrian territory, but why the Austrian government should feel moved to take them back just now it finds it difficult to explain. Needless to say the Sultan accepted the call to arms with pleasure. No better means could be found to regain his ascendency. The call to foreign warfare is again to distract attention from a people's woes.

The recent session of the International Socialist Bureau gave the Austrian Socialists a chance to explain to the outside world what they are doing to help the Turks retain what they have won. In the Reichstag and out they are unmasking the motives of the government. It happens that the governmental foreign policy is directly opposed to the commercial welfare of the empire. Austria needs nothing more than an industrially progressive nation to the south and east. So the socialists have a strong case. They may yet be able to prevent war. Of course their efforts are being supported by their comrades in Germany, France and England.



WORLD OF LABOR



BY MAX S. HAYES

The 1908 convention of the American Federation of Labor, held in Denver during the past month, has passed into history. But it was not an epoch-making gathering. Those who expected that a progressive note would be sounded were greatly disappointed. The assemblage was nothing more than the customary annual reunion and fraternization of officers and delegates who in large part met last year and the year before and the year before that, and so on ad libitum. Outsiders and residents who perchance dropped in at the convention hall in the hope of hearing discussions upon fundamental problems dealing with economic justice and industrial emancipation heard very little that could be construed as tending to solve any question. True, there was much said about liberty, justice, equality, etc., but the talk took no tangible shape. Everything seemed to hinge about policy—the policy to be pursued in injunctions, political action and that good old topic of jurisdictional privileges between the various trades. No definite goal or object was sought or outlined in any action taken. The Federation appeared to be drifting about like a rudderless ship, buffeted hither and thither by the waves of capitalism and the crew all "at sea" and helplessly waiting for something to turn up.

Very nearly something might have been done. Toward the close of the session—everything of importance and general interest is usually shoved off until the closing days, when the delegates have grown weary and are anxious to turn their footsteps homeward—the committee on president's report suggested that when injunctions are issued against union officials the latter should ignore the restraining orders and save the expense of heavy litigation and take the consequences—that is, go to prison, if necessary, and force the issue. The proposition was based upon and was the logical sequence of President Gompers' dramatic announcement that he would permit no organization to pay his fine if he were adjudged guilty of contempt of court in the Bucks stove and range case. (Great applause.) Well, sir, it was a caution to hear the various interpretations of the committee's proposed policy. One element insisted very emphatically that to ignore injunctions and go to jail was subscribing to the doctrine of non-resistance, which theory could have no part in a militant organization. Another element was vehement in the claim that defying the court injunctions was nothing short of red r-r-revolution. Those delegates who are Socialists favored the committee report as far as it went, but insisted that working class politics, independent of the dominant parties and in line with the British plan, must accompany the innovation if it were to prove successful.

Whether it was the thought that those who were advocating the policy of ignoring injunctions and saving lawyers' fees were engaged in a deep, dark plot to have him railroaded to jail, or whether his little heroic stunt had served its purpose and he had suddenly decided to fight the Bucks case to the court of last resort, the writer knoweth not, but at any rate President Gompers did a beautiful straddle act and expressed the hope that the committee might reconsider its decision and bring in some more satisfactory report. By an overwhelming majority the proposed innovation was defeated on roll call and the injunction question is to-day exactly where it was a year ago. There will be nothing doing in the matter of bringing the question to a crisis and settling the matter once and for all whether or not workingmen have the right to strike and picket and boycott.

The political question was the only other important matter to come before the convention. The committee that handled the injunction subject also performed a postmortem examination of the recent campaign in which "our men of labor" thought they were important factors—until the returns came in. Of course, nobody expected that our great leaders would publicly acknowledge the unqualified failure of their much-discussed policy, but speaking "unofficially" and in confidence a very large percentage of the brethren betrayed the fact that they are a mighty sore and disappointed lot. At the outset of the convention the organizers and pie-counter patriots made desperate efforts to find some scapegoat to shoulder the defeat of the "peerless one." As might be expected, the rantankerous "reds" served as a shining mark for the darts of the camp followers. But when the fact became known that the Socialist party had increased its vote and dues-paying membership despite the bitter opposition of the great leaders, and that the power and enthusiasm of that party was greater to-day than at any time in the history of the movement, then the "apostles of failure" turned their attention to Vice-President O. J. Keefe and placed him on the block for supporting Taft and thus defeating the Democratic party. Although Keefe was taunted and prodded and roasted to a turn, that worthy was about as voluble as the Sphinx. Even when he was denounced in the committee report and informed that it would have been the decent thing from him to resign if he didn't want to swallow the Democratic dose, Mr. Keefe spake not. Neither did any of the other Republican delegates. In convention they were as dumb as clams; outside they alternately expressed their disgust or made dire threats. The truth of the matter is they were completely cowed by a sight of the "steam roller," and it is doubtful whether a word of defense could have been dragged out of them with a team of oxen.

On the other hand, those delegates who stood by the Socialist flag refused to acquiesce in the "men of labor's policy" of tieing up to the Democratic party and the recommendation that "our policy" be continued. As usual, the Socialists confined their remarks strictly to the fundamental principles of the labor movement, and, as formerly, Mr. Gompers and his friends embraced the opportunity to engage in personalities and administer an awful spanking to the obstreperous individuals who dared to question the infallibility of the grand high muck-a-mucks. Gompers had had the nerve to declare that he wouldn't discuss the philosophy of socialism (he never does because he doesn't know anything about it), as it is a dream or a nightmare, and then he wasted an hour or more showing what a wicked lot the Socialists are and what a holy little man Sam is.

Fifteen delegates had signed a petition couched in conciliatory language requesting that a committee be appointed for the purpose of investigating the insinuations made by Gompers in the American Federationist to the effect that the Socialist "Red Special" was financed by the Parry-Post-Van Cleave crowd. Of course the effort proved unavailing. Gompers and his friends knew full well that such an investigation would result in a complete vindication of Debs and the Socialist party and place the blame for the scandal where it properly belongs. Now that those who made the charge of corruption against the Socialist party have failed to produce a scintilla of proof when challenged and given every opportunity to do so, the workingmen of the country should form their own judgment. It should be stated that every effort was made to apply gag rule and stifle debates, as usual, after Gompers had spoken on the subject, and thus prevent rejoinders to his reckless charges. In their haste to set a trap for the petitioners, an amendment was offered to the effect that those who demanded the investigation be required to state upon the floor whether they endorsed the utterances of Socialist papers relating to our great leaders. Cloture was voted and the amendment to drive the Socialists into a hole was jammed through by a big majority. Thereupon the "reds" had a great laugh and claimed their right, under the rules, to speak ten minutes each, or consume a total of two and one-half hours' time. The majority stared aghast, but, having been caught in their own trap, they had to swallow their medicine. Finally a compromise was arranged by which two of the signers spoke for the entire number, only to meet with defeat in the end.

The reaffirmation of the policy of begging the old parties for favors is regarded by many delegates as so much buncombe, to let the leaders down easy. The shrewdest men in the convention, who refuse to sneeze every time Gompers takes snuff—and there is quite a respectable number of such men—declare it as their opinion that, first, there is no future for the Democratic party, a split being inevitable between the conservative and radical wings; secondly, the Republicans will enact legislation that will curb the powers of the courts somewhat and thus discredit Gompers' leadership and pillory him as a false prophet; thirdly, the substantial growth of the Socialist party and the spread of socialism among the unions generally has become a very important factor. These and other reasons will preclude the possibility of the unions becoming the tail of the Democratic party kite in future campaigns.

The officers' reports indicate that, owing to the financial and industrial depression, very little progress was made during the past year. The income was $207,000, which amount is less than the receipts of 1903, 1904 and 1906, although two assessments of one cent per capita each were levied and a special appeal for funds to contest the Bucks stove case was made. The expenditures amounted to $196,000 and the balance on hand is $138,000 ,of which latter amount $105,000 is in the defense fund for local trade and federal unions. This fund will be tapped for $50,000 to begin the erection of a general headquarters building in Washington. A total of 234 charters were issued directly by the A. F. of L. during the past year, being the lowest number in a decade. The total number of unions and central bodies that were disbanded or the charters of which were revoked or suspended was 311. Reports from secretaries of 99 affiliated inter-

national unions show that they issued 2,253 charters during the past year and 1,121 were surrendered. The gain in membership of the internationals totaled 57,459. The A. F. of L. membership, based upon per capita tax returns, is now approximately 1,625,000. About a hundred international unions making reports show that there were 561 strikes the past year in which 115,933 persons were involved. Of that number 71,981 were benefited and 35,322 not benefited. The total cost of the strikes reported was $2,549,000. It is also interesting to note that 64 international organizations paid $1,257,000 death benefits, nearly $600,000 sick benefits, $205,000 unemployed benefits, $51,000 traveling benefits $31,000 upon death of members' wives, and about $6,000 for loss of tools.

There is a hopeful tone among officers of the international organizations regarding the outlook. The general opinion prevails that the acute portion of the financial and industrial depression is drawing to a close, and that beginning next spring there will be a revival of unionism in every branch of trade.

Some of the strikes referred to in previous numbers of the Review have petered out. The six month's contest between the papermakers and the paper trust which controls the greater portion of the output in that trade has been abandoned. The workers have been compelled to accept the 5 per cent reduction demanded by the trust and also work under open shop conditions in the future—that is, the combine will make no further agreements with its workmen except in an individual capacity and pay each what he or she is "worth". Many of those who participated actively in the strike have been blacklisted and will probably be compelled to leave the trade, as a number of strike-breakers have become competent workmen, according to the trust magnates, and will be retained in their positions.

The long strike of the machinists on the Santa Fe railway, which has been in progress for seven years, has been declared off. No terms were obtained from the company, the railway magnates declaring that so far as they are concerned the strike was settled long ago and that the open shop system prevails to their complete satisfaction. The machinists also abandoned their strike on the Louisville & Nashville railway and all who can get work are privileged to do so. This is the corporation that tested the anti-blacklisting law and secured a verdict from the United States Supreme Court sustaining its right to hire and discharge whomsoever it pleased and keep a little list for future reference.

The New York taxicab strike, which aroused general interest because of the extreme bitterness of the struggle, has also been lost. There was considerable violence charged up to both sides in the contest and New York politicians and police, as usual, were secretly and openly lined up with the company and against the men. All active workers engaged in the strike are blacklisted and will not be re-employed according to the bosses.

All eyes in the labor world are turning toward the anthracite mining region, as it is believed that the next great struggle between labor and capital will occur in Pennsylvania. There is no sign of a probable amicable adjustment of the demands made by the miners, who want increased wages, the eight-hour day, recognition of the union, and also that the union dues of members be deducted from the pay envelopes of employes by the companies. The anthracite barons declare that they will not yield a single concession, and so it looks as though there will be another general suspension of anthracite mining next spring.



Trade-Unionism in France. The last convention of the French General Confederation of Labor (C. G. T.) deserves the attention of American wage-workers. As a rule, no form of working class activity is without interest. The world-wide character of our party makes their struggles and victories ours, we have one common ideal of emancipation from wage-slavery.

Our methods may be different. We should study theirs, that we may derive from them the lessons which they contain and perhaps do our share towards the inauguration of a common international action.

The capitalistic dailies have scattered broadcast over the U. S. all kinds of fairy tales concerning the C. G. T. and its spectacular twenty-four hours strikes, leaving the gay city in darkness and its pleasure seeking visitors without amusements.

Outside of France, the C. G. T. is not well known and some articles, as the one published in the American Federationist by W. E. Walling are rather confusing. The C. G. T. itself has no permanent form, it is seeking itself, groping for its way, its aims and tendencies are not easy to detect. First of all the C. G. T. is the economical expression of the working class of France. The tendencies are socialistic. Section I of its statutes puts the organization on record as opposed to the wage-system. It is organized outside of all political parties, the socialist party included. This does not make it an anarchistic organization. It certainly has a few anarchistic leaders, but it stands for majority rule, collective action and trade discipline, three principles for which the anarchist will not stand.

The C. G. T. declares itself not to be opposed to political action, merely indifferent, it ignores it as a body but leaves its members free to join in it as individuals.

There is no organic bond, nor official understanding between the C. G. T. and the socialist party and this is perhaps the main difference between the unionism of France and that of other European countries.

How was this divorce between the political and economical wings of the working class brought about? To understand this phenomenon, let us remember that according to De Foville France has still got eight million small farmers who own their own farms and work them mostly on a family basis.

Trade-unionism is a fruit of industrial concentration and in the conditions of French production unionism could not but have a slow growth. The first trade-union convention met in 1876 with delegates

of 76 unions. The spirit of the congress was that of moderation. They asked the right to organize on the economical field without having to meet many of the obstacles which the existing laws put in their way, they asked for special courts in contests between employers and employees and for trade-schools. Three years later a new congress met and voted a socialistic resolution by 73 votes against 27. In 1884, 68 labor-unions had complied with the law and filed a list of their members and officers with the public officials, but in his report made in 1881 in view of the modification of the law in a more liberal direction, Allain-Targé states that there were in existence 500 unions with 60,000 members.

The last report issued by the C. G. T. states that there are in September 1908, 2,583 unions with 294,398 members, which represents only a percentage of 3,5 of the working class as the total number of wage-workers is 8,626,000. This in itself is a proof of extreme weakness.

The small percentage of wage workers organized on the economic field explains why the various French socialist schools have never given the trade-unions more consideration. They did not believe in their future. Their efforts were directed towards political and parliamentary action. The same mistake was made in other countries and, we are glad to state, has been since corrected (Germany, Belgium). Besides this general character, group selfishness and craft-spirit were strong among the British unions and awoke justified suspicions as to the possible outcome of the medieval tendencies of several of their French counterparts.

From another point of view, French socialism was torn to pieces for many years by the rivalry of various schools, and labor-unions favoring political action did not always know in what direction they had to steer their craft. The political conditions in France were not in favor of any kind of influence by the unions over the socialist deputies. The one-member voting districts compelled the deputies to remain in touch with their electors rather than to maintain close relations with their unions or even their own party. Then as to-day, the voters were in the hands of the most diversified classes, wage-workers, merchants, small farmers, and the deputies had to conciliate those various economical interests in order to be reelected. The principle of the class struggle was lost sight of. The socialist members of parliament represented both the proletariat and the middle class, or at least tried to do so. Hence there was nothing strange in seeing the trade-unions organize themselves into an autonomous and independent central body.

In 1884 an event took place which gave the tendency a mighty impulse. The number of unions had increased. Their growth could no longer be stopped. Then the premier Waldeck Rousseau, a political leader of high ability, conceived the bold idea of placing the trade-union movement under the control of the capitalistic state. He intended to harness French unionism in order to direct it towards his political ideal of social peace. He removed all restrictions placed on the liberty of economic organizations and granted the unions civil rights and a legal standing. To enjoy those privilegs labor-unions had to file with the mayor a copy of their by-laws and a list of their directors. These had to be of French nationality. Unions could have no other aims than the study and defense of economic interests. Waldeck-Rousseau wanted to steer the labor-unions towards the practice of mutual help, the use of co-operation and the acceptance of arbitration. He intended to clip their revolutionary wings. As

a result of this, the socialist party was left without an economic basis and was reduced to impotency. Later on, Waldeck-Rousseau called into his cabinet the socialist Millerand. As soon as he became minister of commerce and labor, he proclaimed "social peace" and collaboration of all classes. We must labor, he said in a speech in the chamber of deputies, to turn working class organizations away from wordy excitements towards the goal of practical deeds of peace."

The unions saw the danger, they told the wage-workers about it. More than any other cause Millerand's entrance into a capitalistic cabinet widened the breach between the unions and the socialist party.

Then there was also the influence of the anarchists, who in an individualistic country, such as France, always had a real influence on the working class. Meeting with no success in their propaganda for individual action, they entered the unions and had no trouble in shattering the already shaking faith of many union-men in the lack of efficiency of political action.

Is this estrangement between the two wings of the French labor movement to last? I do not think it. Most of its causes have disappeared. The socialist party has been unified and enjoys an excellent internal discipline. Reform of the political system has made the deputies less exclusively dependent upon their electors. The policy of social peace is dead. An agreement is now possible and if several symptoms which have been very distinctly noticeable of recent date persist, united action is bound to come.

A great many different tendencies are represented in the C. G. T. On the extreme right wing, we have the pure and simple, non political union man corresponding to our old style American Federation of Labor unionist before the reward and punish policy and the survival of the old medieval guildman transplanted in the not yet machinized industries of the 20th. century. At the extreme left are the communistic anarchists with their constructive ideal of a free will federation of autonomous social functions based on voluntary and free association. In the middle stand the political unionists, believing in the autonomy of both forms of labor organization in their respective fields and in a common agreement leading to mutual advantage.

In the Marseilles congress they divided in two main groups: the revolutionary and the reformist syndicalists. We should not give those words too litteral a meaning, for the revolutionists are not opposed to reforms and the reformists are aiming at a socialistic transformation of society, which makes them revolutionists. The two expressions used above have in this case a specific meaning which we must now make clear for the further understanding of the debates of their joint convention.

The revolutionary syndicalists recommend direct action as the only method of social emancipation. Direct action is action directly exerted by workingmen without go-betweens upon the powers that oppress them: the capitalist, the state, etc. They trust nobody but themselves to fight their battles. They do not mean to use violence as a matter of principle, their direct action can take either peaceful and benevolent or violent and strict forms. Against the capitalist they use the strike and the boycott, against the state they propose ot use "exterior pressure", street parades and the general strike. They are opposed to every form of democratic representation in general and to parliamentary tactics in particular. They do not vote and will not allow unions to have an understanding or a working

agreement with political parties, the socialist party included. They intend to get reforms through strikes and exterior pressure. Social transformation will be brought about by a general expropriating strike prepared in its turn by a series of special strikes. That brand of syndicalism is all in all to itself, it claims as its mission to take the place of the socialist party.

The revolutionary syndicalists are concerned just as much with political as with economical matters, they are anti-militarists and anti-patriots and proposed to the Marseilles congress to discuss the duty of the working class in case of war. A last point in their attitude should be noticed, they refuse to abide by the democratic rule of the majority as indicated by the results of an equal ballot. They contend that a minority should not abdicate before a majority. It must act without regard for the refractory mass. This reminds us of the conclusions of Ibsen's Pillars of Society. As a practical application of this principle they give every union regardless of its membership an equal representation in the convention. They try in this manner to give a theoretical basis to a rule which the reformists contend is simply a way of getting artificially a majority in the convention.

The reformist element is not opposed to direct action, they strike and parade occasionally in the streets, but they want to stay on the limited domain of economic organization and leave the socialist party fight out the political problems. They are practical people bent on getting immediate results and believe that very useful reform can be obtained through parliamentary action. In case of strike, they do not embitter the conflict and when they fear they are going to be defeated they try arbitration and conciliation. They have sick and death benefits, relief funds against unemployment, pay heavy dues and try to enlarge their membership. The revolutionists with their theory of conscious minorities despise this last precaution. The reformist method consists in a series of slow and persistent efforts without pretension of bringing about at once a radical change but organizing a permanent working class army strong through its numbers and its unity.

Such are the two tendencies fighting for the leadership inside the C. G. T. The radical differences existing between them make any agreement practically impossible.

The revolutionists with their exclusive use of direct action, their lack of confidence in universal suffrage and parliamentary action, their conscious minorities are anarchists, and their final general strike is only another form of the old and buried cataclysmic theory of certain socialists. But whatever might be wrong in these tactics, the reformist might learn something from those whose uncompromising disposition stands for no truce with the enemy and whose revolutionary enthusiasm results in constant action, awakening latent energies and shaking the indifference of the sluggish masses.

The Marseilles convention itself was a long drawn battle. Under every special item which came up for discussion, the war of the rival tendencies reappeared under a new disguise.

Perhaps the most important decision of the convention was reached when by a vote of 919 against 180 and 99 not voting it adopted the principle of industrial unionism against that of craft unionism in the metal and printing trades.

The principles of the majority of the C. G. T. being entirely different from those of all other European trade-union federations, which follow a line of action based on a division of labor and a common understanding between the two wings of the labor-move-

ment, have driven the C. G. T. to leave the International Socialist Bureau and the International Trade Union Federation. The members of the C. G. T. deeply regret the severing of their international relations with the organized workers of other countries, but by a vote of 922 against 444 they refused to withdraw from their position as to the necessity for economic organizations to solve the merely political questions of anti-militarism and anti-patriotism.

As in every previous convention, the mode of representation of the federated unions came up for a large share of discussion. The reform element pretends that they are in a majority because they represent most of the union-men and that the existing majority is artificially created through giving all unions an equal vote. A proposition to base the voting power on the number of dues paid was voted down by 741 against 383.

The two fractions faced each other again when the attitude of the working class in case of war was under discussion. The reformists argued that it was a political matter coming within the province of the Socialist Party. The revolutionists claim that their interference in these matters as union-men is justified and by 681 votes against 421 the congress decided to educate the working class to bring about a general revolutionary strike, whenever war is declared between two nations and to refuse to use their weapons against their fellow-workers, whenever the army is called out to do police duty in favor of the capitalistic class.

The congress went on record as opposed to compulsory state insurance against labor-accidents.

A motion was carried approving the systematic withdrawal of children from a strike center to neighboring towns, the organisation of "communistic soup kitchens" and the working of overtime by all the members of a craft, when a local strike will have been declared.

The votes of the convention seem to prove that the reformists are gaining ground. These however point out that the powerful unions which are in favor of reformist tactics will either leave the C. G. T. or loose all interest in its work. They are willing to wait patiently for a turn of the tide and point with satisfaction to the moderation of the revolutionists' declaration on anti-militarism and anti-patriotism. Still they agree that in the congress the minority has ruled and that the importance of the convention has been greatly reduced thereby. The general view seems to be that a split is imminent and that the reformist unions will sooner or later have their own federation of high dues paying members closely allied to the United Socialist Party. **Hubert Langerock.**

As it appears. When you are sure you are right then go ahead; —but do not forget to go ahead.

The recent election reflects several interesting facts;—should teach a few timely lessons. "To be sure we are right" has not proven our ability to go ahead. If all who were sure the Socialists' are right had suited their conduct to their intelligence, there would have been an unprecedented "going ahead", which, to-day, is conspicuous by being inconspicuous.

The man with a head full of philosophy, who does not know what it is for, is like the muscular rich who expend their energies with dumb bells and upon the "links."—Their efforts are unproductive.

The socialist who makes no other use of his philosophical under-

standing than to impose upon others the fact that he "understands," is not doing things.

To understand the Philosophy of Socialism is the first important step in order to be sure you are right.—At this point you are in the same position as the young man who emerges from college;—you are simply equipped to go ahead.

"Effort" does not express a criterion to political success; it must be expressed in terms which imply "Intelligently directed effort."

This presupposes a question of tactics. It is not only a question of doing things, but also a question of "how".

The Socialists are convinced that they must fight their way to the co-operative commonwealth together.—The two big words are "fight" and "together".

The results of the last election are that of the greatest American Socialist victory. It's purpose will be, now, to convert non-Socialists. Its experience will exceed in value any bound volume of propaganda literature in circulation.

The wild shouts of crowds is a deceiving noise. It does not require nearly so much intelligence to shout as it does to vote.

What I am endeavoring to get at is this: The campaign of 1908, has cleared the political atmosphere, and the time of playing at revolution is past;—the time of real revolution has not yet arrived and the momentous task confronting the Socialists before this time does arrive, is to clear the decks and to train the crew.—There is no time to waste.

We have the means of peaceable warfare at hand and we have socialists who know how to use them;—but we have got to use them or else we will continue in the rut of our former errors.

The time is past for trying to look scholarly and wise;—the man with the "goods" will always be appreciated for what there is in him, and burdens will gravitate to those who are able to bear them, if they show a willingness to accept them.

There is no use to argue but that an army, trained to fight as a single "giant" man, is the army that is qualified to give an account of its efforts by results. There must be no lagging in the Socialist Party in matters of **organization.**

None are good socialists who are too good to be present when their names are called at the local organization headquarters. None are plucky enough who have not the pluck to stand by their local through thick and thin.

Socialists, in the future, should not be judged by how much they seem to know about philosophy, but in addition to this, they should be measured by how much they both "know" and "do" for the parties organization;—not factionally but socialistically,—in order to make every pulsation of this mighty engine of progress carry its burden of a decaying system to its destination, when it shall have passed into innocuous desuetude, to oblivion and death.

Clyde J. Wright, Chicago.

A Friend in Need. It was with deep sorrow that we learned from Comrade Jennie Adams, of Brazil, Indiana, of the death of her husband, one of our old friends, John H. Adams. In February of 1903, when the publishing house was struggling to meet the needs of the growing demand for socialist literature, Comrade John Adams was one of the first to yield his co-operation, and become a stockholder. Since that time, he has never failed to give us his hearty support in all our various undertakings. One of the pioneers in the socialist movement, Comrade Adams, with others of his kind, has blazed the way for the broader, greater organization that shall set free the Proletariat of the world in the days to come.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

GOOD NEWS.

The International Socialist Review, after a struggle of more than eight years, is a success. Until this year it has taxed the resources of the book publishing house; it has now become self-supporting.

In October, 1907, the total cash receipts of the Review were $216.74. In October, 1908, they were exactly $568.16. In November, 1907, they were $237.88. We go to press too early to give complete figures for November, 1908, but up to Nov. 24, with a week's business yet to come, they are $560.48. Our subscription list has DOUBLED within less than two months. And the monthly sales of single copies have doubled many times over. Less than a year ago we were printing only four thousand copies a month. This month's edition is fourteen thousand copies, and next month's will be at least twenty thousand.

Christmas greetings to our loyal friends all over the world who have stood by us through thick and thin,—especially the "thin" times. Your persistent work is beginning to count at last. The Review is a success because thousands of working people were bound to have a magazine that should say the things they want said. It will be a bigger success because the number of those who want such things said is growing every day.

Now we are going to redeem a promise. We said that when the subscription list was doubled, we could and would make a better magazine. We believe this December number redeems the promise in part, but it does not satisfy us; we shall try to do better. And for a start, we shall publish in our January and February numbers a NEW story by JACK LONDON, entitled THE DREAM OF DEBS.

You all know JACK LONDON. In our opinion he is the greatest living writer, barring none. And with his genius he joins a deep insight into the real nature of the revolutionary movement of the proletariat, still vague and uncertain, but growing clearer and stronger every day.

His new story is written in a light, entertaining fashion, so that it must be read a second time if you are to realize the reserve power back of it. Don't miss reading it and don't let your friends miss it. The Review will be on sale at news stands in all the principal cities of the United States and can be bought at wholesale from any branch of the American News Company.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS.

Did you ever see our SOCIALIST PLAYING CARDS? They look enough like ordinary cards so that all the ordinary games can be played with them. But the interesting thing about them is the verses and pictures. Each card carries a verse by Mary E. Marcy.

The Kings are the Trusts, the Queens the Capitalist Virtues, and the Jacks the Guardians of Society. Their pictures are drawn by R. H. Chaplin, who made the cover design for last month's Review. The King of Spades, for example, is a clever caricature of a well-known face, with a verse that reads:

OIL KING.

I love to oil the college wheels
And grease the pulpit stairs,
Where workmen learn to scorn the strike
And trust to Heaven and prayers.

These cards sell for 50 cents a pack. When they were brought out, we were obliged to ask stockholders to pay the full price for them in order to cover the heavy outlay required at the start. Hereafter, however, stockholders may buy them at the same discount as books, in other words the stockholders' price will be 30 cents postpaid or 25 cents if sent by express at purchaser's expense. We will also send cards the same as books on our premium offer for **new** subscriptions to the **Review.**

OUT OF THE DUMP, by Mary E. Marcy, with eight original wash drawings and a cover design by R. H. Chaplin, will be ready for delivery about December 12, so you may safely count on it in making up your list of Christmas presents. If you have read the Review since May, we need not tell you how good this story is: for the benefit of new readers we will say that it tells about the real working people, who are rebellious rather than moral, and are more interested in meal tickets than in ethics. A few years ago "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch", which pictured the proletariat as the capitalists think it **should** be, scored an immense success. If you have any wealthy friends whom you would like to startle, give them "Out of the Dump". Cloth, 50 cents.

SOCIALISM, ITS GROWTH AND OUTCOME, by William Morris and Ernest Belfort Bax, is a standard historical work long recognized as of the utmost value to socialists, but the rather high price of $1.25 has limited its circulation. Just to show what our co-operative publishing house can do, we are now publishing this book in a new edition from new plates, to retail at 50 cents, with **our** usual discounts. We expect to have copies ready before Christmas, but the printers and binders MAY disappoint us, so don't count on this book for a present if promptness is essential. By the way, if you want any of our other books in a hurry, order from us direct. We make it a rule to fill every small order the same day it comes.

When you make up an order, be sure you have **our latest price list;** if in doubt, write for one. And please don't waste your time or ours in asking where you can get books of other publishers. Our list includes nearly all the socialist books worth reading that can be had at moderate prices.

We will pay in books for your trouble in taking and forwarding **new** subscriptions for the **Review,** provided you are a subscriber yourself. For every new subscription you send with a dollar, we will send you a dollar book or two fifty cent books; we pay postage or expressage. The books are for **you,** not for the new subscribers. They can have the same chance in their turn, to send in new names and get books for their trouble.

One Christmas suggestion in closing. If you are a subscriber, you can make three Christmas presents for a dollar,—the **Review** a year to one friend, **Out of the Dump** to another and the **Socialist Playing Cards** to a third.

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The Dream of Debs

By JACK LONDON



AWOKE fully an hour before my customary time. This in itself was remarkable, and I lay very wide awake, pondering over it. Something was the matter, something was wrong—I knew not what. I was oppressed by a premonition of something terrible that had happened or was about to happen. But what was it? I strove to orientate myself. I remembered that at the time of the Great Earthquake of 1906 many claimed they awakened some moments before the first shock and that during those moments they experienced strange feelings of dread. Was San Francisco again to be visited by earthquake?

I lay for a full minute, numbly expectant, but there occurred no reeling of walls nor shock and grind of falling masonry. All was quiet. That was it! The silence! No wonder I had been perturbed. The hum of the great live city was strangely absent. The surface cars passed along my street, at that time of day, on an average of one every three minutes; but in the ten succeeding minutes not a car passed. Perhaps it was a street railway strike, was my thought; or perhaps there had been an accident and the power was shut off. But no, the silence was too profound. I heard no jar and rattle of wagon-wheels, nor stamp of iron-shod hoofs straining up the steep cobble-stones.

Pressing the push-button beside my bed, I strove to hear the sound of the bell, though I well knew it was impossible for the sound to rise three stories to me even if the bell did ring. It rang all right, for a few minutes later Brown entered with the tray and morning paper. Though his features were impassive as ever, I noted a startled, apprehensive light in his eyes. I noted, also, that there was no cream on the tray.

"The creamery did not deliver this morning," he explained; "nor did the bakery."

I glanced again at the tray. There were no fresh French rolls—only slices of stale graham bread from yesterday, the most detestable of bread so far as I was concerned.

"Nothing was delivered this morning, sir," Brown started to explain apologetically; but I interrupted him.

"The paper?"

"Yes, sir, it was delivered, but it was the only thing, and it is the last time, too. There won't be any paper to-morrow. The paper says so. Can I send out and get you some condensed milk?"

I shook my head, accepted the coffee black, and spread open the paper. The headlines explained everything—explained too much, in fact, for the lengths of pessimism to which the journal went were ridiculous. A general strike, it said, had been called all over the United States; and most foreboding anxieties were expressed concerning the provisioning of the great cities.

I read on hastily, skimming much and remembering much of labor troubles in the past. For a generation the general strike had been the dream of organized labor, which dream had arisen originally in the mind of Debs, one of the great labor leaders of thirty years before. I recollected that in my young college-settlement days I had even written an article on the subject for one of the magazines and that I had entitled it, "The Dream of Debs." And I must confess that I had treated the idea very cavalierly and academically as a dream and nothing more. Time and the world had rolled on, Gompers was gone, the American Federation of Labor was gone, and gone was Debs with all his wild revolutionary ideas; but the dream had persisted, and here it was at last realized in fact. But I laughed, as I read, at the journal's gloomy outlook. I knew better. I had seen organized labor worsted in too many conflicts. It would be a matter only of days when the thing would be settled. This was a national strike, and it wouldn't take the government long to break it.

I threw the paper down and proceeded to dress. It would certainly be interesting to be out in the streets of San Francisco when not a wheel was turning and the whole city was taking an enforced vacation.

"I beg your pardon, sir," Brown said, as he handed me my cigar case, "but Mr. Harmmed has asked to see you before you go out."

"Send him in right away," I answered.

Harmmed was the butler. When he entered I could see he was laboring under controlled excitement. He came at once to the point.

"What shall I do, sir? There will be needed provisions, and the de-

livery drivers are on strike. And the electricity is shut off—I guess they're on strike, too."

"Are the shops open?" I asked.

"Only the small ones, sir. The retail clerks are out, and the big ones can't open; but the owners and their families are running the little ones themselves."

"Then take the machine," I said, "and go the rounds and make your purchases. Buy plenty of everything you need or may need. Get a box of candles—no, get half a dozen boxes. And when you 're done, tell Harrison to bring the machine around to the club for me—not later than eleven."

Harmmed shook his head gravely. "Mr. Harrison has struck along with the Chauffeurs' Union, and I don't know how to run the machine myself."

"Oh, ho, he has, has he?" I said. "Well, when next *Mister* Harrison happens around you tell him that he can look elsewhere for a position."

"Yes, sir."

"You don't happen to belong to a Butler's Union, do you, Harmmed?"

"No, sir," was the answer. "And even if I did I'd not desert my employer in a crisis like this. No, sir, I would—"

"All right, thank you," I said. "Now you get ready to accompany me. I'll run the machine myself, and we'll lay in a stock of provisions to stand a siege."

It was a beautiful first of May, even as May days go. The sky was cloudless, there was no wind, and the air was warm—almost balmy. Many autos were out, but the owners were driving them themselves. The streets were crowded but quiet. The working class, dressed in its Sunday best, was out taking the air and observing the effects of the strike. It was all so unusual, and withal so peaceful, that I found myself enjoying it. My nerves were tingling with mild excitement. It was a sort of placid adventure. I passed Miss Chickering. She was at the helm of her little runabout. She swung around and came after me, catching me at the corner.

"Oh, Mr. Cerf!" she hailed. "Do you know where I can buy candles? I've been to a dozen shops, and they're all sold out. It's dreadfully awful, isn't it?"

But her sparkling eyes gave the lie to her words. Like the rest of us, she was enjoying it hugely. Quite an adventure it was, getting those candles. It was not until we went across the city and down into the working class quarter south of Market street that we found small corner

groceries that had not yet sold out. Miss Chickering thought one box was sufficient, but I persuaded her into taking four. My car was large, and I laid in a dozen boxes. There was no telling what delays might arise in the settlement of the strike. Also, I filled the car with sacks of flour, baking powder, tinned goods, and all the ordinary necessaries of life suggested by Harmmed, who fussed around and clucked over the purchases like an anxious old hen.

The remarkable thing, that first day of the strike, was that no one really apprehended anything serious. The announcement of organized labor in the morning papers that it was prepared to stay out a month or three months was laughed at. And yet that very first day we might have guessed as much from the fact that the working class took practically no part in the great rush to buy provisions. Of course not. For weeks and months, craftily and secretly, the whole working class had been laying in private stocks of provisions. That was why we were permitted to go down and buy out the little groceries in the working class neighborhoods.

It was not until I arrived at the Club that afternoon that I began to feel the first alarm. Everything was in confusion. There were no olives for the cocktails, and the service was by hitches and jerks. Most of the men were angry, and all were worried. A babel of voices greeted me as I entered. General Folsom, nursing his capacious paunch in a window-seat in the smoking-room, was defending himself against half a dozen excited gentlemen who were demanding that he do something.

"What can I do more than I have done?" he was saying. "There are no orders from Washington. If you gentlemen will get a wire through I'll do anything I am commanded to do. But I don't see what can be done. The first thing I did this morning, as soon as I learned of the strike, was to order in the troops from the Presidio—three thousand of them. They're guarding the banks, the mint, the post office, and all the public buildings. There is no disorder whatever. The strikers are keeping the peace perfectly. You can't expect me to shoot them down as they walk along the streets with wives and children all in their best bib and tucker."

"I'd like to know what's happening on Wall Street," I heard Jimmy Wombold say as I passed along. I could imagine his anxiety, for I knew that he was deep in the big Consolidated-Western deal.

"Say, Cerf," Atkinson bustled up to me, "is your machine running?"

"Yes, I answered, "but what's the matter with your own?"

"Broken down, and the garages are all closed. And my wife's somewhere around Truckee, I think, stalled on the overland. Can't get a

wire to her for love or money. She should have arrived this evening. She may be starving. Lend me your machine."

"Can't get it across the bay," Halstead spoke up. "The ferries aren't running. But I tell you what you can do. There's Rollinson—oh, Rollinson, come here a moment. Atkinson wants to get a machine across the bay. His wife is stuck on the overland at Truckee. Can't you bring the Lurlette across from Tiburon and carry the machine over for him?"

The "Lurlette" was a two-hundred-ton, ocean-going, schooner-yacht.

Rollinson shook his head. "You couldn't get a longshoreman to load the machine on board, even if I could get the 'Lurlette' over, which I can't, for the crew are members of the Coast Seaman's Union, and they're on strike along with the rest."

"But my wife may be starving," I could hear Atkinson wailing as I moved on.

At the other end of the smoking room I ran into a group of men bunched excitedly and angrily around Bertie Messener. And Bertie was stirring them up and prodding them in his cool, cynical way. Bertie didn't care about the strike. He didn't care much about anything. He was blase—at least in all the clean things of life; the nasty things had no attraction for him. He was worth twenty millions, all of it in safe investments, and he had never done a tap of productive work in his life—inherited it all from his father and two uncles. He had been everywhere, seen every thing, and done everything but get married, and this last in the face of the grim and determined attack of a few hundred ambitious mammas. For years he had been the greatest catch, and as yet he had avoided being caught. He was disgracefully eligible. On top of his wealth, he was young, handsome, and, as I said before, clean. He was a great athlete, a young blond god that did everything perfectly and admirably with the solitary exception of matrimony. And he didn't care about anything, had no ambitions, no passions, no desire to do the very things he did so much better than other men.

"This is sedition!" one man in the group was crying. Another called it revolt and revolution, and another called it anarchy.

"I can't see it," Bertie said. "I have been out in the streets all morning. Perfect order reigns. I never saw a more law-abiding populace. There's no use calling it names. It's not any of those things. It's just what it claims to be, a general strike, and it's your turn to play, gentlemen."

"And we'll play all right!" cried Garfield, one of the traction millionaires. "We'll show this dirt where its place is—the beasts! Wait till the government takes a hand."

"But where is the government?" Bertie interposed. "It might as well be at the bottom of the sea so far as you're concerned. You don't know what's happening at Washington. You don't know whether you've got a government or not."

"Don't you worry about that!" Garfield blurted out.

"I assure you I'm not worrying," Bertie smiled languidly. "But it seems to me it's what you fellows are doing. Look in the glass, Garfield."

Garfield did not look, but had he looked he would have seen a very excited gentleman with rumpled, iron-gray hair, a flushed face, mouth sullen and vindictive, and eyes wildly gleaming.

"It's not right, I tell you," little Hanover said; and from his tone I was sure that he had already said it a number of times.

"Now that's going too far, Hanover," Bertie replied. "You fellows make me tired. You're all open-shop men. You've eroded my ear-drums with your endless gabble for the open-shop and the right of a man to work. You've harangued along those lines for years. Labor is doing nothing wrong in going out on this general strike. It is violating no law of God nor man. Don't you talk, Hanover. You've been ringing the changes too long on the God-given right to work . . . . . or not to work; you can't escape the corollary. It's a dirty little sordid scrap, that's all the whole thing is. You've got labor down and gouged it, and now labor's got you down and is gouging you, that's all, and you're squealing."

Every man in the group broke out in indignant denials that labor had ever been gouged.

"No, sir!" Garfield was shouting. "We've done the best for labor. Instead of gouging it, we've given it a chance to live. We've made work for it. Where would labor be if it hadn't been for us?"

"A whole lot better off," Bertie sneered. "You've got labor down and gouged it every time you got a chance, and you went out of your way to make chances."

"No! No!" were the cries.

"There was the teamsters' strike right here in San Francisco," Bertie went on imperturbably. "The Employers' Association precipitated that strike. You know that. And you know I know it, too, for I've sat in these very rooms and heard the inside talk and news of the fight. First you precipitated the strike, then you bought the Mayor and the Chief of Police and broke the strike. A pretty spectacle, you philanthropists getting the teamsters down and gouging them.

"Hold on, I'm not through with you. It's only last year that the labor ticket of Colorado elected a Governor. He was never seated. You know why. You know how your brother philanthropists and capitalists

of Colorado worked it. It was a case of getting labor down and gouging it. You kept the President of the Southwestern Amalgamated Association of Miners in jail for three years on trumped up murder charges, and with him out of the way you broke up the Association. That was gouging labor, you'll admit. The third time the graduated income tax was declared unconstitutional was a gouge. So was the Eight-hour Bill you killed in the last Congress.

"And of all the unmitigated immoral gouges, your destruction of the closed-shop principle was the limit. You know how it was done. You bought out Farburg, the last president of the old American Federation of Labor. He was your creature—or the creature of all the trusts and employers' associations, which is the same thing. You precipitated the big Closed Shop Strike. Farburg betrayed that strike. You won, and the old American Federation of Labor crumbled to pieces. You fellows destroyed it, and by so doing undid yourselves; for right on top of it began the organization of the I. L. W.—the biggest and solidest organization of labor the United States has ever seen, and you are responsible for its existence and for the present general strike. You smashed all the old federations and drove labor into the I. L. W., and the I. L. W. called the general strike—still fighting for the closed shop. And then you have the effrontery to stand here face to face and tell me that you never got labor down and gouged it. Bah!"

This time there were no denials. Garfield broke out in self-defense:

"We've done nothing we were not compelled to do, if we were to win."

"I'm not saying anything about that," Bertie answered. "What I am complaining about is your squealing now that you're getting a taste of your own medicine. How many strikes have you won by starving labor into submission? Well, labor's worked out a scheme whereby to starve you into submission. It wants the closed shop, and if it can get it by starving you, why starve you shall."

"I notice that you have profited in the past by those very labor-gouges you mention," insinuated Brentwood, one of the wiliest and most astute of our corporation lawyers. "The receiver is as bad as the thief," he sneered. "You had no hand in the gouging, but you took your whack out of the gouge."

"That is quite beside the question, Brentwood," Bertie drawled. "You're as bad as Hanover, intruding the moral element. I haven't said that anything is right or wrong. It's all a rotten game, I know; and my sole kick is that you fellows are squealing now that you're down and labor's taking a gouge out of you. Of course I've taken the profits from the gouging, and, thanks to you, gentlemen, without having personally

to do the dirty work. You did that for me—oh, believe me, not because I am more virtuous than you, but because my good father and his various brothers left me a lot of money with which to pay for the dirty work."

"If you mean to insinuate—" Brentwood began hotly.

"Hold on, don't get all ruffled up," Bertie interposed insolently. "There's no use in playing hypocrites in this thieves' den. The high and lofty is all right for the newspapers, boys' clubs and Sunday schools—that's part of the game; but for heaven's sake, don't let's play it on one another. You know, and you know that I know, just what jobbery was done in the building trades strike last fall, who put up the money, who did the work, and who profited by it." (Brentwood flushed darkly.) "But we are all tarred with the same brush, and the best thing for us to do is to leave morality out of it. Again I repeat, play the game, play it to the last finish, but for goodness' sake, don't squeal when you get hurt."

When I left the group Bertie was off on a new tack tormenting them with the more serious aspects of the situation, pointing out the shortage of supplies that was already making itself felt, and asking them what they were going to do about it. A little later I met him in the cloak room, leaving, and gave him a lift home in my machine.

"It's a great stroke, this general strike," he said, as we bowled along through the crowded but orderly streets. "It's a smashing body-blow. Labor caught us napping and struck at our weakest place, the stomach. I'm going to get out of San Francisco,' Cerf. Take my advice and get out, too. Head for the country, anywhere. You'll have more chance. Buy up a stock of supplies and get into a tent or a cabin somewhere. Soon there'll be nothing but starvation in this city for such as we."

How correct Bertie Messener was, I never dreamed. I decided mentally that he was an alarmist. As for myself I was content to remain and watch the fun. After I dropped him, instead of going directly home, I went on in a hunt for more food. To my surprise, I learned that the small groceries where I had bought in the morning were sold out. I extended my search to the Potrero, and by good luck managed to pick up another box of candles, two sacks of wheat flour, ten pounds of graham flour (which would do for the servants), a case of tinned corn, and two cases of tinned tomatoes. It did look as though there was going to be at least a temporary food shortage, and I hugged myself over the goodly stock of provisions I had laid in.

The next morning I had my coffee in bed as usual, and, more than the cream, I missed the daily paper. It was this absence of knowledge

of what was going on in the world that I found the chiefest hardship. Down at the club there was little news. Rider had crossed from Oakland in his launch, and Halstead had been down to San Jose and back in his machine. They reported the same conditions in those places as in San Francisco. Everything was tied up by the strike. All grocery stocks had been bought out by the upper classes. And perfect order reigned. But what was happening over the rest of the country—in Chicago? New York? Washington? Most probably the same things that were happening with us, we concluded; but the fact that we did not know with absolute surety was irritating.

General Folsom had a bit of news. An attempt had been made to place army telegraphers in the telegraph offices, but the wires had been cut in every direction. This was, so far, the one unlawful act committed by labor, and that it was a concerted act he was fully convinced He had communicated by wireless with the army post at Benicia, the telegraph lines were even then being patrolled by soldiers all the way to Sacramento. Once, for one short instant, they had got the Sacramento call, then the wires, somewhere, were cut again. General Folsom reasoned that similar attempts to open communication were being made by the authorities all the way across the continent, but he was non-committal as to whether or not he thought the attempt would succeed. What worried him was the wire-cutting; he could not but believe that it was an important part of the deep-laid labor conspiracy. Also, he regretted that the government had not long since established its projected chain of wireless stations.

(To be concluded in February number.)

This poverty of the workers is not due to their failure as producers. There is no such a thing as a poverty problem in the sense that not enough wealth is produced to supply all the needs of the nation.—John Spargo, in The Socialists.

Socialism for Students

By JOS. E. COHEN

III. SOCIALIST ECONOMICS



OLITICAL economy concerns itself with the bread and butter question. To study this question properly, to understand the material conditions of life, which Hegel termed "civic society," is the purpose of political economy. For, as Marx said: "The anatomy of that civic society is to be found in political economy."

Just now we are going to examine the anatomy of present day society—capitalist society. How can we distinguish capitalism from feudalism and chattel slavery? What is capital? "Capital," say the non-Socialist political economists, "is that part of wealth used to create more wealth." This definition is about as satisfactory as the old Greek's definition of man—"a featherless biped." It is true that man is a featherless biped, but there are other featherless bipeds—and all featherless bipeds are not men. Man is something more than a featherless two-legged animal. And, in the same way, capital is something more than "that part of wealth used to create more wealth."

We know that capitalists are not landlords and that capitalists are not slave owners. No one but a non-Socialist professor of political economy would think of speaking of the capitalists of the dark ages any more than he would think of speaking of the astronomy of Adam's day. A definition of capital, to be worth anything, must lay stress upon its historical character as well as its peculiar function; it can be true only of certain countries at certain times under certain conditions. Capital is a transitory arrangement and the laws of capitalist production apply only to capitalism. They do not apply to the finding of diamonds on the street, nor to handicraft, nor to the fine arts. The laws of capitalist production do not apply to all production carried on today, and do not apply to other systems of production, such as chattel slavery and feudalism.

Here is the definition of John A. Hobson: "Capitalism may provisionally be defined as the organization of business upon a large scale by an employer or company of employers possessing an accumulated stock of wealth wherewith to acquire raw materials and tools, and hire labor, so

as to produce an increased quantity of wealth which shall constitute profit."

Capitalism, therefore, requires: Production on a large scale; the workers divorced from the ownership both of the means of production and the product of their labor; the capitalist class owning the means of production, hiring the workers for wages and retaining the product of the workers' labor; production for sale and the profit of the capitalist class.

With that we are ready for Marx's strong sentence, which is a keynote to the critical analysis of capitalist production: "The wealth of those societies, in which the capitalist mode of production prevails, presents itself as an immense accumulation of commodities, its unit being a single commodity."

A commodity is something bought and sold. It is an article that satisfies some human want or fancy. It is a product of labor. But while every commodity is a product of labor, every product of labor is not a commodity.

Every product of labor that serves a useful purpose is a use value Yet a thing may be very useful to the man who makes it, such as the raft of the backwoodsman, and not be a commodity.

To be a commodity, a product of labor must bring a price upon the market. It must be a common object of purchase and produced with the end in view of being exchanged for money—of being sold. In addition to being a use value, to be a commodity it must be an exchange value.

Use value is a personal affair; exchange value is a social relation.

It is the possession of exchange value that turns a labor product into a commodity. Under all systems of production are articles produced for their use value. It is the particular production of exchange values, or commodities, that distinguishes capitalism from feudalism, chattel slavery and primitive communion. In capitalist society exchange value is so much more important than use value, that whenever we speak of value we mean exchange value.

Let us now see how value is determined.

"Labor produces all wealth," say the professors of political economy. This is another "featherless biped" definition. For we must learn what labor produces use value and what labor produces exchange value. And on this point the professors maintain a dignified silence.

To produce use value, such as hats, it requires labor of a certain kind, the labor of hatters, not that of cigar makers. This labor of a certain kind, the labor of hatters in shaping hats or the labor of cigar makers in rolling cigars, is called concrete labor. Concrete labor produces use value.

Now, when we say of hats and cigars, "This hat is worth four dollars,

while this box of cigars is worth only two dollars," it is because they have something in common, other than that they contain concrete labor. We take it for granted that the hat was made by hatters, not cigar makers, and that the cigars were made not made by hatters. Exchange value is not created by concrete labor. The problem here is not "what kind," but "how much?" Exchange values are quantities, not qualities.

Exchange value is determined by the amount of labor in the commodity. It is not the particular labor of hatters and cigar makers that you buy with dollars, so much as a certain amount of general labor. You pay four dollars for a hat and two dollars for a box of cigars, because twice as much average labor has been spent in making the hat as was spent in making the box of cigars, just as you pay twice as much for two boxes of cigars as you pay for one. This labor that you buy with money is called abstract labor. This, then, is the difference between the two:

Concrete labor produces use value. Abstract labor produces exchange value.

Further: All labor is not of one grade. But the more skilled can be reduced to the less skilled; one day's high class labor is worth, say, two days' simple labor. This is not a very difficult thing to do since, as Marx tells us, "Unskilled labor constitutes the bulk of all labor performed in capitalist society, as may be seen from all statistics." Nor do we deal with the actual labor of the individual. Production is for the market and the competition of other producers is involved. Value is a social relation. A more exact definition, therefore, would be: Exchange value is measured by the average amount of simple, abstract labor, socially necessary to produce the commodity.

Commodities produced, they are next exchanged. Money is the medium of exchange, accepted in all countries reached by capitalism; money is the universal equivalent. While the money paid for some commodities, their price, is above their value, and the price of others is below their value, value is at the bottom of the price and, taking the whole field of capitalist production into consideration, commodities may be said to exchange at about their value.

But if only labor creates value, and if commodities exchange at about their value, how does it come that Mr. Coldcash, who owns a factory, who does no labor, but is taking the rest cure at Monte Carlo, receives a very satisfactory yearly income?

Here another character steps upon the scene.

This character is the worker. He comes to the market where only commodities are bought and sold. He owns no commodities. He has no hats, cigars, or diamonds to sell—at least not in any considerable quan-

tity, and capitalism concerns itself only with production on a large scale. He cannot sell commodities, yet this is a commodity age. What can he sell?

He has something to sell which every capitalist is anxious to buy. The worker sells his labor power, the use of his brain and brawn, for wages. Wage-labor is the peculiar institution of capitalism, as opposed to serfdom or chattel slavery. And the worker throws his labor power upon the market as a commodity.

Mr. Coldcash is in business purely for business. And the price of the commodity labor power, like all commodities, rests upon its value. And the principal factor in determining its value is the amount of abstract labor it requires to produce that labor power and reproduce the species; that is to say, the amount of food, clothing and shelter it requires to sustain life in the worker during the time he is employed.

We say "principal factor," not the only factor. Socialists do not hold to Lassalle's "iron law of wages." For, to quote Marx, "There are some peculiar features which distinguish the value of the laboring power, or the value of labor, from the value of other commodities. The value of laboring power is formed by two elements—the one merely physical, the other historical or social. Its ultimate limit is determined by the physical element, that is to say, to maintain and reproduce itself, to perpetuate its physical existence, the working class must receive the necessaries absolutely indispensable for living and multiplying. . . . Besides this mere physical element, the value of labor is in every country determined by a traditional standard of life. It is not merely physical life, but it is the satisfaction of certain wants springing from the social conditions in which people are placed and reared up."

For the rest, that the cost of production is the principal factor in determining wages is illustrated by the fact that scales of wages change from town to town according to the different standards of living.

Labor power is sold as a commodity. What happens? Mr. Coldcash starts in business by paying so much for raw material, machinery, heat, light, etc., and so much for labor power. Let us say he invests $1,000,000, of which $200,000 goes for wages during the year. At the end of that time Mr. Coldcash's manager exultantly cables his employer: "Gross dividends $40,000. Congratulations." By what magic did Mr. Coldcash's $1,000,000 breed $40,000 while Mr. Coldcash was taking the rest cure at Monte Carlo?

Once again, what entered into the production?

First of all, raw material, machinery, fuel, light, etc., worth $800,000 and, let us say, all used up. Turn these commodities about as you will, equal values exchange for equal values, whether before or after produc-

tion. The $800,000 worth of goods are worth just that amount in the finished products.

There was also $200,000 worth of labor power. Let us follow that a little more closely.

When a worker sells his labor power, he sells it for about what it costs him to produce it. A day's pay is about what it costs the worker to live a day. But the amount of time he works that day has nothing to do with his cost of living. That is regulated by the competition of workers for jobs, the strength of unions, factory legislation, etc. And, mark it well, regardless of whatever influences may favor him, there is a considerable difference between the number of hours it takes him to produce value equal to his wages and the total number of hours, constituting the working day, for which he has to work for those wages. When the capitalist buys labor power for a day, he pays for the number of hours it takes the worker to produce the equivalent of his wages; he pays for, say, two hours. When the capitalist sells the worker's product, he sells the total number of hours the worker has toiled; he sells, say, eight hours. This difference of six hours' labor time and value the capitalist pockets. This is surplus value.

Thus while Mr. Coldcash's manager buys and sells labor power at its value, he nevertheless realizes $400,000 worth of surplus value. "Surplus value is unpaid labor," is Marx's theory that revolutionized political economy. And unpaid labor is the corner stone of the present social order.

Let us follow Mr. Coldcash. That worthy gentleman does not pocket all of the $40,000. He has rented the factory from Mr. Codfish, a member of the landed aristocracy. Mr. Codfish must maintain himself in a manner becoming his station, which means that he must not soil his lily white hands with work, and, to avoid doing so, he exacts rent. Moreover, Mr. Coldcash is under some obligations to Mr. Moneybags, the financier, who lent Mr. Coldcash the $1,000,000 with which he started in business. Mr. Moneybags is also one of the pillars of society and must be supported in idleness. So Mr. Moneybags very graciously receives back his principal with interest at the current rate. What Mr. Coldcash retains as his share is industrial profit. While this division does not always take place, one individual often serving in two or even the three capacities, yet if for no other reason than to explain their different stages historically, we divide surplus value into rent, interest and profit.

The distinction between profit and surplus value should be emphasized. Profits are the dividends paid on the total investment. Surplus value represents the exploitation of labor and is based upon the wages only. In the case of Mr. Moneybags, the gross profits were $40,000 on the $1,000,000 invested, or 4 per cent. At the same time that $40,000

was extracted out of the labor of the workers whose wages were $200,000. The rate of surplus value was 20 per cent.

The distinction between profit and surplus value is so marked that one may increase while the other decreases. For example, take the "law of diminishing returns," offered to excuse Mr. Coldcash for pocketing his unearned increment. It happens that normally, in a number of commercial enterprises, by the increase of invested capital laid out in more expensive machinery, etc., as well as artificially, by over-capitalization, watering of stocks, lobbying and bribery of public officials, keeping a double set of books, and such other methods best known to the eminently respectable Mr. Coldcash, the average rate of profit may be shown to be dwindling from year to year. The rate of exploitation, however, constantly increases, due to labor-displacing machinery, the growth of the industrial reserve army and the consequent intenser competition for jobs, so that labor, and not capital, brings in diminishing returns. This, and this only accounts for the tremendous increase in the national wealth.

We may also, in passing, consider a few more of the explanations offered to show cause why Mr. Coldcash and his colleagues are entitled to retain their unearned increment. Here is one holy trinity frequently encountered: Wages of risk, superintendence and abstinence. Wages or risk—by which it is claimed that the worker should insure Mr. Coldcash against the risk of not realizing surplus value out of the worker. Wages of superintendence—which overlooks the fact that surplus values were never so meager as when Mr. Coldcash superintended the business and never so abundant as when Mr. Coldcash was taking the rest cure at Monte Carlo. Wages of abstinence—which overlooks the fact that Mr. Coldcash was only absinent when the surplus value was meager; now that it is plentiful he is no longer ascetic, but leads a life of debauchery—or, rather, takes the rest cure—at Monte Carlo.

But if Mr. Coldcash is to be remunerated for lack of risk, superintendence and abstinence, why not the workers who do run the risk of life and limb, do all the superintending, and whose wages compel them to be abstinent? Why is it that, for the workers, "virtue is its only reward?" The fact that dividends come to owners whether they be children, insane or degenerate, shows that profit is an income secured without returning an equivalent.

In view of the ground we have now covered, let us amplify our definitions. Here is what Marx says of capital: "Capital does not consist of means of subsistence, implements of labor, and raw materials alone, nor only of material products; it consists just as much of exchange values. All the products of which it consists are commodities. Thus capital is not merely the sum of material products; it is a sum of com-

modities, of exchange values, of social quantities." Hyndman and Untermann, as well as Marx, have developed this thought further, illustrating the many garbs in which capital appears, also the divers functions money perform.

As to value and price, Untermann quotes Kautsky upon an important point. "It is not the value, but the price of production, which forms under a developed capitalist mode of production the level, around which market prices fluctuate under the influence of demand and supply. The price of production, however, is not floating on air, but rests upon value." The price of production consists of the value plus the average rate of profit which the Coldcashes are able to secure at the particular time. In regard to value, price of production and market price, it is well to heed Marx: "By comparing the standard wages or values of labor in different countries, and by comparing them in different historical epochs of the same country, you will find that the value of labor itself is not fixed but a variable magnitude, even supposing the values of all other commodities to remain constant. A similar comparison would prove that not only the market rates of profit change, but its average rates."

Whatever the ups and downs of the market, such as supply and demand, "buying cheap and selling dear," the influence of monopoly and such other "higgling of the market," which affect prices and give one capitalist the advantage over another, however turbulent the sea of conflicting emotions upon which capitalists are tossed as to the desirability of securing a slow, small and sure return on their investments as against a quick, large, but uncertain return, the workers remain the sole producers of value and the capitalists remain the idlers and appropriators of surplus value. When commodities have been produced, exchanged and distributed (all of which is included in the term production), the only exploitation of the workers peculiar to capitalism has been accomplished.

With Marx's theory of surplus value as an X-ray, to borrow an idea from one of Rata Langa's masterly cartoons, we can lay bare the mechanism of capitalist production. It is the exploitation of labor, the accumulation of surplus values in the shape of exchange values in such quantity as to glut the market, that is the primary cause of commercial crises. A commercial crisis apprehends Messrs. Coldcash, Codfish and Moneybags in the act of "getting away with the goods." Here we may insert, both D. A. Wells and Hyndman note that the crisis of 1873 was the first to indicate that peoples remotely connected with capitalism are bound up with it in sharing the shock of an industrial disturbance. Capitalism scourges the whole world.

During the crisis, the smaller capitalists are assimilated by the larger ones. This also results from attacks upon the "malefactors of wealth,"

and from insurance scandal and "frenzied finance" exposures. For the timid, petty traders are always first to sell when the market takes a bad turn and thus play into the hands of the big holders.

Aside from any "illegal" measure, which is but the hissing steam signifying that the water, the current of commerce, has reached the boiling point—the point wherein amalgamation is inevitable—the tendency for capital to concentrate in every industry and to centralize into the hands of fewer capitalists, is only a higher form of the present system of production. Investment continues until an industry is saturated with capital, then independent companies are merged into one, the corporation next absorbs the business closely allied with it, the tentacles of the more successful promoters and captains of industry spread out in all directions until there comes "the entanglement of all peoples in the net of the world market and, with this, the international character of the capitalistic regime."

Vandervelde and, especially, John A. Hobson, describe the trust tendency. Hobson shows that in the manufacture of American agricultural implements, no less than in other manufactures, the number of establishments has declined appreciably from 1880 to 1900. Altogether, in that time, the dependent class has increased 73.6 per cent, while the employing or independent class has increased only 27.4 per cent. Curiously, data to show how rapidly the number of manufacturing establishments is decreasing creeps into the Republican Campaign Text Book for 1908. At the same time, it is true, as Hobson says further along, "We find that it is precisely in those trades which are most highly organized, provided with the most advanced machinery, and composed of the largest units of capital, that the fiercest and most unscrupulous competition has shown itself." Such death grapples for mastery end in still greater consolidation and serve notice that the time is ripe for making the means of production the collective property of the whole people.

In the hands of the Socialist, political economy ceases to be the "dismal science." The Marxian school, the historical school, vitalized political economy. More than that, the Socialist is not concerned with economic measures that oppress the capitalists of one country for the benefit of those of another country. He shows that exploitation has no fatherland. The Socialist is not a nationalist, but an internationalist. Only in his hands is political economy a social science.

Only by the aid of the Marxian theories can we fully understand capitalist production, account for the poverty of the working class and the riches of the idle capitalist class, explain the widening gulf between the two classes, the periodic industrial depressions and the rise of monopoly.

To the Socialist, the capitalist system fully developed is the point where it is in a condition of socialized production ready for socialized ownership, whereby the means of production will be stripped of their present class character as capital, whereby labor power will no longer be a commodity and exploitation of the producer will cease. Then the workers will receive the value they create, distress in the midst of plenty will be impossible, the world's productive forces will be scientifically and planfully controlled, and the problem of political economy will be solved: So to arrange the material conditions of life as to result in the happiness of the whole people.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A COURSE OF READING

The following list of works is recommended to the student. They cover the subject touched upon by the above article, and it is suggested that they be read in the order named.—J. E. C.

What Is Capital? By Ferdinand Lassalle. Paper, 5 cents.

Wage Labor and Capital. By Karl Marx. Paper, 5 cents.

Collectivism. By Emile Vandervelde. Cloth, 50 cents.

Evolution of Modern Capitalism. By John A. Hobson. Scribners, New York.

Commercial Crises of the 19th Century. By H. M. Hyndman. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London.

Economics of Socialism. By H. M. Hyndman. Twentieth Century Press, London.

Marxian Economics. By Ernest Untermann. Cloth, $1.00.

Poverty of Philosophy. By Karl Marx. Cloth, $1.00.

Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy. By Karl Marx. The International Library Publishing Co., New York.

Capital. By Karl Marx. Three volumes, cloth, each $2.00.

(The books in this list will be mailed on receipt of price by Charles H. Kerr & Company, 153 Kinzie street, Chicago, except where the name of another publisher is indicated. We have a few copies of Hyndman's "Commercial Crises of the 19th Century," which we will supply at $1.00, postpaid, while they last.)

The Utopian is one who, starting from an abstract principle, seeks for a perfect social organization.—George Plechanoff, in Anarchism and Socialism.

The Economic Aspects of the Negro Question

By I. M. ROBBINS

VI. LYNCH LAW



YNCHINGS may be said to represent the most sensitive aspects of the entire negro problem. In the opinion of the North, as well as of Europe, they are the substance of the negro problem, for it is during these sudden outbreaks of race hatred and riot, that the outside world wakes up to the existence of the negro problem in the south, as it takes a pogrom in Kishenev or Odesso for us to realize the existence of the Jewish problem in Russia.

If the preceding installments of this study have been of any use at all, they must have sufficiently established the existence of a very real problem without any lynchings or race riots at all, which were intentionally left out of consideration, for it was the purpose to study first the normal aspects of the situation, leaving the sensational symptoms for special consideration. Nevertheless it remains true that the race conflict and the outlawed condition of the negro receive their most forcible expression in these dramatic occurrences. And the practice of lynchings is of such utmost importance in the understanding of the entire problem that a separate chapter will not be out of proportion to the subject as a whole.

That the history of the lynch law has waited until 1905 for the first systematic study (Lynch Law, An investigation into the History of lynching in the United States, by Professor J. E. Cutler, New York, 1905), is a sad but eloquent commentary upon the primitive condition of the study of social and institutional history of this country.

Neither the origin of the institution nor that of the name has ever been satisfactorily established. There is a common belief that this form of administration of justice has arisen in the far West during the forties. Such historical inquiries would be out of place here. But it is clear that the usurpation of that term by the south, as well as the throwing together of these two classes of phenomena is of very little help, since

it obscures the many differences for the sake of a few superficial similarities. It is true that both are (or pretend to be) forms of spontaneous administration of justice; but this does not bring us anywhere, for efforts at spontaneous administration of justice or vengeance are just as old as human society. In fact they are admitted to have been the forerunners of the more formal judicial procedure. Much more important is the fact that historically the lynchings of the South have very little to do with the administration of the lynch law in the primitive pioneer communities of the Wild West. The southern lynchings are an immediate development of the practices of the Ku Klux Klan, which have been described in a preceding chapter.

But in view of the general confusion on the subject it may perhaps be advantageous to underscore briefly the essential difference between the western and the southern administration of this quasi-judicial procedure. When in the middle of the XIXth century the rapid growth of the republic had created a rapidly shifting frontier, the fringe of civilization, and the weakness of the central authority, left these new places without a satisfactory system of protection for life and property. Thus the organization of citizens' vigilance committees was a matter of absolute necessity. This voluntary police organization at times of necessity brought forth its own judges, jurymen, and prosecuting attorneys. It is easy to find there an element of justice, openly administered, though without any knowledge of law, or of court procedure. Though the trial was quick and without appeal, the accused person had the right to present witnesses; the jury followed their conscience and judgment much more than any formal rules of evidence, but perhaps the results were just as satisfactory to society, and there was no delay in execution of the sentence.

At the present state of civilization there is no need for such primitive forms of justice and this form of lynch law has properly vanished. The southern lynchings belong to an entirely different form of phenomena.

Courts for a proper administration of justice exist in the South no less than in any other part of the country. In the days of reconstruction the Ku Klux Klan organizations found their justification in the fact that the entire governmental power, the legislative as well as the judiciary, was in the hands of the negroes, acting under the orders and the protection of the northern army officers, and government and courts could reasonably be supposed to be prejudiced against the traitors of yesterday. But the situation is very much different to day. The court in the South as in the North is a free elective court. With the absolute elimination of the negro or his representatives from the police. the administration, the legislation or the courts, or even the jury box, the white man should

have no difficulty in obtaining justice against the negro. Under such conditions it is difficult to apply to the lynchings of the South the same justifications which excuse the lynch law of the primitive West.

In the analysis of the lynchings some study of the statistics will be indispensable. Since 1885 the Chicago Tribune has been collecting such statistics, which are generally admitted to be fairly accurate. The number of lynchings for the last 23 years are shown in the following table:

1885	184	1893	200	1901	135
1886	138	1894	190	1902	96
1887	122	1895	171	1903	104
1888	142	1896	131	1904	87
1889	176	1897	166	1905	66
1890	127	1898	127	1906	69
1891	192	1899	107	1907	63
1892	235	1900	115		
				Total	3,143

These figures eloquently prove that the lynchings are not a local or temporary affair but a permanent feature of southern life. It is to be very much regretted that similar data are not available for the entire period after the war, since lynchings, which have occurred sporadically even in the eighteenth century, began to develop rapidly immediately after the civil war. But as they stand these data are eloquent enough. Nearly 3,200 lynchings during a quarter of a century present quite a vivid picture of southern life, for it must be remembered that these 3,200 lynchings represent so many crowds and mobs, each many hundreds and even thousands of people strong. But there are other interesting conclusions to be derived from these figures. The sudden aggravation of the lynching evil of which so much is said during the recent years is found to be only a result of greater attention to these occurrences, since no such increase in the number of lynchings is to be found. In fact, the contrary is true, if the data are reliable: for during the first five years period, 1885-1889, the average annual number of lynchings was 152, during the second five years period, the annual average was 189; during the third five years period, 1895-1899, the annual average was 140, during the five years period, 1900-1904, the average was only 107, and during the latest years less than 70.

On the other hand, the optimistic conclusion to be derived from these computations is somewhat exaggerated. For we are told by the compiler of the Chicago Tribune, that in 1906, for example, the 12 victims of the Atlanta slaughter, and an equal number of negroes killed a

few months later in Mississippi was not included. It is explained that "they had not committed any offense, and were not arrested charged with crime. They were killed by infuriated mobs, because of the crime of some unknown negroes. They were clearly race riots, rather than lynchings." But while this is all true of the Atlanta affair, it is no less true of a great many less sensational lynchings, and it will be the object of these lines to show that almost every southern lynching at the present time is no more or less than a race riot, an expression of the race relations between the two races.

The tables above include all the lynchings recorded in the United States. In the following table the distribution of the lynchings by race and territory is given since 1900 (data for 1904 and 1905 unfortunately not being available at this writing):

Year.	Total.	Whites.	Negroes.	North.	South.
1900	115	8	107	8	107
1901	135	26	107	14	121
1902	96	10	87	9	87
1903	104	17	86	12	92
1906	69	5	64	6	63
1907	63	3	60	2	61

This shows lynchings to be a southern institution and one primarly directed against the negro. The most frequent lynchings are found to occur in the least civilized states of Mississippi, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Louisiana. This truth is not obscured by the few lynchings in the border states, or even in the southern counties of the northern states.

Now, then, since the problem of lynch law in the United States reduces itself mainly to the problem of lynching negroes in the South, the question inevitably arises: What peculiar conditions of a southern life are responsible for this peculiar condition? The thousands of men and women who have participated in such lynchings, and the millions of southerners who sympathize with such lynchings, have a ready stereotyped answer to this inquiry: "The lynchings are explained by very obvious causes, said that famous fanatic of negrophobia, John Temple Graves, in his celebrated speech before the Chautauqua Assembly in 1903: "The crime which causes the lynchings is the unspeakable crime against the southern women, a crime more terrible than arson, more killing than murder, the crime whose name we dare not mention here."

This opinion of the cause of lynchings in the South is very common, almost universally held in the South. It is not new, for twenty years ago the celebrated Frederick Douglass was forced to protest against this contention, as Booker Washington is forced to do now.

A certain share of truth in this accusation cannot be denied. Cases of criminal assault of white women by negroes sometimes do take place, and sometimes they do lead to lynchings. Unfortunately there are no statistical data concerning the extent of this crime, but the southerners insist that it is growing in frequency and is becoming a public menace. According to these statements it has reached such dimensions that a white farmer cannot leave his family in the house without a mortal fear as to their security. The white women of the South live in a state of constant fear of a possible attack by a black beast. This state of mind is very probable, and is easily explained by the effects of a continuous discussion of the so-called crime. The effect of each case, thanks to the great American publicity, is carried far beyond its geographical limits. It cannot be denied that some of these cases are perfectly awful in their details. Such is the case quoted by Mr. Nelson Page in a magazine article a few years ago. A negro was burned alive in a very quiet and progressive town of Texas. On the previous day he had picked up a little girl about five or six years old, carried her off, soothing her cries with candy, which he had bought for the purpose. When the child was found she was unrecognizable. With her little body broken and mangled he had cut her throat and thrown her into a ditch.

One case like this is sometimes sufficient to fill the heart of an unreasoning person with hatred for the entire negro race. But we do not intend to discuss the question, whether criminal assault upon little girls is justifiable. It would seem to be hardly in accord with twentieth century civilization to discuss a problem like that. Surely all taking of human lives is equally undesirable. Must a murderer, therefore, be lynched? And if not, must the beast who commits criminal assault, be lynched? How many cases of criminal assault are committed by white persons in the great city of New York alone? And are most of the lynchings in the South really caused by criminal assault?

The following table will supply some information on this question. (Again we must express our regret that data for 1904 and 1905 are not available at the present writing; but the data for the six years shown are really sufficient for all practical purposes.)

	Rape.	Attempted Rape.	Murder.	All Other.	Total.
1900	18	13	39	45	115
1901	19	9	39	68	135
1902	19	11	37	29	96
1903	18	10	47	29	104
1906	22	14	24	9	69
1907	12	11	18	22	63

One must remember that the Chicago paper does not investigate the causes of lynchings, but simply classifies them according to the cause given by the local newspapers. It is evident that criminal assault figures only in a small proportion of cases, in some years in only one-sixth or one-eighth of them. In case of murder committed by a negro, some darkey must be lynched, very frequently with a very unsatisfactory identification. But even outside the serious crime of murder there are hundred of minor offenses for which lynchings are necessary from the southern point of view. It is scarcely necessary to enter here into a very detailed statistical discussion of such causes; but it will be sufficient to quote here at length the list of causes as given by Professor Cutler, who is the recognized living authority on the subject of lynchings: According to him, colored persons have been lynched within the last decades for the following reasons:

Grave robbery, threatened political exposures, slander, self-defense, wife beating, cutting levees, kidnaping, voodooism, poisoning horses, writing insulting letters, incendiary language, swindling, jilting a girl, colonizing negroes, turning state's evidence, political troubles, gambling, quarreling, poisoning wells, throwing stones, unpopularity, making threats, circulating scandals, being troublesome, bad reputation, drunkenness, rioting, insults, supposed offense, insulting women, fraud, criminal abortion, alleged stock poisoning, enticing servant away (*sic!*), writing letter to white woman, asking white woman in marriage, conspiracy, introducing smallpox, giving information, conjuring to prevent evidence, being disreputable, informing, concealing a criminal, slapping a child, shooting at officer, passing counterfeit money, felony, elopement with white girl, refusing to give evidence, giving evidence, disobeying ferry regulations, running quarantine, violation of contract, paying attention to white girl, resisting assault, inflammatory language, resisting arrest, testifying for one of his own race, keeping gambling house, quarrel over profit sharing, forcing white boy to commit crime, lawlessness. It would evidently be quite difficult to find a crime or any act of misconduct so petty, but that the southerners would not sometimes think the lynching of a negro a proper punishment fotr it. In some cases it would be hard to define just where the crime or the act of misconduct had occurred. as, for instance, in the case of a negro lynched on account of his unpopularity or for being quarrelsome. Finally, it is worth while pointing out that the so-called typical negro crime, that of criminal assault of little girls of very tender age, is extremely rare, since during all these six years there were only five or six criminal assaults with fatal result.

Assuming the figures of the Chicago Tribune to be correct, we find that these six years there have been just about 175 criminal assaults, in-

cluding all the cases of attempted assault, which are, as often as not, simple cases of attempted robbery. With a negro population of over ten millions, this gives one assault or attempt at assault for each 60,000 or over of negro population for the entire six years, or one such case for each 300,000 to 400,000 persons of negro race annually. This proportion may be a high one. Nevertheless the peculiar negro crime remains after all a very exceptional one, perhaps no more frequent than it is among the white population of our cities.

The very large number of lynchings for all sorts and conditions of crimes, offenses and no crime or offense at all, should be sufficient evidence that the cause of lynchings must not be looked for in the nature of the negro criminality. Still better evidence is given by the many race riots, which have become quite common within recent times, and when the grievance against one negro, accused of some offence, immediately becomes a grievance against all the negroes and leads to the murder or abuse of admittedly innocent persons of the negro race. Thus one is often forced to look for the cause of lynchings in the white rather than the colored population of the place, as the lynchings of the West could be explained only by the condition of the entire western society rather than the depravity of the lynched criminal. Now, it is very easy to point at several peculiarities of southern white society which would explain the frequency of lynchings in the southern states. Thus there is the generally low level of culture and civilization which makes it enjoy the exercise of cruelty as such, and find an interesting entertainment in the sight of a burning negro. Perhaps the following little story might help to illustrate this point.

The burning of a negro at the stake in Wilmington, Delaware, some years ago will probably be remembered by many. A few days after this affair had taken place, a young southern gentleman with his fond papa were passing through that town. The train stopped in Wilmington, and looking out of the car-window, this young gentleman noticed a negro porter on the platform. The gentleman beckoned to him to come nearer, and then cried: "Hey, porter, bring me some roast nigger on toast!" The best part of this story is that the fond papa of the bright youngster told this story to me and was quite proud about it.

Thus, with a reduction of the number of cases of criminal assault, by means of education of the negro, and perhaps by the elimination of the bad whiskey that is being sold to him by white manufacturers, and on the other hand by the rise in the general level of culture and civilization of the white population of the South, a gradual reduction in the number of lynchings may be expected. Yet this solution is evidently as

unsatisfactory, as was the explanation given of the causes of lynchings, for the greatest factors have not yet been mentioned.

There are two of these factors: first there is the white man's hatred of the negro, and secondly the legal condition of the negro. This may appear to be the same factor, stated in two different ways, yet there is a decided difference between the two. Surely their separate existence may be imagined no matter how closely they are connected in actual life. To draw again some parallels between the negro and the Jew, though our Jewish comrades may be displeased by such juxtaposition: There is in Germany and France a great deal of the antijewish feeling, though there are no legal restrictions upon his rights; and on the other hand we are told that in Russia, where every step of the Jew is restricted by special legislation, the masses of the people have no inborn dislike against the Jew. Yet antijewish riots take place in Russia, and not in Germany or France, and we may here get a hint as to real and final cause of lynchings in the southern states. Perhaps it is not necessary to go so far for an illustration; for in Washington, where the feeling against the negro is about as strong as anywhere else in the South, no lynchings have taken place or are expected. In other words, though we do not intend to throw any suspicions upon the valor of the southern gentlemen, lynchings are encouraged by the general consciousness that the negro is a defenseless being before the law, that he is legally and socially an outcast, that the white judge and white jury will not convict, that the white governor will not make any effort to repress the lynchers; for the entire South, with comparatively few exceptions, when not speaking for publication, approves of the lynchings.

Very few southerners will admit this explanation, preferring to put the entire blame upon the negro race. Inevitably the remedies they suggest are as far from the mark as the explanations of the causes. There is for instance, the Hon. John Temple Graves, a southern celebrity, who has suddenly achieved national prominence as Mr. Hearst's personal candidate for the Vice-Presidency, supposedly a man of progressive and radical ideas. "Lynchings are crimes," says John Temple Graves. "No sane man will deny it. It is a disgrace to our constitution. It is breaking the law. It is sad, terrible, disgusting. But it is here. And it is here to stay. The lynch law is not what should be, but what is, was, and will be." And immediately Graves proceeds to show why it should be. The premises are familiar. The cause of lynchings is the unspeakable crime. More than that, the unspeakable crime is the choice crime of the negro. If a more moderate southern publicist like Page, or Clarence Poe, be satisfied to point to the "facts," the fanatical Graves proceeds to build a whole sociological and even anthropological theory upon these

facts. All southern writers upon the subject like to insist that there were no lynchings nor criminal assaults by negroes before the war. From which the conclusion is inevitable that liberty is a thing the negro is not fit to make use of. The reasoning may be right, but the facts in the case are unforutnately wrong; for both assaults and lynchings have taken place in the South long before the war. They were not so frequent, for one thing, because the negro represented a considerable outlay of capital, while now it costs very little to hang or burn a nigger, who does not belong to anybody.

Even Thomas Nelson Page expresses himself much more clearly on the subject. "The intelligent negro may (*sic!*) understand what social equality really means; but to the ignorant and brutal negro it signifies but one thing; the opportunity to enjoy equally with white men the privilege of cohabiting with white women." Of course, John Temple Graves makes it much stronger. Thousands of negroes have decided, he says, that they are willing to die if they could but once possess a white woman.

When such is the explanation given to lynchings by the white southerner, what shall be expected of the remedial measures proposed? The most fairminded ones advise that education of the negro will destroy his tendency to commit the unspeakable crime; though the "educated" white southerner has been committing the same crime towards the negro for centuries. Others suggest a system of rural police with the same object in view, or stricter vagrancy laws, so as to get rid of the bad negro. Even so careful and sober a writer as the editor of the Review of Reviews has seen fit to ask of the educated negro: Why are you so much concerned about the lynchings, and pass by in silence the unspeakable crime of assault?

Now in justice to the majority of the southerners, it must be said that they are very sceptical as to the efficacy of all such measures. Education! they sneer. Education only increases criminality among the negro. Mr. Wardaman, the governor of Mississippi, has obtained a national notoriety, if not reputation, by asserting this point of view with all the weight his official position lends to his views. More radical measures for the suppression of negro crime are demanded. And perhaps, nothing better illustrates the awful harm done to a republic by slavery and race hatred than these proposals for the suppression of negro crime. In order to satisfy the mob's desire for blood and violence, greater severity of law is demanded. In a country which has about ten times as many executions annually as has entire western Europe, suggestions come from all sides for the extension of capital punishment. It is asked now, not only for criminal assault, but even attempt to kill and attempt at criminal assault. But the introduction of such measures does not alto-

gether satisfy the mob, for it frequently storms the prison to rob justice of its victims and lynch a negro sentenced to death. Then, the southern publicist begins to analyze the cause of this mob action. Evidently the mob is not satisfied with the normal process of law. The mob is impatient, it wants to hasten the process of justice. Therefore the demand is made for swifter court procedure. Swift justice was always an ideal of jurisprudence, but in the interest of the accused. Here it is advocated in the interest of the blood-thirsty mob. Judges of the highest court begin to attack the leniency shown to the criminal. Speed is required, says a southern journalist, in commenting upon some recommendations of Justice Brewer of a similar nature, because punishment is sure only when it is speedy. The legal principle of an eye for an eye, and a life for a life can be enforced only when there is a vivid realization of the victim's loss. In other words blind revenge is advocated instead of rational treatment of the criminal. That is the latest American contribution to scientific criminology.

And when this is the tenor of the remarks in regard to the treatment of criminals in general, suggestions in regard to the treatment of the negro criminal necessarily are more cruel. The negroes are a lower race, argues Graves, they stand approximately upon a seventh century level of civilization. *Therefore,* it is ridiculous to apply to them the modern conceptions of justice and legal procedure. Here is a new plea for the old institution of a separate criminal code for negroes. Both special punishments and special methods of procedure are necessary. The suggestion has seriously been made more than once, that in cases of criminal assault of white women, the lynch law be legalized, that is, that the South consciously return to mob law. Finally an organization known by the appropriate name of the Universal Peace Union has evolved the idea that the only fit punishment for criminal assault or attempted criminal assault was castration, and it found in Graves an ardent supporter of this idea before the Chautauqua Assemblies of the country.

It is not necessary to agree with Graves in his suggestions as to remedies, but we can well subscribe to his main point of view that lynching is not a specific problem in itself and can only be settled as the negro problem is settled. But starting from this point one can strike many different paths. Graves' argument runs as follows: As long as the two races live side by side, so long will there be the usual cases of rape. And as long as there will be rape upon the white woman, there also will be lynchings. The only way to prevent rape and lynchings, reasons Graves, is to accomplish a complete separation of the races, by means of a forcible transportation of the black into some separate territory, whether within or without the United States. One may be sceptical as to the possibility

of an early solution of the negro problem in this country; but if the situation were as hopeless as is the probability or even the possibility of accomplishing this plan, then it would be hardly worth while even spending the time for any serious study; then the only thing left would be to throw up one's hands, and let things drift in the same old way.

But we are not yet prepared at this stage to discuss any suggestions as to the solution of the negro problem. Having in mind, then, specifically the problem of lynchings, one cannot help finding two great breaks in the logic of Graves' reasoning. On one hand there does not exist that close relation between the negro race and the crime of rape, nor is the relation firmer between rape and lynchings. All cases of lynchings do not follow the crime of rape; and all crimes of rape need not be followed by lynchings.

It is noteworthy that the educated negroes seem to understand much better the real nature of the lynchings, their causes, and the necessary remedies. They very properly consider them as an act directed not so much against the individual negro, as against the entire negro race. The recent tendency for the "lynching bees" to assume the much graver aspects of race riots, leading to great upheavals, heavier losses of life, and much greater embitterment between the two races, are very convincing evidence of the truth of this point of view.

The details of these conflicts are too recent, too vivid in the minds of the American public to need repetition. But the murder of perfectly innocent negroes, preferably negro tradesmen, is perhaps an indication that the excitement of the feeling against the negro has come to be recognized as a very efficient method of partisan and factional political propaganda.

Of course, it is quite evident to any one who is at all familiar with the peculiar civilization of the South, that the survival of the savage instincts in the white men is partly responsible for the frequency of the lynchings, and that with better schools, with a smaller consumption of alcoholic liquors, the average southerner may lose a great part of the pleasure he now receives when seeing a live man burned to death. But a mob is a mob for all that, and it has its own psychology, which is often very much more savage than that of its individual members. It is true that were greater efforts made to suppress anti-negro riots, many lynchings could have been avoided, and that nothwithstanding many solemn promises, the police and higher authorities only too often neglect to do their duty. Nor is it surprising, since expressions of hatred for the negro became the greatest stock in trade of the cheap demogogic politician. But to advocate a bigger and more efficient police force, is to forget that after all the inefficiency of the existing authorities to pro-

tect is due to the same causes which make for lynchings in the first place.

And this cause is the helpless legal and social position of the negro, which make a defenseless creature of him. A social group has but little to hope for, when the preservation of its rights depends only upon the charity and good will of those surrounding it and possessing the power. At present the negro has no legal weapon with which to seek redress for the wrongs he suffers. In the courts he has no representation, the political authorities are not afraid of his influence; in everyday life the outlawed position is only too manifest. As long as these conditions persist, the negro will remain the most convenient material for the playing of popular frenzy.

In other words, there is no lynching problem as such, and there can be no special remedies for its solution.

With very little effort it may be broken into its component elements. A little of southern savagery, a little of the universal mob feeling, a little of official inefficiency and connivance, but above all the knowledge of the outlawed position of the negro and a great deal of deliberate excitement of the racial antagonism by persons and parties who derive a personal benefit therefrom. Without dwelling therefore too long upon these more or less exceptional expressions of the racial relations, we will now turn to a more careful analysis of these relations as we find them in the normal everyday life of the South.

(*To be continued.*)

A social reform can very well be in accord with the interests of the ruling class. It may for the moment leave their social domination untouched, or, under certain circumstances, can even strengthen it. Social revolution, on the contrary, is from the first incompatible with the interests of the ruling classes, since under all circumstances it signifies annihilation of their power.—Karl Kautsky, in The Social Revolution.

Race Suicide in France

By ELIZA BURT GAMBLE



THERE has recently been inaugurated in France a movement known as "The Popular League of Fathers and Mothers of Numerous Families," and in connection with this movement there has been formed an allied titled organization designated as the "National Alliance for Increase of the French Population." The evident object of this entire movement is to stimulate and encourage to the fullest extent the reproductive energies of all classes in France regardless of environment or conditions, such stimulation being for the "good of the country."

A year or two ago a number of of intelligent and thoughtful women in France carried on an active crusade against existing conditions in the overcrowded districts in the large cities of the country, one of the avowed objects of this crusade being to diminish, so far as possible, the birthrate in those localities where the propagation of the human race means only the multiplication of poverty, ignorance, vice and crime. These women visited the factories and other places where female wage-earners were being exploited, and exhorted them to desist from longer continuing to propagate the human species while in a condition of slavery. It was pointed out to these overburdened women that they were not only bringing unnecessary suffering and misery upon themselves, but that they were committing a crime against society. It is believed that this later movement mentioned above is an attempt to thwart, or at least to counteract, the work done by these women. Whether or not it will succeed remains to be seen.

After setting forth the dangers which threaten France because of her diminishing population, Dr. Jacques Bertillon, head of the statistical bureau in Paris and president of the "National Alliance for the Increase of the French Population," gives to the public the results of his "extended observations" concerning the causes which have led to the declining birth rate in France. The kind of reasoning which has been employed in this report to account for the "great national evil" would be amazing were it less common, and the remedies proposed for this evil would be amusing if the matter under consideration were less serious.

Throughout Dr. Bertillon's entire observations no mention is made of French women. In a report dealing with the causes underlying a declining birth rate, those who bear and rear the whole French people are absolutely ignored. He says that because of the laws of succession and inheritance which are unfavorable to the family, "French fathers have selfishly limited the size of their families," and adds: "This ill-conceived ambition of the fathers for their children is the cause of the decreasing birth rate in France," and asks: "How is the French father to be galvanized into a proper sense not of his duty to his family but to his country?"

Not only are the causes of a declining birth rate traceable to French fathers, but the remedies proposed are to be applied only to them. The government must aid the fathers of France in solving the problem of too few children. He says: "Frenchmen with large families have a prior claim to the good will of the state," therefore all of the minor state and municipal employments should be given to the fathers of large families. Policemen, concierges, rural policemen and postmen should be rewarded according to the size of their families. As there are about 400,000 state servants in France it is believed that such preferment would greatly augment the population.

As a result of his investigations, Dr. Bertillon finds that the richest and most fertile sections of France, in Normandy, Burgundy, and the valley of the Garonne, the birth rate is lowest and that in the poorer cantons, in Brittany, the Lozere, Aveyron and the slums of Paris, where the people have had no opportunity to rise from the degraded conditions which are the legitimate result of poverty, it is the highest. Dr. Bertillon seems to regard these facts as involving some inscrutable mystery. He says: "The very wealth, the equal distribution of which throughout all ranks and classes in France has so long been the envy of the other less favored countries of Europe, is the root of the whole evil!" The conclusion is inevitable that to this writer ever increasing numbers, although they remain in squalor and ignorance, are preferable to a somewhat diminished population among which intelligence is the guiding principle. Nor is this idea confined to this one writer. It is the heritage of the capitalist class everywhere, and why? Simply because our present wasteful economic system demands vast numbers for its maintenance. It is insatiable in its demand for children and reckless in its expenditure of human life. When Napoleon Bonaparte was asked what woman he regarded as greatest, he unhesitatingly replied: "The woman who has borne the greatest number of children." His army must be supplied. To him war was the paramount consideration, and men to

fight his battles the most urgent necessity. France still needs soldiers and so the cry continues for more children.

There is a tradition that away back in the dim past President Roosevelt once expressed himself as favoring the enfranchisement of women, but since he has become powerful and has taken upon himself the responsibility of maintaining the capitalist regime, nothing has been heard from him relative to the self government of women. His only advice to them is: "Bear children."

Everywhere under the capitalist system is observed the same wasteful extravagance in human life, and women are expected to furnish these millions without a murmur. Not only are vast numbers required for war, but according to C. N. Crittenden, founder of the Florence Crittenden Mission, in this country alone, eighty thousand of young girls are required every year to fill up the ranks of vice wherein that many of their predecesors have died after brief careers." Add to this the vast numbers of children needed to carry on the various industries in which they are engaged for the production of wealth, and we may judge somewhat of the extravagance in human life and energy which everywhere prevails.

When we observe that one-third of all the children born die in infancy for no other cause than that the conditions surrounding them are unfavorable to life, and when we reflect that all the vital energy required for this useless and worse than useless reproduction must be furnished by women, we are not surprised at the attitude of the leaders in the capitalist regime toward the question of woman's enfranchisement. It is readily seen that they are quite consistent in persistently refusing to grant to women the key to independence. Only slave mothers could be induced to perform the duties required of women under the present economic system.

France is slowly becoming a civilized nation, and whether her birth rate is increased or diminished will depend upon French mothers. Under higher human conditions the desire for offspring among women, and their willingness to assume the responsibilities of reproduction will regulate the birth rate. When women are free they will not be forced into motherhood to satisfy the demands of either lust or greed.

Orchard Lake, Mich., September 25.

Do We Need a Political Revolution?

By WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING



N MANY countries socialist organizations put in the foreground the agitation for a political revolution to establish democratic government. Such is the case not only in Russia, but also in Austria, Germany, Italy, Belgium and many other countries.

In none of these countries is it thought that this political revolution movement is necessarily of a profoundly socialistic character. Nevertheless, it has been found everywhere that only the socialists had the courage to fight for the preservation of the original institutions of democratic government.

Now recently it has been confessed by some of the world's leading publicists that the government of the United States is very far indeed from being a democratic one. Undoubtedly the best work extant on the American political institutions is Ostrogorsky's "Democracy, or the Origin of Political Parties in England and the United States."

With other modern writers on the subject, he makes it clear that we are absolutely bound and tied not only by the intensely undemocratic constitution forced on later generations by our fathers, but also by the unexpected and monstrous development of the system of government by two great political parties.

It is this antiquated system that not only divides the democratic forces of the country, but even results in the establishment of several contradictory tendencies within the socialist party. If we had a genuine democratic constitution, clear-cut economic questions would be placed before the people and the nation would divide on each question according to the conscious economic position of the various social classes. As it is, each campaign brings up such a confusion of issues, that the elections are valueless even as an indication of public opinion, to say nothing about obtaining any real advance.

The conference of Radicals held at St. Louis December 3rd, 4th and 5th, proposed a plan which may result in a wide national agitation for the institution of a democratic government in the United States. Its plan was at once presented to the leading socialist papers, as well as the progressive labor press and all other radical publications that might be interested.

The inaugurators of the movement were under no illusions as to its chances for immediate success; and if it should never succeed, that makes it all the more valuable from a socialistic standpoint. Undoubtedly if a legally instituted constitutional convention were called at the present moment, the people are not enough educated to take a very advanced political stand and there might even be some reaction, for the President's message and all other official statements of the ruling class show that our rulers have decided to prevent not only the organization of a convention but even a general discussion of the constitution. It is therefore certain that while this movement will have the support of all honest and courageous radicals, it will have the violent and bitter opposition of all the conservative and capitalistic press.

Every step then, that is made towards making this action a lively political issue, will be an eye-opener for every element of the American people that still believes that we have any control whatever over our political destinies at the present time.

Ten years of such an agitation might lead to a revolutionary crisis indeed!

We shall not attempt even to mention possible objections, with one exception. If the constitution were in the foreground, public discussion of fundamental economic change, it will be claimed, would be temporarily obscured. The first answer to this objection is that fully half of the immediate demands of the present socialist program are political in character and that the proportion of the political to the economic demands is growing all the time. The second answer is that according to the materialist conception of history, the only economic reforms that will be granted or even seriously considered are those that harmonize with the interests of the capitalist class. On the other hand, we have in America a lying political tradition which says that political democracy and political liberty exist in the United States; and while the capitalists would fight any fundamental political change in actual legislation as hard as they would any proposed economic change, they have not yet dared to fight political democracy in the open.

If by a movement like the present one, we can force the two old parties to attack democracy in the open just as the socialists of Germany have forced the National Liberals to do, we can strengthen tenfold the appeal of the socialist movement to the producing classes of the United States. For a large part of our people of all classes still believe in the existence of political democracy in this country in spite of the many facts pointing to the contrary.

The call issued at St. Louis speaks for itself. A number of socialists were present and felt that there was nothing objectionable in the move-

ment while it might prove of the greatest possible service to ths party. Any interested in the project can address Jay Forrest, Chairman of the American Provisional Committee, at Albany, N. Y.

TEXT OF THE CALL

The American people are politically discontented and dazed!

The last campaign was the climax of forty years of continual discouragement. Every movement for radical reform since 1865 has been ruthlessly destroyed by the class that rules. Every hope of the common people to control the national government has been defeated. All are agreed, without exception, that the cause of our political impotency is the division in our own ranks. Not only were the forces of radical reform scattered among the so-called third parties, but millions were compelled by the utterly unworkable nature of our now thoroughly outgrown constitution to cast their ballots for one of the two plutocratic parties, with the complete knowledge and profound realization that they were voting, not according to their conscience, not even for the remote possibility of any reform, but merely to defend themselves from some immediate menace of catastrophe.

The leaders of the American workingmen urged their followers to vote the Democratic ticket, while confessing its criminal hostility to labor wherever and whenever in power—because they were rightly in terror of the greater and more immediate threat to the labor organization by the re-election of a Republican president, congress and judiciary.

The leading American farmers urged their followers to vote the Republican ticket, while confessing that the Republican party had refused absolutely to give them even so cheap and empty a thing as a "political promise" of the reform which they and their followers know to be absolutely necessary for the establishment of a truly democratic government in the United States—because they knew that the Democratic party is now and has been for forty years absolutely under the whip of the violently undemocratic, reactionary and plutocratic Bourbons of the South, and the slum politicians, the liquor interests and common criminals of Tammany Hall—the political mouthpiece of the giant traction trust and the pliant tool of Wall street.

While there appears to be division and even fundamental difference of opinion among the forces of radical reform, the slightest examination into all of their demands demonstrates absolutely that all such movements, which have been dignified by a large following of the American people, held in common many identical interests.

"What honest radical party of large following is hostile to any of the leading democratic social reforms? What radical opposes any of the following reforms?

(1) The Initiative and Referendum.
(2) Proportional Representation.
(3) The Right of Recall.
(4) The direct election of:
    The Judges of the Supreme Court.
    The President.
    The United States Senators.
(5) The prohibition of the newly extended and iniquitous use of the injunction.

Or:

(1) The Graduated Income Tax.
(2) The Graduated Inheritance Tax.
(3) Taxation of ground rent.
(4) The national ownership—by a people's government—of the railroads and monopolized industries.
(5) The issuing of money direct by the government without the intervention of national banks as a full legal tender for all debts, public and private.

Not only are all reformers as one in advocating these measures, but they urge that political reform accompany economic reform. It is absolutely essential that the government pass into the hands of the people.

A closer examination of these demands shows that all radical reform movements not only hold most of their demands in common, but will inevitably be forced—before a single radical reform can be realized—to common action. **Every social or democratic reform runs dead against the Constitution of the United States!**

Sooner or later, with the fateful regularity of clock work, the now consolidated interests that govern us, guided by corporation lawyers, will take shelter behind one of the innumerable "useful" clauses or judicial interpretations of the Constitution.

It is evident that not any one—**but many changes** are needed in our system of government. What we require to establish equity and democracy in this land is not verbal changes in our outgrown constitution, but a completely new spirit of true democracy in our government—**a new constitution**

Indeed the greatest dangers to united action among the radicals are the proposals now being made for isolated amendments. The majority of one of the plutocratic parties—a large minority in the other—demand an amendment for the direct election of senators.

Even the plutocrats need a change in their own interests. Well-known writers of both the old parties are considering how amendments can be made to the constitution without danger to their peculiar interests. They are already demanding that it shall be done behind closed doors—so that the people can be excluded from voicing their wishes. The shrewdest of their corporation lawyers are even now plotting how they can make the changes desired by the monopolized money interests, and at the same time defeat the reforms demanded by the people.

Above all, they wish to avoid an open constitutional assembly. They will insist on amendment by congress and the state legislatures. The outgrown constitution must be changed, but it must be changed in the open for the benefit and by the effort of all the people.

What is needed is a simple constitution, one easily conformable to the changing needs of the nation and free from limitations and restrictions on the power of the people of this and succeeding generations to adopt such laws as may seem to them desirable.

Even if a constitutional assembly is forced from the ruling class by threatening waves of popular opinion, still they will hope by legal jugglery—and even without constitutional warrant—arbitrarily to limit the discussion of the convention to detailed amendments instead of allowing a complete revision of all its antiquated and discredited elements and the establishment of a new constitution adapted to the political and economic principles and present-day needs of the American nation.

A popular constitutional assembly—this must be our war cry.

Despite the fundamental unity among all honest and progressive citizens we may be faced by a long and difficult struggle before we succeed in democratizing our form of government. And this is despite the fact that the American people has already made up its mind to

what it wants. It is because of the violently conservative nature of the constitution which above all things obstructs amendment. It requires three-fourths of the states to change the constitution. A bare majority of the enfranchised citizens of thirteen states can prevent any change, and if the states were carefully chosen—for in this respect Delaware and Nevada are as strong as Ohio and Illinois—an easy calculation shows that one-twentieth of our people, if they were controlled by the money interests, could block the enactment of any fundamental reform. It is as easy to get a new constitution as to get an amendment to the existing one.

No man who is sincerely democratic can question the right of this generation to govern itself. The Rights of Man cry out against the binding of today and smothering of tomorrow by the dead of yesterday! Our nation has certain obligations to the past which none of us wish to ignore. But we have greater obligations to the present, and above all we are the parents of the new generation.

We cannot be contented with the statement that: "A century ago our country was the freest on earth." We demand that it shall be so today! We demand that our children to come shall be born and shall live their lives in the freest country on earth!

A century-old constitution binds us!

The democracy of 1776 was short-lived.

It was cut down in its infancy by the aristocrats and plutocrats of 1789.

At few and exceptional intervals the original revolutionary spirit has revived. But only to be inundated by the general tide of reaction. The reaction which has always been fortified by the constitution and intrenched in the Supreme Court.

Although we, as a nation, have grown in many directions—the constitution has stood still.

Do you agree with those who are on every hand asserting that the Declaration of Independence is a lie?

If not—join us to make that declaration a living reality.

Join us to make this—in living reality—a country of, by and for the people.

Do you accept the fundamental religious teachings of all ages—the brotherhood of man?

If so, join us to defend it.

Join us for the fight for a popular constitutional assembly."

The value contained in a certain commodity is equal to the labor-time required for its production, and the sum of this labor consists of paid and unpaid portions.—Karl Marx, in Capital, Volume III.

The Oklahoma Vote

By F. P. O'HARE



THE results of the vote in Oklahoma indicate the efficiency of "intensive" agitation work, as opposed to the ordinary methods.

Years ago our Oklahoma agitators went into the "brush" as the most likely place to expound the class struggle. In the towns it will be found that there is as yet no definite movement toward Socialism. In states like Illinois, the small towns are largely dominated by retired farmers, a most conservative and capitalistically minded class. The denizens of these communities are "established." In Oklahoma, however, the towns are filled with a pushing, aggressive set of people, on the lookout for the nimble dollar. In the older states the attitude toward Socialism is hatred, but in our little towns tolerance largely prevails.

In the older communities *class* interests dominate, while in our communities TOWN interests, town loyalty is strong.

This is true because each community is fighting every other community for trade supremacy.

So as yet there is but little foundation for a proletarian movement in our towns. But all classes give Socialism a respectful hearing.

But in the mining districts, and the rural districts, we find a true proletarian class—landless farmers and toilless laborers—and among these workers the socialist thought is making tremendous strides.

In 1900 there were 768 socialist votes in Oklahoma Territory, and probably the same number in Indian Territory, or a total of 1,500. At this election 21,750 votes were cast for Debs, and this, too, in the face of the fact that the Democratic party had met all of organized labor's demands and placed bona fide labor men in office as Commissioner of Labor and Mine Inspector.

So it is safe to say our vote is a true Socialist vote.

In the mining county of Coal, our vote was 24.3 per cent, and in the cotton county of Marshall, our vote was 24.2 per cent of the total.

Our membership has carried on the most thorough agitation of probably any state. Our state and national dues are 15 cents per month, and in spite of high dues, our comrades contributed about $850 for the Red Special.

We have had as high as twenty speakers in the field at one time, and many of our counties took speakers for thirty days at a time, covering practically every voting precinct. Only nine of our counties cast less than 100 votes each, and we have seventy-five counties.

A unique step was taken by our force of field workers. At the last meeting of the state executive committee that body recognized the "Oklahoma Field Workers Association," composed of "all state speakers recognized as such by the Oklahoma Socialist State Committee." The O. F. W. A. framed a series of recommendations having in view the greater economy of effort and greater efficiency of its membership, and these recommendations were adopted *in toto* by the State Executive Committee.

From June 15 to June 30, 1909, the field workers will conduct a school in some rural retreat, and each speaker is to be assigned to some department of socialist thought, to investigate and to deliver three lectures on it to the class.

Among the subjects to be assigned are: "The Race Question"; "The Farmer"; "Socialist Activity in Legislation"; "The Land Question"; "Women"; "Trade Unions"; Single Tax"; "Theory of Value"; "Theories of History," etc.

O. F. Branstetter, J. O. Watkins and the writer were made a committee on program and will arrange for the handling of each subject by the twenty or more speakers expected to be present.

From now on our effort will be to develop county secretaries and county organizers, as the routing of the speakers has assumed such proportions that it is necessary to divide the work. The ideal way, of course, is for the state secretary to assign a speaker to a given county for fifteen or thirty days and have the county secretary make the dates in his county.

We have a tremendous undertaking before us, but we have such a big bunch of tireless workers that the prospects look joyful indeed, and we all start in the campaign of 1910 with renewed enthusiasm and great expectations.

Disfranchising the Workers

A CONDITION THAT DEMANDS ACTION

By WILLIAM McDEVITT



OLITICAL action is the most important weapon in the armory of the working class organized. The ballot is an important *formal* factor in the political struggle of the class war. The worker's vote is an outcome of long struggle for political "rights" and civic standing; and the preservation of the ballot of the working man against direct or insidious attacks must necessarily be one of the greatest concerns of the socialist movement.

Undoubtedly the most serious and most practical questions springing out of the results of the recent general election, are these: Is the working class losing the ballot? Are the workers being disfranchised? What is the rate of disfranchisement? What is the cause? Is there a remedy?

The most casual study of the figures cited in this statement will demonstrate that the workers ARE being disfranchised. These figures, drawn from the best available records of the vote and the population of this country prove, beyond the power of denial, that there is an immense fall in the ratio of total votes to total persons. Since the relative size of the working class is increasing in geometrical proportion, the loss of voting power falls almost entirely upon the men who produce the country's wealth and bear the nation's burdens.

Where the population is most congested, there the proletariat prevails in numbers; where the workers are most numerous, there the vote is most restricted. Rhode Island, for example, is the most densely populated state in this country; it has only 1 vote for each 7 persons, Massachusetts ranks second in density of population; it has about the same ratio of votes to persons as Rhode Island. Both of these states have a maximum of city or proletarian population, and a minimum of agricultural or rural population. Needless to say, their socialist vote is a pitiful percentage of the mass.

Now, then, for some figures that illuminate this decline of the suf-

frage. Take the latest nine presidential elections; group them in periods of three, 1876 to 1884, 1888 to 1896, 1900 to 1904; then note the startling development in the process of disfranchising the worker and divorcing the man from the ballot, the producer from the vote.

In 1876 the total vote was 8,412,732, the population (estimated) 45,000,000, the ratio of voters to persons 1 to 5¼. In 1880 the vote was 9,209,406, population 50,155,783, ratio 1 to 5½. In 1884, vote 10,044,985, population (estimated) 55,000,000, ratio 1 to 5½. The average ratio for this period of three general elections is 1 to 5 5-12, or about 5 voters for every 27 persons.

For the second three-elections period the figures stand as follows: 1888, 11,280,860, 60,000,000—1 to 5 2-7; 1892, 12,059,351, 65,300,000—1 to 5½; 1896, 13.913,102, 70,500,000—1 to 5. (The abnormally large vote of 1896 has never been accounted for, except on the basis of Altgeld's demonstration of enormous ballot-box stuffing by the accomplished lieutenants of the late lamented Mark Hanna.) Allowing for abnormal conditions in 1896, we figure the ratio for the second three-elections period at 1 to 5¼. Apparently the vote has become less restricted; actually, however, this was simply the golden age of ballot-box stuffing and repeaters. More money was spent on votes in 1896 than in any previous campaign in American history.

But now the tide turns. The figures for the latest three-elections period are as follows: 1900, 13,952,896, 76,303,387—1 to 5½; 1904, 13,510,708, 83,000,000—1 to 6 1-6; 1908, the vote, estimated liberally, is 14,400,000, the population 88,000,000, the ratio 1 to 6 1-7.

Now note the contrast: Every one of the latest three elections shows a *smaller* comparative vote than the average for the preceding six elections, or for the preceding three (1888, 1892, 1896), or for the preceding two (1892-1896). From 1888 to 1908 (twenty years), the rate has fallen from 1 to 5 2-7 to 1 to 6, or from 100 votes for 528 persons, to 100 votes for 600 persons. In other words, for every 600 persons 72 *more* than in 1888 are *now* disfranchised, an increase in disfranchisement of at least 12 per cent.

Taking the *present* population and using the ratio of the period 1888-1896 (1 to 5¼), the vote in 1908 should be 16,800,000 instead of 14,400,000 (or thereabouts). The number of the newly disfranchised, therefore, foots up to the appalling total of 2,400,000. These figures don't require emphasis—they cry aloud for themselves. Remember, also, that this number, 2,400,000, represents only the *additional* disfranchisement over 1888-1896.

Further light is thrown upon the condition of disfranchisement by a consideration of these figures: Voting population of the United

States in 1900, 21,329,819 (males of voting age); actual voters in 1900, 13,952,896. Over 7,000,000 voters didn't vote in 1900.

Such figures as the foregoing prove conclusively, then, that the workers are being disfranchised—progressively and effectually. Possibly the quantum of disfranchisement is less than some perfervid *agitators* have claimed; but it is certainly appalling enough to demand systematic and immediate action on the part of the socialists of this country.

Of the 2,400,000 persons disfranchised by reason of recent economic conditions and political trickery—loss of work, loss of residence, throwing out of ballots, suppression of the count, *unnatural* naturalization laws, and all of the insidious methods of robbing the workers of their franchise—it is certainly conservative to say that 20 per cent would vote the Socialist ticket. Adding this 480,000 to the cast-and-*counted* Socialist vote, we get at least one million as the actual Socialist vote of today. This calculation is far too conservative; but it presents a situation that requires planful and energetic action NOW. A systematic campaign during the next four years, to *save* our voting force, will do more to increase our votes in 1912 than the most strenuous Red Special campaign that we can conduct in 1912.

The most logical immediate demand of the Socialist Party is the demand for the vote for the worker—whether male or female. If we are ready to tolerate the increasing robbery of the workers' votes, we must also be ready to make a fundamental change in our political tactics.

Shall it be Ballots or Bullets?

The more a ruling class is able to assimilate the most prominent men of a ruled class, the more solid and dangerous is its rule.—Karl Marx, in Capital, Volume III.

The Education of the "Devil"*

By EDLINGTON MOAT



RIMFUL and bubbling over with energy—whistling, singing, dreaming—working hard for sheer delight of swift action—ramming the sheets into the "eighth medium" with an exaggerated motion that might better befit a juggler—now "throwing in"—now jogging stock—now sweeping up—now running errands—but always whistling and singing and dreaming; such was the devil at the end of his first year with Getit & Holdit, Printers and Stationers.

Whether the presses were time-worn, or the type face-worn, or the men care-worn, the devil paused not to consider. Did the full-jowled pressman complain of foul air? The devil slammed open the window—and sniggered. Did the consumptive "comp." damn God's fresh air as it played about his bald head? The devil jammed up the window, and incidently snorted his disgust, noting the while the contrast between these two—just like the "before and after" pictures gotten up to advertise quack nostrums!

So it seemed to him. The gin-engendered puffiness of the one passed for health; the slow, consuming fever of the other he was as yet incapable of understanding. No chiaroscuro of human joy and sorrow found place in his canvas. Enough for him was the reward of each day, with its rhythmic pulsing of machinery that seemed attuned to his own abounding vitality; with its probabilities of pie and ice-cream when he should take the proof of the bill-of-fare to the baker at the hotel around the corner; with its possibilities of swimming the mud-pond, or of batting the ball with "Sheeney" Rowley, or of reading the adventures of some impossible hero when the day's work was done.

But like the majority of devils just out of swaddling clothes, the specimen in question was doomed to learn sad realities by experience. In the midst of his working and his whistling, he heard much talk about "hard times." That they were mysteriously connected with the occasional weepings of his mother and the swearings of his father, he soon surmised, especially as his younger brother was taken from school and set to work. Then, suddenly, the pressman disappeared. The devil found himself doing the pressman's work. Needless to say, it

* "Devil"—A printer's apprentice.

pleased him not a little to find himself thus promoted. Later, it struck him that the pressman had been getting $15 a week. So he asked the boss for a raise, and received—his first lesson in economics. The boss told him of a young hopeful who would consider $4 a week a very satisfactory wage.

Did the devil find another position? Not exactly. The position found him. At that time there were still a few vacancies—a few jobs looking around for wiry youngsters willing to be engulfed in murky pits—to be warped and worn by machinery—for a few ounces of silver. And this particular job, at the prospect of lassoing, and swallowing, and digesting pieccmeal so tempting a morsel as the faithful, unsophisticated little devil, through the medium of its business manager choked down its glee, rubbed its hands, and said:

"* * * Ah! Yes, yes. There's every possible chance here. Of course you'll find it rather close shaving to get along on $4 a week, now that you have left home. But others have done it. You can, if you are economical. And as I said before, your advancement is only a question of time, providing you are industrious and faithful, as your references and your appearance lead me to believe you are * * *. This concern is growing rapidly. We want you to grow with it. We want you to stay with it, not for a month or a year, but for ten, twenty, thirty years * * *."

As for the devil, poor innocent that he was!—a stranger both to axe-grinders and flesh-grinders, unaware of the subtle influence of environment, or of the chaining power of habit—*he* thanked his nativity for being taken in by so beneficent a job.

And taken in he soon discovered himself to be, much to his enlightenment—enlightenmnet in spite of the dark, gleaned through chilling months beneath the sickly flame of smoking gas jets; behind unwashed, unopened windows—abode of vitiated, dust-laden air; under fragments of colored posters that vainly strove to hide decaying walls; amidst the time-yellowed stock, and the rheumatic old machines that creaked and moaned in dismal cadence; amongst the stink of ink, of type, of benzine and of gasoline; and amongst the unlovely men—the "fixtures"—who frowned hideously at "pi," and swore impotently because of their benumbed fingers.

Nor was that all. He experienced the inconvenience of chilblained fingers. He came to know how it feels to be cheated out of a week's pittance on an ingenious pretext; to have your hand battered by a machine and your wages cut down for the time you spend at the hospital; to say nothing of eyes dimmed for want of proper light, or of lungs pronounced diseased by supposedly competent physicians.

Then for the first time the devil began to take stock of himself. And with the stock-taking came his decision to escape. But alas! What will-buttressed resolve can withstand the battering-ram of hunger? The next moon saw him ready to be swallowed up by another job. But as he valued himself more highly, and as he appeared less robust than formerly, the jobs seemed less eager in their pursuit of him; so that he almost despaired of being captured—unless it were by the undertaker.

By and by, however, being chased by hunger to a bigger city, the devil fell plump into the clutches of a bigger job—an up-to-date job—where the double rows of cylinders—huge drums of steel—rolling round and round with a snoring hum, seemed effectually to submerge his natural buoyancy, and to plough deeper convolutions in his brain. Then, too, the cranky Harris presses, and the clattering "Hoe's," and others still, such as he had never dreamed of, served for a time to feed his curiosity. What a pandemonium their combined voices did kick up! And how they did "deliver the goods"—reams upon reams of it, ceiling high, like windowless miniatures of down-town skyscrapers! * * * And the men, some of them, why did they rush about in that half distracted manner? Why that peculiar sharpness of feature, that unwonted brightness of eye? It struck the devil as rather strange. Moreover, it troubled him, Speed he had always admired, in both man and machine. It was the heritage of youth, one of the means of victory. Yet these men, with concrete floors to walk upon, and electric arcs for sunshine, and modern machinery to conquer by—these men, though they worked with speed and precision, took no apparent pride or pleasure in their dexterity, in their ability to breast the untiring pace of steam-driven wheels. Nor did it seem the joy of victory, nor even the prospect of the week-end wage, that spurred them on. There must be some pivotal force behind it, some fetish of ear or favor to which they all bowed. What could it be?

Long the devil pondered. Then, little by little, the delusive magic which kept these plodders plodding made itself plain to him. Result: A new point of view, followed by a revulsion of feeling. His faith sickened, his hope grew suddenly anemic, as it dawned upon him that men could be tricked, bribed, and intimidated into committing all sorts of unworthy follies; into thinking by proxy and worshipping at the behest of authority; into voting for masks and championing their best enemies; and out of it all expecting good to come * * * * These machines were the incarnation of the spirit of the age; these men, the servitors, some willing, some unwilling, each working for himself, but each giving more than he got, and all together surren-

dering themselves a pabulum at the shrine of property. Slaves they were, the young among them straining their utmost; the old, jealous alike of generations swift of hand and eye, and of the pace-making machine—of its indifference to human slaughter—of its power to feed and clothe or to send forth naked into the dungeon or the wilderness. To work for it and with it meant strife among themselves, meant the matching of muscle against muscle, of nerve against nerve, of mind against mind. What if a muscle became paralyzed now and then, or a nerve wrecked, or a mind unbalanced? What of it? How poor, how limited are the potentialities of the mere homo! How much less worthy of development is his coarse and crude mechanism in comparison with the smooth-running machine and the great Thing it stands for. Should not body, mind and soul be dedicated to that, and to that alone? soul be dedicated to that, and to that alone?

Right or wrong, the devil fashioned a new resolve, which he cinched with an oath. Others could bow if they liked, but henceforth he would bow only in semblance * * * Good-bye, pride of speed! good-bye, industry! good-bye, faithfulness in the interests of the job! Sisyphus' lot is yours. Yours also is the tenement, and Potter's field. * * * * From now on the slogan should be self—the development of self by hook or crook—self always and all the time. The contempt of the behemoth of property he would counter with his own, insignificant by comparison though it might be. And then, in the ripeness of time, should heaven vouchsafe him the gift of tongue or pen, or the power of office, he would use that gift to propagate his doctrine of self-development—development not of a few selves at the expense of the many, but of all for all; and that power he would try to harness to the Niagara of machines, and the slaves of machines, for the purpose of profit—profit not in soulless coin or dividends, but in a nobler race of men and women.

Magnificent dream of a nameless devil! Base notion of a vulgar mind that seeks development "by hook or crook!" But hold. It was merely a measure of self defense, only a means to start the ball a-rolling. Not to cloak his guilt, after the manner of the oppressor, did the devil use deceit, fraud, and hypocrisy, but as a crutch, until he should be strong enough to do without. When a "permanent" job offered to shelter him if he would only sell himself at a low price, the devil agreed—with reservations. When a "big future" was held out to him if he would only overwork himself *now* in the interests of the job, the devil *appeared* to believe. But for permanent enslavement, with a big future several leagues ahead, always ahead, like a mirage in the desert, he cared not at all. Instead, he acquired a passion for con-

sulting the books, and, what was evidence in part of his deceit, fraud, and hypocrisy, for consulting them during the hours that the job was trying to get its money's worth out of *him*. Always did his overalls bulge with pocket-editions of the classics, and his mind with ideas serious and fanciful. Hands were raised in horror at such methods of self-help; tongues lacked not that predicted a sorry future for him—as a devil; while the jobs, one and all, when they became aware of his passion, and divined his purpose, got rid of him without delay.

* * * * * * *

According to recent accounts, the education of the devil was progressing rapidly. Certain it is that that part of it which was seared in as with a hot iron can never be forgotten. And not less certain is it that destiny must cast his lot with those whose combined weight shall one day so tilt the balance as to bring the magnificent dream down to earth.

This system of capitalism has played its part—an important part—in the development of society. Now it is no longer necessary nor adapted to the needs of social development. Moreover, it is plainly and rapidly disintegrating, and it is, Socialists believe, possible to end it without bringing upon society any of the lamentable evils which follow upon attempts to abrogate, or interfere with, the great universal laws of evolution.—John Spargo, in The Socialists.

To Capitalistic Critics of Socialism

By LINCOLN BRADEN



EAR SIRS: Allow me to congratulate you upon your determination to interest yourself in Socialism, as that determination is made manifest by your criticisms of the movement. It has been said that "a superficial knowledge of political economy usually goes hand in hand with bad manners." At the risk of being accused of both, I address you to suggest that, while your refutation of what you take Socialism to be is quite complete, nevertheless every Socialist will contend that you have not stated Socialism's case as fully as it deserves to be—as fully as it must be stated if its supposed fallacies are to be exposed.

May I present to you what Socialists generally will acknowledge to be the basic principle of Socialism as it is to-day?

Let us take what society has already done on the political field as a starting point, and prove what society might, and ought to do, for itself on the industrial field.

If I present to you as a political axiom this proposition:

"No people can truly say that they are politically free until they are masters of their means of government," will you accept it?

You would not say that we were a FREE people, politically, if all the positions in the legislative, judicial and executive departments of our government were privately "owned" by our officials, would you, especially if those positions were hereditary, or could be bought and sold?

Now, that great and impracticable citizen, Eugene V. Debs, the much maligned, has said:

"No one can truly say that he is FREE until he is master of the means that support his life."

Do you accept this aphorism of Debs as axiomatic? If you do, how can you justify private ownership beyond the reasonable needs of the individual?

The intelligent Socialist will concede you that his party has not agreed to accept our present form of political government as its own, and has not, to date, proposed any other as a substitute therefor. He will also concede that his party has no official industrial program for the

new system proposed by him. And further, he will frankly admit that Socialism, as a system, is all in the air; that its past is the history of a vision, an "ideal," if you will, and that its future no man can foretell, except—EXCEPT, that in the future the majority shall rule, both industrially and politically; and, quite likely, rule intelligently and in their own interests.

It is not likely that the majority of our people will long continue in the belief that it is right and just for any man, no matter what his services to society have been, to privately own another man's means of life.

Lincoln said:

"No man is good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent."

The Socialist makes this declaration include every form of government, social and industrial as well as political. If it is unjust to derive an income from ownership of the man himself, then it is equally, even though less apparently, unjust to derive a like income from any other form of ownership, which gives power to coerce the man as effectively as though he were a slave. The lash was the slave owner's means of "energizing" labor; hunger, or the fear of hunger, is capitalism's "incentive." And it is capitalism's incentive, hunger or the fear of hunger that the Socialist proposes to use in his system as "incentive," with this difference; under Socialism the worker to feed himself, will not be under the necessity, as at present, of first feeding someone else.

A stock "argument" against Socialism is the contention that Socialism takes no account of the law of population and its twin brother, the law of diminishing returns. Now, let us concede that men breed too fast, and that "labor applied to natural resources in constantly increasing amount must meet with a continually decreasing reward;" or, what amounts to the same thing, with continually decreasing natural resources. Does it follow, because the Socialist cannot show that these laws will be inoperative under his system, that they are any the less operative, perniciously operative, under capitalism?

Does it lessen the force of his assertion that society, as a whole, might easily decide, even under these laws, what is good for itself as a whole with as much certainty of deciding aright as the small minority who now presume to solve all of society's bread and butter problems, for the small consideration of all that society produces over and above bread and butter for the producers?

For him who believes that the future has for us majority rule, there is no escape from the conclusion that Socialism is inevitable, unless he professes to believe that the majority of mankind will indefinitely remain blind or indifferent to their own interests. The problem is not "how may

we stop an irresistible force," but "how may we guide it into safe channels as speedily as possible."

Let us hope that this upward growth of the race may not, like every other that has been made before it, be watered by the blood and fertilized by the bodies of martyrs. Let us fervently pray that, for once in the world's history, the trained intellects of the race may be found drawing the chariot of progress instead of becoming clogs upon its wheels or being crushed beneath them.

Carbon, Calif.

Capitalist production has divorced two functions which once were indissolubly united; on the one side it puts the manual workers, who become more and more servants of the machine, and on the other the intellectual workers, engineers, chemists, managers, etc. But these two categories of workers, however different and contrary they may be in their education and habits, are welded together, to the point that a capitalist industry can not be carried on without manual laborers any more than without intellectual wage-workers. United in production, united under the yoke of capitalist exploitation, united they should be also in revolt against the common enemy. The intellectuals, if they understood their own real interests, would come in crowds to socialism, not through philanthropy, not through pity for the miseries of the workers, not through affectation and snobbery, but to save themselves, to assure the future welfare of their wives and children, to fulfill their duty to their class.—Paul Lafargue, in "The Right to Be Lazy and Other Studies."



The Official Vote. The following table is as accurate as can be compiled from the data now at hand. It is taken from the Chicago Tribune of December 16, but a few manifest errors in the Socialist column have been corrected by using the figures credited to W. J. Ghent in the Chicago Daily Socialist. The table as printed in the Tribune presented us with 20,000 extra votes by an error in the footing, but omitted our Alabama vote and deprived us of several thousand in California, beside a few minor errors:

	Taft.	Bryan.	Chafin.	Watson	Debs.	Gilhaus	Hisgen
Alabama	25,308	74,374	665	1,565	1,399	.....	495
Arkansas	56,947	87,043	1,000	500	5,842	.....	500
California	182,064	107,770	6,443	.....	28,659	.....	4,278
Colorado	123,700	126,649	5,559	.....	7,974	.....	.....
Connecticut	112,815	68,255	2,380	.....	5,113	608	728
Delaware	25,200	22,134	650	.....	240	.....	50
Florida	10,654	31,104	1,356	1,946	3,747	.....	553
Georgia	41,692	72,350	1,059	16,965	584	.....	77
Idaho	50,091	34,609	1,740	.....	6,305	.....	207
Illinois	629,932	450,810	29,364	633	39,711	1,680	7,724
Indiana	348,993	338,262	18,045	1,196	13,476	.....	514
Iowa	275,210	200,771	9,837	261	8,287	.....	404
Kansas	197,166	161,209	5,032	.....	12,420	.....	.....
Kentucky	235,711	249,092	5,887	333	4,060	404	200
Louisiana	9,958	63,568	.....	.....	2,538	.....	73
Maine	66,987	35,463	1,487	.....	1,758	.....	790
Maryland	111,253	111,117	3,000	.....	2,500	643	450
Massachusetts	265,966	155,543	4,373	.....	10,778	1,011	19,237
Michigan	333,313	174,313	16,705	.....	11,527	1,086	734
Minnesota	195,786	109,433	10,114	.....	14,469	.....	523
Mississippi	4,463	64,250	.....	1,309	1,408	.....	.....
Missouri	346,915	345,884	4,222	1,165	15,398	967	597
Montana	32,333	29,326	827	.....	5,855	.....	443
Nebraska	126,608	130,781	.....	5,179	3,524	.....	.....
Nevada	10,214	10,655	.....	.....	2,029	.....	415
New Hampshire	53,144	33,655	905	.....	1,299	.....	584
New Jersey	265,298	182,522	4,930	.....	10,249	2,916	2,916
New York	870,070	667,468	22,667	.....	38,451	3,877	35,817
North Carolina	114,887	136,928	.....	.....	345	.....	.....
North Dakota	57,771	32,909	1,453	.....	2,405	.....	38
Ohio	572,312	502,721	11,402	160	33,795	721	439
Oklahoma	110,550	123,907	.....	434	21,752	.....	274
Oregon	62,350	38,049	2,682	.....	7,430	.....	289
Pennsylvania	745,779	448,785	36,694	.....	39,913	1,222	1,057
Rhode Island	43,942	24,706	1,016	.....	1,365	.....	1,005
South Carolina	3,847	62,289	.....	.....	101	.....	43
South Dakota	67,466	40,266	4,089	.....	2,846	.....	88
Tennessee	118,287	135,630	360	1,081	1,878	.....	332
Texas	69,229	227,264	1,792	1,042	8,524	3,361	164
Utah	61,021	42,601	.....	.....	4,895	.....	87
Vermont	39,552	11,496	799	.....	820	.....	804
Virginia	52,573	82,946	1,111	105	225	25	51
Washington	106,062	58,383	4,700	.....	14,177	.....	248
West Virginia	137,869	111,418	5,107	.....	3,676	.....	46
Wisconsin	248,673	166,707	11,579	.....	28,146	.....	.....
Wyoming	17,708	12,772	.....	.....	1,396	.....	63
Totals	7,637,676	6,393,182	241,252	33,871	433,289	15,421	83,186
Plurality	1,244,494						

Socialists and Radicals. What attitude shall we as socialists take toward the "radicals" who are now restlessly casting about for a new program? This is a question we are obliged to face, and it is for this reason that the editor of the **Review** has thought it worth while to give space to the "Call" on pages 516-518 of this issue. It is a vivid picture of the confusion in the minds of the little capitalists and their politicians, helpless as they are before the greater forces that have grasped the industries of the United States and the laws and constitutions along with them. The writer of the call seems to be unaware that political institutions inevitably conform to the mode of production, and will be modified as the mode of production changes. Billion-dollar trusts are too big to be dominated by granger legislatures; the extension of the powers of the Supreme Court was necessary if business is to be done in a large way by modern methods. And one must be very simple and trustful to imagine that the "money power" will let a new constitution be enacted by a combination of "honest and progressive" citizens. But let the Radicals continue to agitate. Every rebuff will bring them nearer to the economic facts they can not yet see. When they come to see those facts, they will be recruits worth having. As for the constitution, when the wage-workers unite, they will go after the means of production, and when they get them they will write a new constitution to suit themselves if they think they need it.

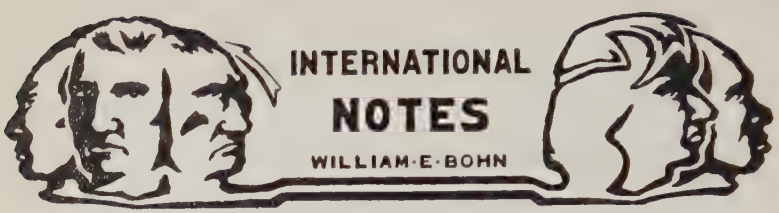
Socialist Gains and Losses. The gains and losses of 1908 are a distinct encouragement to us of the "left wing," who prefer to say much of the class struggle and little of "immediate demands," who think it is more important to awaken the wage-workers to the fact that it is to their interest to destroy the whole capitalist sysem, than to agitate for municipal ownership, scientific reforestation and tax reforms. Massachusetts is the state where "municipal socialism" arose in a blaze of glory a few years ago. Two cities were "captured," the congressional vote of 1902 was about 35,000, a number of comrades were elected to office, and they did in office all that could reasonably have been expected of them. But they could not meet the unreasonable expectations raised by the wrong emphasis in our propaganda. The movement there has dwindled until it is weaker than in states of like population in which we have never elected a man to office. Here in Chicago our large vote of 1904 resulted in diverting the energies of our most experienced workers from the revolutionary propaganda in which Chicago had been foremost into elaborate schemes of precinct organization which have nothing to do with

the revolutionary work of the Socialist Party, but which may be essential to the election of our members to local offices. And here in Chicago is the heaviest loss that the party has sustained. Our most notable gain is in the states of Arkansas, Texas and Oklahoma. Here the economic conditions are no more favorable to us than in twenty other states, but a vigorous revolutionary and educational campaign has been carried on continuously, with a view to building up a strong organization. Incidentally, this work has brought the votes. We have large gains in Idaho and Colorado, where the party threw itself unreservedly into the fight of the Western Federation of Miners against organized capital. In most of the north central states, including Wisconsin, we scarcely held our own, but in Michigan and Minnesota, where the "left wing" is in control, our gains are large. In the east, the best record is made in Pennsylvania, and Pennsylvania is the one eastern state in which the party organization is circulating Marxian literature on a considerable scale. On the whole, we have every reason to feel encouraged at the general result. The collapse of the Hearst, Watson and DeLeon movements leaves ours the only party likely to attract those who come to see that Republicans and Democrats alike stand for the interests of the employing class. Let us keep to the one issue of the class struggle, and the votes will come.

The Party Election. One more National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party has to be elected under the old constitution. Every Local has had a chance to nominate seven candidates. The name of every candidate who has accepted, even though he may have been nominated by but a single Local, appears on the official ballot. There are no less than 204 of these names, out of which each party member must mark seven. The seven who receive the highest number of votes will be declared elected, no matter how small a proportion of the total vote they may receive. Last year, with only two-thirds as many names on the ballot, some of the successful candidates received less than 3,000 votes out of a total of over 20,000. This year, with a membership of over 50,000, the total vote should be much larger, but a minority is still likely to decide the make-up of the committee. The successful minority last year was organized from Milwaukee, and worked in the main through private correspondence. We have no personal reflection to make on any comrade elected through these methods, and we believe that every member of the National Executive Committee has acted for the best interests of the Socialist Party as he sees them. But we should like to see the

Committee strengthened. So we suggest that those who agree with us mark on their ballots the names of Thomas Sladden of Oregon, Morris Kaplan of Minnesota, Robert Hunter of Connecticut and Stanley J. Clark of Texas. It has been urged, we believe with reason, that at least one woman should be chosen on the Executive Committee. There is one woman among the candidates who is remarkably well qualified, and that is Lena M. Lewis of California. If every reader of the **Review** who is a party member votes for the five candidates just named they will be elected, along with the two most popular members of the present board. Remember that if you vote for a local candidate not widely known you are simply letting others decide who shall constitute the Committee when you might decide it for yourself. One word in closing. Not one of the comrades whom we have mentioned knows that this paragraph is to appear. The editor of the **Review** makes the suggestion solely upon his own responsibility.

If our ideas are to adapt themselves to truth, or to reality, instead of reality or truth adapting itself to our notions or thoughts, we must understand that the mutability of that which is right, holy, moral, is a natural, necessary and true fact. And we must grant to an individual the theoretical freedom which can not be taken from it in practice, we must admit that it is as free now as it has ever been, that laws must be adapted to the needs of the social individual and not to vague, unreal and impossible abstractions, such as justice or morality. What is justice? The embodiment of all that is considered right, an individual conception, which assumes different forms in different persons.—Joseph Dietzgen, in "The Positive Outcome of Philosophy."



GERMANY. The Social Democracy and the Ministerial Crisis—The German governmental crisis is of far-reaching importance. A person depending upon American newspaper reports would hardly think so, but it is the whole scheme of administration which is at stake. When the present Reichstag was organized a year and a half ago Chancellor Von Bulow and the Junkers saw before them a long stretch of uninterrupted power. The bloc promised a solid majority for the government. The Social Democrats might make more or less trouble among the people; but the conservative regime stood secure. And now behold what a great flame a little fire has kindled! An interview with the Emperor has appeared in a London daily, and all the face of things is changed. The Social Democrats, who had been got out of the way, suddenly appear as the head and front of a great popular movement.

In more than one European country there has been strenuous protest of late against irresponsible foreign policies. It has been pointed out that the great powers might be plunged into war by the action of a small clique, a clique not bound to make explanation before any representative body. But in Germany matters stand worse than in the other countries of western Europe. The government is absolutely irresponsible, both as to internal and external affairs. Ministers are appointed by the Emperor and their tenure of office depends entirely on his favor. Sometimes they deliver formal addresses to the Reichstag, but they are not bound to listen to parliamentary discussions or take heed of parliamentary resolutions. The tribune set aside for governmental representatives is often empty. Oftener it is occupied by ministers, princes or officers who get what amusement they can out of the academic debates held on the floor. The rules of German parliamentary procedure are so autocratic that effective protest can be raised but seldom. So far as actual legislation is concerned the popular assembly can do nothing but discuss measures lail before it by the Bundesrat. The constitution of the Bundesrat is controlled by the Prussian Landtag. And this Landtag, in turn, is elected under the three-class electoral system and is thus in the hands of the landed aristocracy, or Junkers. So Germany has not even a bourgeois government in the modern sense. The Emperor and the Junkers, though willing to sacrifice anything but their own position for national aggrandizement, really represent the governmantal notions of the Middle Ages. To be sure they depend on the Reichstag for their budget and so could be coerced. But the budget has never been denied them. The weapon which the English found so effective three hundred years ago the Germans are afraid to use today.

In the ordinary course of events things might have gone on indefinitely without a change. The German people are so thoroughly disciplined and regulated that it takes something spectacular, something dramatic, to stir them. Well, early in November the something dramatic oc-

curred. The interview published in the London Daily Telegraph suddenly presented the Emperor to them as both knave and fool. Way back in 1898, it appears, he played false to the Boers, and at the present time his lack of discretion makes him the laughing-stock of all Europe. The national pride was hurt by the revelation. And the Emperor's conduct while under fire served to widen still further the gulf between him and the people. While they were wrought up to the highest pitch he was hunting in the Schwartzwald and witnessing balloon ascensions. The press of an entire nation was calling for explanations—and for all the attention it got it might as well have been a sparrow on the wall. This was the break-down of the German governmental system. No one could deny that, so far as expressing the national will was concerned, it had proved a complete failure.

A German, just an ordinary respectable German not at all in sympathy with socialism, told me recently that the Social Democratic Party is the only progressive force in German politics. This opinion, already pretty generally held, has been visibly strengthened by the parliamentary discussion of the ministerial crisis. When practically the whole nation cried out for change innocent by-standers expected determined action on the part of the Reichstag. But Socialists were not surprised at the disappointment of innocent by-standers. The parliamentary Junkers and Clericals naturally grew frantic at the very suggestion of change. "We don't want your help," cried Herr Weimer to the Socialists. As for the Liberals, the representatives of the modern bourgeoisie, they are in such a tight place that not much is to be expected of them. The autocratic government does not always serve their purposes, but a new constitution with responsible ministry and modern electoral system would be sure sooner or later to throw power into the hands of the Socialists. So what were they to do? They protested vigorously against the Emperor's behavior, but that was all. They were concerned for the present system; they did not want it made unpopular by the behavior of its representatives.

So it remained for the Socialists to represent the popular will. That they did not fail in the discharge of their duty even the American press dispatches bear witness. Comrade Ledebour has become the leader of the Socialist faction on the floor. With overpowering eloquence and biting sarcasm he pictured the failure of the German system and taunted the assembled statesmen with their own evident weakness. Of course the discussion has achieved no constitutional result. The Emperor is understood to have promised to be good. That is all. The editor of the Liberal Freisinnige Zeitung writes that if the effect on His Majesty does not prove lasting neither he (the editor) nor any of his successors "will wish to be held responsible for the results." That is, there has been no governmental change; the Emperor has merely had a chance to learn a lesson.

But in the popular consciousness there has been a great change. The Liberals now stand revealed in their true character. In the future the proletarians will know the Social Democrats as their only representatives. And when the time for another election comes round the results of this change may take very definite form.

ENGLAND. Socialists and Laborites—These are critical days for English socialism. In the midst of active propaganda our English comrades are examining the framework of their organization and carefully considering their relation to the other wings of the labor movement. Last month I recorded the fact that the International Socialist Bureau gave full recognition to the English Labor party.

Union between this organization and the Social Democratic party has long been a subject of speculation. Interest in this matter was heightened recently by the action of the Miners' Federation. This union numbers 500,000 men and is at present represented in Parliament by a small group of Labor-Liberals. At a recent conference the Federation came into the Labor party and adopted at the same time a socialistic objective. It went so far as to demand that future miners' candidates be required to pledge themselves to socialism. Of course this strengthens the socialist element in the Labor party and thus brings nearer the possibility of union.

Thus far the leaders of the Social Democratic party have steadily resisted the temptation to join with the Labor party. They maintain that within this organization, and especially within the Independent Labor party, there are those who wish to lead it "bag and baggage into the Liberal camp." They are willing to work with the Laborites at election time, but do not wish to be bound to support all candidates the latter may put up.

Of course the situation must clear itself before long. As was remarked recently in Justice, the Labor party must go one way or the other—either to Liberalism or Socialism." In the mind of anyone who has given any attention to the English labor movement there can be little doubt as to which direction it will be. The English workingmen are no great theorists; their political expression takes form but slowly. If they move slowly, however, it is with the greater sureness, for they move in solid phalanx. That their movement is in the direction of socialism is proved by the resolutions of the great labor federations. Surely the Labor party cannot long remain behind the unions which support it. And herein lies the great hope of English socialism.

UNEMPLOYMENT — From London, Edinburgh and other cities come tales of mob and riot. Will Thorne has been bound over to keep the peace for addressing a crowd of unemployed. The House of Commons dawdles along preparing middle-class reform measures, which the House of Lords promptly rejects. The papers talk wise of the administration of charity. And all the time 10,000,000 persons live constantly on the brink of starvation. Quite characteristically the Liberal government has issued a yellow-book to prove that English workingmen are better off than their German comrades. It is shown by means of endless statistics that the Englishmen who have employment get a little higher pay and work shorter hours than laborers of the same class in Germany. And this is supposed to comfort the unemployed!

Incidentally a controversy has arisen between Comrades Blatchford and the editors of *Justice*. The former, in *The Clarion* has suggested a plan for the distribution of charity. *Justice* cries out, "Curse their charity!" and demands that the government recognize the obligation of the nation to care for its poor. Nothing seems certain but that the poor are to go on starving.

FRANCE: Socialism, Syndicalism and the Government—Last month the Review reported two great conventions of the French proletariat, that of the Socialist party at Toulouse and of the Confederation General de Travail at Marseilles. During the weeks just past the actions of these two gatherings have been a storm center of discussion. As to the compromise resolution adopted by the Socialists there seems to be little difference of opinion. In the papers and at public meetings it has been received with unbounded enthusiasm. One who remembers how but a few years ago the Socialists were torn by dissensions, how one group was sitting in parliament cheek by jowl with the radicals, how the

workingmen had lost faith in politicians, cannot but congratulate our French comrades on the progress they have made. Their party stands today united for revolutionary socialism.

Most significant of all is the effect of the convention on labor leaders and others who have heretofore held aloof from the movement. It will be remembered that the convention gave full recognition to non-parliamentary forms of activity. In fact it stated explicitly that the chief purpose of the political conflict is to aid in, and register the effect of, the hand-to-hand conflict of labor and capital. An editorial writer in *L'Humanite* hails this as "a new appeal to the proletariat, a new invitation to the workers to act directly, not through their representatives, but in their own persons," and goes on to say that the new program is broad enough to include all the temperaments and views of the working class. Already this appeal is strengthening the position of the revolutionists who have heretofore stood aloof. It is doing something toward bridging the gulf between socialism and syndicalism, to which Comrade Langerock drew attention in last month's **Review**.

As to the radical motion on international war adopted at Marseilles opinion is naturally divided. The discussion of the convention is simply prolonged in the press and on the platform. On the one hand it is maintained that, having now become thoroughly antimilitarist, the **Confederation** may be expected to go on to be "anti-religious, anti-patriotic, anti-parliamentary and anti-legalist." That is to say, the **Confederation** has gone outside the economic field; it has dealt with war and such like matters which belong entirely to the realm of the political party. This, it is said, will drive away the workers, will hinder the growth of the organization. It is answered that war is an economic matter; that a labor organization can never conquer so long as it fails to see beyond its immediate ends. And it is pointed out that the **Confederation** has gained 91,000 members since its former convention.

There can be no doubt of the fact that the French labor movement needs more than ever to present a united front. There is a multiplicity of strikes all over the land. Just recently 4,000 men working on a new line of the Paris subway have been called out. The government continues its persecutions. Paul Hervé has served his sentence in prison, but has not been set at liberty. Eight of those taken prisoner after the massacre of Draveil are still held for trial. The police and army are being trained to serve as strike-breakers in a number of trades. More than this, radical reform measures make progress even more slowly than in England. For months the senate has had before it a workingmen's pension law. After numberless investigations and debates a make-shift substitute has been introduced, and the whole weary business will have to be gone through with again. As the program of the Socialists has become more clean-cut the radicals have lost the fine edge of their reformatory zeal. The proletariat is being taught that it must stand alone.



WORLD OF LABOR



BY MAX S. HAYES

The affiliated railway organizations having formed a distinct department of the American Federation of Labor, another nail has been driven in the coffin of the old-fashioned idea of trades autonomy. The printers made the first move in centralizing when they organized the Allied Printing Trades Council; then came the builders with their Building Trades Department, followed by the formation of the Metal Trades Department, now the Railroad Department, and perhaps in the near future the marine trades will form an alliance, and later on the clothing trades. The journeymen tailors have also taken a step in advance in voting by referendum on the question of affiliating with their fellow-craftsmen of Europe.

The present movement in the A. F. of L. differs somewhat from the ambitious program mapped out by the ill-starred Industrial Workers of the World in that the component organizations in the departments will have complete jurisdiction over their own affairs, an important essential, but there is no predicting what will develop when the memberships begin to get accustomed to each other. However, the centralization trend is on despite the fulminations of extremists who would adhere either to the autonomy of anarchism or to zodiacal departmentalism.

Instead of anticipated trouble in the anthracite region only, next spring, the indications are that a desperate struggle will be precipitated on the Great Lakes as well. Nothing has developed during the past month that would tend to prevent a clash between the miners and the hard coal monopolists of Pennsylvania. As has been mentioned in the Review, the miners demand an eight-hour day, a minimum rate of wages, recognition of the union, collection of members' dues by the companies and lesser reforms, and they advance good reasons why their propositions should be accepted. But the operators fold their hands and announce that they will not grant the slightest concession. No conference between representatives of the opposing forces has been held as yet, and it is not certain whether the operators will agree to meet the miners officially. Meanwhile the men are organizing and are also piling up a big surplus for their masters, which the latter will depend upon to tide them over the period of national suspension, adding to their riches meanwhile through increased prices.

During the past season, as was pointed out in this department, the marine trades were engaged in a sort of guerrilla warfare with the ship and dock owners to preserve their organizations. They have been fairly successful despite the open shop system that was forced upon them by the master class. Now the latter intend not only to maintain their position of refusing to treat with the unions, but they are planning to inaugurate features that will draw the men from their organizations. In other words, the vessel owners intend to introduce benefits

similar to those that usually obtain in trade unions. Assembly or club rooms are to be established at all large ports, which will be equipped with books, papers, games, etc. An insurance plan is to be adopted, whereby $30 to $50 will be paid seamen and officers in case of shipwreck, and in case of death or total disability $75 to $500, according to grade of workman, can be drawn by relatives or beneficiaries. The total cost to ordinary seamen will amount to but 8 1-3 cents per month, officers proportionately higher. As an additional attraction to the unionists the vessel owners promise that wages will not be reduced. The masters are adopting this scheme because their open shop declaration last season did not have very much effect. Not only did but few seamen actually withdraw from the union, but they went on board ship "under cover" and forced the incompetent scabs out of their jobs. Whether or not the masters' latest bait will land suckers is problematical.

At least two sides can play the game of "reward your friends and punish your enemies." For at least four years Sam Gompers will be persona non grata in administration circles at Washington. Both Roosevelt and Taft have told him in so many words that he needn't come around. While Sam'l is out in the cold world, sad and forlorn, wondering what will become of "our men of labor," Dan Keefe will be feasting at Uncle Sam's pie-counter as commissioner of immigration, that being his reward for aiding Taft to punish his enemies. Samuel B. Donnelly, formerly president of the International Typographical Union, has also been rewarded by being appointed head of the government printing office. Donnelly has taken no active part in union affairs during the past few years, serving as trouble adjuster for the New York building contractors. John D. Pringle, editor of the Pittsburg Labor World, is still another good and faithful servant who has been blessed with an easy job, that of appraiser of merchandise. Pringle's claim to fame dates from the issuance of Roosevelt's "undesirable citizens" letter, which the Pittsburg editor warmly applauded. During the recent campaign it was Pringle's chief duty to show that Taft was slowly becoming a skeleton because of his consuming love for the workingman, and to garble and distort every criticism of Bryan or Gompers as an indorsement of the father of injunctions.

Of course, Dan Keefe, because of his position in the labor world, is being denounced in picturesque language by that section of the labor press that supported Mr. Bryan. Mr. Keefe is held up to scorn as a Judas Iscariot, a Benedict Arnold, a traitor, double-dyed scoundrel and boodler all rolled into one, and by newspapers, too, that are forever whining about the "abusive and slandering socialists" whenever a fair criticism is aimed at their methods or alleged principles. What makes the situation all the funnier is that a good many of these same organs that are now throwing the harpoon into Keefe printed columns upon columns of the junk that was prepared by Pringle for the Republican literary bureau, and they took the boodle handed out by Republican politicians quite as freely as the boodle that came from Democratic sources to pay for "valuable" space. They printed Republican and Democratic dope in previous campaigns and will probably pursue the same "independent" policy in the future. These harpies are usually Democrats in one column and Republicans in the next column—depending upon which "friend of labor" sees them first, or last—and anti-socialists all the time. Under the guise of picking out the "lesser evil" or the "best man" these chartalans who pose as leaders and educators have not only befouled their own nests, but have discredited and disgraced the labor move-

ment, and have played their part in confusing and beclouding the real issues that divide the wealth producers from the wealth grabbers.

In all this turmoil there is nevertheless supreme satisfaction to that element in the trade union movement that stands for working class political action. The great leaders and the so-called labor papers can no longer masquerade under the cloak of pure and simpledom. They are Republicans and Democrats, and no amount of cowardly denial will longer mislead the rank and file. They are in politics up to their necks and will be required to defend their parties, policies and principles. They can evade the issue no longer, and during the next few years there will be some interesting developments.

It's a safe bet that no reader of the Review will shed more than a bucketful of tears to learn that ex-Governor Peabody, of Colorado, is reported bankrupt. Not only is he said to be down and out financially, but he has been discarded by the mine owners, and was even unable to obtain a political spittoon-cleaning job paying a hundred dollars a month for which he applied to his former friends. Retributive justice is usually slow, but the petty Colorado czar slid into the depths of infamy reserved for ingrates more rapidly than is ordinarily the case. It should not be overlooked that Peabody was originally elected governor of Colorado as a "workingman's friend," and sold out body and soul to the union-hating mine owners before he got his gubernatorial seat warm. It was Peabody who inaugurated a reign of terror in Telluride, Cripple Creek and other places that the average American would hardly know were on the map but for the brutalities practiced by this political prostitute and his hirelings. Because of the stirring scenes enacted in those little mining towns, the names of Cripple Creek and Telluride are now notorious throughout the civilized world and are associated with such names as Kishinev and from the odium of which it will require years to recover.

Nor is Peabody the only one who is meeting his reward. The little parasite business men of Cripple Creek, who did the bidding of the mine operators by organizing a Citizens' Alliance to drive the union miners from the district and welcome the strike-breakers and thugs to their midst, are also being paid in full. I was informed by one of the few small capitalists in the Cripple Creek district, who sympathized with the miners and who had been driven out, that a mass meeting was recently held by the business men still remaining in that region for the purpose of outlining plans to "restore prosperity." A professional gent who had been very conspicuous in persecuting the miners was the chief speaker. He bemoaned the discouraging business conditions that prevailed in the district, and he hoped that the mine operators would co-operate with them in establishing a "live and let live" policy. "Now that we have won a victory by enforcing the card system of the mine operators and wiping out the tyranny of trade unions," he declared, "the operators ought to withdraw their card system and invite all classes of workmen, union or non-union, to come into the district to secure employment." His remarks were unanimously approved.

The small capitalist referred to above, who had returned to Cripple Creek a few days previously, was invited to make a few remarks. He did. He congratulated them on the splendid "victory" they had won in establishing the scab card system that they were now crying to have revoked. "It's a great 'victory' that you have won," said the speaker, "and for proof all you have to do is to look out of the windw and see a dozen empty store rooms across the street. It's a magnificent 'victory' indeed when you

are tearing down dwelling houses for the purpose of utilizing the lumber in them and to save purchasing new materials. It's a marvelous 'victory' to learn that your population is decreasing and that scores of business men engaged in pulling chestnuts from the fire for the mine owners have been bankrupted." Nobody essayed to reply to the biting sarcasm of the speaker. Everybody knew that he was telling the gospel truth. Two years ago the petty plutes would have mobbed him for daring to utter such sentiments. Now they silently acquiesced in his indictments.

"The reason that the business men of Cripple Creek who did the bidding of the operators have been or are being ruined is that under the card system of the mine barons no employe is certain of holding his job from one week to another," my informant explained further. "The consequence is that the non-union miners do not spend one penny more than is actually necessary. They do not invest in homes, furnishings, clothing, food, etc., in the same liberal manner that the union miners did, but hoard their money and are ready to jump out of the district at a moment's notice, for if they lose their jobs in one mine they cannot secure employment in another. The result is that the contemptuous little business tools of the operators are worrying their lives out as they observe the cowed and penurious scabs pass their doors."

While it may not conform strictly to Christian doctrine to wish anybody harm, still it is rather soothing and satisfactory to know that the whole caboodle, from Peabody to the dirty little pack of profit-mongers in Cripple Creek, having sowed the wind, are now reaping the whirlwind. God—bless 'em!

The ethic of the proletariat flows from its revolutionary efforts, and it is these which have strengthened and ennobled it. It is the idea of the revolution which has brought about the wonderful elevation of the proletariat from its deepest degradation. . . . To this revolutionary idealism we must above all else cling fast, then, come what will, we can bear the heaviest, attain the highest and remain worthy of the great historical purpose that awaits us.—Karl Kautsky, in "The Social Revolution."

LITERATURE AND ART

BY JOHN SPARGO

During the strenuous weeks of the campaign, while rushing from meeting to meeting, I found it helpful to while away the tedious journeys involved reading two books of a wholly different nature. They were—peace, O cynic!—Mary Baker Eddy's "Science and Health; With Key to the Scriptures," and H. G. Wells' new romance, **The War in the Air** (The Macmillan Co.). Of the first of these books I shall only say that I found it very amusing. Setting the contradictory passages against each other was, in its way, as interesting as putting a picture puzzle together.

Wells' new novel is a delightful return to his old romantic mood. As its title implies, the story deals with the triumph of aerial navigation, and the use of airships in war. To those who are familiar with the earlier works of this latter day Jules Verne it will not be necessary to give any assurance of his unique fitness to make a romance out of such a theme. The hero of the story, if hero he may be called, is a greengrocer's son, Bert Smallways, a type of the degenerate, inefficient product of modern England, who, by a queer chance, finds himself up in the air in a runaway airship—the first truly practical airship—without the slightest knowledge of its mechanism. By a most plausible chain of events—Mr. Wells is always so plausible!—he is drawn into the world-wide war, which, beginning with Germany and the United States, soon involves all the civilized world and ends in the dominance of China. The description of this aerial warfare is equal to the best that Mr. Wells has ever done. And that is saying enough to commend the book to any lover of a thrilling romance.

I have long intended to mention in these pages Simon O. Pollock's little volume, **The Russian Bastile** (Charles H. Kerr & Company) one of the issues of the popular Standard Socialist Series. As an introduction to the study of the Russian revolutionary movement, as described in such works as Walling's for example, Mr. Pollock's little book is to be warmly commended. It gives a very sympathetic and interesting sketch of some of the principal chapters in the history of the movement, and a good deal of useful biographical information concerning some of the most prominent revolutionists. The little sketch—for it is no more than a sketch—is illustrated by a number of interesting photographs which greatly add to its value. The author, Mr. Simon O. Pollock, is an authority upon the subject, and is at the present time acting as one of the counsel in the famous—or infamous!—Poureen case.

Quite the most authoritative and reliable description and analysis of the co-operative movement which has yet been published in the English language is Mr. C. R. Fay's **Co-operation at Home and Abroad.** Mr. Fay is an Englishman and writes from the English point of view, but his work will have great value for American students, nevertheless. The

work opens with an exhaustive account of the co-operative banks now so common throughout European countries. Mr. Fay seems to have been at no end of trouble to get complete information from reliable sources, and he adds a very exhaustive bibliography which will enable the student who so desires to check the account for himself. There are other chapters on co-operative workshops and co-operative stores and the various agricultural co-operative societies in Germany, Denmark, Switzerland, Belgium, Italy and France. This chapter on agricultural co-operation is perhaps the most suggestive and permanently useful for American readers. It will be a great surprise for most American readers of the book, I imagine, and especially for Socialists, to learn from Mr. Fay the extent of this agricultural co-operation. There are co-operative societies for purchasing the costly agricultural machinery and implements, co-operative dairy farms; co-operative factories for the production of bacon, cheese, wine and spirits, sugar and fruit preserves; co-operative agencies for marketing products, for insuring stock, improving soils, and so on. Of each of these a most detailed account is given, and there is a valuable appendix in which a full account of the laws relating to co-operative societies in the principal countries is given. No reference is made to the co-operative societies in the United States.

In reviewing Arthur Morrow Lewis's **Evolution, Social and Organic,** in these pages some months ago, I had occasion to make some reference to his somewhat superficial knowledge of Herbert Spencer's work as indicated by the chapter of his very useful little volume devoted to that great thinker. I regret that I must make a somewhat similar objection to his treatment of Carlyle in his latest volume, **Ten Blind Leaders of the Blind** (Charles H. Kerr & Co.). In a chapter which contains much useful and illuminating criticism of Carlyle's "Great Man" theory of history, Lewis observes: "Because Carlyle occasionally expressed radical sentiments (usually in private) his uncritical admirers have failed to note how reactionary he is (sic!) at bottom, though his defense of the brutal treatment of prisoners should have warned them." My friend Lewis had better not throw stones at the "uncritical" until he himself is removed from the house of the uncritical with its tremendous glass areas! It will not do to copy too closely, and without much careful thought, the brilliant, but often biased, pronunciamentos of John M. Robertson ("Modern Humanists," Chapter 1). I, too, enjoy Robertson's fine critical severity, and was pleased to see his familiar hand in Lewis' pages, between the lines. But one must take Robertson "with a grain of salt," just as one must take Carlyle himself!

Echoing Robertson, Lewis falls in the lamentable error of insinuating that Carlyle had not the courage of his convictions, that he expressed radical sentiments "usually in private." This is moonshine, of course. Carlyle had many weaknesses, but lack of the courage of his convictions was not one of them. Nor is it evidence of other than an uncritical mind to say that Carlyle was at heart a reactionary. I have long since realized how much our youthful enthusiasm and worship exaggerated Carlyle's "radicalism," but if it was uncritical for us then to mistake the isolated trumpet blasts of the great Sage of Chelsea for a system of radical thought, it is equally uncritical to mistake his occasional dyspeptic lapses into pessimism and conservatism for fundamental reactionism. The truth is that Carlyle represents in his person and thought the chaos, the change of the age of transition in which he lived, inclining now to the flow, and now to the ebb, of the great tide of thought.

Superficially, indeed, by the method which my friend Lewis adopts, Carlyle can be either proved to be a radical or a reactionary, according to the bias of the critic. All that is needed is the patience to collect suitable passages to prove one's case as men search for Bible texts for a similar purpose. And that is an easy task, out of Carlyle's forty volumes! But the critic who goes deeper than the word to the spirit, who comprehends the drift of his thought as a whole, and disregards the occassional contradictory utterances—often mere spasms of torture —will not fail to see that Carlyle was, even when he himself neither knew nor suspected it, one of the great radical forces of his time. Surely, as a Socialist, Lewis ought to recognize that Carlyle's prophetic perception that the new era was bound to be industrial in its character, that its problems must be industrial problems, and its politics industrial politics, was of far more fundamental importance than his attempt to formulate an industrial policy, resting upon the genius of some industrial Cromwell. When an Individualist of the most extreme type, such as Mr. Robertson is, fails to perceive this great fundamental merit in Carlyle, we can readily understand him, but how understand the failure of one who has learned his lesson at the feet of Marx? Was it nothing that Carlyle, in his day, penetrated the shams of Manchesterism, and exposed the folly of its gospel of cheapness? Did not even Marx himself draw from that same great mine of criticism for his indictment of Manchesterism?

Lewis's little volume is, despite this protest of mine against his too ready acceptance of a warped and biased judgment of Carlyle, a very worthy addition to our literature. Many comrades, and others interested in Socialism, will find its perusal an advantage. At some later time, I hope to return to this interesting volume, to a consideration of Lewis' treatment of some of the other leaders of the blind with whom he deals.

Mr. John Graham Brooks, whose earlier volume, **The Social Unrest,** exasperated many of us by its tantalizing manner of stating half-truths, and by its sweeping generalizations which could neither be proved nor disproved, since they were derived from facts and personal experiences which were not open to the investigation of the reader, is out with a new volume, **As Others See Us** (The Macmillan Co.), which does not appear to have yet received the amount of attention to which it is justly due. For it is a good book and a very suggestive one, albeit it deals with a subject of less vital and urgent importance than the earlier volume. Mr. Brooks has a lively, scintillant, literary style, and he gives us a most vivacious resumé of the most important criticisms of American institutions and the American character which have been made by such distinguished foreign critics as Brissot de Warville, the Duc La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, Chateaubriand, Lafayette, Talleyrand, De Tocqueville, Cabet and Chevalier, from France; Robert Owen, Harriet Martineau, Dickens, Thackeray, Cobden, Cobbett, Matthew Arnold, and others, from England.

As the reader scans this list of names, selected somewhat arbitrarily from Mr. Brooks' much longer and more cosmopolitan list, memories of much sensitive anger upon the part of Americans who resented the manner in which some of these distinguished foreign visitors held up American institutions and customs to the ridicule of their countrymen will rise in his mind. Well, Mr. Brooks takes these criticisms and considers them in what Matthew Arnold (himself one of the offenders) used to call "the dry light of history." He finds an element of truth in them, much larger than was admitted by Americans of the generation

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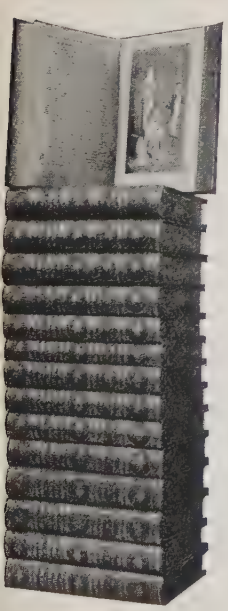
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to which the criticisms referred. In the last two chapters he considers what he regards as evidences of national progress. He partakes of our national optimism, and rather glories in yet, withal, he rather regrets our overmastering self-confidence, and regards it as being, in its extreme forms, an obstacle to progress. He would have just a little more humility—just a spice of it, enough to make us more willing and ready to learn from other lands. The book is well illustrated with portraits.

VICTIMS OF THE SYSTEM, by Dorothy Johns, is an attractive little booklet that will be of interest to every Socialist in the movement. Mrs. Johns will long be remembered as the brave little woman who was thrown into jail during the fight of the comrades at Los Angeles, California, for free speech. During the period of her incarceration Mrs. Johns made a "stepping stone" of what a less clever woman might have found a check to her activities and her enthusiasm. She became acquainted with the inmates of the Los Angeles jail and discovered the causes leading to their misfortunes. No Socialist will be surprised to learn that these causes can all be laid at the door of Capitalism, at once the father and punisher of "crime." This little book by Mrs. Johns contains some excellent data for socialist propaganda and is well worth the small price (15 cents) charged for copies. Published by the author, 649 South Main street, Los Angeles, Cal. —M. E. M.

ONE SUGGESTION—I would like to see the Review in the hands of every Socialist in the United States. I have learned more about scientific socialism since I have been taking that publication than from all others—W. G. Burt, Grant's Pass, Oregon.

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VOTE-CATCHING OR EDUCATION?—One of the other socialist periodicals returned this article to me not long ago and ever since, I have been wondering whether the Jimmie Higginses of the party are to be frozen out of the press. For one, I am not at all pleased with the election returns and if there is not a change made in the party before long many a Jimmie Higgins will see a great light. Ernest Poole strikes the key-note in one of his stories, when he asks one of our shining lights if his words are "Marxian." "No," came the reply, "but they catch votes." But now, right after election I want to say that they didn't. The election returns fail to show it and a little more of this kind of a game will let me out of the party. I want a Marxian program. It is not my intention to pave the way for a seat in Congress for any theological graduate if I can help it. I firmly believe that the day of Marxian socialism will be delayed if we spend our energies putting up men for office outside of President, for a number of years to come. What we want is education and not officeholders—education and organization. Let the vote-catching (?) (as per election returns in our large cities) phrasemaker—the college graduate— fight the game shoulder to shoulder with men like me and take his pay in socialism, when every worker's pay is due him. Let us have a democratic organization in which each dues-paying member can feel that its officers are the servants and not the bosses of the organization. Give us Marxian socialism. This is wanted by the intelligent workers now in the ranks of the socialist party. J. H. M.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW—Comrade Fred Shaw of Huddersfield, England, sends us another interesting letter upon the situation in England. He also encloses the following, written by George Bernard Shaw for the New Age, of which Victor Grayson is now political editor:

"It was proved that what John Stuart Mill's patient reasoning, high character and admitted authority as a political theorist had failed to do for women's political rights, could be done by a handful of women who resolved to be unreasonable, disorderly, unladylike and even personally violent.

"I have always thought it a pity that though the French governments of the eighteenth century would not allow their attention to be diverted from Marie Antoinette's gambling debts to the poverty of the common people by the reasonings of Turgot, Montesquieu, Condorcet, Voltaire, Rousseau and the Encyclopedists, they forgot them at once when the Bastile was pulled down and the country houses burnt about their ears by people with no manners and less sense. I have often wondered why Mr. Gladstone did not undertake his Irish legislation (all wrong as it mostly was from beginning to end) on its merits, instead of waiting until some mischievous person irrelevantly blew up Clerkenwell Prison.

"Carlyle and Ruskin and Dickens appealed to the consciences of our "lords and masters" and got nothing from them but 'sympathetic interest,' invitations to dinner, and offers of knighthood. But the moonlighter, the dynamitard, the en-

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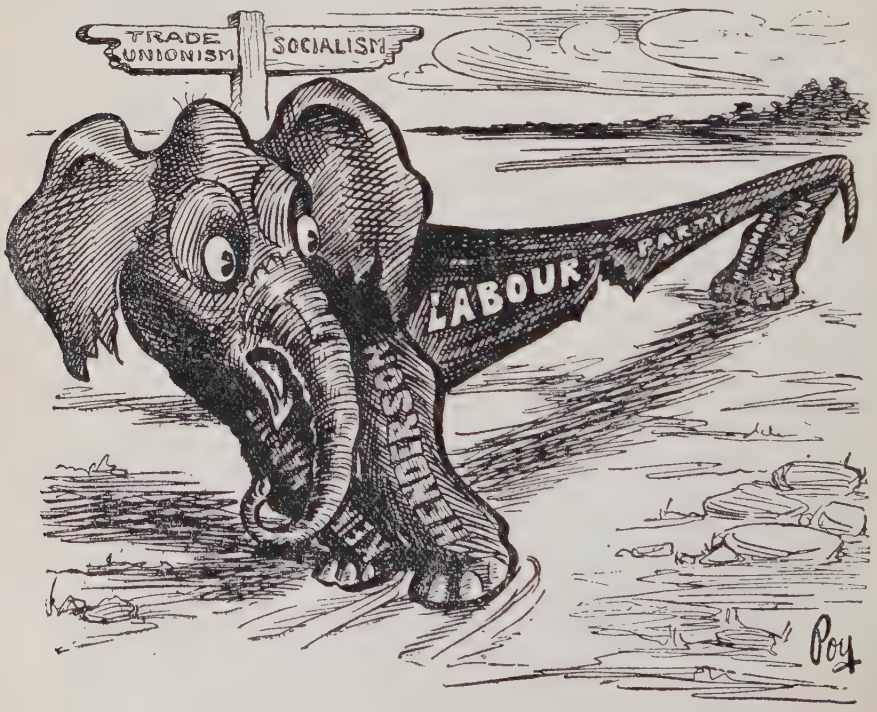
vious ruffian bold enough to destroy any good thing that he does not share and assault every man who does not buy him off, has always been able to count on their prompt and terrified attention.

"When the House of Commons says to Mr. Grayson. 'We shall do nothing unless you intimidate us; and we know you are too much of a gentleman to do that,' it is open to Mr. Grayson to reply, 'Gentlemen be blowed! I want to get something DONE,' just as much as it is open to the Labour party to murmur a polite assurance that the horny-handed, reefer-jacketed representative of Labour can be depended on to behave himself as genteelly in the face of starvation as the flower of Eton and Oxford. One cannot but wonder gloomily whether Mr. Grayson's action will be sufficient, or whether the unemployed problem will be ignored until an English city is burnt and half the inhabitants stoned and beaten to upset order and the other half shot and sabered to restore it."

Comrade Fred Shaw desires to make the following explanation regarding a paragraph by him which appeared on page 396 of the November **Review**. He is a member of the Social Democratic party, and wishes it understood that when he said "we" are now running ten candidates he referred in a general way to English socialists, and did not mean to imply that his own party indorses the tactics of the I. L. P. or Labor party. The relations between the parties are strained almost to the breaking point, as indicated in the cartoon from the Manchester "Dispatch" which Comrade Shaw sends us and which we reproduce on this page.

JAIL TERMS GIVEN TO LABOR'S BIG MEN—This is the heading of a Washington Dispatch in the Chicago Tribune of December 23, just as we are going to press with the last pages of the **Review**. We quote a few paragraphs giving the most important facts in the case.

"Samuel Gompers, president; John



Mitchell, vice-president, and Frank Morrison, secretary of the American Federation of Labor, today were adjudged to be guilty of contempt by the Supreme court of the District of Columbia, a regular branch of the federal judiciary, for violating an injunction forbidding the publication of a boycott notice against the Buck Stove and Range Company of St. Louis.

Gompers was sentenced to serve one year, Mitchell nine months, and Morrison six months in the district jail. The defendants have appealed, and now are out on bail pending a decision by the District Court of Appeals, first as to the legality of the injunction itself, and, when that is decided, as to the question of contempt.

By these proceedings, which have created a profound sensation here in Washington, the most famous labor case in the history of the United States courts has been brought to a crisis. It was within the power of Judge Wright, who handed down the decision, to send the men to jail at once, but he tempered justice with mercy on the understanding that they were not of the character of people who would run away, and that they, too, were fighting for what they conceived to be a principle, although, in the opinion of the court, they were guilty of an organized attempt to break down all the courts of the country.

* * *

Now, the three defendants have been sentenced to jail, and from that sentence they have also appealed. This being a contempt case, the appeal is extremely limited.

* * *

In point of fact, the question at issue is a simple one. The Buck Stove and Range Company of St. Louis was what is known as an "open shop." In August, 1906, the metal polishers' union struck. The men had been working ten hours a day at piece rates. They struck for a nine hour day, although that would have involved less money for each man, the object of the union being to employ more men. The stove company refused to accede to the demand. The men remained out, but the strike was a failure because there was a plentiful supply of nonunion men to take the places of the strikers.

Then came the application of the boycott. About two months after the declaration of the strike the products of the stove company were publicly boycotted, and in the American Federationist of July, 1907, they were included in the unfair list of that publication. On December 17, Justice Gould of the federal court here in Washington granted a temporary injunction restraining the American Federation of Labor, its officers and members from prosecuting a boycott against the products of the stove company and from publishing its name as unfair or placing it on the "we don't patronize" list in the American Federationist. This temporary injunction was made permanent on March 22 of the present year.

* * *

In the opinion of good lawyers there is no possible question as to the outcome of the present case. They say that the District Court of Appeals and the United States Supreme Court will, beyond all question, decide that the lower tribunal had jurisdicion and that the decree of injunction was rightfully issued.

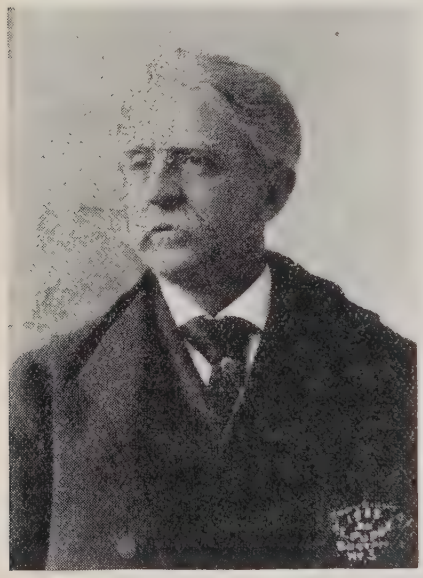
The same courts, it is said, will without hesitation uphold the sentence of Judge Wright for contempt, so that the three labor leaders in the long run will have to go to jail unless Judge Wright himself mitigates the sentence, because the president has no pardoning power to cover contempt proceedings, which are strictly within the process of the judicial branch of the government and are entirely free from interference, either by congress or by the executive."

We believe that the decision of the court was strictly logical, and we hope that the jail sentences will have a salutary effect on the officers of the A. F. of L. They have for years been acting on the theory that the interests of capital and labor were identical, that no revolution was necessary to protect the interests of the workers. They were practical men with a sublime contempt for socialist theories. They needed a practical object lesson. Now they have it. What are they going to do about it? What are the rank and file of the American Federation of Labor going to do about it? They are at the parting of the ways. They can back down and agree to run their unions hereafter in the way the capitalist courts direct. Or they can recognize the class struggle with the same intelligence as the capitalists who

are fighting them. They can transform the Federation into a revolutionary union that will discard all cant phrases of capitalist "justice," and will refuse to recognize capitalists as having any rights that workers are bound to respect. If they do not take this stand, the Federation will die, as Jack London predicts in his story, and its place will be taken by an organization that will fight to a finish.

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library for the study of the labor movement by the gift of the extensive library collected during a life time by Henry Demarest Lloyd, noted writer and reformer. The collection is given to the university by the heirs of Mr. Lloyd who are interested in the work of the American Bureau of Industrial Research which has its headquarters in this city. The Lloyd collection is particularly rich in material on trade unions, co-operation, socialism, municipal ownership and monopolies. It includes also thousands of books, pamphlets, papers, manuscript letters and boxes of special clippings dealing with allied topics, and will strengthen materially the historical and university libraries in economics, political science and history, which are recognized as the best in the country for the study of public utilities and the labor movement.

Few characters in American history have added more to the sane discussion of social reform than did Henry D. Lloyd. During the last twenty years of his life he journeyed up and down this country and around the world, to Europe, to Australia, and to the distant islands of the sea, and everywhere he sought signs of better ways to do and to live. Because his purpose was to teach these new lessons to his fellow Americans, he brought back with him the evidences of new growth. His pockets and trunks were filled with discriptions and documents. In 1890 he published "A Strike of Millionaires Against Miners," a little book in which he describes the plot of wealthy mine owners against the starving miners of Spring Valley. From New Zealand he brought back the original materials which served as the basis for "A Country without Strikes," and "Newest England." He spent months in Switzerland, England and Ireland, before writing "Labor Co-partnership," and "A Sovereign People."

THE WORK THAT COUNTS—Real socialism, the socialism that counts, the socialism of the socialists, the socialism that is impregnable in its convictions, uncompromising in its methods, unswervable in its determination, unquenchable in its long, ardent, enduring enthusiasm—this sort of socialism is not produced by sensational campaigns, by the hypnotism of magnetic oratory, by

the personalities of its spokesmen. No, this sort of socialism—genuine, durable, understanding, dependable socialism—is produced only by educational methods; by a laborious propaganda directed towards the end of making workingmen and their sympathizers understand the struggle of opposing classes throughout the social body—a struggle sometimes conscious, more often unconscious, but always present even in the remotest ramifications of life; by making them understand the class character of existing society and all its institutions, the mean, subtle, ignoble class character of government, law, politics, religion, existing educational systems—and the nobler, revolutionary working class character of the socialist movement, the completely revolutionary spirit of the movement; and by making them understand the underlying causes of social evolution, arousing their consciousness of the historic mission of the modern working class, inspiring their whole souls with the new moral ideal of proletarian class-consciousness.

The satisfactory increase that we did get at this election is probably in large part the harvest of the solid educational work done before this campaign, and is therefore all the more trustworthy and encouraging. COURTENAY LEMON.

New York, Nov. 15.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA—We are getting splendid reports from the comrades in Melbourne, Australia, of the debating ability of Comrade W. H. Emmett. Comrade Emmett stands upon a firm Marxian footing and we understand that the fiercest onslaughts of the reform advocates have only served to strengthen his position. Portions of one of his speeches have been sent us by one of his friends, and if this is a sample of the goods he delivers, we want to congratulate the local of which he is a member. The only man who can make

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unless you know **WHY** you are one. The cause of Socialism has been tremendously injured and retarded by the ignorance of those who talk and write about it without a proper understanding of its principles. The foolish notion of "dividing up" and the story of the "Irishman's two pigs" come from this source. The capitalist writer and the speakers deliberately misrepresent our principles, but if every comrade thoroughly understands Socialism, it will hasten the coming of liberty for all.

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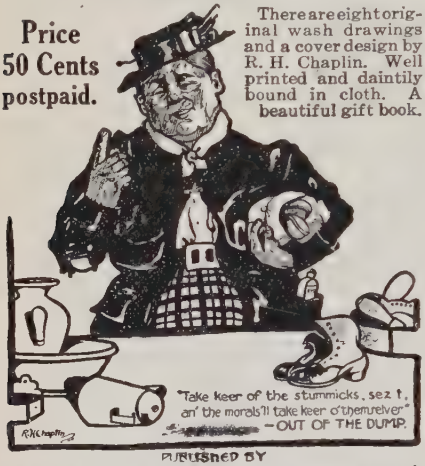
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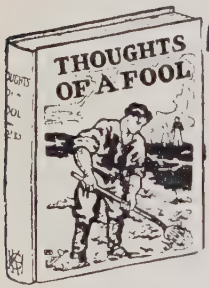
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a good debater upon subjects of socialism is the one who studies scientific socialism of which Marx and Engels are still the best exponents. We wish that space permitted the reprinting of his lecture. It is the kind that makes permanent socialists.

INTERCOLLEGIATE SOCIALIST SOCIETY—George A. Kirkpatrick has assumed the work of organizer for the Intercollegiate Socialist Society. He desires to secure names and addresses of students in all parts of the country who are socialists or political liberals or who are taking their first course in economics, also, names of comrades—collegians or otherwise—in college towns who are willing to distribute some of our leaflets among the students. Branches of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society are requested to send in their names and addresses of organization headquarters to Comrade Kirkpatrick, care Intercollegiate Socialist Society, 112 East 19th street, New York, N. Y.

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THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA now owns the Western Clarion, published at Vancouver, B. C. The party is to be congratulated for the Western Clarion is one of the clearest exponents of socialism in America. We hope that Comrade E. T. Kinsley and the old contributors will continue to write for the paper.

REVOLUTIONARY UNIONS NEEDED—The article by Albert E. Averill in the December Review contains food for thought. The important question, to my mind, is, shall the proletariat organize on the economic field, as per the I. W.

W., and also on the political field, or shall it concentrate all its strength upon the one industrial form of organization, on the economic field? I have been an active member of the Socialist party for five years, but I can see that the party is rapidly getting into the bogs and quagmires of opportunism. This I attribute in large degree to the party's failure to endorse the industrial form of unionism as against the craft form of "pure and simple" trade unions. The recent election emphasizes the fact that the A. F. of L. does not promote unity at the ballot box, for wherever the A. F. of L. was the best organized, there the Socialist vote was less than it was four years ago. The A. F. of L., instead of uniting the workers where they are employed, divided them into crafts, thereby promoting trade jealousies and war. As long as the workers are divided on the industrial field, just so long will they be divided on the political field.

The proletariat must achieve its own emancipation, but I hold that the ballot is not an all-sufficient means to that end. I further hold that while political action is useful and necessary to Socialism, the ballot alone is inadequate to accomplish the social revolution. For this I believe that the class-conscious and industrially organized economic union is absolutely essential. I look upon the union as a permanent institution, which should embody the framework of the Socialist republic. The proletariat must be organized correctly where employed, so that production can be carried on when the present system collapses.

Yours for industrial freedom,

D. B. MOORE.

Granite, Oklahoma.

AFTER THE BATTLE—"And behold the Lord passed by and a great and strong wind rent the mountain and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but

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the Lord was not in the wind, and after the wind, an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice, and it was so. . . . . Yea, I have left me seven thousand in Israel. All the knees have not bowed unto Baal and every mouth hath not kissed him." XIX Chapter, I Kings. Probably there is not a thoughtful Socialist in the land who has not felt a shade of disappointment at the result of the last ballot, but since the dust has brushed away we realize that there are at least 500,000 who have not bowed the knee to the Capitalist Baal. Wendell Phillips said that 50,000 earnest men, with but one thought, could do what they willed with America. Within a decade slavery was driven from America. Ten times 50,000 is 500,000 and who is not brave enough to say that 500,000 earnest men, conscious of class antagonisms, may destroy wage-slavery within ten years. We are not going to do it with wind, earthquake nor fire, but through the still small voice born of knowledge of our class power which shall crown our efforts with victory. We have had too much effort to create a political earthquake, to set the country on fire. Campaign illuminations do not bear conviction. Our recruits must come from the sober, overburdened, whose very attitude is a cry for deliverance. Multitudes of these—numbered like Benhadad's Army, by the sands of the sea—are repelled, not attracted, by displays of fourth of July fireworks in a Socialist Party campaign of education. Look soberly, comrades, at the Bryan-Taft chariot race in the closing days of the campaign in New York and Ohio. Does it not remind you of the gladiatorial contests of Ancient Rome in its decline? What part have we, that we should imitate our enemies?—C. B. Stone, Grace Park Farm, Avon, Colo.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

TO NEW READERS.

This issue of the REVIEW will reach many thousand new readers, and a word of explanation regarding its past, present and future may not be amiss.

It is owned and controlled by a co-operative association of working people, over two thousand in number, who have each subscribed a small sum, in most cases just ten dollars, for the sake of publishing the literature of Marxian Socialism. When we entered on this work, in 1899, Socialism was thought to be a foreign product which no American need take seriously. The literature of modern International Socialism was practically unknown in America. The writings of Marx, Engels, Dietzgen and Kautsky could scarcely be had at any price in the English language. No capitalist publisher would issue them and no Socialist had the money.

Our co-operative plan has solved the problem. The greatest works of European socialists are now within easy reach of American workingmen at low prices, and an American Socialist literature is gradually taking shape. Meanwhile socialism in America has been growing at a pace far quicker than indicated by the vote. Capitalists and politicians already see in the international movement of the working class a force to reckon with, and the resistless progress of industrial development is day by day recruiting the number of those who, in the words of our Communist Manifesto, have nothing to lose but their chains, and the world to gain.

It is to these proletarians and to those who wish to join *their* movement that the REVIEW is addressed. We started its publication in 1900, but we made one mistake which limited its growth for years. We thought that the problems of social evolution must be deliberated on in advance by a select few of superior brain power, who should later on diffuse the results of their deliberations among the common mass. We imagined that there might be some thousands of these superior brains in the United States. These we sought to discover and for them we edited the REVIEW. That in spite of this mistake the magazine survived, is due partly to the fact that we said some vital things, and partly to the fact that the growing book publishing business has been drawn upon until lately to help support the REVIEW.

We have seen a new light. We have begun to realize that the ordinary working people have an instinctive sense of what is good for them that is more to be trusted than the most exquisite of theories. We have begun to suspect that if what we have had to say has failed to interest the discontented workers, the fault was probably ours rather than theirs. This sounds simple, but from the moment we came to a realizing sense of it, the support we have received from the REVIEW'S readers has been warm and enthusiastic instead of languid and perfunctory. The circulation of the REVIEW a year ago was less than in 1901. But during 1908 it doubled three times, and we are beginning 1909 with with a rush

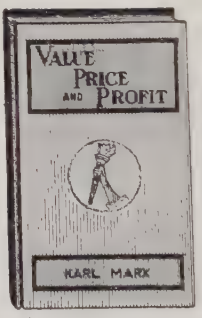
that should soon put the REVIEW in the front rank of popular magazines.

Are you with us? If so, ask your friends to subscribe. And write us of any ways you think of in which we can make the REVIEW better still. We have no dividends to pay. Last year, with the REVIEW still running behind, the publishing house paid all expenses and repaid a considerable portion of the borrowed capital it had been using. It will not take long at the present rate to pay off the rest; then we propose to use all the receipts of the REVIEW in making it larger and better. Next month we shall increase the number of pages, and other improvements will be made as fast as the new resources at our disposal make them possible.

For the last few months the circulation of single copies of the REVIEW in the larger cities has been promoted mainly through the work of members of the Socialist Party Locals. Wherever this work has been actively pushed, as in Oakland, San Francisco and Seattle, the sale has been large. In most places, however, it has not been undertaken systematically, and some better method had to be found. We have now arranged to supply copies through the various branches of the American News Company, These are located as follows:

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Newsdealers in smaller cities are supplied from these branches by mail. Any dealer can get copies of the REVIEW, returnable, from these branches at as low a rate as is made on any other returnable ten-cent magazine. You know some dealer in periodicals. Ask him if he is selling the REVIEW. Show him your copy, tell him that if he will put it on sale you will send him customers. Then keep your promise. But don't stop your own subscription for the sake of buying from the dealer. We need all the subscriptions we can get to keep the REVIEW going till the returns from the news company can come in.



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THE INTERNATIONAL
Socialist Review

Vol. IX. FEBRUARY, 1909 No. 8

The Dream of Debs

By JACK LONDON

(*Concluded*)



THE days came and went, and for a time it was a humdrum time. Nothing happened. The edge of excitement had become blunted. The streets were not so crowded. The working class did not come up town any more to see how we were taking the strike. And there were not so many automobiles running around. The repair shops and garages were closed, and whenever a machine broke down it went out of commission. The clutch on mine broke, and love nor money could not get it repaired. Like the rest, I now was walking. San Francisco lay dead, and we did not know what was happening over the rest of the country. But from the very fact that we did not know we could conclude only that the rest of the country lay as dead as San Francisco. From time to time the city was placarded with the proclamations of organized labor—these had been printed months before and evidenced how thoroughly the I. L. W. had prepared for the strike. Every detail had been worked out long in advance. No violence had occurred as yet, with the exception of the shooting of a few wire-cutters by the soldiers, but the people of the slums were starving and growing ominously restless.

The business men, the millionaires, and the professional class held meetings and passed proclamations, but there was no way of making the proclamations public. They could not even get them printed. One result of these meetings, however, was that General Folsom was persuaded into taking military possession of the wholesale houses and of all the flour, grain and food warehouses. It was high time, for suffering was becoming

acute in the homes of the rich, and bread-lines were necessary. I know that my servants were beginning to draw long faces, and it was amazing—the hole they made in my stock of provisions. In fact, as I afterward surmised, each servant was stealing from me and secreting a private stock of provisions for himself.

But with the formation of the bread-lines came new troubles. There was only so much of a food reserve in San Francisco, and at the best it could not last long. Organized labor, we knew, had its private supplies; nevertheless, the whole working class joined the bread-lines. As a result, the provisions General Folsom had taken possession of diminished with perilous rapidity. How were the soldiers to distinguish between a shabby middle-class man, a member of the I. L. W., or a slum-dweller? The first and the last had to be fed, but the soldiers did not know all the I. L. W. men in the city, much less the wives and sons and daughters of the I. L. W. men. The employers helping, a few of the known union men were flung out of the bread-lines; but that amounted to nothing. To make matters worse, the government tugs that had been hauling food from the army depots on Mare Island to Angel Island found no more food to haul. The soldiers now received their rations from the confiscated provisions, and they received them first.

The beginning of the end was in sight. Violence was beginning to show its awful face. Law and order were passing away, and passing away, I must confess, among the slum people and the upper classes. Organized labor still maintained perfect order. It could well afford to—it had plenty to eat. I remember the afternoon at the Club when I caught Halstead and Brentwood whispering in a corner. They took me in on the venture. Brentwood's machine was still in running order, and they were going out cow-stealing. Halstead had a long butcher-knife and a cleaver. We went out to the outskirts of the city. Here and there were cows grazing, but always they were guarded by their owners. We pursued our quest, following along the fringe of the city to the east, and on the hills near Hunter's Point we came upon a cow guarded by a little girl. There was also a young calf with the cow. We wasted no time on preliminaries. The little girl ran away screaming, while we slaughtered the cow. I omit the details, for they are not nice—we were unaccustomed to such work, and we bungled it.

But in the midst of it, working with the haste of fear, we heard cries, and we saw a number of men running toward us. We abandoned the spoils and took to our heels. To our surprise we were not pursued. Looking back, we saw the men hurriedly cutting up the cow. They had been on the same lay as ourselves. We argued that there was plenty for all, and ran back. The scene that followed beggars description. We

fought and squabbled over the division like savages. Brentwood, I remember, was a perfect brute, snarling and snapping and threatening that murder would be done if we did not get our proper share.

And we were getting our share when there occurred a new irruption on the scene. This time it was the dreaded peace officers of the I. L. W. The little girl had brought them. They were armed with whips and clubs, and there were a score of them. The little girl danced up and down in anger, the tears streaming down her cheeks, crying, "Give it to 'em! Give it to 'em! That guy with the specs—he did it! Mash his face



for him! Mash his face!" That guy with the specs was I, and I got my face mashed too, though I had the presence of mind to take off my glasses at the first. My! but we did receive a trouncing as we scattered in all directions. Brentwood, Halstead and I fled away for the machine. Brentwood's nose was bleeding, while Halstead's cheek was cut across with the scarlet slash of a blacksnake whip.

And lo, when the pursuit ceased and we had gained the machine, there, hiding behind it, was the frightened calf. Brentwood warned us to be cautious, and crept up on it like a wolf or tiger. Knife and cleaver had been left behind, but Brentwood still had his hands, and over and over on the ground he rolled with the poor little calf as he throttled it. We threw the carcass into the machine, covered it over with a robe,

and started for home. But our misfortunes had only begun. We blew out a tire. There was no way of fixing it, and twilight was coming on. We abandoned the machine, Brentwood puffing and staggering along in advance, the calf, covered by the robe, slung across his shoulders. We took turn about carrying that calf, and it nearly killed us. Also, we lost our way. And then, after hours of wandering and toil, we encountered a gang of hoodlums. They were not I. L. W. men, and I guess they were as hungry as we. At any rate, they got the calf and we got the thrashing. Brentwood raged like a madman the rest of the way home, and he looked like one, what of his torn clothes, swollen nose, and blackened eyes.

There wasn't any more cow-stealing after that. General Fōlsom sent his troopers out and confiscated all the cows, and his troopers, aided by the militia, ate most of the meat. General Folsom was not to be blamed; it was his duty to maintain law and order, and he maintained it by means of the soldiers, wherefore he was compelled to feed them first of all.

It was about this time that the great panic occurred. The wealthy classes precipitated the flight, and then the slum people caught the contagion and stampeded wildly out of the city. General Folsom was pleased. It was estimated that at least 200,000 had deserted San Francisco, and by that much was his food problem solved. Well do I remember that day. In the morning I had eaten a crust of bread. Half of the afternoon I had stood in the bread-line; and after dark I returned home, tired and miserable, carrying a quart of rice and a slice of bacon. Brown met me at the door. His face was worn and terrified. All the servants had fled, he informed me. He alone remained. I was touched by his faithfulness, and when I learned that he had eaten nothing all day, I divided my food with him. We cooked half the rice and half the bacon, sharing it equally and reserving the other half for morning. I went to bed with my hunger, and tossed restlessly all night. In the morning I found Brown had deserted me, and, greater misfortune still, he had stolen what remained of the rice and bacon.

It was a gloomy handful of men that came together at the Club that morning. There was no service at all. The last servant was gone. I noticed, too, that the silver was gone, and I learned where it had gone. The servants had not taken it, for the reason, I presume, that the club members got to it first. Their method of disposing of it was simple. Down south of Market street, in the dwellings of the I. L. W., the housewives had given square meals in exchange for it. I went back to my house. Yes, my silver was gone—all but a massive pitcher. This I wrapped up and carried down south of Market.

I felt better after the meal, and returned to the Club to learn if there was anything new in the situation. Hanover, Collins and Dakon were just leaving. There was no one inside, they told me, and they invited me to come along with them. They were leaving the city, they said, on Dakon's horses, and there was a spare one for me. Dakon had four magnificent carriage horses that he wanted to save, and General Folsom had given him the tip that next morning all the horses that remained in the city were to be confiscated for food. There were not many horses left, for tens of thousands of them had been turned loose into the country when the hay and grain gave out during the first days. Birdall, I remember, who had great draying interests, had turned loose three hundred dray horses. At an average value of five hundred dollars, this had amounted to $150,000. He had hoped, at first, to recover most of the horses after the strike was over, but in the end he never recovered one of them. They were all eaten by the people that fled from San Francisco. For that matter, the killing of the army mules and horses for food had already begun.

Fortunately for Dakon, he had had a plentiful supply of hay and grain stored in his stable. We managed to raise four saddles, and we found the animals in good condition and spirited, withal unused to being ridden. I remembered the San Francisco of the Great Earthquake as we rode through the streets, but this San Francisco was vastly more pitiable. No cataclysm of nature had caused this, but rather the tyranny of the labor unions. We rode down past Union Square and through the theatre, hotel and shopping districts. The streets were deserted. Here and there stood automobiles, abandoned where they had broken down or when the gasoline had given out. There was no sign of life, save for the occasional policeman and the soldiers, guarding the banks and public buildings. Once we came upon an I. L. W. man pasting up the latest proclamation. We stopped to read. "We have maintained an orderly strike," it ran; "and we shall maintain order to the end. The end will come when our demands are satisfied, and our demands will be satisfied when we have starved our employers into submission, as we ourselves in the past have often been starved into submission."

"Messner's very words," Collins said. "And I, for one, am ready to submit, only they won't give me a chance to submit. I haven't had a full meal in an age. I wonder what horse-meat tastes like."

We stopped to read another proclamation: "When we think our employers are ready to submit, we shall open up the telegraphs and place the employers' associations of the United States in communication. But only messages relating to peace terms shall be permitted over the wires."

We rode on, crossed Market street, and a little later were passing

through the working class districts. Here the streets were not deserted. Leaning over gates or standing in groups, were the I. L. W. men. Happy, well-fed children were playing games, and stout housewives sat on the front steps gossiping. One and all cast amused glances at us. Little children ran after us, crying: "Hey, mister, ain't you hungry?" And one woman, a nursing child at her breast, called to Dakon: "Say, Fatty, I will give you a meal for your skate—ham and potatoes, currant jelly, white bread, canned butter, and two cups of coffee."

"Have you noticed, the last few days," Hanover remarked to me, "that there's not been a stray dog in the streets?"

I had noticed, but I had not thought about it before. It was high time to leave the unfortunate city. We at last managed to connect with the San Bruno Road, along which we headed south. I had a country place near Menlo, and it was our objective. But soon we began to discover that the country was worse off and far more dangerous than the city. There, the soldiers and the I. L. W. kept order; but the country had been turned over to anarchy. Two hundred thousand people had fled south from San Francisco, and we had countless evidences that their flight had been like that of an army of locusts. They had swept everything clean. There had been robbery and fighting. Here and there we passed bodies by the roadside and saw the blackened ruins of farmhouses. The fences were down, and the crops had been trampled by the feet of a multitude. All the vegetable patches had been rooted up by the famished hordes. All the chickens and farm animals had been slaughtered. This was true of all the main roads that led out of San Francisco. Here and there, away from the roads, farmers had held their own with shotguns and revolvers, and were still holding their own. They warned us away and refused to parley with us. And all the destruction and violence had been done by the slum-dwellers and the upper classes. The I. L. W. men, with plentiful food supplies, remained quietly in their homes in the cities.

Early in the ride we received concrete proof of how desperate was the situation. To the right of us we heard cries and rifle shots. Bullets whistled dangerously near. There was a crashing in the underbrush; then a magnificent black truck-horse broke across the road in front of us and was gone. We had barely time to notice that he was bleeding and lame. He was followed by three soldiers. The chase went on amongst the trees on the left. We could hear the soldiers calling to one another. A fourth soldier limped out upon the road from the right, sat down on a boulder, and mopped the sweat from his face.

"Militia," Dakon whispered. "Deserters."

The man grinned up at us and asked for a match. In reply to Dakon's "What's the word?" he informed us that the militiamen were deserting "No grub," he explained. "They're feedin' it all to the regulars." We also learned from him that the military prisoners had been released from Alcatraz Island because they could no longer be fed.

I shall never forget the next sight we encountered. We came upon it abruptly, around a turn of the road. Overhead arched the trees. The sunshine was filtering down through the branches. Butterflies were fluttering by, and from the fields came the song of larks. And there it



stood a powerful touring car. About it and in it lay a number of corpses. It told its own tale. Its occupants, fleeing from the city, had been attacked and dragged down by a gang of slum-dwellers—hoodlums. The thing had occurred within twenty-four hours. Freshly opened meat and fruit tins explained the reason for the attack. Dakon examined the bodies.

"I thought so," he reported. "I've ridden in that car. It was Perriton—the whole family. We've got to watch out for ourselves from now on."

"But we have no food with which to invite attack," I objected.

Dakon pointed to the horse I rode, and I understood.

Early in the day Dakon's horse had cast a shoe. The delicate hoof had split, and by noon the animal was limping. Dakon refused to ride it further, and refused to desert it. So, on his solicitation, we went on. He would lead the horse and join us at my place. That was the last we saw of him; nor did we ever learn his end.

By one o'clock we arrived at the town of Menlo, or, rather, at the site of Menlo, for it was in ruins. Corpses lay everywhere. The business part of the town, as well as part of the residences, had been gutted by fire. Here and there a residence still held out; but there was no getting near them. When we approached too closely we were fired upon. We met a woman who was poking about in the smoking ruins of her cottage. The first attack, she told us, had been on the stores, and as she talked we could picture that raging, roaring, hungry mob flinging itself on the handful of townspeople. Millionaires and paupers had fought side by side for the food, and then fought with one another after they got it. The town of Palo Alto and Stanford University had been sacked in similar fashion, we learned. Ahead of us lay a desolate, wasted land; and we thought we were wise in turning off to my place. It lay three miles to the west, snuggling among the first rolling swells of the foothills.

But as we rode along we saw that the devastation was not confined to the main roads. The van of the flight had kept to the roads, sacking the small towns as it went; while those that followed had scattered out and swept the whole countryside like a great broom. My place was built of concrete, masonry, and tiles, and so had escaped being burned, but it was gutted clean. We found the gardener's body in the windmill, littered around with empty shotgun shells. He had put up a good fight. But no trace could be found of the two Italian laborers, nor of the housekeeper and her husband. Not a live thing remained. The calves, the colts, all the fancy poultry and thoroughbred stock, everything, was gone. The kitchen and the fireplaces, where the mob had cooked, were a mess, while many campfires outside bore witness to the large number that had fed and spent the night. What they had not eaten they had carried away. There was not a bite for us.

We spent the rest of the night vainly waiting for Dakon, and in the morning, with our revolvers, fought off half a dozen marauders. Then we killed one of Dakon's horses, hiding for the future what meat we did not immediately eat. In the afternoon Collins went out for a walk, but failed to return. This was the last straw to Hanover. He was for flight there and then, and I had great difficulty in persuading him to wait for daylight. As for myself, I was convinced that the end of the general strike was near, and I was resolved to return to San Francisco.

So, in the morning, we parted company, Hanover heading south, fifty pounds of horse-meat strapped to his saddle, while I, similarly loaded, headed north. Little Hanover pulled through all right, and to the end of his life he will persist, I know, in boring everybody with the narrative of his subsequent adventures.

I got as far as Belmont, on the main road back, when I was robbed of my horse-meat by three militiamen. There was no change in the situation, they said, except that it was going from bad to worse. The I. L. W. had plenty of provisions hidden away and could last out for months. I managed to get as far as Baden, when my horse was taken away from me by a dozen men. Two of them were San Francisco policemen, and the remainder were regular soldiers. This was ominous. The situation was certainly extreme when the regulars were beginning to desert. When I continued my way on foot, they already had the fire started, and the last of Dakon's horses lay slaughtered on the ground.

As luck would have it, I sprained my ankle, and succeeded in getting no further than South San Francisco. I lay there that night in an outhouse, shivering with the cold and at the same time burning with fever. Two days I lay there, too sick to move, and on the third, reeling and giddy, supporting myself on an extemporized crutch, I tottered on toward San Francisco. I was weak as well, for it was the third day since food had passed my lips. It was a day of nightmare and torment. As in a dream I passed hundreds of regular soldiers drifting along in the opposite direction, and many policemen, with their families, organized in large groups for mutual protection.

As I entered the city I remembered the workman's house at which I had traded the silver pitcher, and in that direction my hunger drove me. Twilight was falling when I came to the place. I passed around by the alleyway and crawled up the back steps, on which I collapsed. I managed to reach out with the crutch and knock on the door. Then I must have fainted, for I came to in the kitchen, my face wet with water and whisky being poured down my throat. I choked and spluttered and tried to talk; I began by saying something about not having any more silver pitchers, but that I would make it up to them afterward if they would only give me something to eat. But the housewife interrupted me.

"Why, you poor man!" she said. "Haven't you heard? The strike was called off this afternoon. Of course we'll give you something to eat."

She bustled around, opening a tin of breakfast bacon and preparing to fry it.

"Let me have some now, please," I begged; and I ate the raw bacon on a slice of bread, while her husband explained that the demands of the I. L. W. had been granted. The wires had been opened up in the early afternoon, and everywhere the employers' associations had given in. There hadn't been any employers left in San Francisco, but General Folsom had spoken for them. The trains and steamers would start running in the morning, and so would everything else just as soon as system could be established.

And that was the end of the general strike. I never want to see another one. It was worse than a war. A general strike is a cruel and immoral thing, and the brain of man should be capable of running industry in a more rational way. Harrison is still my chauffeur. It was part of the conditions of the I. L. W. that all of its members should be reinstated in their old positions. Brown never came back, but the rest of the servants are with me. I hadn't the heart to discharge them—poor creatures, they were pretty hard pressed when they deserted with the food and silver. And now I can't discharge them. They have all been unionized by the I. L. W. The tyranny of organized labor is getting beyond human endurance. Something must be done.

(*The end*)

The state is the result of the desire to keep down class-conflicts. But having arisen amid these conflicts it is as a rule the state of the most powerful economic class, that by force of its economic supremacy becomes also the ruling political class and thus acquires new means of subduing and exploiting the oppressed masses.—Frederick Engels, in "Socialism—Utopian and Scientific."

Must the Proletariat Degenerate?

By Karl Kautsky

THE LATEST PHASE OF REVISIONISM

I



TUGAN-BARANOWSKY is no stranger to our readers. More than once, particularly of late, we have had occasaion to take notice of him. This has been due in part to the present industrial situation. We are in the midst of a general crisis, the study of which is one of the most important tasks of economic theorists. Now crises are one of Herr Tugan's specialties; he has made an exhaustive study of them.

But if we pay a good deal of attention to him it is only in part due to the fact that he is an authority on industrial crises. His importance is largely due to the fact that he is one of the most distinguished leaders of the revisionists. He represents, with Sombart, the manner and point of view of professorial revisionism. He leaves no stone unturned to make his views the starting point of a new theory.

It is now ten years since Tugan-Baranowsky became active in this direction. The fruitfulness of the revision of Marx must appear in his work if anywhere. A good test is furnished by his latest book, *Modern Socialism*. All the scientific progress made by the revisionists must be discoverable in this document.

II

We shall take notice here of only one feature of this work, the investigation of the process of economic evolution. It was this that furnished the point of departure for revisionism. Its champions maintained that this evolution has not justified the Marxian theory.

Let us see what Tugan-Baranowsky has to say of the "concentration theory:" "All the most recent data of industrial development corroborate this theory." It is true, we are told, that it does not apply to agriculture; "but this circumstance does not by any means destroy the

significance of the concentration theory in its application to the entire capitalist system; it merely makes necessary a modification." Herr Tugan definitely agrees to what I said on this point in my book on the agrarian question.

He acknowledges likewise that crises do not abate, that they are inevitable, and that trades-unions but intensify them: "The technical resources of modern industry are of such magnitude that the productivity of every capitalistic country has increased by leaps and bounds. This is best shown by the marvelous progress of capitalist industry during periods of industrial prosperity. . . . . But such an upward movement never lasts long. Three or four years pass and we are again in the midst of crises, bankruptcy and stagnation. This is the unchangable course of capitalist industry. During the past hundred years every period of prosperity has been followed by one of depression; during the past thirty years the sum total of lean seasons has much exceeded that of the fat ones. . . . It is true that there is going on within the capitalist system a mighty process of unification into associations and combines. But these capitalist organizations are unable to loose the bands which bind social production. On the other hand they make it possible to limit production, to hinder its natural increase. In this lies their chief purpose. Thus the lack of organization in capitalist society, which cannot be done away with by any combination, occasions a good deal of friction in the course of industrial development. This friction sometimes reaches such dimensions that it brings the progress of capitalism to a stand-still, i. e., we have a crisis. That is to say, capitalism condemns the proletariat to endless labor and misery, but it hinders also the growth of social wealth, prevents increase of the productivity of social labor."

We have here all the conclusions which ten years ago the revisionists threw on the scrap-heap amidst prolonged applause from the bourgeoisie.

III

Of all the destructive criticism of that period there remains only the argument against the theory of degeneration and collapse; an argument, however, which does not affect the Marxian doctrine, for it is directed against views for which Marx is not to be held responsible.

In his discussion of the degeneration theory Herr Tugan approaches my own position. He finds my remarks on social degeneration brilliant and, in great part, just. The increasing needs of the workingman place out of question the possibility of satisfying them. Furthermore, it is possible that Kautsky is right in his other statements; e. g., when he main-

tains that the exploitation of the worker by the owner of the means of production has of late increased rather than decreased, that the worker produces ever less for himself and more for the capitalist. All this is possible, but there is no definite proof of it; statistics of wages and incomes are too incomplete to admit of a definitive answer to the question involved. At any rate an amelioration of the position of the laboring class is not irreconcilable with an increase in the per cent of exploitation.

More than this we could surely not ask of a revisionist. He acknowledges that possibly, even probably, exploitation, and thus the gulf between capital and labor, is on the increase.

To be sure Herr Tugan imagines that he scores a triumph over me in this discussion of the degeneration theory: "Kautsky is definitely in error in his statement that this theory of social degeneration is truly Marxian. . . Marx was of the opinion that the more powerful become the productive energies of capitalism the keener and more general become social and physical misery; capitalist development not only makes the workingman a pauper, but forces him ever downward in physical, intellectual and moral condition." This last he asks me to acknowledge, "but Kautsky lacks the courage to acknowledge it publicly."

In reality some ten years ago I showed that if one really understands the elements of socialist theory he will interpret the doctrine of the increasing misery of the workingclass to mean its remaining behind in the general advance of society. I cited at that time Lassalle, and referred to Engels, Marx and Rodbertus, all of whom expressed themselves in the same sense. (*Bernstein and the Social Democratic Program.* p. 119).

If this does not satisfy Tugan-Baranowsky let me serve him another citation from Marx. In his pamphlet entitled *Wage-Labor and Capital,* Marx discusses the question as to the effect upon the worker of a rise in wages: "A cottage may be small, but so long as the dwellings surrounding it are no larger it satisfies the social requirements of its inhabitants. If, however, a palace raises itself alongside the cottage, the latter shrinks to a hut. Its comparative modesty shows that its inhabitants make only the smallest pretentions. In the course of civilization it may shoot ever so far into the air; if the adjacent palace increases equally in height, or even faster, the inhabitants of the comparatively small house will become constantly more uncomfortable, more discontented.

"A noticeable growth in wages presupposes a rapid growth in productive capital. Rapid increase of productive capital causes rapid increase in wealth and luxury, in social necessities and social enjoyments. Therefore, even if the worker has more, he is less satisfied; the enjoyments of the capitalist have increased faster than his. Our needs and

pleasures are social: we measure them by a social standard; we do not measure them in terms of the objects which give satisfaction. *Because they are social, they are relative.*

"Wages stand in a certain relation to the profit of the capitalist; so there is such a thing as a relative wage. This is to be distinguished, on the one hand, from the real wage (measured in terms of commodities) and, on the other, from the nominal wage (measured in money). It may fall when both the others rise. If wages rise five per cent and profits thirty, the relative wage has decreased.

"If there comes about, then, an increase in the worker's income, there occurs simultaneously a widening of the social chasm which separates worker from capitalist, a strengthening of the power of the capitalist and further accentuation of the worker's dependence."

The difference between Marxists and revisionists, then, is not to be found here. The revisionists were not the original discoverers of the fact that absolutely the position of the working class is improving; the Marxists never proclaimed a theory of absolute degeneration.

But there is a notable difference of opinion. Herr Tugan acknowledges that until the fifties of the last century the proletariat did really sink farther and farther into misery. From that time on, it seems to him, a steady improvement is discernible. This representation is in the main correct, but his theoretical explanation of it is inconsistent with the facts.

One modification of his statement of fact I should like to make before taking up his theory. He makes the general statement that "during the second half of the last century the conditions of the working class improved." This does not hold true of the entire working class. During the first part of the period in question it was true only of England and there applied only to certain classes of labor. Outside of England a noticeable improvement began only twenty years later, and there, also, merely among the aristocracy of labor.

And now as to his theory. He maintains that the increase in misery and want at the beginning of the nineteenth century was the result of the children's diseases of capitalism. The economic improvement of the proletariat is, according to him, a necessary result of capitalist development. The factory has to lower its wages so long as it has to compete with handicraft and domestic labor. After these are driven from the field "the natural increase in the productivity of labor brings about the tendency of wages to increase."

Against this conception must be urged the fact that at the middle of the last century handicraft was not driven from the field; that this has not even yet been done. Only certain forms of hand labor have dis-

appeared, those that brought good returns. Since then the sweating system has struck deep root in precisely those countries where capitalism is most developed. So we have still with us the form of small industry which is supposed to depress wages and plunge the worker into misery. On the other hand it is clear that the moment small industry disappears the capitalistic method of production will find itself at the end of its rapid expansion, the expansion which has furnished the most favorable condition for the worker. For expansion implies the production of more commodities than can be bought by the employes. These must be disposed of by driving out the home industry of the farmer and the handicraft of the urban producer. If capital has succeeded in doing this in its own country, it must seek a foreign market and there repeat the process. It adds, then, to the wage competition of its own craftsmen, home-workers and small farmers, those of other countries. The English textile worker has no longer to compete with the handweaver of his own country; but he still has arrayed against him those of India and China. In other branches, mining for instance, wages are brought down by the immigration of foreign handworkers, home-workers and small farmers who have been thrown out of employment by capitalist competition. Therefore the tendency to lower wages which existed during the early fifties still persists, though now it has taken on an international character. This tendency is a natural feature of the capitalist system, since it is closely connected with the condition of capitalist expansion. An end could be put to it only in case conditions appeared which put an end to the expansion of the capitalist method of production. But this would mean with "further increase of the productivity of labor" an absolute diminution in the demand for laborers. The old labor competition would cease; there would be no more handicraftsmen or home-workers to force into the proletariat. But a new competition would appear, the competition with the constantly increasing number of unemployed.

Therefore any improvement in the position of the working class cannot be attributed to the fact that independent workers have been turned into proletarians. For one thing, this process has not ceased, and for another, when it does cease it will be under circumstances which will have an altogether different effect from the one which Herr Tugan expects.

In reality when Herr Tugan begins to describe actual economic processes he gives quite different reasons for the improvement of the working class. He says: "The most important factors in the growth of the power of the working class were the factory laws, the labor organizations and the co-operative movement." Of these three factors not

one has anything to do with the reasons which were first assigned for the upward movement of the working class.

But if Herr Tugan comes nearer the facts in his account of these three factors, even here he exaggerates on the one hand, and on the other he leaves important influences out of account. Thus he overstates the fact when he says one of the beneficial results of labor laws is "an increased demand for hands," because "the shortening of the working day necessitates an increase of the number of workers."

A number of things go to show that this is not true. It has been shown again and again, e. g., that a shortening of hours bring about, not a decrease, but an increase, of labor-power. Again, the introduction of labor-saving machinery is often favored by labor legislation. More than this, the intensity of work, is everywhere rapidly increasing, and this tendency is favored by labor legislation. Nowhere has there been brought about a considerable diminution of labor-power through the passing of labor laws.

Much exaggerated, on the other side, is the significance which Herr Tugan gives the co-operative societies: "The co-operative movement freed the workers as consumers from the power of the dealer." Even the most optimistic co-operators may well shrink from this generalization. They expect their societies sometime to free the worker from the dealer; but they must acknowledge that thus far the advantages which they offer have benefited but a small minority of the proletariat.

But my chief criticism on this part of Herr Tugan's work is that he overlooks the mightiest causes which contribute to the elevation of the working class. We have already noticed that it was in England during the fifties of the last century that this upward tendency began. There it was due to the inauguration of the free-trade policy. This gave England a temporary monopoly of the world market, and a few crumbs of the resulting prosperity fell to the share of English workingmen.

In Germany it was the tremendous transformations of 1866 and 1870 which ushered in the new order. They first laid the basis of our government on liberal principles and made possible a rapid growth of capital.

Since 1880, finally, it has been the flooding of Europe with cheap food which has wrought the improvement in the position of the workers. Prices naturally decreased, and as soon as the hard times of the early eighties were over there began an era of prosperity. This, together with the labor laws and the rapid strengthening of the labor unions, worked an improvement in the conditions of living over a large part of Europe.

But are the conditions which produced this effect inseparably con-

nected with the development of the capitalist system of production? If so, they must remain increasingly effective and thus produce a steady increase in real wages.

If the revisionist theory as to the rise of the proletariat out of misery has a good foundation in fact, it must be able to establish this necessary connection. That would be the most important purpose of a revisionist theory. But the revisionists do not dream of such a thing; for the factors which have occasioned a rise in wages during the past decades are all decreasing in effectiveness.

First came the passing of English industrial supremacy. This began some time ago, but the effect of it was partially counterbalanced by the decrease in the cost of living. This decrease has now come to an end. The United States is becoming an industrial country with an increasing ground-rent; its reserves of uncultivated territory are rapidly disappearing. Russia and India sink farther and farther into chronic famine; their agriculture is falling into decay. So the flooding of the world-market with cheap food is coming to an end.

And the passing of labor laws has also come to a halt. The proletariat alone is not yet strong enough to force such legislation; the motives which formerly inclined many sections of the ruling class toward it are evidently losing their force. A minimum of protection for labor has been provided in most industrial countries—enough to prevent a too rapid degeneration of the working class. Beyond this the bourgeois class does not wish to go, partly because of the rise of the labor movement. When the most important labor laws were introduced the proletariat was still helpless, and it was not foreseen that these laws would do more than prevent the physical degeneration of the worker; lawgivers were quite unconscious of the fact that they would contribute to his moral and intellectual uplift, his consciousness of strength and his power of organization. Since this has been recognized bourgeois interest in social reform has notably decreased.

At the same time the sections of the owning class whose interests are directly opposed to labor legislation have grown. One of the chief forces favorable to such legislation was the animosity of the other classes toward the great capitalists. These other classes were mostly landowners, on the one side, and small capitalists on the other. Today many of the landowners have themselves become industrial capitalists. More than this, in their capacity of landowners they now feel the effect of the class-struggle: their laborers have been spurred on by the efforts of the industrial workers and in their turn have become dissatisfied. The small capitalist, on his part, sees no other salvation than unlimited exploitation of his laborers. So the small capitalist and landowner, who once

took an interest in the fight of the proletariat for social reform, now outdo the great capitalist in hatred of such reform.

All this tends to bring about a paralysis of the reform tendency. The achievements already accomplished are not the beginning of a series of improvements which will go on indefinitely in the same direction; they are only fragments which are regarded by their creators themselves as boundary marks to fix the limits of further concessions. Now and then a labor law may be passed, but always one that applies to a small industry. In general such legislation has come to a stand-still. In some respects there has even been a falling off. For example, work has increased in intensity, and workers, being obliged to live farther and farther from their employment, are actually giving an increasing proportion of their time to their employers.

And the growth of the labor unions is also reaching its limit: that is, their relative growth, their growth in relation to that of capitalist power. Actually, of course, their progress will continue; but the economic progress of the proletariat in society is indicated only by their relative growth.

The termination of the favoring factors just considered must tend to hinder the growth of the union movements. In addition there is another fact to take into account. The strength of the unions both in England and on the continent was increased by the fact that the workers organized faster than the capitalists. Organized workers found themselves opposed to unorganized operators.

And then came about a transformation of the industrial world: the textile industry ceased to be the controlling interest and the iron industry came into the position of first importance. But in this field men were not yet competing against women and the skilled worker had not been driven out by the unskilled. The rapid development of this industry, then, brought with it an increased demand for skilled male workers—the very ones most ready and qualified to organize and fight.

These facts furnished the basis for one of the attacks on Marx's Capital—first by bourgeois economists and then by revisionists. We were told that the Marxian theory might tally well enough with the facts in the textile industry, but not in the iron industry. Only uncritical dogmatists could find in this theory the law of the capitalist world in general.

But now, behold, the "dogmatists," who do not lose their head at the appearance of every new phenomenon, are justified. But few decades have passed, and already history has repeated itself; the conditions with which we grew familiar in the textile industry make their appearance in the field of iron and steel. Here also the work of women and un-

skilled laborers now hinders the growth of the union movement. At the present time combinations of capital have come to control the mining and metal industries to such an extent that often a single man controls an entire branch.

Some unions comfort themselves with the fact that it is easier to get on with organized than unorganized employers. This may be true of branches in which sharp competition has tended to depress wages. But there are only a few such branches, and they are unimportant. Even in these, as soon as competition is done away with, the combined capitalists show their teeth to the labor movement. And when it comes to a conflict between capital and labor it is clear that organized operators are stronger than unorganized.

All these circumstances place the unions more and more on the defensive, force them to concentrate their power on the mere maintenance of positions already taken. That they are more cautious than formerly is proved by the increasing unpopularity of strikes. The last year of prosperity brought no union labor advances noticeably beyond the advance in the prices of the necessities of life. Prices increase and remain high even during financial crises.

These are facts which are independent of the attitude of any party leader or union official, even independent of any form of tactics.

But all this leads to an inevitable result. The period of rising real wages must cease for one class of laborers after another; some must even suffer a decrease. And this applies not only to times of temporary depression, but also to times of prosperity. The period of rising real wages has lasted in England since the fifties, in Germany since the seventies and especially the eighties. This period has come to an end. A new period begins amid circumstances much more discouraging for the economic struggle of the proletariat. Increasing numbers of workers are now threatened with continued stagnation, or even depression, of real wages.

I do not mean that this period must last for decades or that the struggle against its degrading tendencies is hopeless. What is becoming hopeless is the isolated conflicts of separate crafts or parliamentary groups. The tendencies of this period are the result of a mighty world-change, and they can be met only by another mighty change—one that will make it possible to marshal as a single unit all the powers of the international proletariat. The Russian revolution might have been the beginning of a new era, the era of the advance of the proletariat. But other points of departure are thinkable. The present situation is not hopeless; but it does call for something more than make-shifts, something more than peanut tactics. It demands of the vanguard of the proletariat broad views and boundless courage. And to these qualities must be added

thorough-going knowledge and calm judgment. The fighting proletarians must be able to hold aloof from illusions and adventurous experiments; they must be ready to endure patiently during dark days of apparent defeat; must learn when to limit themselves to the education and organization of the proletariat and when to strike for victory.

But we may as well face the unwelcome reality. Until a great world-change takes place the proletariat must reckon with the fact that the good times are over and that the regular increase in real wages has reached its end.

If the tendency of wages under capitalism is not steadily downward, no more is it steadily upward. In fact the reward of labor tends to vary within fixed limits. These limits are more elastic, it is true, than Lassalle's iron law of wages. And within them the rise and fall are responsive to a variety of influences; not only as times change from good to bad, or *vice versa,* do wages go up or down; they vary also in accord with certain fundamental transformations of industry and politics. Extraordinarily favorable conditions may maintain a rising wage scale in some crafts for half a century. On the other hand no class of workers is secure against reductions. Technical developments, changes in the world—market or in the political situation—any of these may start a downward tendency. Over every proletarian hangs unemployment like a sword of Damocles; and just so over every class of workers hangs the danger of economic degeneration. But no matter how wages may vary, exploitation increases steadily. The mass of the exploited becomes constantly greater, and greater also grows the social and economic pressure. But this is not all. Constantly more imperative grows "the indignation of the ever swelling body of workers, men and women schooled for conflict by the mechanism of the capitalist process of production."

It is this growth which makes a widening of class distinction inevitable. It is not proletarian degeneration, but proletarian development, proletarian education, which will make the class-struggle constantly more bitter. There is no worse perversion of Marxian doctrine than to attribute to it the theory that "the workingman degenerates physically mentally and morally; he sinks ever deeper into ignorance and moral barbarism." Marx did foresee, and none more clearly, the increasing pressure to which the proletariat is subject; but he saw also that in this there is promise, not of degeneration, but of increasing intelligence and of final revolt and freedom.

Translated by William E. Bohn.

Socialism for Students

By Joseph E. Cohen

IV. THE CLASS STRUGGLE



HE history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles," say Marx and Engels, in the "Communist Manifesto." These are the first words written on modern Socialism. That the condition of the workers cannot be improved by an appeal to the innate goodness of mankind at large, but can come only through the conscious action of the workers, as a class—that is what distinguishes the Socialist movement from all other movements. Reduced to a sentence, Socialism is the workers' side of the class struggle. Without the class struggle, Socialism is like an aquarium without fish; like the play of Hamlet without "the melancholy Dane."

Marx and Engels were not the first to note that the conflict of interests between economic classes amounts to war. Plato said as much. And here in America, John C. Calhoun declared almost a score years before the "Manifesto" appeared: "I hold then, that there never has yet existed a wealthy and civilized society in which one portion of the community did not, in point of fact, live on the labor of the other. . . . It is useless to disguise the fact. There is and always has been, in an advanced stage of wealth and civilization, a conflict between labor and capital."

It is the special merit of Marx and Engels to have first observed that the class struggles of history are a "series of evolution," characterizing the change from one social arrangement to another, and constituting a law of social development.

In America, more so than elsewhere, the idea prevails that because our form of government is republican, there are no classes in society. Yet that very word "society" proves the reverse. When the papers tell us that Miss Coldcash is about to make her debut in society, they do not mean that she is about to be born. They serve notice on a certain exclusive set who are "society," that Miss Coldcash is open for matrimonial engagements. When an industrial depression sets in, caused by "overproduction," no one imagines that the surplus is in the hands of the

workers—that the poor are in distress because they possess too much. Nor does anyone imagine that old-age pensions are for retired multi-millionaires.

Classes are and always have been in America, because classes have been all down recorded history. The class struggle was the first fruit of private property. But the simple fact of the class struggle is often obscured by the glamor of romance, which is the principal stock-in-trade of many historians. Austin Lewis is entirely right when he says of the American Revolution: "It was carried through with the most pompous announcements of human liberty which hardly veiled the real designs of its instigators. It denied its professed theories at its very inception by the proclamation of human rights and the acceptance of chattel slavery." For not only the black race, but thousands of whites, were held in bondage for terms of years, while political liberty was restricted to such an extent that less than one-fourth of the adult males had a vote in the first election.

It is true, however, that while there always have been classes in America, class lines have never been so sharply defined as they are today. John Adams is reported to have said that he hoped the time would never come when a man would be worth a million dollars. Today a million dollars is of little consequence in the commercial world. We are reaching the billionaire stage. About half a century after Adams, Oliver Wendell Holmes thanked his stars that "it was but three generations between shirt sleeves and shirt sleeves." The third generation of our time return to shirt sleeves only, if at all, while awaiting trial for peppering each other's hides with bullets. However prodigal they may be, they can hardly squander their income, let alone impair their capital, which, indeed, is often held in trust for them. After Holmes, in his first message to Congress, Lincoln wrote: "A few men own capital, and that few avoid labor themselves, and with their capital hire or buy another few to labor for them. A large majority belong to neither class—neither work for others nor have others work for them." Today labor for wages is the ordinary way of gaining a livelihood; capital is supreme—it is a jealous god and will have no other gods before it.

Again, John Adams said of his own time: "America is a nation of husbandmen, planted on a vast continent of wild, uncultivated land; and there is, and will be for centuries, no way in which these people can get a living and advance their interests so much as by agriculture. They can apply themselves to manufactures only to fill up interstices of time, in which they cannot labor on their lands, and to commerce only to carry the produce of their lands, the raw materials of manufactures, to the European market." Yet the American Revolution was fought to free

the manufacturers and indebted Southern planters no less than the farmers and fishermen and merchants of New England, whom Adams represented. And Adams was only the second and last president to represent the interests of the sea coast, being defeated largely by the combination of the very interests he considered of secondary importance. And however little Adams represented the Northern agricultural element, which his words refer to, with his defeat that element never again controlled the national government. Still the farmer of the Revolution, who "fired the shot heard round the world," has given us a line of sturdy sons of the soil, who have fired many a good shot since; in our own time through the Grange movement, the Greenback and Peoples parties and finally, in conjunction with the workers of the shop, through the Socialist party. So it has come about that, as Ghent puts it: "America may have been another name for opportunity, as Emerson said, but it is evident that to hundreds of thousands of persons opportunity itself was but a name."

The class structure of society today has been most clearly defined in the tables made by the thorough and painstaking Lucien Sanial. He divides the total number of employed persons, ten years of age and upwards, into three classes. The plutocratic class numbers 250,251, is 0.9 per cent of the total, possesses $67,000,000,000 or 70.5 per cent of the total wealth; the middle class numbers 8,429,845, is 29 per cent of the total, possesses $24,000,000,000 or 25.3 per cent of the total wealth; the proletarian class numbers 20,393,137, is 70.1 per cent of the total, possesses $4,000,000,000 or 4.2 per cent of the total wealth. Sanial himself points out that the wealth of the working class consists largely of tools and household goods. It averages about $200 a person—hardly enough to start in to drive Standard Oil out of business. The middle class, while serving as a cushion between the two classes, nevertheless comprises divergent interests so incapable of concerted action as to be of much less importance than their strength of numbers and wealth would lead one to suppose. They are ground between the upper and nether millstones. For all practical purposes, there are two classes in society. Such a conservative labor man as John Mitchell admits that the workers can no longer hope to rise out of their class. The matter of fact of it is, a handful of money kings sway the nation's course.

We do not mean to imply that these class lines are rigid and absolute. But we do contend that, whatever shifting of individuals there may be from one class to another, however indefinite the lines of demarcation may be, there still remain the capitalist class and the working class, distinct from each other, with antagonistic and irreconcilable interests. Even were this shifting of individuals increasing instead of de-

creasing, so long as we permit private ownership in the means of life, there would still be a capitalist class and a working class, exploiters and exploited.

Nor does the theory of the class struggle imply that all is smooth sailing for the class rising to power. A revolution is often followed by a reaction or a counter-revolution; a class secures power only to find itself unable to handle it and is compelled to share it with the class it has superseded. Thus Untermann describes the present dominant class: "The history of bourgeois revolutions is a succession of compromises. . . Indecision and compromise are bred in the bourgeois blood. It was the fate of the bourgeoisie to be born between two fires. In the attempt to extinguish the one and keep from being extinguished by the other, the bourgeois nature developed that weather vane mind for which it has become historically disreputable." Thus the American government was established through concessions of the commercial and manufacturing classes to the slave owners of the South, who belonged to an obsolete social order. Thus, also, prior to the Civil War, Hinton Rowan Helper, in his "Impending Crisis," argued that the non-slave holding whites of the South were being ruined by "King Cotton," and called upon them to stamp out the "peculiar institution." On the other hand, the Southern oligarchy always looked down with disdain upon the business shrewd Yankee.

Further, while capitalism tends to urge industrial and financial capital to the top, it by no means eliminates other forms of capital. The frequent occurrence of "rent riots" in the larger cities indicates that landlords have not forgotten how to turn the screws upon the workers. But to learn how all-powerful industrial and financial capital is today, we need but follow the acts of government. Thus, the treaty of peace recently made between Japan and Russia is attributed to the banking houses of Rothschild and Morgan. Study a nation's policies and you can readily tell what class is in the saddle. Political power is the handmaiden of economic power.

The capitalist class ever availed themselves of governmental force to keep the workers down. As Marx records, in addition to compelling agricultural laborers to become factory hands, the English government was successfully invoked to extend the length of the working day, establish a maximum limit to wages, with fines for violation, and to outlaw coalition of laborers into trades unions. Later some of these measures became unnecessary, because of the growth of the industrial reserve army, while others were battered down by the workers themselves taking a hand in politics.

For their part, the workers are, as Shelley's verse runs, "heroes of

unwritten story." "The unwritten history of this country is the history of the American working people," says Untermann. During ancient and mediæval times, except for occasional outbursts in the shape of revolts, which were more or less quickly suppressed, the workers occupy the background in the social drama, apparently content to shed their blood for their masters. The foreground is pre-empted by the ruling classes, quarreling over pelf and place. Feudal lords succeed slave owners; capitalists wrest the sceptre from the feudal lords; each in turn exploits and oppresses the wealth producers. Every time a ruling class goes down, the ground is cleared for the next struggle. Yet the field ever narrows until only the workers and capitalists remain. The grapple between these two marks the close of the series, for when the workers free themselves they free humanity from all class distinctions.

At the same time, the workers were plunged into capitalism amid the din of the clashing of tremendous physical forces, the roar of the cannon no less than that of the steam engine. The spirit of the toilers has been militant down the decades. Strikes began in colonial days, although the first labor movement dates from about 1830, the year the first steam engine was introduced in America. Says Simons: "It is to these early working class rebels that we owe to a larger degree than to any other cause not only our public school system, but abolition of imprisonment for debt, the mechanic's lien law, freedom of association, universal suffrage, improvement in prison administration, direct election of presidential electors and in fact nearly everything of a democratic character in our present social and political institutions. . . . For the working class directly they succeeded in shortening hours and improving conditions in many directions. They even brought sufficient pressure to bear upon the national government to compel the enactment of a ten hour law and the abolition of the old legislation against trades unions, which had made labor organizations conspiracies." This was accomplished about the same time similar reforms were won in England.

It was not until about twenty years later that the organized labor movement began in earnest. With the discovery of gold in California, in 1848, the point farthest west was reached. The frontier was annexed to the Atlantic Coast when trans-continental railways swung out through Chicago ten years later. When the West became neighbor to the East, there was an exchange of ideas and spirit; the West benefited by Eastern culture, while the East benefited by the Western militant spirit. With that, and with the fall of the slave oligarchy, the road was cleared of all obstacles in the way of modern capitalism, and since then its development has been phenomenal. But lurking behind rampant capitalism, its very shadow, has been the modern labor movement.

Within the period covered by a decade either side of the Civil War, most of the international trades unions now in existence were organized. Keeping step with the expanse of capital, industrial conflicts assumed ever greater proportions, involving an ever greater number of workers, until, in 1877, for the first time something like a general strike prevailed. This grew out of a reduction in wages among railroad men, one of the penalties of the crisis of 1873. The workers of the country again joined forces for the inauguration of the eight hour day on May 1, 1886. In 1894 a sympathetic strike of the American Railway Union tied up the arteries of traffic of the nation. Again, in 1902, America was shaken from coast to coast when the coal miners went on strike.

In the trouble of 1877, Rutherford B. Hayes, then president, ordered the federal troops to the scene to cow the strikers into submission. In 1886 a more expedient method was found by hanging the leaders of the movement, upon the flimsy and unsupported charge of being responsible for the Haymarket bomb explosion in Chicago. The strike of 1894 was broken by the usurpation of both judicial and executive branches of the government. "Government by injunction" was resorted to and found effective when President Cleveland failed to break the strike by sending the federal troops to Chicago, over the protest of the mayor of the city and the governor of the state. The strike of 1902 was more diplomatically broken by President Roosevelt's coming, like the Greeks, bearing gifts—gifts of honeyed words.

It is well nigh impossible to compile a list of the many instances in which governors of states and mayors of cities have employed the strong arm of the government to break strikes. The most nefarious methods employed are those of the mine owners' association and their sister corporations, in their war on the metalliferous miners. In the Coeur d'Alenes, in the late '90's, and in Colorado, culminating in the stormy days of 1904, the master class excelled themselves. The workers were deprived of their constitutional rights, were herded by the militia wholesale into filthy enclosures known as bull pens unprotected from the elements, and subjected to every conceivable indignity. Their women folk were outraged by the brutal Hessians, their stores and property destroyed and they themselves often bayonetted out of town or deported by train and warned never to return on penalty of death. In this gentle manner the profit-thirsty capitalist class have taken pains to demonstrate that "there are no classes in America!"

The most outrageous violation of law and liberty came when Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, prominent in the Western Federation of Miners, were kidnaped from their homes at night, to be confined in prison for over a year and a half before being brought to trial. The noteworthy

feature of this case was the abject servility to capital with which the partners in the conspiracy against the miners, from Washington to Boise, performed their parts, and the fact that the Supreme Court, in so many words, handed down the Dred Scott decision of wage-slavery: The workers have no rights their masters are bound to respect.

While strikes seem to be clumsy weapons in the arsenal of the workers, in consideration of the money spent, the sacrifices endured and the frequency of failure, their importance should not be underestimated. They have that priceless educational value that comes only from experience. They implant in the toilers the feeling of solidarity and concern for a common cause; they show by a stroke that labor alone is indispensable for the welfare of society. In breaking the continuity of their humdrum existence, opportunity is offered to the workers to clear their lungs of factory grime, to loaf their souls in the sunlight, to learn that there is a life outside of that of the noise of machinery, to hearken to the call of books and brooks, to be something more than dirt under the industrial juggernaut And especially the lesson, that the labor question is a political question.

Here it would be well to mention two matters. It is only by the broadening of their mental horizon that the workers fit themselves to cope with the critical situations that must arise in the passing of capitalism and the coming of Socialism. In such days the workers will profit by the tragedy of the Paris Commune where, because of a constellation of incidents, such as being unprepared and misjudging the nature of their enemy, the first attempt of the workers at self-rule was drowned in a sea of their blood. Secondly, with the complete ascendency of the capitalist class, intellectual progress ceases or, worse still, consists of maggot breeding. Carnegie libraries, bearing the stain of Cain at Homestead, fawn upon the searcher after knowledge. Upon the workers, therefore, falls the mantle of culture, no less than that of economics. It is for them to decide the destiny of the arts and sciences, as of states and governments.

It is because the workers must be aware of these facts, aware of their position as the dependent class, aware that they are involved in a class struggle and must strike for freedom as a class, that so much emphasis is placed by the Socialist upon "class consciousness." This does not mean that only those who are of the working class can understand the toiler's position, his attitude and movement, nor, carrying this idea further, that only the most degraded, most destitute and most enslaved section of the working class can adequately express the ideals of the coming democracy. In respect to the latter, quite the contrary is true. Whatever shortcomings may mark the attempt upon the part of those

from the upper class to speak from the standpoint of the lower class, the cause of the toiler would indeed be hopeless if it depended upon the lowest element, the "social scum." But it does mean that, allowing for all personal equations, a certain tendency is crystallizing in the working class, an attitude of dissatisfaction with and opposition to present property relations, that refuses to accept the ethical codes of the ruling class and existing order, that weighs civilization not by what is but by what might be, that sounds the note not of content but of discontent, that has as its aim the control of government and industry by the world's workers. It is this tendency, this thought and attitude, that we call the class-consciousness of the working class.

In past times the working class did the fighting for the other classes. Today men who are not, strictly speaking, workingmen, throw their fortune with the toilers. This is especially true of men engaged in the professions and agriculture, the so-called middle class. Farmers join forces with the industrial workers, country unites with city, against their common enemy, the plutocracy. The nucleus of the army of revolt is formed by the workers of the highly centralized industries, because the very nature of their work cultivates the spirit of solidarity. Nor is the class struggle confined to one country. In every land where capitalism shows its head, irrespective of the form of government, creeds or races, there the class war rages, there the crack of the militiaman's rifle is heard, there the jail door swings open for the worker, there the courts are invoked to bind and gag the striker—and there is a branch of the international Socialist movement. Slowly the giant Labor bestirs himself. He is no longer blind. He has found his eyes. Over the bosom of the earth sweeps the spirit of the Social Revolution. Beneath the red flag, with "No Compromise" as their watchword and with the knowledge that when they free themselves they free all humanity, rally the forces of the coming democracy, hearkening to the clarion call first sounded by Marx and Engels: "Workers of all countries, unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains: You have a world to gain!"

Philadelphia, Pa.

A Course of Reading, covering the subject touched upon in this month's article; it is suggested that the books be read in the order named:

War of the Classes, Jack London, 75c.
Mass and Class, W. J. Ghent, $1.25.
The World's Revolutions, Ernest Untermann, 50c.
Story of the French Revolution, E. Belfort Bax, Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London.
History of the Paris Commune, E. Belfort Bax, Twentieth Century Press, Lond.
From Revolution to Revolution, George D. Herron, 5c.
Class Struggles in America, A. M. Simons, 50c.
Rise of the American Proletarian, Austin Lewis, $1.00.
The Pullman Strike, W. H. Carwardine, 25c.

Workers and Intellectuals in Italy

By Dr. Ervin Szabo, Budapest.



HE literature of Italian socialism is one of the richest. Few facts illustrate better the theory that the bureaucracy has but a very weak influence upon the material and spiritual products of a country than this great wealth of the Italian Socialist literature.

Germany is the ex-cathedra country of Marxism. Hundreds of writers who are officially employed by the party organization, official periodicals, party-schools, business-like book-houses serve the Marxist literature in Germany. Of all this there is hardly a nucleus in Italy. However the Italian Marxist literature is perhaps even more copious than the German. And as to the further development of the Marxian thought, Italy together with France—perhaps just because these countries have no such official organizations—have wrested the initiative from Germany. We may say that the theory of Marxism in Germany has not made one step forward for years. Those new thoughts and conceptions that have been published in the Neue Zeit and elsewhere during recent years are almost without exception from the pen of non-German or non-official writers, while in other countries, especially among the Latin nations, the writers ceaselessly strive to bring Marxism into harmony with the progress of the sciences.

Until recently the Germans have charged the French with being naively ignorant of the affairs of foreign countries. To-day this charge can be turned against the Germans with greater justification. It cannot escape the attention of the serious observer that for ten or fifteen years the French have tried to atone with a feverish activity for the mistakes that have resulted from their previous isolation. Now the French translate many books. They are traveling much and they are occupying themselves much with the German scientists and the happenings of German life. Meanwhile, the Germans, so famed for their solid knowledge, are to-day so superciliously neglecting the literature of foreign nations that their books give but scanty information upon any particular subject.

This symptom can be traced back to the great industrial and commercial prosperity of Germany. The economic glory went to the heads not only of the richer classes but also of the whole nation, the scientists and the workers. In the last year it happened frequently that at the German socialist conventions and conferences the Germans have given

very superficial opinions upon the Socialist activity of the other nations, being ignorant and misinformed. It is interesting to note that the Neue Zeit has taken up the discussion of French and Italian syndicalism only after the publication of several articles by Michels and Sombart in some radical papers in which they pointed out the significance of this new departure of the movement of the workingmen.

Michels' first work, mentioned in footnote,* is a revised edition of a series of articles which he published in the Archiv für Sozialwissenschaft. This is a very profound monograph of Italian socialism. It replaces the unscientific volume of Angiolini (Cinquant 'anni di socialismo in Italia. Firenze. 1903) and puts into relief those aspects of socialism which are to be found especially in Italy.

Michels tries to ascertain the part that the proletarian, the middle-class and the intellectual elements play in the Socialist movement. In order to come to a conclusion, he goes back to the beginnings of the movement, to the Internationale; he investigates the origin of the leaders, classifies the dues-paying members and analyzes the statistics of the Parliamentary elections. His conclusion is that notwithstanding that the number of the Socialist vote falls behind the total number of the proletarian and proletaroid voters, in others words, Italian socialism has not thus far conquered all the proletarian elements, the proletarians are in the majority in the Italian Socialist party. However, there are many proletaroid elements in the party like small land-owners, state employees, teachers, etc. Further, there are party members from among the small middle-class, from the intellectuals and the employees of private enterprises. The leaders are almost exclusively from the bourgeoisie. In other words, it is evident that the Italian Socialist party is neither an association of people who hold the same ideal nor the representative body of a single class.

This is the most important conclusion of Michels' book. It contains very important data to the psychology of the Socialist parties and of all parties in general. It has been conclusively proven that a very significant percentage of the three and one-quarter million German Socialist voters is non-proletarian. We have no data as to the French Socialist party. However, we know that the intellectuals predominate in leadership and that a great number of the true proletarians, the syndicalists, do not identify themselves with the party. Many farming elements belong to the

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* Reviews of Dr. Robert Michels' "Il proletario e la borghesia nel movimento socialista Italiano. Saggio de zcienza sociografico-politica. Torino. 1908," and of his "Die Entwickelung der Theorien in modernen Sozialismus Italiens.. In Ferri, Die revolutionare Methods. Leipzig. 1908."

Austrian Socialist party. All this goes to show that the four greatest European Socialist parties do not represent that unity of elements that the popular Socialist theory claims.

The characteristic feature of the so-called modern movement of the workingmen—a term which the German Marxists have originated—is that the Socialists organize in the form of a political party, that socialism is represented by a political party. This is the way theory and practice become one. This is the only form in which socialism and the working class can unite, because a party is nothing else but the political representative of the economic movement of a class. Therefore the Socialist party cannot be merely the representative body of the working class, opposing the other parties as the representative bodies of other classes. And now it becomes evident, in one country after the other, that, while on the one hand, large strata of the economically organized working class are not represented by the Socialist party, on the other hand, large strata of the members of the Socialist parties do not belong to the working class. In other words, the supposed identity of unity of party and class is not at all so evidently clear as is generally believed.

Within the limits of a review, we cannot give all the conclusions deriving from the above facts. We want to point out only the salient conclusions—namely, if party and class are not the two manifestations of the same social formation and if socialism is the inevitable ideology of the working class, then the party cannot cover the content of socialism and the means and ways to the practical realization of socialism are by no means exhausted with those offered by the platform of the modern Socialist parties. In other words, if the Socialist parties want to become the representative bodies of the whole working class, and only of the working class, then they must make very essential revisions in their current theories and general practice.

It has long been felt that there is some trouble in the Socialist parties and that the reality is not in harmony with the theories. All those struggles which, for the past decade, sail under the names of reformism, revisionism, revolutionism, back to Kant, back to Marx, are nothing but manifestations of this inner dissonance. These struggles have many interesting episodes, hidden threads and entangled knots which will perhaps be disentangled only in the remote future.

The best parts in Michels' book are where he speaks about the part which the Intellectuals play in the Italian Socialist movement. From his introduction to Ferri's leaflet we see that the Italian Socialist theories are entirely the product of the Intellectuals; they were the first propagators of socialism and even to-day most of the official propagandists, the journalists, the editors of the reviews, are Intellectuals.

Since 1870 only six real workers were members of the Socialist parliamentary group, while, since 1900, there were never less than nine university professors in parliament. Among the twenty-four Socialists who were sent to parliament at the last elections, we find ten university professors, six lawyers, three doctors, etc., but not a single workingman. However, the target of all inner feud in the Socialist movement is the Intellectuals. They are the source of all the troubles, just as is the fact in Germany.

It is entertaining to read the sketch of all these struggles. The intransigents* led by Ferri, a university professor, tried to drive from the party, with the aid of the workers, all the party members who were not of a proletarian origin or those who had a university education. While the leader of the reformists, Turati, the son of a Governor and a lawyer, answers in a pamphlet stating that the revolutionary intellectuals are of petit-bourgeois origin, who, because they could not make a career, have left their class and joined the growing socialist movement. He appealed to the workingmen to throw over their vain and impotent leaders who do not know the real needs of the workers. The situation became more curious when the syndicalists of the party group, led by a university professor and an ex-lieutenant of the army, Arturo Labriola and Walter Mocchi, began to aim even more pointedly at the intellectuals. In consequence thereof the adherents of Ferri and Turati made peace. It seemed that the whole crisis of Italian socialism was due to the intellectuals.

Michels energetically refutes the idea that all the trouble came from the relatively small number of the intellectuals. He very interestingly explains those race-psychological causes which make the great group of Italian intellectuals more sympathetic toward socialism than, for instance, the German intellectuals, who are still on the intellectual level of the mediæval caste system. Michels proves that the intellectuals derive hardly any or no material benefits at all from joining the socialist movement. The members of Parliament do not receive a salary. The party employs only a few paid officials and only one or two party papers are paying their contributors. In innumerable cases the bourgeois socialists proved to be more proletarian in their spirit than the socialists who are born proletarians. He quotes Labriola who is forced to confess that among the intellectuals of the party there are many "who have a really heroic character, who are noble and spirited organizers and unselfish

*A term used in Europe for the "uncompromising" or "irreconcilable" wing of the socialists, corresponding pretty nearly to what in America we call "impossibilists."—Editor.

humanists, who do not derive any material benefits or only a ridiculously small compensation for an incredible amount of activity and sacrifice.

"The great moral beauty of Italian socialism would perish," says Michels, "if the intellectuals were driven from the movement. On the contrary, a purely proletarian movement would fall an easy prey to corruption. A workingman leader," he continues, "would not save the party from corruption in the field of theories and even less so in the field of practice."

We have said in our study that in the Italian Internationale the bourgeois elements have given a more splendid proof of their political honesty than any number of proletarian leaders. The same thing holds good of other movements. In France, in 1848, among fourteen worker members of Parliament not less than ten have betrayed their class.

The more exclusive a movement of the workers is, the easier it is penetrated by corruption. The purely proletarian movement led by Fribourg and Tolain, under Napoleon III, the Trade Union movement of the United States, which is bought and sold by its famed bosses, are not conclusive proofs of the notion that only the hand of the laborer may keep clean his party."

Michels finds the solution in syndicalism. However, he criticizes very sharply the Italian syndicalist movement and its youthful immaturity. The future of socialism is syndicalism, which is not merely proletarian but also revolutionary socialist, which unites the class with the ideal but does not exclude the intellectuals without whom it cannot fulfill its great theoretical, scientific and moral duties.

Michels covers such a great mass of data that it is impossible to speak of it all within the limits of a review. We have not mentioned many questions about which he has new things to say. There are very interesting chapters in which he explains the relations of the proletarians of the farms to the socialist party, the antagonism between socialists and anarchists and the psychology of the Italian bourgeoisie as against that of the German.

Translated by Odin Por, Florence, Italy.

The Hold Up Man

By Clarence S. Darrow



HE season of the "hold up man" and the "anti-hold up man" is once more at hand. This period comes annually at the same time of year, just after the flower show, the horse show, and along with the college foot ball games. It begins with the season of gaiety, when the days grow short and the nights grow long, when the first sharp, tingling frost of winter drives the people off the streets and huddles them around their fires, and when the price of coal goes up.

The season of the "hold up man" will wane as the winter gaieties fade away—soon after lent—when the nights again grow short and the days grow long, when the price of coal goes down and the sun comes back once more and warms the poor and homeless, without money and without price.

Lawyers, mayors, doctors and policemen freely give their advice as to the best way to treat the "hold up man." There is scarcely a topic of the day in which all classes of society so generally agree—one remedy is prescribed by all—more police, more revolvers, more clubs, more jails—this is the remedy for the "hold up man." One able lawyer advises every citizen to carry a revolver and to shoot at every suspected hold up—to aim at the abdomen, presumably the most fatal spot—why the "hold up man" should be treated differently from other men who transgress the moral law is not quite clear. If all sinners were to be shot at sight few would be left to bury the dead. A doctor, generally humane and wise, declares that the mayor is responsible for all the hold up men, that there is no excuse for a burglary on "Maple street," and some other street. What the residents of these streets have done to exempt them from the hold up man is not made clear.

It has not occurred to any of these eminent people to find the cause for the "hold up man," and yet most of them know that nothing in this world exists without a cause.

Of course no one but a crank or a fanatic could find any necessary connection between the brilliant costumes of the horse show, the cold blasts of winter, the price of coal and the hold up man, yet after all many men whom the world has called wise—and even orthodox—have associated these causes and brought not only arguments but long tables

of figures to show that there is a law which governs even the actions of the hold up man and relates him to every other living thing upon the earth.

There are many other facts that students have learned while policemen were wielding their brutal clubs.

The number of homeless girls who patrol the streets of our large cities grows greater, they walk more briskly and waste less time negotiating with the prospective customer as the nights grow long and cold—to most people this is an accident like all other things on earth. There are those who know that the rooms where these girls sleep are poor, that they are not all heated with steam, that most of them are cold, and that to say nothing of food, these wanderers must do something to keep warm. There are other facts, too, which the "crank" and sentimentalist has found out. Our jails and police stations are fuller in winter than in summer. "The Salvation Army" and other bodies of evangelists who have warm rooms and nice bowls of hot soup make many more converts in winter than in summer. The winter "Christian" is known to all who do this sort of work. Our poor houses, wood yards, orphan asylums, and even art galleries and public reading rooms are well patronized in winter. This last would teach some profound thinkers that cold weather conduces to literature and art. Pawn shops and second hand furniture men get better bargains in winter than in summer—but still what of it?—do not lawyers, doctors, policemen and clergymen all say that the panacea for all ills is the policeman's club?

There are other facts which dreamers and visionists are wont to note—those people have so little to do with the practical side of life that they must needs dream. In good times tramps are scarce, jails are empty, criminal courts not over busy, street walkers few, hold up men very rare.

The early winter is the time that frugal men and frugal beasts lay up their stores for the cold days and nights coming on. The thrifty mine owners lay in their stocks by marking up the price of the coal which the Lord placed in the earth long ages since; the lawyer and merchant telephones his dealer to put twenty tons of coal in his cellar to feed his furnace through the winter months—the poor seamstress works farther into the black night to buy a few bushels to keep her fingers from growing stiff. Old, bent, haggard women take huge sacks upon their shoulders and wander up and down the railroad tracks for the stray lumps that may drive away a portion of the frost, and lean, dirty, little boys pull their carts through the streets and sweep up what the rich man leaves, and the hold up man, he, too, goes out to lay in his winter stock against the ice and cold.

The hold up men are not the ones who mark up the price of coal and gas and beef—these would take no such chances as fall to the lot of the hold up man. The hold up man comes from the home of the wretched and the poor—who think you is this hold up man—was he born this way? if so, don't fire as you meet him on the street but turn your gun on God Almighty who made him as he is. But he was not born—he was made—he might have been an unsuccessful merchant who could not compete with the department store—or a railroad man whose name is on the black list because he dared to strike. He grew more and more desperate year after year until he became a "hold up man."

It is fifty years since the great philosopher and historian Buckle gave his monumental work to the world. In this work he showed not alone by reason and logic, but by statistics covering long periods of time, that the suicides, the defalcations, and the crimes of all kinds increased and decreased in England, and have for years, exactly as the price of bread went up and down. This was not new when Buckle wrote it down, it was known before and has been shown by almost every good economist since then.

There are many other facts that cranks often cite. Australia was settled by exported criminals, but they went to a country where land was cheap and opportunity great, and became industrious, hard-working men, the next generation became respected, high-toned citizens. Take a thousand of our low-class crooks and a thousand of our commonest prostitutes, and put them on an island where land is cheap and opportunity great, and in the third generation their descendants will be civilized, well-mannered citizens, with houses and barns, books and pictures, churches, policemen and jails.

The hold up man of to-day is the same man who lurked around the mansions of the rich in Rome 1500 years ago. He was sent to jail, but he battered away at the civilization of Rome until the rich and poor went down in common ruin and despair. He is the same hold up man that Louis XV and Louis XVI were wont to club and kill in France a hundred years ago, but one day all the disinherited hold up men crept out from the alleys and caverns and marched on the king's palace and took possession of the state. Then these men made the rules of the game and the nobles and princes went into the back alleys and took the place of the hold up men, that is those who did not move to the catacombs.

Every increase in the price of coal makes "hold up men." Every time the price of meat goes up, some women go upon the streets, and some men get burglars' tools. Every extortionate penny taken by the gas trust makes hold up men. In their last analysis these despised criminals are men whom our social system has frozen out—who cannot live—who

have no place upon the earth. Even the prostitute who plies her trade for the love of the trade, and the criminal who loves crime (if any such there be) have come to their present place through years of misfortune or hard environment, and would surely disappear under fairer conditions and with anything like a decent chance.

The rescue missions save many girls from prostitute lives but they only make room for some other girl whom society is starving and freezing until she takes her place. So you may kill all the hold up men, but back of these are a long line of other men standing on the border, waiting for a chance to take their place.

Chicago is fairly well to do for jails and lock-ups. We have just built a fine, large addition to our county jail—the building has steam heat and electric lights and many boarders are found therein—especially in winter time, but has crime decreased as the jail increased in size? No one seems to expect this—it is taken for granted that this will grow as fast as any other institution of the town. If a pestilence of typhoid fever should break out in town the wise, humane doctors would advise us to build more hospitals—the cranks and visionists would tell us to boil the drinking water and stop the scourge. Thank God, the practical man has always ruled the world—with clubs!

With a small handful of men controlling all the earth and every opportunity for life, and the great mass forced into hopeless want, it will take more jails, policemen and clubs to keep the disinherited at bay. There is one way and only one to treat the hold up men—feed them, or rather let them feed themselves.

But more grim and farcical still than the senseless talk about the hold up man is one other fact. Chicago has hundreds of Christian churches—we are a Christian people. It is nineteen hundred years since Christ's teachings were given to the world—we profess to be the disciples of that lowly man who believed in no jails or clubs—who taught infinite love and infinite mercy—who said if a man asked for your coat, give him also your hat—and yet to-day we know nothing better than hatred, repression, brute force, jails and clubs. We single out a considerable class of our fellow men to shoot on sight. Of course, the world will continue to treat its so-called criminals in this enlightened human way, therefore would it not be well to rechristen our churches, and stop calling them after Christ?

How Tom Saved the Business

By Mary E. Mahony



AMES BARTON, Tom's father, was a business man of the old school. He delivered the kind of goods he sold and he sold the best. Furthermore, he never took an "unfair advantage" of anybody, and his word was "as good as his bond."

For nearly thirty years Mr. Barton had been the "most prominent citizen" in Lucasville. He felt a pardonable pride when the factory was enlarged and the little real estate company and the town bankere were forced to put up several rows of new cottages to accommodate the new men who brought their families when they came to work for the factory people. The grocers began to employ new clerks and the village gradually assumed an air of busy industry that delighted Mr. Barton's heart.

The county papers spoke of him as a public benefactor and for many years he was the largest contributor toward the salary of the pastor of the First Congregational Church.

This is the story of his rise. When Tom was a very little shaver and Tom's mother was the neatest and prettiest young wife in the whole state, Jim Barton made the acquaintance of a silent chap who worked near him in the molding rooms. The acquaintance ripened into friendship and when the whistle blew at noon, it came to be the thing for Jim Barton and Sid Mathews to sit outside in the cool and eat their lunch together. Sid's original ideas upon machinery interested Jim, so it came about that when Sid fell upon a bright idea, he wandered over to the cottage to tell Jim Barton about it.

Secretly Sid planned and schemed and experimented over the biggest thing of all, and when at last his patterns were perfected, the gear ran flawlessly and he rejoiced in the thing he had wrought, Sid sought Jim Barton to tell him the good news.

Although Jim Barton was no mechanical genius, he became so enthusiastic over Sid's invention that he sold off the timber from his land and went to manufacturing at once. They estimated Sid's

patent rights to be worth a third of the business, and Sid was to have his share of the profits.

They prospered amazingly. Jim managed the business and Sid puttered around the molding rooms. Occasionally he invented another device—a simpler lever, or a cheaper attachment. These, with his Mathews' Valve patents, he turned over to the company.

Jim Barton was the kindest boss that ever ruled in old Missouri. He loved his men and it was a saying with him "if you make a workingman contented, he'll die for you." The men rarely left his employ.

In '93, during the panic, when the company (of course, it was a stock company by that time) ran very close to the danger line, Jim Barton had a heart-to-heart talk with his men. He hated to do it, he told them, but he would have to cut wages 25 per cent or lay off a part of the force. Voluntarily he cut his own salary 25 per cent at the same time. And they tell me, not one of the men would have gone out for even better pay that winter. Nearly every one of them could tell, with a clutch at his heart, of some time of illness or trouble in his little home, when old Jim Barton had knocked at the door and given them a lift over the bad place.

So there was much joy in Jim Barton's life and he went proudly and serenely on his way. Tom went to college, of course, and the first real blow Jim ever had was when Tom decided to go to work for the Harvester Trust. Tom said his father's business methods were out of date.

The next year the orders came more slowly, for the competitors of Barton, Mathews & Co. slashed prices savagely and houses that were willing to pay for the "very best" dwindled about forty per cent.

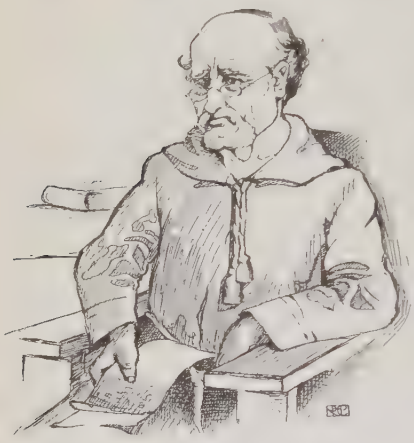
Mathews had been permanently crippled the year before while experimenting on a new wrinkle in the Mathews Self-Regulator. Nobody knew how he tripped over a wire into the white iron, ready for the molds. Sid's salary went on just the same, but thereafter Jim Barton had to make the fight alone.

Often at night, when his wife lay sleeping, Jim Barton would slip on his bath robe and slippers and steal into the sitting-room and try to figure it out. He worked over the Cost Price. Again and again he figured it over. He could not put out an inferior "grade of make." He simply couldn't. It made the old man groan at the mere thought. "Barton & Mathews' grade has always been the best, and it must keep on," he would say to himself.

Then he would sharpen his pencil and look over the Pay Roll. To be sure there was Sid Mathews still getting his $3,000 a year, but

Sid's inventions had MADE the business, and Sid's children had to be sent to school, and—he ran his eyes down over the list. There were Lewis, Morgan, Tucker and three or four others who were old and stiff and not much account, but they all needed jobs DESPERATELY—more than any of the younger men. Besides they had stood by the House in '93. They could not go.

There was the superintendent—in name only, but Mr. Barton wiped his eyes when he thought of the pain faithful Smith would feel if he were laid on the shelf. Thus he ran over the list. The men who were getting too much had families who could not live on less, and no true Christian, Mr. Barton thought, would turn off men because they had grown old.



He always ended by closing the Time Book and running his long, gnarled fingers through his sparse grey hair. Then he would sigh gently and resolve to draw as little money out of his salary as possible. But he was a man of experience and knew that the raw material, added to the cost of running the plant, and the Pay Roll, would put any House out of business that had to meet stiff competition.

* * * * * * * *

Late in September, James Barton was injured by a flying, broken belt. As usual, he had clambered up one of the steep ladders to take a hand in some machine repairs. The men carried him home and for many days he lay in the great blue bed-room, babbling over old and tender memories, and it was whispered about the town that the doctors feared he would never rise again.

At this time they sent for Tom Barton. Tom was a strong, pushing young man, possessing all the qualities his father lacked. As the head man in the Western Branch of the great Harvester Trust, he was thoroughly informed upon the latest methods of modern Business.

"Why in the name of Common Sense," Tom remarked to himself, after he had been long enough in command to measure his men, "does the pater pay fifteen dollars a week to old men when he can get young ones for seven or eight—and the young men able to turn out twice the work at that!" Thereafter he began to tinker with the Pay Roll.

Elimination of the weak is the first principle of "good business" and Tom put it into operation for Barton, Mathews & Co. He thought the man who had not accumulated a competence by the time he had reached forty belonged in the Junk Pile, and he never missed an opportunity of sending him there.

So Tom pared down wages till by the first of the year, though the machines had been speeded up several notches and the new force of young men kept the wheels moving at a clipper pace, the Pay Roll was reduced to less than half its former size.

Another phase of the business pained Tom even more deeply than the swollen pay roll. He learned that the standard of excellence his father and Sid Mathews had established during the early period of their manufacturing career, had been firmly maintained, or improved throughout the long years of their business life. Try as he did, Tom was unable to find where an inferior grade had been substituted either in the raw materials or in the finished products, themselves. Only perfect fixtures, fittings and machines went through that factory door. The smallest flaw never got past Jim Barton's honest inspection.



But Tom inaugurated a new regime! It was well, he thought to begin making the Best Grade. This was the way to gain a reputation, but it was worse than a waste of money and effort for a firm to continue to improve its products. The value in a reputation-for-making-good-grade lay in the possibilities it afforded one for selling goods of an INFERIOR quality.

Under the new management, the company was able to shade its prices down to meet those of all competitors, while their old reputation for quality enabled them to gather in the orders.

Business picked up steadily and before long orders were booked three months ahead. But there were so many changes everywhere that when old Jim Barton drove down to the Plant one day he scarcely knew his own factory. The shock was so great that he suffered a relapse. After that he left things in Tom's hands.

The stockholders of the company were grieved at the first of the year to learn Barton, Mathews & Company would declare no dividends. Several of them grumbled, but Tom steered a steady course. He knew his own mind. When a man controls 51 per cent of the stock, it is more sensible to double his own salary and the salary of his friends than it is to pay dividends. When he thought

of the 20 per cent the House had paid regularly year in and year out in the past, he wondered that the Business had not long before gone to the wall.

He wiped Sid Mathews' name off the "Charity" or "Pension List" and voted himself a salary of $10,000 a year.

Last spring Tom Barton married the daughter of the leading banker in Joplin, and—from all the Dun and Bradstreet reports—the young people are likely to live happily ever after.

Herbert Spencer believes that universal evolution dominates over all orders of phenomena, with the exception of the organization of property, which he declares is destined to exist eternally under its individualistic form. The Socialists, on the contrary, believe that the organization of property will inevitably undergo—just as all other institutions—a radical transformation, and taking into consideration its historical transformations, they show that the economic evolution is marching and will march faster and faster—as a consequence of the increased evils of individualist concentration—toward its goal, the complete socialization of the means of production which constitute the physical basis of the social and collective life, and which must not and cannot therefore remain in the hands of a few individuals.—Enrico Ferri, in "Socialism and Modern Science."

Who Constitute the Proletariat?

By Carl D. Thompson

In Reply to Thomas Sladden's "The Revolutionist."



HE article in the December number of the International Socialist Review by Comrade Sladden of Oregon, on "The Revolutionist," is a most astonishing utterance.

Comrade Sladden informs us that ninety per cent of all the educators in the American Socialist movement don't know what they are talking about. The presumption is, of course, that he does—that he has a very authoritative utterance to make. So we read his article with great care.

And what is the great vital truth which all the other writers have failed to grasp? What is the fatal error that they have made?

First, that they conceal the class struggle. But what is more important for this article they fail to understand who constitute the proletariat. This he tries to make clear.

The substance of his contention is that the proletariat is the lowest strata of society—and only that.

A NARROW VIEW.

He says: "The skilled tradesman is not a proletarian. He has an interest to conserve, he has that additional skill for which he receives compensation in addition to his ordinary labor power." To make his meaning quite unmistakable, he adds in another paragraph: "The artisan is nothing but the skilled tradesman of today, skilled laborer is simply an Americanized term for them." Thus we have presented to us a working class with the entire organized trades union movement of America excluded. And we are to depend for our social revolution and Socialism upon the unorganized, unskilled workingmen.

And this Comrade Sladden boldly asserts, "A proletarian, according to Marx in the Manifesto, is a common, unskilled worker."

Now, in the first place I deny that Marx ever made such a statement or that there is anything in the Manifesto that justifies it.

And besides it is ridiculous to exclude a worker from the proletariat because he is skilled. It takes some skill to milk a cow. I suppose,

then, that the hired man on the farm is a capitalist. My father owned a small farm. He once hired a man who could husk two bushels of corn to father's one right along. He was skillful. I suppose then that the hired man was the capitalist.

Every carpenter, machinist, bricklayer, engineer, plumber, tinner, blacksmith, stone-cutter, draftsman, is more or less skilled. And so Sladden excludes them wholesale from the working class. Such a definition is absurd and false.

Furthermore, we are told, this proletariat is a very low type of being intellectually. "He is uncultured and uncouth in appearance. He has no manners and little education." He has a religion, however—"the religion of hate."

In all of this Comrade Sladden is quite in agreement with Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. Parry, Sam Gompers and other enemies of Socialism that know nothing about it. They all say that Socialism is the product of ignorance, dirt and hate. They all say that no man with any brains would be a Socialist: that no person of intelligence or of any humane or kindly feelings towards humanity would ever join such a movement. And with its appearance all culture would of course disappear.

This is a very common claim made by our enemies against Socialism. We expect it from men like Roosevelt, Van Cleave and their like. We expect it from Gompers. But what shall we say when our own comrades take up the same cry, and begin to belabor us with the same cudgel?

We will have to say to them exactly what we do to Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Gompers. We deny your charge. What you say is not true. The facts are against you, Mr. Roosevelt. And the facts are against you, too. Comrade Sladden.

Marx never attempted such an absurdity. Liebknecht, Bebel, Kautsky did not.

This is what Kautsky says: "The problem we have to solve presupposes *intelligence, discipline and talent for organization.* Those are the psychological foundations of a Socialist society." (Page 185, Social Revolution.)

"The social revolution requires high intelligence, strict discipline and complete organization if the proletariat is to attain strength to overcome so extremely powerful an opponent." (Page 187.) "So we may expect that a realm of strength and of beauty will arise that will be worthy the ideal of our best and noblest thinkers."

And as for the attitude of the proletariat towards culture, Kautsky has this to say: "The fear that the conquering proletariat would come into our culture like the Vandals is rapidly disappearing." (Social

Revolution, page 45.) There has been "a moral re-birth of the proletariat which has transformed them from the barbarians of modern society into the most significant factor in the maintenance and furtherance of our culture." (Page 101.)

This I insist is the way all the great Socialists look upon the proletariat. And if Sladden cannot or will not accept the ideals of Socialism, then let him stick to his bellows and forge. He may yet become a very useful member of the proletariat there. Such ideas only discredit Socialism in the eyes of intelligent workingmen and make it hard for us to win them.

And yet it is this element of society, we are told, this lowest strata of the working class, that is to bring about the social reconstruction. Sladden makes the most extravagant claims for this type of men. "His vision is clear," he says, "and he is ever on the alert; his hearing is keen, his nature suspicious, his spirit unconquerable." He is a sort of "king of civilization, who waits and watches at the fast corroding bars that imprison him. Soon he will launch his mighty weight against them and this prison will tumble like a house of cards. . . . . With one swoop he will tear away your puny intellectuality, your bogus respectability, and as master of all he surveys he will determine what is right and what is wrong. . . . . *Upon his shoulders rests the problem of freeing society.* From his brains (of which we were told a moment ago he has none) must come the plan of the new order."

ACCORDING TO THE MANIFESTO.

Where does Comrade Sladden get this crude idea? Certainly not from Marx. He has referred to the Manifesto. One can hardly believe he has read it. At any rate he has entirely overlooked this striking paragraph: "The 'dangerous class,' the social scum, that passively rotting class thrown off by the lowest layers of old society, may, here and there, be swept into the movement by a proletarian revolution. *Its conditions of life, however, prepare it far more for the part of a bribed tool of reactionary intrigue.*" Marx at least realized that the social revolution would never be brought about by this class. And I believe the experience of the Socialist movement throughout the civilized world has proven that you can never organize the social revolution among the lower classes of society to which Comrade Sladden appears to wish us to restrict the movement.

This idea that the slums cannot be organized for a constructive social revolution runs throughout the literature of the Socialist movement. It is a well understood fact. Says Kautsky, in the Class Struggle: "This

division of the proletariat never yet has shown the least spontaneity of spirit for resistance against the system of exploitation. Cowardly and unprincipled, it readily leaves in the lurch those whose alms it has taken so soon as wealth and power have slipped from their hands. . . . . *This class has never taken the lead in any revolutionary movement,* but it has always been found on hand, during social disturbances, ready to fish in troubled waters."

Over and over again this same idea recurs in Socialist writings. I quote the above only as an illustration of what is the universal conception of those who have studied this question. I never heard before of any Socialist writer proposing that the social revolution should come up from among the slums.

It is absurd to limit the force of the social revolution wholly to one class. Much more so to limit it to any section of the working class. But it is worst of all to limit it to the lowest and least resourceful and least revolutionary section of the working class.

THE PROLETARIAT DEFINED.

Who are the proletariat? A great deal has been written by Socialist students upon this question, and from their writings we could get quite long and elaborate definitions. But for us it will be sufficient to say that the proletariat is that class in society that does not own the means of its employment. A more exact and exhaustive statement by Kautsky is as follows: "Workers who are divorced from their power of production to the extent that they can produce nothing by their own efforts and are therefore compelled in order to escape starvation, to sell the only commodity they possess—their labor power."

"To this class (the proletariat) virtually belong in fact the majority of the farmers and small producers and merchants; the little property they still possess is but today a thin veil, calculated rather to conceal their dependence and the exploitation to which they are subjected than to prevent these; any little gust carries away the veil." In other words, while Kautsky implies that a rigid interpretation of the term might exclude these latter elements, nevertheless for all practical purposes they also belong to the proletariat.

We are often upbraided, as we are in this case by Comrade Sladden, for including in our appeal to the working class, the farmers and the small merchants. But as a matter of fact, every intelligent Socialist, and every writer of any importance in the Socialist movement has always included them. And most of them have been quite as liberal in this matter as any of us in the American movement.

LIEBKNECHT'S VIEW OF THE PROLETARIAT.

We cannot appeal to a better authority than Wilhelm Liebknecht. I want to quote at length from him, and let his words stand as a direct and complete reply to the absurd narrowness of Comrade Sladden's conception. I want to insist, however, that Socialists ought not to be blind followers of authorities. We have brains of our own—we ought to use them. I here and now assert my right and the right of every comrade to see and speak the truth for himself. If Liebknecht, or Kautsky, or Karl Marx himself said what Sladden has said, it would be the right and the duty of every thinking Socialist to challenge the absurdity.

But as a matter of fact, they did not hold such views. Sladden must have developed them out of his inner consciousness.

Says Liebknecht: "We must not limit our conception of the term 'working class' too narrowly. As we have explained in speeches, tracts, and articles, we include in the working class all those who live exclusively or *principally* by means of their own labor and who do not grow rich through the work of others.

"Thus, besides the wage-earners, we should include in the working class the small farmers and small shopkeepers, who tend more and more to drop to the level of the proletariat—in other words, all those who suffer from our present system of production on a large scale.

"Some maintain, it is true, that the wage-earning proltariat is the only really revolutionary class, that it alone forms the Socialist army, and that we ought to regard with suspicion all adherents belonging to other classes or other conditions of life. Fortunately these senseless ideas have never taken hold of the German Social-Democracy.

"But if the wage-earner suffers more directly and visibly under the system of capitalist exploitation, the small farmers and shopkeepers are as truly affected by it, although in a less direct and obvious manner.

"It is true that both small farmers and small shopkeepers are still in the camp of our adversaries, but only because they do not understand the profound causes that underlie their deplorable condition; it is of prime importance for our party to enlighten them and bring them to our side. This is a vital question for our party, because these two classes form the majority of the nation.

"The German Socialists have long understood the importance of propaganda and the necessity of winning over the small shopkeeping class and the small farmers.

"A tiny minority alone demands that the Socialist movement shall be limited to the wage-earning class.

"The frothy and theatrical phrases of the fanatic supporters of the 'Class Struggle' dogma were at bottom a cover for Machiavellian schemes of reactionary feudalism.

"The hyper-revolutionary dress-parade Socialism, that addresses itself exclusively to the 'horny-handed sons of toil,' has two advantages for the reaction. First, it limits the Socialist movement to a class that in Germany at least is not large enough to bring about a revolution; and besides this, it is an excellent way of frightening the main body of the people who are half indifferent, especially the peasants and the petty bourgeoisie, who have not yet organized any independent political activity."

"We ought not to ask, 'Are you a wage-earner?' but 'Are you a Socialist?'

"If it is limited to the wage-earners, Socialism cannot conquer. If it includes all the workers and the moral and intellectual elite of the nation, its victory is certain." (Studies in Socialism, Jaures, pages 81-85.)

The essential element that distinguishes the proletariat from the other class, is the loss of the power of self-employment, which reduces the proletariat to dependence upon others and makes him the victim of exploitation. One might say that it is the power to exploit another that is the vital element in the capitalistic system and in capital itself which we seek to destroy. And it is the lack of power to earn one's living without falling a prey to exploitation, arising from capital, that puts one into the class of the proletariat.

INTERNATIONAL PLATFORMS.

This position is fairly well stated in nearly every one of the international socialist platforms. For example, the program of the German Social-Democratic party adopted at Ehrfurt in '91 opens with the statement that the growth of capitalism separates the worker from his means of production, "and thus converts him into a propertyless proletariat." It is the taking away of the means of production upon which he depends that makes the worker proletarian.

The program of the Belgium labor party distinguishing between the proletariat and the capitalist class uses this expression, "the one is able to enjoy the property without working, the other obliged to relinquish a part of its product to the possessing class." It is the inability to protect one's life or one's class from the exploitation by the other class that is the vital matter. The program of the Austrian Social-Democratic party adopted in 1901 brings this out very clearly: "The cause of this unsatisfactory condition lies not in the political arrangement, but in the fact

essentially conditioning and dominating the whole state of society, that *the means of working are monopolized in the hands of individual* possessors. The possessors of the power to work, the working class, fall therefore into the most oppressive dependence upon the possessors of the means of working." And these comrades also saw very clearly that this tendency of capitalism would draw into their movement not only the distinctly wage working classes, but other sections of the common people as well. "The capitalistic development," they say, "will have the effect of depriving ever-widening circles of small industrial employers and peasants, formerly independent, of their means of production, and bringing them as wage workers, employes or debtors into direct or indirect dependence on the capitalists."

Note here the recognition of the fact that a class may become dependent and thus proletarian not only by being driven into the wage-earning class, but also by becoming debtors. This is true of a very large section of the farming classes in America who own their land and machinery. They nevertheless are almost wholly dependent upon the capitalist class by reason of the fact that the excessive burden of debt and mortgage on their farms and machinery puts them into complete dependence. This class of workers might be said technically to belong to the capitalist class because they "own" their means of production. As a matter of fact, however, in any sensible use of the term, they are decidedly proletarian. And there are hundreds of thousands of them in America. We need not quote statistics.

One who wishes to read these platforms should consult "Modern Socialism" by Ensor, which gives a translation of most of the European Socialist party platforms.

A TRUER VIEW.

One of the most careful and satisfactory discussions of the questions of classes in our American Socialist literature is Comrade Ghent's "Mass and Class." In his third chapter, beginning on page 69, he makes the very wise observation: "It is evident that hard and fast lines cannot be set for all the various groups in the great body of workers in gainful occupations."

In his last chapter, summing up his analysis of the various forces that are marshalling their opposition to the present capitalistic regime, he says: "So intolerable is the burden which it entails, that now an opposing class, ever increasing in numbers and ever attaining to a clearer consciousness of its mission, threatens the traders' dominance. A class it has been termed; but it is something more than a class. It is a union

of all men whom the burden and pressure of the trading class regime force to like action in the assertion of their economic claims, and in whom is awakened a common hope of a reorganization of society and a determination to achieve it. At its center is the class of wage-earning producers; and it is flanked by other producers; by such social servants as have risen above the retainer mind; by such of the petty manufacturers and dealers as see in the continuance of the present regime an approaching ruin of their livelihoods; by men of whatever class in whom the love of usefulness, or the love of fellowship, or the passion for social justice is intrinsically stronger than the love of profit or of individual advantage. It is the social minded mass arraying itself against the unsocial minded classes."

Keeping in mind this broad sense of the term proletariat as defined by the best thinkers and writers in the Socialist movement, it is absurd to exclude from our appeal any of the classes who may be susceptible.

TYPES OF THE PROLETARIAT.

The classes that most naturally belong to us, that are as a rule easiest to get and that count for the most when we have them, are the organized trades unionists of the country. Every force of their economic environment and every incident of their experience is drawing them with tremendous power toward the Socialist position. Their training not only in their economic struggles, but in their collective and political experience, limited as it is in America, is nevertheless fitting them more than any other single class, for service in the social revolution.

Next to them, the economic and political experience of the small farmer class in America is preparing them for a part in the revolution. They are oppressed by capitalism in a most persistent and decisive manner. The experience of this class in the political struggles of the past has awakened in them a considerable degree of class consciousness and they have manifested it frequently in political efforts. The economic conditions are pressing constantly harder upon them, and they are the only other class outside of the wage workers who have shown capacity for organization on the economic field in behalf of their class interests, and in America they have shown more capacity than the wage-earning class for organization and effort upon the political field. A very large proportion of them, if not the majority of them, belong "virtually" to the proletariat. The holding of a technical legal title to some land, and machinery, does not by any means give them control of their essential means of production.

A third section of the proletariat and one that has always played

a very decided part in the development of the Socialist movement has been called the intellectual proletariat. These are the educated men and women in the schools, colleges, universities, arts and sciences who find their field of employment constantly restricted and hemmed in by the limitations of capitalism. They do not own the means of their employment. They belong technically and in practically every sense of the word to the proletariat. The majority of them may not be conscious of it. Neither are the wage workers. But they belong there nevertheless. It is for us to recognize this fact, and to make them conscious of it.

Comrade Kirkpatrick, who has recently been made organizer of the Intercollegiate Society, is calling attention to the importance of this element. He quotes from Bebel's "Woman, Past, Present and Future": "Germany has a more numerous proletariat of students and artisans than any other country and a large proletariat in the so-called liberal professions. This proletariat is constantly increasing and carrying discontent with the state of affairs into the highest ranks of society. The capitalistic spirit in these circles is roused to criticism of actual conditions and helps to accelerate the universal dissolution. Thus is the present system being attacked from all sides."

Consider for a moment the vital part which this intellectual proletariat has played in the Socialist movement of the world. From this section of the proletariat we received first of all our Karl Marx, and our Ferdinand Lassalle. It has given us Liebknecht and many other of the greatest men and most effective organizers of the German Socialist movement. It has given us Enrico Ferri in Italy; Vandervelde in Belgium; Jaures in France, and it is giving us a very large proportion of the revolutionary leadership in Russia at this very hour. In America it has given us A. M. Simon, and Aelgernon Lee, editors of the Socialist dailies, Spargo, Work, Stokes, Strickland, Berger, and a host of others too numerous to mention.

With contributions like this from the intellectual proletariat in the history of the movement, it is too late for us to begin to limit our appeal to one small section of the working class.

When we say that the work of the social revolution must be done by the working class, and that Socialism is a working class movement, we should not so limit the meaning of that term as to make our position absurd. There is already a misconception in the minds of most people outside of the Socialist movement, that does us measureless harm and makes our work difficult. Our enemies fling at our movement the very slur that Comrade Sladden has tried to fasten upon us, viz., that Socialism is an unintelligent, uncouth, inhuman struggle on the part of the lowest element in society alone. As a matter of fact, the Socialist movement

today is, and always has been, composed of the very best element of the working classes in every country—the most intelligent, the most progressive, the most unselfish, and the most capable. And also this movement has had in it from other classes some of the brightest minds, the noblest hearts, and the cleanest souls of the age in which we live.

If we are to present Socialism as a product of the gutter and the slums, as made up only of those elements, and to be led by them, then I think we may well despair of its victory. Not only because it never would succeed in enlisting enough voters to capture the powers of government, but also because if it did it would be utterly incapable of organizing a social revolution, much less of administering modern social and industrial life and would very likely put civilization back a hundred years.

No, Socialism is something infinitely better, infinitely richer than that. When we shout the shibboleth, "Workers of the world unite!" let us not restrict our call. Let us proclaim it in triumphant faith to all who rightfully belong to us. We need them all—all the workers.

Under class civilization all literature as well as science may be called toy work; it does not make for human progress directly but only incidentally. The sciences and inventions are exploited by corporations primarily for profit, and all new discoveries merely broaden the field of exploitation and give rise to larger corporations. The toy literature and arts merely serve for the diversion of the same class; they affect the upper surface of society only and do not rise to the dignity of really human productions, because they are not participated in by humanity, nor is it intended that they should be.—Marcus Hitch in Goethe's Faust.



Unionism and Socialism. The Exponent, the organ of the Citizen's Industrial Association, prints on the same page of a recent issue two editorials. One is entitled "Socialism Opposed to Unionism", and serves up the stale slanders against socialism which have been completely answered in millions of propaganda pamphlets. "The industrial army of this country, organized and unorganized," it concludes, "will do well to watch the Socialist, who is crafty and persevering, and whose only hope of success is in disaffection and disorder." The other editorial is entitled "Technical Training and Unionism", and we consider it worth reprinting entire:

It will hardly surprise those familiar with the autocratic principles of trades-unionism to find that they are generally opposed to technical education.

In the struggle for higher wages for labor, meaning, of course, organized labor, they look with coldness, if not with direct opposition, on the efforts that are being made to teach the boy to earn his own livelihood when he leaves school. They would rather take the immigrant from Europe and increase their ranks from these foreign sources than have the demand for expert workers filled by young Americans. While the field for unskilled laborers is well supplied, it is notorious that the demand for skilled labor exceeds the supply and unless technical training on a very extensive scale is resorted to, the time is not far distant when this country will fall seriously behind in the competition with European manufacturers. Organized labor is well aware of this fact, and its opposition to technical training is based on pure selfishness. In some instances the Federation of Labor has given a half-hearted assent to the establishment of such schools conditional on their being run in conformity with the principles of trades-unionism. So we find that the F. of L. in this, as in the matter of obedience to the law, sets itself up as an arbiter and controller of public affairs.

In spite of this opposition and insolent dictation, however, the principle of Sending the Whole Boy to School is growing, and the people are rapidly awakening to its great importance. Thinking men and women everywhere are learning that no boy is the worse for technical education, and the day is not far distant when the School of Trades will be considered a necessary annex to every grammar school in America.

The crafty and persevering socialist welcomes heartily the Exponent's suggestion of technical education for every child. The argument in its favor from the viewpoint of the American capitalist is unanswerable. Trained machinists must and will be had in increasing numbers to meet the competition of German capitalists in the

world market. The opposition of the A. F. of L. to the establishment of the "School of Trades" will be as futile as protests against the introduction of new machinery has proved in the past. But the output of skilled workers from these schools will wipe out the distinctions that still survive between skilled and unskilled laborers. When technical training is free to all, its possessor will be able to command no extra wage; the capitalists will themselves have accomplished what they charge the socialists with plotting, they will place the competent and incompetent on a dead level. Meanwhile the total social product will increase faster and faster, while the consuming power of the mass of the population will diminish. Overproduction, panics and industrial depressions will be intensified beyond anything yet known. Thus the wise and benevolent capitalists will have provided for the "disaffection and disorder" in which the crafty and persevering socialist finds his only hope of success. It is to laugh.

A Choice Specimen. We do not often comment on the obstacles placed in the way of the Socialist movement by its alleged friends, but a leaflet sent us by the publisher of a magazine called "Tomorrow" is such an admirable object lesson in the way *not* to do things, that we make an exception in its favor, and reprint it in full, with a few words of comment:

"TO SOCIALIST LEADERS."

(There are no Socialist leaders. There is a Socialist movement, the movement of the working class, driven by economic necessity to a death struggle with the capitalist class. Socialist writers and speakers, if reasonably intelligent, try to understand the movement and interpret it, but not to "lead.")

Keep the banner of socialism high and let your oratory, books and journals stand as a record down the ages that the toilers of this day did not forget —that they at least talked comradeship and co-operation, even if they made no attempt to live it.

To play at co-operation while the capitalist class controls the essential means of production is somewhat less useful than making mud pies, since the latter process has a certain eductaional value. To talk comradeship in a class society and ignore the class struggle is to play into the hands of the capitalists with more than ordinary stupidity.

It takes self-sacrifice, abstemiousness, fidelity, industry, orderliness, cleanliness and gentleness to *live* socialism.

How many of these capitalist virtues does it take to "live" capitalism?

There should already be many socialist groups living and working in mutual

interest and co-operation, but no—thus far they have the same anxiety for place, prestige and control, the same ideals and ambitions, the same habits, recreations and dissipations as the rich whom they curse and they will so remain until they have experienced the drill and practice of living socially—co-operatively.

One pleasant thing about Marxian Socialism is that its adherents do not need to assume a superior virtue. We recognize that we of the working class have as many failings as the capitalists, perhaps a few extra ones on account of our less favorable environment. It is no doubt true that collectivism, if arrived at through social evolution, would in turn develop more agreeable traits of character. But history shows that if it comes it will come not through agreeable traits, but through the overthrow of the capitalist class.

The talk stage of socialism requires no sacrifice, no submergence of the ego, no higher social conscience. The Christian church has talked charity, generosity, brotherhood, for two thousand years and yet we are a race of grafters—hypocrites, proving the utter failure of the talk method.

Not so bad, but the real moral is that we had better get together and take the things which the capitalists have and we want.

People do not do as told when they are talked to. They do not even live right when they talk right.

Very, very true. So instead of giving moral advice let's "take keer of the stummicks," as our friend Mrs. Nome suggests. If we all could be sure of enough to eat, would it not be easier to "live right"—whatever that may mean?

Local Portland's Proposed Referendum. Local Portland (Oregon) has proposed an amendment to the constitution of the Socialist Party, to be adopted by referendum, and as we go to press it is awaiting the necessary number of seconds before being put to vote. The gist of the motion is that the National Executive Committee, which now consists of seven members, who serve without pay, except $3.00 a day and expenses when actually attending meetings, be changed by making the National Secretary a member of the committee with six others, he to receive $1,500 a year, as at present, and the others to receive $90 a month. It also provides that these seven carry on the work of the office, with such additional help as may be required. Only one member is to be eligible from any one state. Some of the minor details of the amendment are open to criticism. It still makes possible the election of the committee by a small majority of the membership, which was one of the worst faults of the old constitution. No one not nominated by at least ten locals in at least three different states has much chance of election, and if the choice is to be by plurality, the names of those known only by their immediate neighbors should be kept off the ballot. But the chief effect of the motion merits

further discussion. It is that if this proposition carries, no one can serve on the committee who is not willing to give up his previous occupation and work eight hours a day for $90 a month during his term of office. This would exclude all but proletarians, unless in the case of an enthusiast willing to serve on the same terms as proletarians. We believe the plan would work well, but every detail should be thoroughly considered before it is pressed to a vote.

THE UNDERWORLD

By Charles Clifton, Fallston, Maryland

Have you seen the vision hoary,
Do you heed the ancient story
Of the underworld?
With its chorus sadly telling
Of the many ever dwelling
In this underworld.

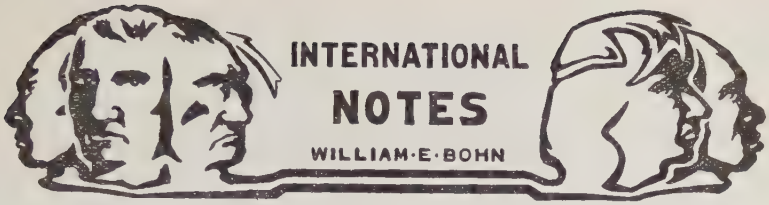
All along the distant ages
Are recorded history's pages
Of the underworld.
Pages that are writ in sorrow,
Pages that will tell tomorrow,
Of the underworld.

There are faces sad and weary,
There are faces hard and dreary,
In the underworld.
Lives that long for some glad token,
Hearts bereft of hope are broken,
In the underworld.

Human shadows moving sadly
Through life's jungle, lowly, madly,
In the underworld.
Of the victims of life's greed,
Oft denied their righteous meed,
In the underworld.

Heroes, truly, there are many,
Cowards, few, there are, if any
In the underworld.
Men and women bearing sorrow,
Hoping for a new tomorrow,
In the underworld.

You who live above the strife
Of this darkened submerged life,
In the underworld.
Think of these thy human kin,
Know for such there might have been
An upperworld.



ENGLAND. Social Democrats and Laborites. An outsider should exercise a good deal of care in discussing the present situation in England. The reports of those on the ground are extremely contradictory. But one thing seems certain, and that is that members of all the socialistic parties are dissatisfied. For example, the local organization of the Independent Labor Party at Newcastle-on-Tyne has come out for Social Democratic tactics. It is easy to see that thousands of union men have been disappointed by the slenderness of the results achieved by their parliamentary group. It has stuck too close to the Liberals, has exhibited a docility unworthy of its great constituency. It has not even dared to stand for universal suffrage.

On the other hand voices of protest are not lacking within the ranks of the Social Democratic Party. Of course it is generally recognized that the S. D. P. has done good service. It has helped popularize a long list of unpopular causes —eight-hour day, free schools, poor-relief, etc. More than this, it has now in the field an army of trained and devoted propagandists. Yet few seem to be satisfied with its position or prospects. With all its fruitfulness the party has not grown. This is how one correspondent of Justice puts the case: "Far too many branches have become crystallized into little groups of propagandists carrying on the usual number of meetings, weekly or monthly, with no thought beyond that, and little or no welcome for the newcomer who is not a budding orator or at least an aspirant to the chair."

There are two ways of escape from this situation. One is the oft suggested union with the Labor Party. This would expose socialism to dangers, but it would bring socialists into vital connection with the great body of the proletariat and so inspire them with the possibilities of new activity. The other plan is more conservative. It is proposed to escape from being a mere propaganda organization by being a better propaganda organization. Central organization, more intelligently managed meetings, etc., might give to the party the power and ambition necessary to its salvation. At any rate it is agreed on all hands that the present conditon of affairs is unsatisfactory.

The New Taff Vale Decision. Again English labor finds itself face to face with the courts. Though already much discussed it seems worth while to set down the outlines of the decision in the case of Osborne vs. The Amalgamated Union of Railway Servants. It is well known that the members of Parliament receive no salaries. So in order to make labor representation at all possible the unions have levied special taxes and so secured funds to support the members sent up to the House of Commons. Mr. Osborne is a prominent union official and at the same time a Conservative. He objected to the special tax, and when in 1904 he was put up for election he appealed to courts for protection. The case was decided against him, appealed, and finally, on the 31st of December, decided in his favor. The basis of the decision is a law of 1871 which outlines the functions of labor unions. It is stated

there that unions have for their province "to maintain wages, make collective contracts and assure to members certain benefits of co-operation." The judges held that this designation of functions is exhaustive, that the unions have no business to meddle with things not nominated in the bond. Hence they have no right to tax their members for the support of representatives in parliament. Just how the unions will meet the decision it is impossible to say. No doubt they will attempt to secure a modification of the law of 1871.

As to India. There are to be reforms in India. Hence there is new excitement. The new measures are the old story over again. Papers have been suppressed, patriots have been exiled, student agitators have been flogged. The Hindus do not take kindly to this sort of treatment; something must be done. So the Liberal government has devised a plan. A few Hindus—the most influential and dangerous ones—are to be taken into the government service. Through their connivance Mr. Morley hopes to keep his policies going. Like most Liberal measures this one gets nobody's approval. Some favor the iron-hand treatment, others advocate real concessions. The significant fact is that the natives themselves continue profoundly dissatisfied. One of their most peaceful leaders has recently said: "The mistake has been to suppose that all the educated Indians want is a few more posts under the government. Very soon it will be made manifest that the discontent lies much deeper, and that, sooner or later, the Indians in a body will be as irreconciliable as we Nationalists are said to be today. We are no party to the campaign of assassination, but we have a cause to further, and if England will not help us to attain our objects in a peaceful manner there will be no peace for England and India. The movement that has begun will go on, and not all the regiments of England will suppress it."

Unemployment. Those Americans who cast longing eyes on English methods of poor-relief will find food for reflection in certain figures recently given out by John Burns. Between March 1st and December 11th, it appears, the number of "worthy" out-of-work registered at the London labor exchanges was 115,195; and the number of situations filled during the same period was 18,172. In thirteen provincial exchanges the number of persons registered was 28,403; the number of situations filled was 3,893. If these exchanges do not furnish work for the majority of the unemployed they at least furnish official proof of the breakdown of capitalism. The government formally acknowledges that society has made no provision for the livelihood of hundreds of thousands of its members.

AUSTRALIA. The First Labor Daily. On November 2nd Barrier Truth, Broken Hill, became Barrier Daily Truth. I told last month of the affiliation of the unions of Broken Hill. The new daily is owned and controlled directly by the combined unions. And a very respectable and useful daily it promises to be. In the first place it is a newspaper, an excellent newspaper, with an exceptionally good foreign service. In its editorial department it continues to stand squarely for socialism and industrial unionism.

The new daily came just in time to serve the miners in a crucial struggle. This occurred early in November. The men decided to strike for better wages and conditions. So well was their move managed by Tom Mann that they won without actually quitting work. At Port Pirie a strike finally took place involving several thousand men. At the time of the publication of the last papers which have arrived this was still in progress.

A Labor Cabinet. Rather unexpectedly Australia finds itself with a Labor cabi-

net at the head of the government. Former Premier Deakin depended on the Laborites for his majority. But he proved so lukewarm in his support of labor measures—especially in his execution of the old-age pension law—that the Laborites deserted him and he fell. The representatives of labor were the only ones who could be asked to form a new government— though, strange to say, they have no majority to fall back upon. So Mr. Fisher became the head of the new cabinet. This is the second time the Laborites have been in power. But they have made such advances since their first period of supremacy that everyone is curious to see what they will do. The Melbourne **Worker** probably expresses the wish of the most advanced wing of the party when it hopes that the new ministry will be so actively anti-capitalistic that its reign will be short.

GERMANY. Mine Legislation. For a long time there has been serious discontent among German miners. In 1907 there were 11,382 killed or wounded in mine accidents within the empire. There is only a farcical inspection, and conditions in general seem to resemble those with which we are familiar in this country. Recently a great disaster has called attention to the whole matter. What the men have long been contending for is control of mining construction—shafts, tunnels, etc.—by a joint commission of workingmen and operators. The latter are frankly opposed to this plan and, in fact, to any legislation on the subject. The men are very much wrought up just now. In fact the secretary of the Miners' unions prophesies that if no steps are taken 700,000 men will go on strike and so tie up the industry of the entire nation.

SPAIN. La Casa del Pueblo. About a year ago the Socialists of Madrid purchased the ancient seat of the dukes of Pajar. Since then they have rebuilt this historical structure to suit their needs. Thus remodeled it promises to serve admirably as a center of socialist activity. It is to contain co-operative stores and cafes, an assembly hall, and offices for party organizations and labor unions. The dedication took place with characteristic Spanish pomp and ceremony Nov. 28-30. A great procession marched from the old quarters to the new. Pablo Iglesias, the venerable leader of Spanish socialists, delivered a notable address. His review of the development of the national movement closed with the prophecy that within twenty years socialism would be represented by the largest party in Spanish politics. **El Socialista**, the official party organ, celebrated the occasion with a special edition containing a handsome cut of the building.

HUNGARY. Party Convention. On December 6 there met at Buda-Pest a special convention of the Social Democratic Party of Hungary. For years now Hungarian socialists have been fighting for a modern electoral system; and at one time they thought the battle was won. The King had promised them direct, secret and universal male suffrage. But now, under the influence of the same reactionary tendency which exhibits itself in his aggressive foreign policy, he has taken it all back. The law which he proposes for enactment provides for an indirect and public ballot. Against this the socialists throw themselves with all their force, and the special convention was called to formulate their opinion. A denunciatory resolution was adopted and the people everywhere were called upon to rise in protest. Incidentally the occasion was utilized to denounce the Austro-Hungarian policy toward Turkey.



WORLD OF LABOR



BY MAX S. HAYES

As might be easily surmised, the decision of Justice Wright, in the Federal Court in the District of Columbia, finding Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and Frank Morrison guilty of contempt of court for boycotting Bucks stoves and ranges while under a restraining order and sentencing the union officials to serve terms of imprisonment of six months to a year, has stirred up organized labor throughout the North American continent as nothing has done in the present generation. Stacks of resolutions condemning the decision and columns upon columns of editorials and communications in the labor press denouncing Judge Wright and his edict in all languages indicate that the union people have been worked up to a high pitch of excitement and that they are beginning to realize that capitalism has forced a crisis upon them that can no longer be dodged and must be met.

But just what to do under the prevailing circumstances—there's the rub. Unfortunately, judging the sentiment as reflected in the labor press, the great bulk of the organized workers are still of the opinion that to hurl invective at the head of Wright and to denounce government by injunction until they are red in the face will somehow relieve the situation or cause capitalism and its henchmen to relent in waging war upon union labor. Some few officials and newspapers, but only a few, thank goodness, displayed the yellow streak by begging for mercy, supplicating Roosevelt to pardon Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison, who contend that they have done no wrong, and, therefore, executive clemency could be interpreted in no other way than that the defendants recanted and acknowledged committing a crime in boycotting an unfair product and standing upon their rights of free speech and maintaining a free press. It is a pleasure to announce that the defendants are not in sympathy with the undignified, cowardly and blubbering proposition of prostrating themselves before the Big Stick and humbly craving the pardon of the chief executive and the master class that he represents.

The three penalized officials, backed by the Federation executive council, have given notice that they will fight the Wright decision to the highest court in the land, and an appeal for voluntary contributions from unions and individuals, friends and sympathizers, has been issued, and the attorneys for the defendants are mapping out an elaborate plan of campaign that will result in this case becoming historic and epoch-making. But the mass of organized workers seem to be in a quandary as to what to do besides resoluting and spending an enormous sum of money in an effort to secure justice at the hands of a prejudiced and hostile judiciary. The union membership seems to have a child-like faith or hope that the United States Supreme Court may reverse the lower court decision and its own famous (or infamous) verdict in the celebrated Debs case. While some of the distinguished legal luminaries who sit upon the Supreme Court bench may be approaching their dotage, it is hardly reasonable or natural to expect that they will decide in favor of Gompers, Mitchell and Mor-

rison at this juncture and acknowledge that they were wrong in sending Debs to Woodstock. Of course, if the defendants happened to be meat trust robbers, railway magnates or oil trust kings there might be some reason to anticipate a favorable verdict, but being workingmen those in the prisoners' dock can hardly hope to escape the enforcement of "lor'n order" as interpreted by the class in control of the various branches of the government.

So we are going in for spending a big pile of money in battling against the inevitable. But it will be money well spent. While the workers may have vague and indefinite or no notions of what to do at present, besides adopting resolutions, getting warm under the collar and contributing their cash to the defense fund, it is a hundred to one shot that they will learn a whole lot as the case drags along. No matter how timid or unresponsive some conservative and reactionary leaders or officials may be, it can be accepted as a settled fact that there will be more general and widespread agitation of a political character than was ever before known on this continent. And it will be class-conscious politics at that. While a fairly good blaze started in last year's campaign, Judge Wright has ignited a prairie fire which, while it was hoped would drive out organized labor, will prove of grave consequences to American capitalism and at no remote period.

The workers have been given another object lesson, and they will learn very rapidly that certain rights they believed inviolate no longer exist. When Debs was sentenced to prison fourteen years ago the progressive element in the labor movement declared that, so far as the workers were concerned, their rights of trial by jury, free speech and free press, had received a death-blow. True, capitalism and its tools did not push their advantage with unseemly haste. Gradually, only here and there, union men were thrown into prison for alleged contempt of court in order that the public might become accustomed to the new era of oppression. Now, by making another test case, capitalism intends to clinch its advantage and establish its claim to govern through its courts once and for all time. Legislative and administrative bodies are to be regarded as subordinate to the judiciary. Indeed, Justice Wright says so in plain terms. He declares bluntly what most judges has held secretly, viz.: that the courts, having established the right to pass upon the constitutionality of laws enacted by Congress and other legislative bodies, are, therefore, superior to the legislative and administrative branches. He declares further that the people do not enjoy the fundamental rights of free speech and free press; that there are no laws guaranteeing such rights; that Congress is merely forbidden to enact laws prohibiting free speech and free press, and, consequently, the various states can take whatever action they choose relating to these alleged rights. This distinguished jurist having taken this advanced position, it naturally follows that he becomes the spokesman of the capitalist class, and that the claim that legislative bodies are subordinate to the judiciary and that our vaunted rights of free speech and free press do not exist in fact become fixed principles that will be upheld so long as capitalism is in control of the political power of state and nation.

The progressive element in the labor movement foresaw these various moves on the chess-board of capitalistic rule—they were bound to follow in logical sequence after the Debs case was decided. The Socialists in the labor movement appealed to their fellow-workers to take political action and strike at their persecutors at the ballot-box, but their pleadings fell upon deaf ears. "We will compel the capitalist class to concede us our rights by resorting to the industrial strike and boycott," the conservatives declared, and the rank and

file nodded assent. "You Socialists are too radical," was the cry. Well, the rains from heaven descend upon the just and unjust alike. Just so the injunction bludgeon is wielded against the radical and conservative alike, and it seems to be the irony of fate that Messrs. Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison, three of the ultra-conservatives, who have been among the most uncompromising opponents of radicalism, should be made to feel the iron heel at this juncture.

But the Socialists in the labor movement will go along with the procession. They will do their share in making every sacrifice required, and one thing more, they will doggedly persist in voting against capitalism and its entire brood of parties, judges and politicians. All that the Socialists will ask in return is, not for privileges for themselves, but that the rank and file discard their timidity and fossilized conservatism and read and think and act along the lines marked out by their fellow workers of every civilized country in the world. The crisis is here; it's do or die now. Socialism or slavery! Which?

As if the United Hatters of North America did not have troubles enough in meeting the enormous financial burden as a result of the damage suit verdict obtained against them by Loewe, the manufacturer at Danbury, Conn., now the Associated Hat Manufacturers have begun what appears to be a war of extermination against that ill-fated union. While the attack of the employers' association is ostensibly directed against the use of the union label only, the fight is really being waged to establish the open shop and cripple the organization by placing a premium upon scab labor. The hatters deserve a lot of sympathy and help. Martin Lawlor, their general secretary, informed me a short time ago that the Loewe case would cost them at least $200,000. That means more than $20 per capita must be paid by these workers who have been the target for a raking fire from the batteries of capitalism for several years. Now, when the manufacturers believe the organization is crippled by the heavy financial load, another attack is made. The bosses imagine that the union is on the ragged edge of bankruptcy and will be unable to support the men who are virtually locked out in withstanding a long siege. It remains to be seen whether their judgment is sound. The hatters are an old organization and good fighters. Their label is universally popular and the firms that will continue to use it will have a tremendous advantage in the market.

The threatened contest between the marine trades and the employers' associations and corporations on the Great Lakes will not be postponed until navigation opens. The struggle has commenced and preliminary skirmishing between the engineers and seamen on the one side and the Vessel Owners' Association and the United States Steel Corporation on the other side is being engaged in. The steel trust, through its subsidiary corporation, the Pittsburg Steamship Company, precipitated the fight by declaring for the open shop and forcing its engineers to sign individual agreements, which many of them did. Then the Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association took action by fining those who had signed and expelling several of the ringleaders. The latter thereupon announced the formation of a dual union, one that will probably be acceptable to the trust. The Lake Seamen's Union has also announced that the open shop schemes of the masters will not be acceptable, and it is likely that the guerrilla warfare practiced last season will be abandoned and an open fight made this year. The longshoremen and affiliated branches have not yet announced their policy, but it is pretty certain that they will make common cause with

the engineers and seamen, so that for perhaps the first time in the history of marine organizations there is likely to be combined action in resisting the encroachments of organized capitalism.

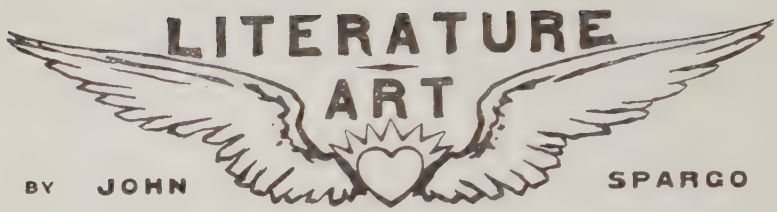
The American seamen are moving in the matter of securing a world's conference and united and harmonious action in approaching the various governments to secure beneficial legislation. The seamen of Europe are federated and during the past year the North Americans were represented at their annual congress. The plan is now to spread out and bring in the Australians, South Americans and probably the orientals. It is not generally known by the public, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the seamen are no better than chattel slaves in many respects, involuntary servitude being rigidly adhered to and supported by many governments.

The attempt to form a federation of clothing workers is meeting with success. During the past month representatives of the United Garment Workers, International Ladies' Garment Workers and International Association of Fur Workers conferred and outlined plans to bring about the proposed merger. If the membership approve of the action taken, then it is probable that the Journeymen Tailors' Union will join the federation and later on the hatters, shirt waist and laundry workers, boot and shoe workers, suspender and tie makers, cloth hat and capmakers and other crafts. Thus organized labor is moving steadily and naturally into the broad field of industrialism and gradually the jurisdictional controversies will become a thing of the past.

It was mentioned in last month's Review that ex-Gov. Peabody, the notorious tool of the Mine Operators' Association of the West, had been discarded like a squeezed lemon by those whose dirty work he had performed so faithfully, that he was reported to be financially bankrupt, and that he could not even obtain a poor political job paying a hundred dollars a month. One more chapter should be added to the biography of this repudiated prostitute of plutocracy. In a suit brought by the Portland Mining Company in Colorado, to recover $336,000 for ore alleged to have been stolen by twenty-four distinguished gents operating companies adjoining the Portland mine, the Hon. Mr. Peabody is named as one of the alleged thieves. The Portland Company charges that the ore was extracted from its premises by means of underground drifts, cross cuts, levels and workings extended from the defendants' mines, into the property of plaintiff. Since Peabody has been dumped by the mine operators and is unable to obtain a political job he might engage in the profession of burglary with more success. It is by no means certain that Mr. Peabody will not spend his declining years in jail, where he should have been long ago.

During the past month the United Typothetæ of America, the open shop employers' association in the printing trade, introduced the eight-hour day generally. Thus, after a three years' struggle, the employers have bowed to the inevitable. They might have saved a lot of money and prevented many of their number from going bankrupt if they had taken a reasonable view of the matter in 1905. But they wanted fight and got it. It is only fair to say that the United Typothetæ is almost a total wreck, its activities being confined to a few establishments in the larger cities.

As predicted in the Review, the annual session of the United Mine Workers just closed at Indianapolis, was one of the most exciting in the history of the trade.



Readers of the **International Socialist Review** who have read Mary E. Marcy's interesting story of proletarian life, **Out of the Dump,** which was published serially in these pages, will be glad to get it in the attractive little volume in which it has been issued by Charles H. Kerr & Company. In the convenient size of the popular and useful "Standard Socialist Series," the volume is, by all odds, the most attractive which Kerr & Company have yet issued. The volume shows so many improvements, in binding, quality of paper used, and presswork, that one hopes it may be taken as an encouraging New Year promise of a like improvement in the general publications of the firm.

Mrs. Marcy, who is one of the clearest thinking Socialists in the American movement (which I can say the more readily since I do not always agree with her!), unites to an agreeable literary style, a thorough knowledge of the proletarian life which she depicts. Possessing a saving sense of humor, she takes herself seriously, but not too much so, and the good-natured satire which pervades the story adds greatly to its charm. The story professes to be the autobiography of a poor girl, the daughter of a laborer in a packing establishment, who becomes an investigator for a Charity Organization Society, and its special purpose is to satirize professional philanthropy. The little book shows that Mrs. Marcy knows Charity Organization work from the inside. It is a book which deserves to be widely read, and should prove to be a popular gift book. A peculiar feature of the illustrations by R. H. Chaplin is that his women are much better done than his men.

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Alfred Noyes, the well known English poet, has written for "The English Men of Letters Series," published by the Macmillan Company, an admirable little biographical study of William Morris, the Socialist artist, craftsman and poet. Morris's genius was as gorgeous and complete as one of his magnificent tapestries, and through it all he expressed his Socialist convictions and hopes. Mr. Noyes adds very little to the known facts of Morris's life; that was scarcely to be expected. But he has added to our knowledge of the man through a careful and sympathetic interpretation of his thought and work. He is much more sympathetic with the Socialism of Morris than the "official" biographer, Mr. Mackall, and takes occasion to express his scorn for some of that gentleman's cold scholasticism. Those who desire a small, compact account of the life and work of Morris and something like a critical estimate of the place he holds in the history of English literature, will welcome this very satisfying little study.

* * *

Speaking of Morris reminds me of Henry James's essay upon the same subject, which is included in his **Views and**

Reviews, a collection of his early literary criticisms, edited by Mr. Lee Roy Phillips, and published by the Ball Publishing Company of Boston, a new firm which has taken to the Socialist field with some little booklets by H. G. Wells.

The Henry James of this volume is a very different writer from the Henry James of today. Be it accounted to me for philistinism or otherwise, I am free to say that I like this Henry James—the man of thirty or forty years ago—better as a writer than the Henry James of today, the writer of tortuously involved English. The criticisms—or appreciations—of Morris strike me as being the best in the book. They are at once illuminating and appreciative. After reading the review of "The Life and Death of Jason," I turned once again to that marvellous work and re-read it with a new joy. The papers on Tennyson, Matthew Arnold and George Eliot are also stimulating and well worthy of being reprinted in this form after the lapse of so many years. Upon the other hand, the essay on "Mr. Walt Whitman" might well have been omitted. It is a brilliant example of that asinine priggishness which greeted the good gray poet when "Leaves of Grass" appeared.

* * *

Mr. Andrew Carnegie was good enough to send me recently a copy of his new and much advertised book, **Problems of Today**, published by the Doubleday, Page Company. Apart from the interest which always attaches to the views of a man like Mr. Carnegie, because of his personality, and quite regardless of the views themselves, this volume is interesting because Mr. Carnegie enters once again upon the discussion of Socialism.

Mr. Carnegie's views are in the main well known. He is in favor of a "solution" of the land question (the book was written mainly for British readers) which includes, as an alternative to nationalization, small proprietary holdings and a progressive land tax. He is an ardent believer in the identity of interest existing between capitalist and laborer and would have profit sharing resorted to as the surest antidote to Socialism. Mr. Carnegie gets all his knowledge of Socialism, apparently, from an anti-Socialist publication, called "The Case Against Socialism," a cleverly compiled handbook issued in England. By stringing together a lot of texts torn from their contexts, this work makes Socialism a rather grotesque affair. As an illustration of what happens when one relies as Mr. Carnegie does upon a book of this kind, I may note the case of certain quotations from the writings of Mrs. Phillip Snowden, wife of the English Socialist M. P. Mr. Carnegie uses a quotation which apparently shows that Mrs. Snowden advocates what is commonly called "free love"; upon the strength of Mr. Carnegie's citation, a critic wrote to the New York papers denouncing Mrs. Snowden as a very dangerous person during her recent visit to this country; then Mrs. Snowden replied pointing out that the passage cited by Mr. Carnegie was torn from its context and made to appear favorable to the views she most condemned! Of course, Mr. Carnegie had to apodogize very humbly and confess that he got his "quotation" from the book mentioned. Similar injustice has been done to many other writers whose works are quoted in this handbook, myself among the number.

What I find most amusing about Mr. Carnegie's book—for it is rather an amusing book, I think—is his conception of what constitutes "Individualism." He calls himself an Individualist and complains bitterly thta the Socialists place their labels upon what are legitimate fruits of Individualism, such as factory acts, legislation restricting the hours of labor, income and inheritance taxes, and so on! What sort of "individualism" is this? One wonders how Herbert Spencer would regard it! Mr. Carnegie makes a great deal of pother in throwing a putty ball at the Socialist movement.

It would be a good thing if every Socialist propagandist in America would secure a copy of the anti-Socialist textbook named above, and become perfectly familiar with its contents. **The Case Against Socialism** (Macmillan Co.) is a very shrewdly compiled volume, and I have found in going to lecture various economic associations this season that the opponents of Socialism (of the professional variety) are making themselves thoroughly acquainted with it. To take the quotations in the book one by one, and then compare the citations with the originals, taking care to study the context in each case, will give the studious propagandist a splendid equipment for the intellectual warfare which lies ahead of us. Incidentally, let me add, it would be a very good thing if we could have a volume of similar size setting forth all the objections contained in this, as well as others, and the replies thereto with careful citations of authorities. Such a handbook would be very useful and will doubtless be produced some time. Still, it is well to remember that we want deeper learning than the handbook and index variety; what we need most of all at the present time, it seems to me, is a greater devotion to the study of Socialism. Not merely must we read the classics of Socialist literature, but the literature dealing with contemporary social conditions and problems, and, not less important than these, the literature devoted to the criticism of Socialism.

* * *

I have refrained from saying anything about **Debs, His Life, Writings and Speeches,** published by the Appeal to Reason Publishing Company, for the same reason that I am careful not to mention any of my own writings. Although my share in this particular volume is a small one, consisting only of four or five pages in cordial and sincere appreciation of my friend 'Gene,' still, I am to that extent personally interested and restrained by that fact from writing as fully and frankly about the book as I otherwise might.

Having made this "confession," I may without apology say that the collection of the best of the speeches and writings of Comrade Debs in this form is a most useful piece of work. It is well that we can now turn to a collection of his best work. No apology need be offered for the Debs revealed in this volume, either as orator, essayist or poet, for the compilation stands the test of criticism very well, and that is high praise when we remember that the speeches and essays were for the most part the product of a very busy and restless life in which there was scant leisure for careful revision and polishing. The volume was obviously prepared in a hurry, the more's the pity, for had he been given more time Stephen M. Reynolds would have given us a much more satisfactory biographical introduction. The portrait illustrations add greatly to the interest and permanent value of the book, but the same cannot be said for some of the other "illustrations," which might have been left out with considerable advantage.

* * *

Those of my readers who are interested in the problems of public education, especially those who are school teachers, will be interested in one of the Russell Sage Foundation publications, **Medical Inspection of Schools,** by Dr. Luther H. Gulick and Leonard P. Ayres. The book contains a succinct summary of the status of medical inspection in this country and in Europe with a great deal of illustrative material. It is an indispensable book for students of this question.



A PROLETARIAN MOVEMENT. For my part I could never see any necessity of admitting millionaires, ministers or any other "gentleman of leisure" to membership in an organization that calls itself proletarian. For these men to sign an application in which they aver that they recognize the class struggle which means from the proletarian standpoint is nothing short of nonsense. The conception of the class struggle from he standpoint of the proletariat can only be understood by the latter. In the class struggle each class engaged in that conflict has its own feelings, its own conception of justice, i. e., those who are class conscious. If this is not true then the materialistic conception is badly out of joint and then we ought to cut out that much "hated" word "class" and make a general appeal to all comers, in fact, the necessity of proletarian class organization would disappear. We could propagate our "beautiful utopia" to all men in churches and other places of hero worship.

While it is true that conservative unions admit employers to their organizations there are many of the most conservative of them that discourage it and many of them prohibit it. And mind you, among these are those that believe in the "community of interests." They recognize no class struggle consciously, but they refuse membership to employers. But here is the Socialist Party, supposedly a "proletarian movement," admitting labor fleecers of all descriptions and those that live off the "tainted money," to membership.

The materialistic conception teaches the existence of class divisions in society, propertyless proletarians and exploiting possessors. If the proletarian class is to come into possession of its own, then it must eliminate from its organizations, both economic and political, those who are not of their class. Right here a pertinent question arises: What shall we do with those of the class that are in "sympathy" with the proletarian struggle for emancipation. Let these "sympathizers," if they can do any good for the proletarian in his struggle, do it without a voice or vote in the councils of the revolutionary movement.

As for doing any "good," there are some doubts, the awakening proletarian is becoming very much suspicious of obtaining his freedom from people who are exploiting him.

The millionaire, petty bourgeois and ministers can have only two motives for being members of the Socialist Party, the first being out of "sympathy" and the second can be no other than to sidetrack the revolutionary proletarian. As for the truth of the second one only needs to notice the contempt that these "gentlemen of leisure" have for the revolutionary socialists by calling them phrase mongers, atheists or anything to discredit them.

Some "Socialists" say a "millionaire or a preacher joining the party attracts the attention of other people who might otherwise be hostile to it." Socialism if it is anything is a revolutionary force and not a side-show "attraction" and people that can be attracted by little

tin gods can also be disattracted by the same process. That's why thousands of "Socialists" did not vote for Socialism last November because they were so many "Socialist votes" and not Socialists of the much-hated revolutionary type. Then the "Red Special" was another attraction. It "attracted" thousands, that's all. The money could have been better spent disseminating revolutionary literature. I was much amazed that Debs would consent to be carried on it and permit himself to be made an "attraction." There is entirely too much of this reform agitation in the Socialist Party today and if it will not adapt itself to a revolutionary program some other party will be organized that will. If it will not become a revolutionary and distinctly a proletarian party then some other party will be organized that will. For the proletariat is going to achieve its own emancipation or else be sidetracked. The party that calls itself the Socialist Party is not the whole working class, nor is the party that calls itself the Socialist-Labor Party, whose candidate for president based its right for existence on the eighteenth century abstract conception of liberty—bourgeois liberty. The Socialist Party looks strong today, but a conscious proletariat can strike it down the moment it no longer represents it. It may maintain itself for a while when it has lost its character as a class party, but eventually will be swept into the oblivion into which all parties of reform have gone. Therefore we proletarians should not look upon the party as a "sacred thing." Our motto should be "As long as the party represents the proletariat that long we are for it, and when it ceases to do that then we have done with it."

FRED L. SCHWARTZ.

SOCIALISTS AND THE SEX QUESTION. The Review lately returned to a contributor a clever and readable article in which he emphasized certain absurdities and miseries of the present marriage system. His letter in reply to us raises some interesting questions, and we are glad to publish it. He says:

Now, I do not myself think it necessary or advisable for the party, as a political organization, to take any position on religion or the sex question (unless perhaps that our legislative program should include the taxation of church property, divorce by mutual application, the endowment of motherhood during the nursing period, and the repeal of laws prohibiting the dissemination of information on the subject of sex). And I have never once used, in the capacity of a party speaker or party editor, and shall not so use, the party platform or the party press for the expression of views to which the party is not committed and on subjects in regard to which it takes no position except one of neutrality. Moreover, I agree that it is better for the party not to take any specific position on these questions, but to leave them, as far as present society is concerned, to the opinion and action of the individual, and as far as the future is concerned, to whatever evolution will take place under a Socialist form of Society.

But I do not believe it follows from this position that Socialists must refrain from publicly voicing their ideas on these questions at meetings or through publications for which the party is not responsible, nor that contributions to the discussion of these questions should be excluded from the theoretical or literary periodicals of the movement. On the contrary, as one believing not only that the Social Revolution will change the whole face of life but also that the Socialist consciousness changes to a great extent the whole mental outlook and action of individuals within existing society, I protest against the widespread tendency to intimidate comrades out of discussing anything but questions of votes and wages.

After reading grandiloquent quotations that have been going the rounds of the Socialist press for years, such as "He who conceals the truth from motives of expediency is either a coward or a knave," and "What dare we think, that dare we also say"—it is disappointing to be advised to frankly discuss subjects of such importance as religion and marriage only in hushed whispers behind closed doors. In the fear of offending conservative prejudice on these

topics some Socialists become more conservative than the bourgeois themselves. I have observed cases in which the individual's concealment of his real views on these questions reached the point of positive hypocrisy. I believe that the deliberate and calculated concealment of their views has a disintegrating effect on the character of those who practice it and that it undermines their self-respect, intellectual independence, and intellectual honesty. Of course, I refer only to the thousands of Socialists who have radical views on these questions, not to those other thousands of comrades whose views are sincerely conservative on everything but politics and economics.

Of course the main stream and most important phase of Socialism is the political-economic agitation, but at the same time the Socialist movement inevitably brings into being, at least for a great part of its adherents, a new culture, a new literature, a new art, a new attitude toward sex relations and religion and individual freedom, a new conception of life as a whole. In face of this fact it is sickening to see individuals whom one knows to be atheists defending Socialism as the will of God and the fulfillment of Christianity, and other individuals whom one knows to be free-lovers going out of their way to defend "the home and family" against the inroads of capitalism. Nevertheless, such things are seen.

Several cases have come under my observation of intelligent radicals who might have become members, and very valuable members, of the Socialist Party were they not repelled by this overdone and false expediency, which caused a lack of respect for the movement.

You say: "Don't you think we spend our energies wastefully in talking about this subject which is one of the Effects of Capitalism?" I believe that, from the human standpoint, this is like the argument of the "Impossibilist" from the economic standpoint. The "Impossibilist" says that we waste our energies in talking about factory legislation, higher wages and other immediate betterments because such reforms only deal with the effects of capitalism. We reply that every improvement in his condition which the workingman wins, everything that makes him healthier, morally stronger, less hopeless and discouraged, at the same time strengthens him for the Revolution, makes him more intelligent and determined, makes it easier to make him a Socialist if he is not one, and makes him a better Socialist if he is one. Does not the same argument apply to the amelioration of all the miseries growing out of unhappy sex relations, false moral ideals, and ignorance of sex facts?

Child labor in factories is also merely "one of the effects of capitalism," but you would not therefore say that "we waste our time in talking about it." Yet well-informed medical authorities will tell you that sex-slavery and sex ignorance are exercising as destructive an influence on the health of the nation as does child labor—probably even if venereal diseases are left out of account altogether.

There are thousands of unmarried women whose nervous systems are undermined by sex repression dictated by false ideas of "virtue," and thousands whose health fades away without their knowing why because no sex life has ever been aroused in them—because of what has been well called "ingrowing virginity." On the other hand, there are thousands of young men who are ruined by venereal disease acquired from prostitutes. There are thousands of men and women whose health is broken by the ignorant practice of improper means of preventing conception. There are thousands of women who are worn out with the bearing of unwelcome children on account of ignorance of proper ways of preventing conception. There are thousands of married women whose sex life is a continuous and loathesome prostitution to an unloved husband. There are, who knows, how many thousands of marriages in which one or both partners are living a daily deception and becoming habitual liars on account of secret "unfaithfulness." There are thousands of suicides and murders and less noisy tragedies due to the senseless jealousies and futile claims fostered by an unfree conception of love relations. All this, and much more besides, to say nothing of the great fundamental damning influence of their dependence and subjection on the mental and moral development of the whole female sex, except such as have emancipated themselves from old ideas; and the vicious influence on the moral development of man of the undemocratic and authoritarian mentality fostered in him by having a subject sex to intellectually tyrannize over or patronize.

All these things are bound up in our present marriage laws, and prevalent

ideas of morality and immorality, and persist, though in less degree, even in cases where women are economically independent, and could be expected to so persist in a society based on economic equality if it were possible to conceive of such a society retaining either the present marriage laws or the prevailing moral ideals. And just as the Socialist movement modifies capitalism economically long before the coming of Socialism, so the Socialist movement also modifies the ideas of sex morality long before the coming of free society—and in doing so makes the people of the present that much happier and better.

Moreover, it is on the working class that the evils of the present moral ideas and marriage laws fall most heavily. The rich have the advice of well-paid physicians; nurses for children, if they wish children, and leisure for themselves; money and knowledge. If they are unhappy they have money to obtain divorces and make financial provisions. If they have children it is because they wish them, and after they come the mother has someone in whose charge to put them when she wishes to go out. But to the poor, children come whether they are welcome or not; and after they come if the mother works they are neglected—and if they are not neglected she is confined to the house as if she were tied to a post. And if she detests her husband she is tied to him also, and he is tied to her, too, like two prisoners manacled together—they have no money for lawyers and divorces and six-month trips to Dakota, and what would become of the children?

Now it is not possible for social reforms to accomplish the emancipation of the working class without establishing Socialism. But, given knowledge and emancipated ideas, it is possible for men and women living within existing society to approximately emancipate themselves as regards their sex relations, which include so considerable a part of their soul life, their emotional and spiritual existence, and also have so much to do with their bodily health.

If the sex life, the personal heart life, of revolutionists were more free and joyous, if they breathed an atmosphere of liberty and spontaneity, free from religious and moral superstitions, if they became now as much like the free people of the future as possible, would they not be that much more ardent and joyous and unceasing workers for the Great Revolution? And if former non-Socialists—especially women—who had suffered grievously from the evils of the marriage system, or been intellectually blindfolded by religious teaching, were first led into the light of more emancipated ideas by some of us Socialists, would not they serve and glorify Socialism forever? Both these things are already happening here and there.

Why, then, should independent propaganda on such questions be discouraged or attacked so long as it is not demanded that the movement as such take a position on these questions which would exclude more conservative comrades? If the Christian Socialists have a right to their God and the monogamists to their eternal marriage, then surely, in a revolutionary movement like ours, the complete revolutionists have, to say the least, an equal right to their agnosticism and their free union.

They do these things better in France, Italy, Russia, Germany, etc., and it is not surprising that some of our Continental comrades are astonished at the fear of offending the institutions of bourgeois society which is displayed by some American Socialists who wish to make our movement so very "respestable" that it will offend no one. No revolution was ever respectable until it won, and when the Socialist movement is "respectable" it will be dead, like many other respectable things. Yours for all the revolutions.—COURTENAY LEMON.

And still we are unconvinced. When Comrade Lemon implies that sex superstition and child labor occupy the same position in our propaganda, because they are alike the effects of capitalism, he overlooks a most important distinction. Child labor is recognized as an evil by the working class generally. Our task relative to it is the easy one of pointing out its extent and pointing out that the one possible cure is the overthrow of capitalism. Just so with low wages and the difficulty of securing employment. No one claims they are beneficial; our opponents merely claim they are necessary evils, while we need only prove they are needless and that the revolution will sweep them away.

But it is different with sex superstition. Its roots are deep in economic conditions which have for the most part

passed away; yet millions who suffer from it are nevertheless passionately attached to it. Arouse their passions on that subject and they forget more important matters and foam with rage. Moreover history shows that superstitions are never overthrown by direct attack; they are undermined by the resistless progress of the mode of production. When economic freedom is won, when a generation grows up with full opportunity to develop, superstitions will crumble at the first touch. Meanwhile any premature attacks on them are as likely as not to defeat their own purpose by diminishing the vigor of our fight for the things the capitalists have and we want, and to strengthen the forces of reaction by driving superstitious wage-workers into their camp.

For the rest, if marriages are unhappy today, it is usually from economic pressure, on wife, or husband, or both. Do away with this, and it is quite possible that happy love-marriages may come about with very little change in institutions.

WHAT ONE BOOK DID. Upon reading a book called **Common Sense of Socialism** my eyes got brighter, my heart got bigger, my soul became joyful over the thought of a way out. I could see where I was at. But I could not see my way out. I would go to church; the preacher would say, "Be good, be good!" Under these conditions a man cannot, I would say. Might as well sit me on a hot stove and say, "Be still"—one was as possible as the other. I had preachers tell me Socialism is an antichrist arising, leave it alone, so I was afraid of Socialism. But I said, "I'll investigate a little, anyhow," so I called at Socialist headquarters and asked for a book explaining the subject. They handed me a book called **Common Sense of Socialism,** 25 cents worth. I began to read, a hope began to revive, and when I got through reading I was a Socialist. The best spent 25-cent piece I ever did slave out, thanks to Mr. Spargo, and now I shall educate myself in this movement so I can teach and explain to my fellow men that our duty is to support the Socialist ticket—that when election day rolls around I may be able to march to the polls with an army of true-hearted Socialists, for the purpose of destroying the powers of an awful hell. My object in writing is that I would like to take a course of studies in Socialism. As you are in a position to prescribe, I trust you for a list of books and prices, numbering 1st, 2nd, 3rd, etc., as I would have to buy books separately, not being able to do otherwise.—JAS. E. AKINS, St. Louis.

(To one who has read "The Common Sense of Socialism," which as our correspondent thinks is a fine book for beginners, we suggest (1) Kautsky's Social Revolution, 50c; (2) Engels' Socialism, Utopian and Scientific, 10c; (3) Marx's Value, Price and Profit, 10c; (4) The Communist Manifesto, 10c; (5) Untermann's Marxian Economics, $1.00; (6) Marx's Capital, Vol. 1, $2.00. But all who can spare the time should follow the full course mapped out by Joseph E. Cohen, whose fourth lesson appears in this issue of the Review. We can still supply the December and January numbers, and the first lesson is reprinted as a leaflet which will be mailed free to any one requesting it.—Editor.)

UP THE DIVIDE. We are just in receipt of a small prospectus of the new monthly magazine, "Up the Divide," to be published in Denver, Colorado, by Dr. Duren J. H. Ward, under the joint editorship of Dr. Ward and Rev. William Thurston Brown, A. B. and B. D. of Yale University. The small prospectus appears under a charmingly artistic cover and if the promised contents meet with our expectations the magazine has come to supply a long-felt want. Rev. William Thurston Brown, who is now Field Secretary of the American Unitarian Association for the Rocky Moun-

tain Department, is well known among socialist circles, as the foremost interpreter of the New Religion, which recognizes the universal law of evolution and finds only harmony between the progress of science and religion. We quote the following from the prospectus:

We want to try to—

Sum up the new truths,

Encourage the new science,

Quicken the new reasoning conscience,

Make way for the new aspirations,
Point mankind forward, not backward,

Replace old gloom with new hope,

BROADEN RELIGION to coincide with knowledge,

Widen Sociology till it plans for mankind instead of individuals.

The subscription to "Up the Divide" will be $1.00 a year.

TOO INFLAMMATORY. This was the criticism of Brigham H. Roberts, the Mormon politician, on a short speech made by our comrade William Thurston Brown at a protest meeting in behalf of the Russian exiles at the Salt Lake Theater last month. Mr. Brown challenged Mr. Roberts to a joint debate, but the challenge was not accepted. At Unitarian Hall January 9th, Mr. Brown addressed a large audience attracted by the controversy, and in the course of his lecture he said:

We can see today that the sacredest interests of mankind in the eighteenth century depended upon the revolutionary spirit and ideals of that time. Shall it not be possible for us now to see that upon the revolutionary spirit of the twentieth century, the revolutionary spirit which has made the story of the Russian revolution a veritable gospel, depend the sacredest interests and issues of this age?

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THEORY OR FACT? Those comrades who are accustomed to speak somewhat apologetically of Marx's theory of surplus-value should be sure they have grasped the full significance of this workingman's interpretation of economic phenomena. I beg the indulgence of such comrades for a brief space, while I attempt to set before them a demonstration of this theory, improperly so called; for if any economic "law" deserves to be so named it is this law laid down by Marx, that the value of a commodity is determined by its labor-cost of reproduction.

To prepare the ground for our inquiry let us first state Ricardo's "Law of Rent," agricultural rent: "Rent is that part of the product in excess of the labor-cost of the whole product; and its value is determined by the labor-cost of the costliest part of the necessary supply at the given time and place." (I quote from memory.)

In almost every country there are semi-barren or exhausted soils, and thin or inferior veins of ore that laborers may work rent-free, and they do this if the value of the product is equal to current wages. Clearly, the value of the product from this no-rent land is all labor, is all the product of labor; and since it finds a market, we asume it is a necessary part of the supply, and has an exchange-value equal to all other like portions of the whole supply. That is to say, consumers being unable to produce, or reproduce, any part of the necessary supply for less than the labor-cost of the product from no-rent lands, sellers, all of them, exact and receive this value, regardless of the fact that most of them secured their product with much less labor-cost; in all of which cases, the surplus product, having value, is to all intents and purposes just what Marx calls it—surplus-value; though Ricardo calls it rent. But in every case and any case, it is value produced by labor, its value is determined by the amount of human labor incorporated in its reproduction, it is value over and above the wages of the labor that produced it, and it is just as scientific to call it surplus-value as it is to call a spade a spade.

Economic inquiry must embrace both the production and the distribution of wealth. Men produce wealth to satisfy their desires, and they produce it by applying their labor to natural resources. They distribute wealth on the terms and conditions imposed by the owners of the natural resources, plus the terms imposed by the owners of the labor-power used in production. The terms that are "imposed" by the owners of labor-power are: that they be given enough of the product to keep them alive and in working condition and to enable them to rear a fresh supply of laborers. That is, in most cases both of these conditions are insisted upon; but in the United States today, the employing classes are released from the latter condition. They get full-grown, gentle-broke laborers for a steamship fare across the ocean, without any of the expense of raising them. The laborer can, then, be set on one side as "the necessary cost" of that production and distribution in which he has no more voice than the natural agents with which he works. The laborer eliminated—he is used to it, don't give him a thought—we come to ascertain how wealth is distributed.

I think it will be admitted that the total product of labor, as that product comes from the extractive industries belongs, minus labor-cost, to the owners of the natural resources used as agents in its production. Also, I think it will be admitted that, just as Marx prophesied, there is a general movement in all the extractive industries by the owners of

the sources of production to gain control of the industrial process from start to finish.

Heretofore the plebeian task of superintending the manipulation of raw materials in manufactories has been delegated by the landlord class to "tradesmen," whose sole function in life has been the preparation of commodities for their lordships' consumption. All this is rapidly changing. The tradesman will soon become the hired underling of the owning class. Conceding then, that the total product of industry is soon to be absolutely controlled by the owners of the earth, there is no escape from the conclusion that they will distribute that product to suit themselves, among themselves, to be consumed by themselves and those who serve them. And since all the values that then exist will still be, as now, produced by labor; and since labor's share will be board and clothes, all values over and above these things are, for the laborer, surpluses, surplus-values; and since Marx elaborated the theory—or FACT—of surplus-value for the benefit of the working-class, it is matter of small moment to that class what name the owning class give to the products they keep.—LINCOLN BRADEN, Carbon, Cal.

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NOTE—I am personally acquainted with the business management of the American College of Mechano-Therapy and can recommend the institution as being thoroughly reliable.—E. C. HOWE, Adv. Mgr., International Socialist Review.

American College of Mechano-Therapy
Dept. 717, 120-122 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

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The Undesirable Citizen

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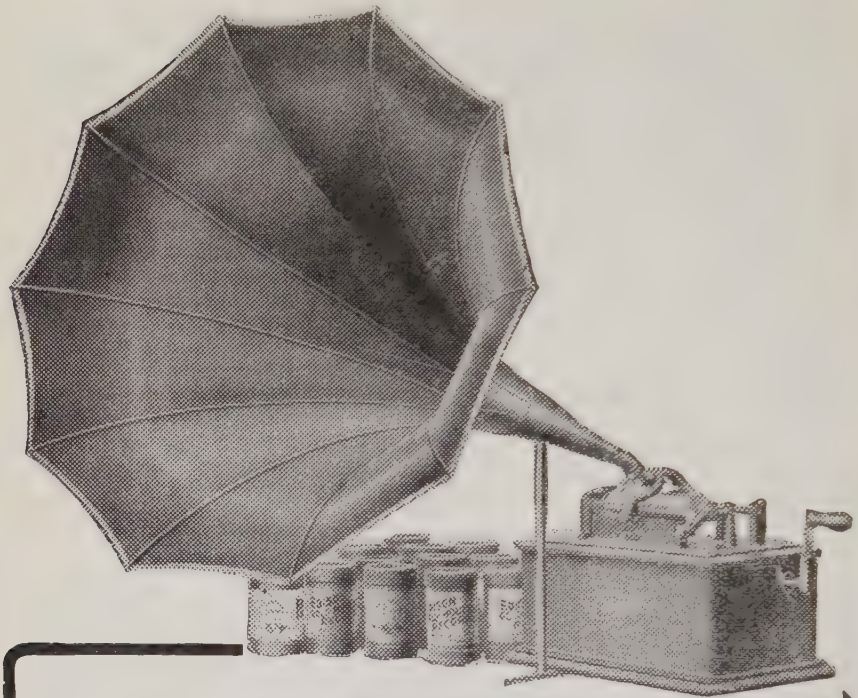
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Mexico's Peon-Slaves Preparing for Revolution

By John Murray

The third uprising of the Liberal Party failed but another is preparing in Mexico that will not be so easily snuffed out by President Diaz and his "partners," so asserts the writer of this article, John Murray, who saw Mexico a few months ago in the fever-heat of revolt. With credentials from the revolutionary leaders he traveled from one Liberal Party group to another and was shown by them the underside of Mexico—the Mexico that President Diaz hides from view and guards with guns in hourly fear that it may rise and end his dictatorship.—Editor.



THE warm clasp of Tom's hand tempted me to talk—in a moment, and my loose tongue let slip enough to give hint of my errand to Mexico. Now Tom Hart was the last man that I should have supposed would show the white feather—a bear hunter, mind you, and grizzlies at that.

"Look here, Bud," he spoke with a down-drop of his eyes that was new to me, "don't be so foolish as to rub the President's hair the wrong way. You don't know Mexico—it's prison or death down here. You're fooled if you think for a moment that this is the United States. Why, I have seen a bunch of rurales ride into a village before sun-up, where things were not going to suit the Diaz government, and call out the whole population, line 'em up and shoot down every tenth man. No trials. Nothing. That's Mexico. And don't you go for to stand on your dignity as an American citizen, thinking that you're safer than a native to speak your mind free. I've seen Americans—yes, and there's three of 'em right now in the prison of San Juan de Ulua—who might just as well be Es-



POLITICAL PRISONERS HELD IN THE UNITED STATES.

MANUEL SARABIA,
Second Vocal of the Junta.

LIBRADO RIVERA,
First Vocal of the Junta.

R. FLORES MAGON,
President of the Junta.

ANTONIO I. VILLARREAL,
Secretary of the Junta.

quimaux for all the protection that their nationality gives 'em. For God's sake, old man"—Tom's pleading startled me, for if he were possessed of such a crushing fear of Diaz what chance had I to escape contagion?—"don't do anything to offend the Mexican government."

"It's too late, Tom, I'm into it now—up to my neck. You never held back when we were after the big-footed grizzly that killed our cattle in the pines back of the Loma Pelon ranch. The game I am after now is news—the true story of Mexico's sandaled-footed burden-bearers and their nearness to revolt."

For several minutes he said nothing, and the grind of the car wheels got on my nerves. We were racking through that strip of sandy desert which lies between the Rio Grande and the fertile cattle ranges of General Terrasaz' eight-million-acre ranch. Would he never speak? It was hot to suffocation and I made a motion as if to rise from the seat, but his hand checked me.

"How are you going to do it, Bud? What's your plan?"

I had to think for a moment before answering. From now on until, I recrossed the line back into the United States, I must trust people

—people whom I had never seen before, whose native tongue was not my tongue, and whose lives would be in my hands, as mine would be in theirs. So why should I not trust my old partner, although he was not a member of the Mexican Liberal Party?"

The cars seats next to us were vacant—I made certain of this with a glance—and opening my check book I extracted from a slit in the cover a thin, closely written sheet of paper, dated from the Los Angeles county jail, which was to pass me through forbidden paths in Mexico. Tom read my introduction to the revolutionists, slowly, from the first word to the last:

"El portador del presente documento es el Sr. John Murray, periodista Americano de advancados ideals—" being the first line, and winding up with— "su hermano que no desmayo. R. Flores Magon."

Refolding the letter he handed it back to me without a word and I rebedded it securely in the leather cover of my check book.

"Tom, you've heard of Magon, the leader of the Liberal Party?" I dropped the sound of my voice to the last notch and the answer came back in the same key:

"Every peon in Mexico knows him, Bud. He's worshipped next to Juarez—but he's got no chance. If it was Texans, now, that were coming over the border, I'd say 'yes' and oil my rifle with the rest, but however willing these poor Mexicans are to fight, I've got just one question to ask, and that's a corker: 'where's the guns?'"

"Well, Tom, maybe the guns are coming. I know that preparation——." With a quick, upward motion of his finger Tom signified silence as the train came to a sudden stop and three Mexican officials entered the far end of the car.

I was dumb.

"Open your baggage for inspection," called out the first of the three. The last man in this uniformed bunch gave silent emphasis to the demand by shifting his carbine from one hand to the other. He was a rurale with sugar-loafed sombrero, gray-coated, grim.

Pulling my suit-case out from under the seat I unlocked it and threw back the lid. There was nothing inside to make me nervous; that I had made certain of before leaving my hotel room at El Paso. Every scrap of paper that might give a clue to my purpose in Mexico had been carefully burnt, all—except the one thin sheet hidden in the lining of my check book

I watched what happened to the other passengers whose turns for an overhauling came before mine.

A pink-faced American boy of twenty, whose Dunlap-shaped Derby

labeled him from New York, began a sputter of high-keyed protests as the Mexican custom house inspectors pulled pearl-handled revolver, belt and cartridges from the rich youth's valise and passed it to the rurale.

"Arms are not allowed in Mexico," was the beginning and end of their explanation.

Tom first grunted in disgust and then leaned back upon the cushions until his head nearly touched mine.

"Say"—his lips barely moved and the sound of his voice carried no further than my ear—"that small-headed boy don't seem to know that Mexico's already loaded. It's the rurales and police, carbines and revolvers, from Sonora to Yucatan. Diaz holds Mexico at the point of a gun."

A man in uniform ran his hand through my kit. The contents of a parcel in one corner was not clear to him and he ripped a hole in the paper and asked the question:

"Camisas?"

"Three shirts," I replied, and rearranged my rumpled luggage as the guardians of the customs left the car.

The train moved slowly out of Cuidad Juarez and I felt easier. If the Furlong Detective Agency, which had been following the members of the Mexican Junta all over the United States, already knew of my connection with the enemies of Diaz, the most likely place to hold me up would have been at the border, but now I was safely over the line.

Many dust-laden miles flew by the train as my old partner turned his ten years' knowledge of Mexico inside out for my benefit. He dropped off that night at Chihuahua to strike back with his pack-train into the Sierra Madres.

On the morning of the third day there was a change sudden and startling. Dust, glare, alkali and desert, all had disappeared and in their stead had come the wet, warm heat of recent showers, with rushing streams banked by terraced gardens. The train was running rapidly through the fields of San Juan del Rio, four hours from the City of Mexico.

Seated opposite, on the leather-padded cushions of the Pullman's smoking room, sat a barrel-of-a-man from Kansas. He pointed a fat, white fore-finger through the open car window at an object moving slowly across the brown, moist field.

"Look!" His exclamation was one of disgust. "See that peon in the field yonder? He's plowing with a one-handled, wooden-pointed plow dragged by a pair of oxen with the yoke strapped to their horns. Why, such things belong to the time of Christ! I'll bet that white-robed, big-hatted scarecrow is not turning the soil three inches deep."



PEON WITH WOODEN PLOW.
"See that peon in the field yonder? He's plowing with a wooden-handled, wooden-pointed plow dragged by a pair of oxen with yokes strapped to their horns."

A voice behind me answered him sharply:

"And suppose he was runnin' a steam plow, what then? Could you and I come into Mexico and play the Lord-Almighty in the way we do? No, sir, It's just this sort of thing that makes it possible for us to keep these people down."

It was the unmistakable nasal twang of a Yankee, and I turned to size him up. Six feet tall, dressed in a linen suit and thin to a degree that made his weight a matter of bones, not meat, he seemed as unlike anything Mexican as could be found in the tropics. Dropping into the seat beside me he opened the way to conversation.

"Lookin' for land or mines?"

"No, neither; just seeing the country," I replied, and then adding cautiously, "for pleasure."

Plainly doubting the probability of anyone's coming to Mexico except to make money, the man stretched his long legs a foot or so further in front of him and was silent for the space of two minutes. Then he tried another pry at the lid covering my mystery.

"Tobacco prices 'bout struck bottom. Market's cornered here same as in United States."

"You grow tobacco?" I politely asked.

"No, cane." And then feeling sure that I was merely an extra cau-

tious investor who must be shown the absolute certainty of big profits before I would loosen up, the hatchet-faced, bean-pole of a man began to give me glimpses of golden opportunities.

"The land here is productive beyond anything dreamed of in the States,"—I nodded assent—"but the real gold mine is the native labor. You're not opposed to 'contract labor,' are you?"

He leaned forward and studied my face.

"Why, not if it pays," I slowly answered.



A "CONTRACT LABORER."

"In Mexico you can buy more labor for less money than any place in the world."

With a look of relief and pleased appreciation of my viewpoint, he lowered his voice to a confidential pitch, saying, impressively, "All wealth comes from labor (this startled me a bit, for it sounded like the commencement of a socialist speech), and here, in Mexico, you can buy more labor for less money than any place in the world. It's a gold mine for those who know how to work it."

Seeing my opportunity to draw him out I expressed some doubts. "Yes, but wages are going up, even here in Mexico, and I've heard of strikes——"

He laid his bony hand on my arm. "Don't you think it. The Mexican government has warned all employers not to raise wages —and a warning from Diaz means an order."

We looked at each other in silence; he studying me closely, and I covered my real feelings with the air of a business man wary as to investments.

Apparently satisfied, he went on, "You people of the States are so dominated by labor unions that you can't realize what freedom is till you get into Mexico.

Why, here the police think no more of allowing agitators to run around loose than they would mad dogs. Diaz cleaned out the last of 'em some months ago. They're either over the border or in prison. That fellow Magon—maybe you know where he is?"

I looked the question.

"No? Well, he's in jail in Los Angeles. He was the worst. Those of his miserable followers that were caught alive in Mexico—it's seldom they are caught alive—are now in the prison of San Juan de Ulua, the military camps of Yucantan, or in the Valle Nacional. Mexican law cuts to the bone."

I showed small interest in what became of those disturbers of the Government, and the canegrower returned to the strictly business side of the question.

"You see, the Mexican peon has no hope of ever owning a foot of land or saving a 'centavo,' and consequently Mexico gives the greatest



MEXICAN MAN-HORSE.

"You people in the States are so dominated by labor unions that you can't realize what freedom is until you get into Mexico."

opportunities on earth to reap a harvest from labor. It's practically only the cost of their keep that we calculate upon. The little money that goes out in wages all comes immediately back to the hacienda stores. Last year our store cleaned up $15,000 for us and we've never had more than $5,000 worth of merchandise on its shelves."

Following his lead of money talk I warmed up to the trade possibilities of the country and put a question to him:

"I am told that you can buy gangs of peons from the government, and that it pays?"

His face took on the shadow of a grin.

"Well, you might as well get it straight before you settle in Mexico. We do not buy this forced labor directly from the government, but we do pay from thirty to forty dollars a head for it—to contractors. In many cases these contractors are also the 'Jefe Politicos' or political heads of their districts. Take my advice—always stand in with the Jefe Politico. He's 'the man behind the gun' in this country."

The fat man from Kansas had been listening and the picture of peonage drawn by the cane-planter seemed to have made a bad impression. He waggled his head slowly from side to side, and finally asked a hesitating question.

"All this may be profitable for a time, but don't you think it will lead to an uprising?"

"Uprising!" the planter fairly snarled a protest. "Uprising when there are over sixty thousands troops distributed over the nine military zones in Mexico! Let me tell you that the army is given President Diaz's personal attention. It was only last week that the papers printed news of the completion in the arms factory of Newhauser, Switzerland, of the 3,000 automatic rifles invented by General Mondragon, and if they prove as effective as they are said to be, the entire army will be furnished with them."

"That's the trouble; its despotic," objected the man from Kansas. "I'm told there's not been a popular election in Mexico for over thirty years."

"No, thank God," rasped out the Yankee planter, "there's not been one—not one. Think, man! what would happen to Diaz, cheap labor, and our interests, if the Mexican peon was allowed to vote?"

Black clouds gathered against the mountains and as the City of Mexico was reached the deluge broke.

A sandal-footed, brass-tagged "cargador" seized my bags and carried them from the Pullman's steps to a blue-flagged coach.

I kept my face glued to the carriage window and asked myself this question: "Mexico, Mexico, Mexico is—what?" The answer seemed to

rise from the passing throng of bent-backed, human burden bearers, "Mexico is a land of cargadores."

With leather thongs passed across their foreheads and around their heads, cargadores carrying as much as three hundred pounds, trotted by without a stumble. And in the steps of these men followed the women and children likewise loaded.

In no other country in the world does the human back so stagger under a dead weight as here in Mexico.

Arriving at the hotel in front of the Alameda, I went immediately to my room, locked the door and got out my list of addresses in cipher. It was a wearisome task to figure them out, one by one, but I dared not run the risk of being taken by the police and having them find names of Mexican revolutionists given me by the Junta in Los Angeles—that would mean prison for all. One person in Mexico in particular had been recommended to me by Magon. I would see him first.

On the street corner I caught a boy. For "cinco centavoes" he would guide me to the "Calle Misercordia." (Let it be understood that the real names of people and of streets do not appear in these writings, where the life of a member of the Liberal Party in Mexico would be jeopardized.) We pushed through the evening crowd of home-going artisans, clerks and laborers. Venders of cakes and candies, their wares piled perilously high on oblong wooden trays poised on their heads, threaded their way through the throng without a mis-step or collision. Sellers of an endless variety of fried foods fed the passers by, their sizzling little stoves sending out a stream of strong odors from many doorways.

The lottery-ticket sellers were out, and on every block men, women and boys shook their paper fortunes enticingly in my face, crying out the number of thousand "pesos" that might be won from the Loteria Nacional for the quick payment of a few "centavos."

Gamble. Why not? The government licenses it, the "pulque" shops incite it, and the average wage of the city workman being not over sixty "centavos" a day (you must divide this in half to get its value in American money), it must be plain that the only road of escape from gutter-poverty is the barest possible, hazy chance of a successful gamble. The city government has suppressed all other gambling with an iron hand. No mine in the Western Hemisphere can hold a candle to the wealth that flows daily into the hands of the government's partners—the lottery lords of Mexico.

Wrapped in a raincoat I followed my guide through the crowds that jammed the narrow sidewalks. Beggars there were a plenty, blind beggars, led by boys who, grasping the wrists of their sightless charges,



OLD AGE AND POVERTY.
"The Mexican peon has no hope of ever owning a foot of land or saving a centavo."

forced their upturned palms into the faces of the passers by; old beggars, standing or squatting in front of the churches, and with whining, musical voices holding out their hands for dole.

At the entrance of a court in the poor quarter of the town, my guide stopped. This was the number of the house that I had asked for in the "Calle Misercordia."

I paid him his five coppers and he disappeared into the darkness.

Under the archway, by the light of a small lamp, I could see a family bedding themselves down for the night on the stone-flagged floor of the passageway, all unconscious that passers by to the second story must walk through their midst.

Climbing the stone stairway I knocked at the first door twice, and at the last rap the one whom I had come to see stood before me.

If all Mexico loved Ricardo Flores Magon, Magon loved this man beyond all others in Mexico. Broad-shouldered, curly-headed and almost cat-like in the grace of his firm, agile movements, the grasp of his hand sent confidence and enthusiasm through my veins.

He read my letter slowly to the end, turned to me with a smile almost womanly in its sweetness, and welcomed me to Mexico. "Friend of my friends, how is Ricardo?"

I gave him the latest news from across the border and he plunged immediately into the Mexican situation.

"Senor, one month from today you must be out of Mexico back into the United States, for the way may be blocked. You know the reason why?"

I gave him the date set for the uprising as it had been told to me.

"Yes," he solemnly asserted, "the anniversary of the massacre of the patriots of Vera Cruz."

I told him of the methods of handling peon labor, as related by the American on the train.

He clinched his fists until the nails bit into his palms. "Why did he not call things by their right names, this Yankee planter? We still have slaves in Mexico. Over half the population, eight million souls, sweat under this system of peonage. The law is a dead-letter and the debts of the fathers are transferred to the sons. Once in debt always in debt; such is Mexican peonage."

"And will they revolt?" My question was well timed.

He stopped in his stride and came close to me, thrilling. "Wait 'till you have seen this city with its poverty-stricken people packed like maggots in every nook and cranny of the poor quarters of the town. Wait 'till you have read the police reports showing that three-fourths of the city's dead are buried in paupers' graves. Wait 'till you have gone south through the Valle Nacional, into which forty thousand Mexican working people have disappeared in the last few years, driven like cattle into the jungle—men and women—to furnish the tobacco planters with labor for the feeding. Wait 'till you have seen our overflowing prisons, the factories of Rio Blanco, where nearly a hundred men, women and children were shot down but a few months ago for protesting against a reduction of wages. I was there; I saw it, and the facts are not denied. Wait, I say, until you have seen a small fraction of all that has been stirring Mexico to a seething mass of hate, fear and desperation, and then, believe me, you will acknowledge that this country is as certain to overthrow the government of Diaz as water is to run down hill!"

"But have you the organization? Have you the guns to grapple with Diaz and his army of sixty thousand men?"

His answer came in fierce, short sentences: "Arms! I would give my life for them. Yet some have already been secreted and more are on their way from abroad. As for the army of Diaz poof,"—he blew through his fingers, significantly, "they will turn to our side at the first opportunity. You have not seen our army? Ah! it will remind you of the chain gangs common in your country. A Mexican soldier is a prisoner, sentenced to serve a term in the ranks, and the barracks of Mexico are mere penitentiaries. Do you know what a soldier of Diaz is paid? No? I will tell you—eight and a half cents a day. And from this he must feed himself and his family. Is it any wonder that he drinks, that he smokes marihauna, a drug much worse than opium, in order to forget his fate?"

He looked at me intently, studying the effect of his arguments and

reading my mind, added one thing more, most startling in its suggestiveness:

"There is also a general. Is that enough?"

I nodded assent, eager to ask him more, but he suddenly held up his hand for silence and turning towards the door, snapped out a question like a pistol shot.

"Speak! Who is it?"

A woman had come into the room as soundless as a ghost, and was waiting for him to notice her.

"Herbierto, it is I; they will be waiting. It is time for you to go." Her voice was like deep water running over stones, a cooling melody.

Grasping my hand, he led me towards the graceful, black-eyed woman. "This is Senora Moreno; her husband and little son were shot in the great strike at the Rio Blanco mills. She is one of the best workers in the revolutionary group that meets tonight. Come, you shall go with us and see some Mexican patriots."

It was while crossing the Plaza de la Lagunilla that I first noticed the gendarmes' lantern lit and standing in the middle of the street-crossing—the lantern that shines throughout the night all over Mexico.

The first lantern I barely glanced at—the gendarme with his revolver standing in the shadow, I did not see—but when another, and another, and another in the center of the center of all the main street-crossings flashed their signal lights back and forth, I saw the point. It was the military eye of Diaz burning in the night for fear the revolution might slip up and catch him in the dark.

Nothing shows the cat-watchfulness of Diaz more than this. He is always on his guard, for he knows that the revolutionists are sleepless; that their plotting never stops, night or day, and that if, for a time, they are beaten back into the mountains and the jungles it counts as a mere respite from the invincible bloody death-grip of the revolution. The Republic is practically under martial law.

"Tell him the story of the mill, Felicita. It may be hard to touch the wound, but it is for the good of the cause."

Thus abjured by Herbierto, the woman walking at my side broke silence.

"Before the gateway of the biggest mill in Mexico is camped today a regiment of soldiers."

"This is in Orizaba, the Manchester of Mexico, and the mill's name is Rio Blanco, the largest cotton-print mill in the whole world.

"Twelve acres are covered with the Rio Blanco's turning wheels, the very latest and most expensive machinery known to the manufacturers of cotton goods.



RIO BLANCO MILLS—THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE.
"Troops were sent by President Diaz to drive the laborers back to work, and in this bloody 'drive' sixty-four men, three women, and four children were shot down."

"All this machinery comes from England—all except the Mexican military machinery furnished by President Porfirio Diaz and installed in front of the superintendent's office.

"The mill hands stream in and out between the ranks of soldiers, sullen and silent, with their faces turned from the guns to the ground. Their only hope of obtaining work is within the mill, where the men are paid thirty-five cents, the women twenty-seven cents, the children five and ten cents for a day of sixteen hours."

"Why are the soldiers there?"

"Because the mill hands did not always turn their faces from the guns.

"There was a strike. Troops were sent by President Diaz to drive the laborers back to work, and in this bloody 'drive' sixty-four men, three women and four children were shot down.

"After the dead were buried the widows and orphans returned to work in the factory, but they turn their faces to the ground as they daily pass between the ranks of soldiery."

There was not a tremor in the woman's voice, and yet I could have wept at her even-toned, impersonal telling of the tragedy. A dead child and a dead man—her man, her child—small things in the path of Diaz, but if this woman could have her way the President would pay for them with his life.

We turned into the mouth of a narrow street, cobbled from wall to wall. Herbierto knocked at a door. A window swung open above our heads and a voice called out, "Is that the doctor?"

"It is," answered Senora Moreno. "Is the child still sick?"

"Yes, come in quickly," replied the watcher, closing the window.

"A sick child——?" I questioned, as the door opened and we stumbled through the dark passageway.

"No," meaningly answered Herbierto. "A sick country, with the revolution as the only medicine."

And the woman added: "That was the pass word."

Around an oblong table in the room we entered sat two dozen men, as dissimilar in their appearance as their native land is varied, Mexico is half desert and half tropics and breeds its people small, light-skinned and still-tongued, or swarthy, heavy-boned and voluble, as unlike each other as sand and sage brush are to mountain torrents and black jungle-land.

"A friend from Los Angeles," explained Herbierto to the group watching me in surprised silence, but as he read my credentials from Magon their faces changed and when the signature was reached, a slim, black-eyed boy warmly grasped my hand, asking the question which seems to echo through Mexico:

"How is Ricardo?"

I gave them greetings from their imprisoned leader. He was their hero, their master-mind, whose years of unflinching struggle against the crushing powers of the Dictator had kept hope in Mexico alive; and in return I heard the news of the revolutionary movement.

The first to speak was the dark-eyed youth who had just greeted me. "You should have seen what I saw, Herbierto." ("Listen to him," whispered my friend, "he's a cavalry officer stationed with his troop at the Cuartel Nuevo.") "This morning five hundred Yaquis, chained together were driven through the streets in the northeastern part of the city. To-night they are quartered in the Penitenciari and tomorrow they go south to the hot lands of Yucatan. Gaunt skeletons of men and women, covered with a few dirty cotton rags, it was an awful sight. And yet how he feared them—that commanding officer! Would you believe it! though the prisoners were in chains, the inside rank of the regiment surrounding them marched without arms. Four deep on every side, were the guards, but the soldier that walked next to a Yaqui dared not carry a gun for fear that the manacled Indian at his side might suddenly wrest the weapon from him."

An old man with a massive head and a great shock of hair that fell

upon his shoulders like a mane, rose from the shadowed corner of the room. He spoke slowly.

"Yes, I saw them; they are my people, and I ask you members of the Revolutionary Mexicana, when will you rise up as the Yaqui nation hase done and fight the Butcher of Mexico?"

Into Herbierto's eyes there came a look first of amazement and then of sadness. He asked a quick question of the old Yaqui:

"How did you escape?"

"I escaped, but not as the Senor supposes, from among the prisoners in the Penitenciari. My escape was made two months ago from the hot lands of Yucatan. A pit of hell is Yucatan, where twenty thousand of my people have been sent to slavery and but five thousand of them remain alive today. Before I die I would again see Sonora, so two of us, feigning sickness, killed a guard with a stone and made our way north, traveling by night. Four days ago the Yaqui with me grew weak with fever and I left him hidden under the bushes while I searched for food. I returned and he was gone. I followed his tracks in the road as soon as it was daylight and came up with him leaning against a tree, dead. It is in all our blood to return back to the mountains and Sonora, and so, the death-chill coming on, my brother rose and walked until he died.

"Yesterday I learned that many hundred of my people were to pass through the city; this morning I saw them on their way to the hell from which I escaped, chained together like beasts and driven through the streets by the soldiers of Diaz. Why do these things happen to us? Are we the only Indians in Mexico?"

Jumping to his feet, the boyish cavalry officer burst into a fervid reply.

"Who is not an Indian in Mexico? The greatest man ever born in the Republic was an Indian. I speak of the noble Juarez, a pure-blooded Zapotec. Diaz himself owes whatever strength he may possess to the strain of Indian blood which flows through his veins. Magon is a Mestizo, and I, thank God! am blessed with an Indian ancestry. Nine-tenths of the life of Mexico is Indian, and this butcher Diaz, is striving to wipe out the best native blood in all Mexico. I mean the Yaquis."

He raised his hand. "Wait, I know what has been said; that the newspapers credit them with murder and devastation. It is not true—not one word in the whole fabric of lies in the subsidized press of the Mexican government. The Yaquis have only defended their lives



ADRIANO MORENO
President of the Cotton Mill Workers' Union—Killed in the Massacre.

and the lives of their wives and children against the massacre planned by the agents of Diaz.

"Why even the American miners in Sonora are protesting against these butcheries ordered by Diaz.

"Listen. Here is a clipping taken from an American mining journal printed in El Paso, 'The Southwestern Opportunities':

"In faithfulness, industry and civilization the Yaqui compares favorably with the Mexicans found in the outlying country. He has few equals in any line of hard manual labor. He is more temperate, more honest and a better citizen than the men of Mexico, who are now taking part in the Yaqui war of extermination. We say this as others might if they had no fear of offending someone higher up."

"But that is not all; this paper tells of a steamship leaving the port of Guaymas, Mazatlan, loaded with Yaqui prisoners, and that while at sea half of the human cargo was forced overboard and drowned. And still more; an English traveler witnessed the imprisonment of many Yaquis; here is what he says:

"They came on foot from the trains, old and young, but with scarce a man or woman of fighting age among them. There were parts of families and remnants of families. One was an old man, a patriarch of the tribe, he tried to walk bravely but his strength was gone. He fell and rose and fell again. When some of the younger ones tried to take him on their arms they were bayoneted back and told to let the old man make the journey alone or die if he could not. Out of the fort at Guaymas the dead were carried daily. Nor was there anyone to tell why they died."

I added these clippings to my store of evidence against the Mexican Man on Horseback, and the terrible arraignment went on:

"But why should any one doubt the bloody-mindedness of the Mexican government in its dealing with the Yaquis when here, in the City of Mexico, it is driving its own people to death by starvation? Are you aware that in no other city in the world is there such a number of dead buried in paupers' graves as in Mexico? Here is the proof; I will read it to you, and believe me, the paper that prints it would be the last one to overdraw the awful picture, for the Mexican Herald receives a subsidy of $3,000 a month from the hand of Diaz:

"From a total of 408 deaths during the week in the city, in 300 cases the remains were not taken to any private grave, but they were deposited in the sixth-class graves in the Dolores cemetery, where the burial is free. This means that in all these cases the dead persons belong to families absolutely without means, and unable to raise even the small fee for a private grave.

"In eighty-four cases the remains were taken to graves of the third, fourth or fifth class, where the fee is very small, and in twenty-four cases only the remains were taken to graves more or less expensive.

"These statistics are still more significant because it is well known that generally Mexican families are anxious to have their dead taken to private and expensive graves, decorated with monuments, and in many instances they will sell everything in order to have an expensive funeral. The fact that nearly 75 per cent of the dead are taken to the free graves seems to indicate that the families to which they belong have absolutely no means."

The watching man saw that the piece of irrefutable evidence had made a deep impression upon me, and he followed it up with the fierceness of a hound reaching out after a rabbit: "What now do you think of Porfirio Diaz? Remember, this is the City of Mexico! The show-city of the Republic. A model town where Diaz has laid out great avenues, statuary, fountains, and a three-million-dollar Grand Opera House facing the Alameda. Yet, clinging close to the skirts of all this money-play, is a depth of poverty unknown in any other city in the world.

"Here is more. He opened a pamphlet and pointed to a tabulation headed, "Nacimientos."

"Follow these figures in the 'Boleton Mensual De Estadistica Del Distrito Federal'—they tell a terrible story:

" 'In the entire Federal District, for the year 1907, there were a total of 21,020 births, while in the city alone there were 20,000 deaths.

"And this proves—think of it, brothers! and may the thoughts sharpen your machetes and load your rifles—that the hand of Diaz is choking the life-blood from dying Mexico."

As the speaker paused, the old Yaqui chief again arose and put the question to the watching group: "Is it not better to die fighting, or even in chains, than to rot in the cities? I ask again, when will the Mexican people rise?"

"And I will answer you," replied Herbierto, with fierce intensity, "for this night, all over Mexico, the chiefs of groups have been given the date. On the 26th of June, one month from today, we will commence our battle for liberty."

The men in the room sprang to their feet, some, in the intensity of the Southern blood, clasping each other in their arms. There seemed to be no question but that Mexico was a seething mass ready to revolt under the very feet of Diaz.

"God! If we only had the guns!" muttered the young officer at my elbow.

The group began to dissolve, a few leaving at a time and by various exits so as to avoid notice. Escorted by Herbierto, I went into the street.

"Don't you see that the Diaz house-of-cards is tottering?" His eyes snapped with the eagerness of a successful pursuit as he saw that I was convinced.

"But how was it built in the first place, this one-man government in Mexico?" I put the question, and his answer startled me:

"By the President's partners."

At last we had come to the core of the whole matter. If proof of rottenness in the very center of Mexico could be produced, unquestioned evidence that would expose the inner workings of a graft-machine con-

trolled by the President, then the world would be convinced of the revolutionary chasm over which Mexico was tottering.

"The President's partners," I repeated slowly; "that story should shake the foundations of Mexico."

"Yes," he replied, "but I cannot tell it to you tonight, for in another hour it will be daybreak."

It was many days before I heard the complete story of the President's partners. A telegram hurried Magon's friend northward on revolutionary business to Torreon, while I was guided by the willing hands of the Mexican Liberal Party, southward, through the mills of Orizaba, the political prison of San Juan de Ulua, and the slave-camps of the Valle Nacional. I had no time to lose, for Mexico was planning a revolt in thirty days.

One last picture of the Southern Republic will never leave me—it is typical and happened on the border.

As the train crossed the bridge out of Mexico into Texas, a smooth-faced American engineer in a Panama hat started a cheer. All the Pullman passengers joined in, German, French, English—even the young Mexican who had sat so silently curled up in his corner of the car for the greater part of two days, raised his hat and grinned—for, all questions of patriotism aside, at least as we were out of Mexico. No more gray-hatted rurales, carbine-backed, no more blue-coated gendarmerie, with revolver butt handy on hip, watched our goings and comings.

It is not good to be afraid, and yet in Mexico every one is sooner or later smitten with fear sickness.

To begin with, the Man on Horseback is afraid. And so would you or I be if Mexico were our personal property—as it is that of President Porfirio Diaz—and the Mexican populace eyed us as it eyes Diaz.

I say these things because, today, fear is as much a part of the Mexican atmosphere as its humidity, to be sucked in through the pores, permeating the system. No one can understand life in Mexico without taking into account this universal attribute.

A man in the City of Mexico is crossing the street and his neighbor wishes to call him back. Does he yell out boldly, "Oyes, Martinez!" No, not by any means. "Hist! hist!" is the Mexican's way of attracting attention. And "hist! hist!" in all ages and in all countries has ever had but one meaning, namely, "Beware! conspiracy!"

Therefore, Diaz, along with all other dwellers of Mexico, is under the spell of "hist! hist!" And he, more than all others, knows why—Mexico is ready for revolt.

Can it be suppressed?

For a time it may—as long as Diaz has the people under cover of his carbines. But it can never be absolutely stamped out.

As Magon, Mexico's greatest living patriot, has said to me:

"IF FOR THREE DAYS THE IRON HEEL OF DIAZ' REPRESSION COULD BE LIFTED, IN THOSE THREE DAYS WE COULD ORGANIZE SO WELL THAT IN THE NEXT THREE DAYS WE COULD OVERTURN THE DICTATORSHIP."



SIX MEXICAN PATRIOTS FOUND HANGING NEAR CANANEA, STATE OF SONORA, MEXICO.

Socialism and Labor in Great Britian

By Victor Grayson



OME one has somewhere said that "Man's chief inhumanity to man is not hatred but indifference." It is apathy that blights all faith and enthusiasm. And in England the air of stoical detachment has been carried to a fine art. You may feel; but must not weep; suffer, but not complain. But in order more thoroughly to mask your emotions it is advisable to transfer the suffering part to someone else's breast. Realism is the bete noir of English middle and upper classes. They have provided themselves with a system of conventional illusions as a defence against reality. Poverty and misery are prevalent, it is true. But why whine about it? Has not a gracious Providence effected a balance by the provision of kind hearts and liberal purses to meet emergencies? Do we not gladden the eyes of the destitute with periodical beanfeasts and gratuitous soup? It may seem incredible but I solemnly aver that there is still a considerable mass of educated people in England who seriously believe that God gave them wealth that they might help the poor and thus strike the balance of the Christian virtues. What is so ominous and pitiful about this state of affairs is that the unorganized working classes seem utterly spineless and quiescent. According to a Trade Union circular recently issued, there are some 7,000,000 people in Great Britain at present actually affected by unemployment. Those figures, of course, grossly understate the case. In addition to this, however, nearly all the great manufacturing and textile centers are either working short time or on the edge of an industrial crisis. The great boom of good trade and prosperity just past has left the employers arrogant and jaunty. Men are being discharged on the flimsiest pretexts and lock-outs threatened with a recklessness born of smug security. I need hardly point out that this state of things is in no wise extraordinary or confined to recent years. The Socialists have foreseen the inevitable seasonal depression year after year, and have even predicted the approximate date of its arrival. For seven or eight years I have personally been closely associated with unemployed agitations in England. I have drafted petitions, drawn up resolutions, and maneuvered with deputations. I have talked for weeks of hours to large gatherings of unemployed, until their grim thin faces and joyless, wistful eyes have

driven my sapient economics back into my throat. Day after day they would gather to be talked to, looking poorer and more spiritless each time. Local administrative bodies under pressure from demonstrations and deputations were toying in a disgustingly amateur manner with petty and insincere ameliorative proposals. As for Parliament, under the odious regime of Mr. Balfour's ministry they absolutely refused to give an Unemployed Bill precedence of a fatuous and time wasting Scottish Churches Bill. At that time, Mr. Keir Hardie was standing more or less alone in Parliament and his quondam colleague, Mr. John Burns, was presumably being measured for his projected Court Costume. Mr. Balfour's blandly philosophic reply to Hardie's insistent appeal on behalf of the unemployed was that "there was no crisis in the country." With two or three thousand fairly desperate unemployed in Manchester, we decided to provide Mr. Balfour with the desired stimulus. On a certain day we marched into the middle of the main street which was the artery of traffic, called halt—and just stayed there. In a few minutes the wheels of local civilization were stopped and the sturdy police in the sacred interests of law and order dashed into the crowd with drawn batons, ventilated some skulls, broke us into manageable sections and arrested five of the leaders.

Mr. Balfour, panic-stricken, immediately responded to the only language capitalist government will understand. And a Panic Unemployed Bill (*sic*) was rushed through the House of Commons. The act, however, proved a pot-egg. The champion verbologist, Lloyd George, aptly described it as a "motor car without petrol." And the liberal orators generally had an inordinately hilarious time at the expense of the Tory abortion. But Time brings its own Nemesis. At the general election, the Tories were thrown out and replaced by the Liberals with a powerful majority. A new force, however, had entered the Parliamentary arena, viz., the Labor Party. As its origin, composition and methods are but ill-understood even in England, it may be necessary to explain briefly the history and theory of what is known as the Socialist-Labor-Alliance. This more especially because there is a movement apparently on foot in America to emulate the English example. Prior to the association of the Socialists with the Trade Unionists, the watch-word of English Trade Unionism was "No politics."

The function of Trade Unionism was largely if not mainly that of a Tontine or Friendly Society. It was the fact that the Trade Union rank and file was honeycombed with Socialists, owing to the strenuous activities of the Social-Democratic Federation and the Independent Labor Party (both clear-cut Socialist organizations) that rendered rife political dissensions among the Trade Unionists. Thousands of British Trade Unionists who had read Robert Blatchford's "Merrie England" had the

film torn from their eyes and perceived the utter imbecility of sending capitalists to Parliament to obtain even industrial amelioration. But Liberal and Tory prejudices were woven into the texture of what the working classes called their mind. It was therefore against immense odds and with much misgiving among a large number of Socialists that Messrs. Keir Hardie, J. R. MacDonald and other I. L. P. Leaders endeavored through the Trade Union Congress to form an independent political Labor Party. This, of course, involved alliance. Alliance necessitated compromise. And when the Labor Representation Committee was formed in 1900 (being an affiliation of trade unions and Socialist societies including the S. D. F.) I think I may truthfully say that hardly a twentieth of Socialists realized the full significance of the Alliance. The L. R. C., with a predominance of prejudiced individualist opinion, became the responsible authority for the ensuing elections. In January, 1906, the L. R. C. elected 30 Labor members to Parliament, some of whom were Socialists. To the Parliamentary old stagers, the new group constituted an algebraical X. They were dubious as to their real significance. Were they the nucleus of a new party or merely the flotsam of a radical reaction? The new Liberal government had a large majority but not so large that they could afford to ignore the predilections of the new group. For a session or two, therefore, government policy was tentative. The Labor group must have its pulse felt. Industrial reforms, such as Workmen's Compensation, were granted with very little protest. And the Labor group finished its first year with a flush of initial success. But "there was a fly in the ointment." John Wesley used to pray, "God forgive me when the enemy praises me." Premier Campbell-Bannerman made a speech on the accomplishments of the new government. Although the government's first year of office left a pitiful record, his speech bubbled over with cheery optimism. He had viewed the emergence of the Labor Party with trepidation and distrust. In weak and foolish moments he had feared that the new party might represent a sinister attitude toward the rights of property and monopoly. That however, was but a nervous hallucination.

It was simply amazing though extremely gratifying how short a time it had taken the Labor members to become inoculated with the Parliamentary manner. They were now an exemplary picture of the exquisite finesse of political etiquette. They took their natural place in the Parliamentary mosaic. And their brawny figures, bowler hats and gnarled fists brought a welcome waft of the workshop into the asphyxiating atmosphere of capitalist politics. Rich men may

sleep safely in their beds. Those men desire not to usher in the Revolution but to legalize by legislative enactment a fit and proper Dickens Christmas for the poor. Mayfair recovered from its temporary swoon. Park Lane sang paeans of praise to the new party. And thereby hangs a tale. Without any apparent fiction or dissent the Socialist members of the Paraliamentary Labor party agreed with their more moderate Trade Union allies on a line of policy in Parliament which lies at the bottom of the present irritation and unrest. Labor members, many of whom were drawn from the workmen's bench, set themselves strenuously to acquire the "manner" and assimilate the atmosphere of their new environment. In a very short time Labor and Socialist members won golden reputations from capitalist politicians as polished precisions in procedure. They became models of artistic restraint. They pleaded prettily for small palliatives. And the governments handed them the moderate desires of their hearts with a condescending and approving smile. From Socialist platforms where we were accustomed to heave robust denunciation of the hypocrisies of a Liberal Government, more than one active Socialist had to endure the chagrin and humiliation of such phrases as "We stand here to support the greatest government of modern times." This from members of the Party in which we Socialists had reposed our hope and trust. Meanwhile Liberal capitalist politicians continued to butter the Labor Party with greasy adulation. The Tories looked on at this process of emasculation with a cynical and understanding smile. Their celebrated leader, Joseph Chamberlain, having covered himself and his party with infamy over the disgraceful Boer War, made a clever and indeed not unsuccessful attempt to divert public attention and submerge the memory of the criminal maladministration of affairs. He discovered that if we re-manipulated our fiscal system and substituted Protection for Free Trade, humanity would reach at least the rehearsal stage of an earthly Paradise. The Tories seized upon the new cry with avidity. Yet while it served to rehabilitate the Conservatives, it enabled the Liberals to conceal their political bankruptcy. Dear old Free Trade was taken down from the shelf, carefully dusted and placed in the Liberal Shop window to do further services for an intellectually indigent party. For months and months the country was tormented with miles of dreary statistics regarding imports and exports. The country was deluged with hireling orators and political pimps who sold the exiguous residue of their manhood for a dirty living. Working men at an average but precarious weekly wage of 18 shillings blew the froth off their bad beer and argued in millions of pounds. Starved industrial degenerates buttoned

ragged and shoddy coats over skimpy chests and spluttered about the "mur'aklus" excess of imports over exports." Meanwhile what was the Labor Party doing? There if ever was the supreme opportunity of Socialism. With about eight million people suffering the immediate pangs of poverty; ragged unemployed being bludgeoned and bayoneted into submission by the police and soldiery; thousands of hungry children every morning being submitted to the unspeakable torture of being taught (sic) on an empty stomach; the metropolis alone swarming with ninety thousand women and girls bestialized by prostitution;—this was and is the ghastly setting in which the Labor Party nominally dominated by convinced Socialists grew complacently towards the bourgeois ideal of moderate policy and temperate expression. Aye! while crowds of desperate men were madly smashing the doors of Town Halls, prominent Socialist members of the Labor Party were blandly mouthing odious platitudes about the blessings of Free Trade and the need for social purity, surrounded by bishops and plutocrats, on what are humorously described as non-political platforms. In Parliament they occasionally asked questions from Cabinet Ministers about unemployment, and bowed acquiescence in the familiar evasive reply. By the accident of the ballot they were favored by the successful Liberal member bringing in their Unemployed Bill after carefully divesting it of its vital clauses. Even in its innocuous form the Liberal Government defeated it by a large majority after an insulting speech against it by Renegade John Burns. The Labor Party muttered muffled imprecations, relapsed into the odor of respectability and began to put its house in order to support the Government even to the last ditch in its forthcoming Licensing Bill. This Bill was introduced by Premier Asquith as a sop to the teetotal fanatics, whose policy of frenzied importunity had successfully intimidated the Government. It was the opinion—well founded on the analogy of history—of most socialists that the Licensing Bill was a red herring, a mere working device to placate the teetotalers and divert public attention from the things that mattered. For a couple of months during the whole of autumn recess nothing was heard from political platforms but licensing pro and con. Intelligent Socialists were not deceived, and continued to expose the hypocrisy of both parties. But our American comrades may imagine our horror when we found the most prominent Socialist members appearing as speakers on unmistakably Liberal platforms in support of the Liberal Licensing Bill. This was what I might call the penultimate straw that broke the camel's back. That Socialists should succumb to the nonconformist drivel about saving the individual

from the temptations of drink and preach sickly moral homilies about the intemperance of the working classes, with Stiggins in the chair and notorious political bounders as their co-orators, made many of us sick. I don't hesitate to say that the condition of the unemployed at the opening of last autumn session of the British Parliament was worse than it has been for over fifty years. Hundreds were dying of starvation and committing suicide. Faint murmurings grew into riot and bloodshed. Some of us were damned and villified by all capitalist rags for telling the unemployed to take the food they needed. And by the time Parliament reassembled I for one was ready for drastic measures. When I received my parliamentary agenda for the session I found fifty-four pages of amendments to the Licensing Bill. Those had all to be discussed at dreary length for weeks before the Bill could go to the House of Lords. We all heard that it was doomed to be contemptuously rejected by the dignified chamber. Yet we had to face the spectacle of the Labor Party helping the Government in this glaringly obvious piece of bluff—and appointing speakers from their ranks to support the measure by pickstic piffle about "temptations" and the like. It was at this stage that the present writer moved that the House should adjourn to consider the urgent condition of the unemployed. Of course, such an innovatory step could not be taken. The Licensing Bill could not let any other question take precedence. I therefore felt it my duty to the outcasts whom I am proud to represent to obstruct the business of the House until they were prepared to deal with the unemployed. On the day that I did this I expected the Labor Party to stand to its guns. Instead of which—when the whole House was howling "Order! Order!"—to quote a Liberal paper, "The Labor members sat quite still while Mr. Grayson protesting loudly was conducted from the Chamber." Next day I returned to the charge and moved that before proceeding with the next clause of a useless and insincere measure the House should pay immediate attention to the unemployed. A noisy scene ensued—during which the sitting was adjourned, the Speaker sent for and the Prime Minister moved that the inconvenient member be "suspended from the service of the House." During the whole of this scene the Labor members sat silent and the motion for my suspension was accepted without a division. As I left the chamber of angry, howling capitalists unanimous in howling me down, I took the hasty liberty of calling upon the Labor Party not to be traitors to their class. And I am credibly informed that they consider this an insult. The disgraceful inaction of the Labor Party of course invoked an outburst of indignation from all sections of So-

cialist and trade union movements. But they convened a meeting and passed a resolution dissociating themselves from the unseemly conduct of the suspended member.

Now it will be patent to my American comrades that the party that could sit down quietly while all those things happened must have been chloroformed. Further it must be flagrantly apparent that the avowed Socialists within the alliance, whose denunciations of the capitalist system have made our hearts burn with zeal, must have managed to adapt themselves very successfully to their capitalist environment. Comrades like Robert Hunter and others in America may burst into fervent eulogy on the quiet practical work of Hardie, MacDonald, Snowden, etc. Up to a certain point I am in complete agreement. The Socialist Labor Alliance is in my opinion one of the finest things for English Socialism that has happened. But I submit that a point has been reached when the Socialist must look to his own house, or he will be strangled in the embrace of his Trade Union ally. Within the last few weeks negotiations have been consummated which bring into the alliance some fourteen miners, members of Parliament, who are almost to a man radical individualists. This accession gives an appalling predominance to the purely Trade Union element in the Labor Party. To those of us who know anything of the make-up of the section this last accomplishment is the signal for an inevitable break-up of the Labor Party. Let there be no mistake as to my meaning. I think a Labor Party in Parliament a very desirable and useful thing. As an independent Socialist member, I am prepared to back them enthusiastically and support most of their measures of alleviation. But I and many thousands of other British Socialists absolutely decline to pawn our Socialist principles in the dubious hope of being able to redeem them after many days. Parliament as at present constituted is a humbug. It is an elaborate machine for keeping back reforms and perpetuating the existing state of things. Its procedure is designed and constructed to make it almost impossible to get a really human and useful bit of legislation on the Statute Book. And the administration of the law is such that every good act is rendered practically nugatory by class administration of the law. I could cite many flagrant instances which amply demonstrate the fact that the English judges can drive a coach and four through the most stringent act on our Statute Book.

The Liberal Government will grant as much as the people and their representatives are prepared to drag from their reluctant grasp. They have centuries of family training in evading living issues. And it is the most ludicrous egotism on the part of a Labor or even So-

cialist party to attempt to beat them at their own game. We must talk to them in the language they have learned to fear and always responded to. When a Socialist essays to become a politician he is on the short line to hell. By the time he has learned how to manipulate the myriad strings of the complex political machine he will have lost his character and fuddled his cerebellum. And his reputation with serious people will have been irretrievably buried.

Recently the situation has changed again. The House of Lords is to be abolished (Lord have mercy on them) if it insults the Liberals seven or eight times more; little children are to be safe-guarded from the pernicious teachings of the Anglican faith, and the Church of Wales is to be disestablished. And only a few of us smile—and at sundry whiles vary it with a swear. Amid all those depressing treaties, compacts and cross-purposes, however, one encouraging fact becomes apparent. There must be a British Socialist Party, rigorous in its independence, clear in its ideal, and thoroughly informed in its economic attitude. And the egregious failure of the Labor Party prepares the foundation of such a party. For a couple of years past there has been a marked feeling of unrest and impatience among the rank and file of the British Socialist movement. A vague but insistent cry for Socialist unity has repeated itself time after time. But the personal antipathies of leaders and would-be leaders have up to now rendered unity impossible. The Conferences of the Independent Labor Party have become merely registers of the predilections and projects of the ruling Caucus. The S. D. F., while keeping its Socialism untainted by compromise has marred its efficiency by a rigidly academic attitude towards life's problems. The Fabians have so rarified their Constitution that there is fear they may "die of a rose in aromatic pain." Put Debs on the bridge, Gompers at the wheel, DeLeon on the lookout, and a bad tempered nigger in the galley—and you have the British situation. The crew may work till they sweat drops of blood, but the old ship will roll through some adventures sure! But there are signs of a better understanding, and a close organization. After a dreary and fruitless sojourn in a wilderness of compromise, the rank and file of all Socialist Parties in Britain are manifesting a restive spirit. An infusion of the old revolutionary spirit is stirring their blood and restoring the circulation. Asquithian antics are beginning to pall, Sunday-school ethics and an overdose of the Ten Commandments are bringing in a beautiful reaction. It is my hope and conviction that the pendulum will not swing to sheer impossibilism. The one sure and certain sign is the universal desire for distinct Socialist representation in Parliament. With a view to satisfying this demand

we have suggested a Socialist Representation Committee composed of all existing Socialist organizations, whose function will be the return and support of Socialist Candidates independent of the Labor Party and its Constitution. This will necessarily involve some reconstitution of the Labor Party—but the issue will be clear and unequivocable. I cannot prophesy what may happen to our projects and ideals in Great Britain. But I may be allowed a modest word of warning to my American Socialist comrades. Beware of compromise on an alleged basis of quid pro quo. You will find yourself obliged to give your quid, but your allies will need gas to yield up the quo.

The differences after all are differences of method; quarrels as to plan of attack. About the thing to be attacked, there is absolute unanimity. Capitalism is the enemy. And as I approach his unprepossessing form with a loaded club, I shan't get excited if some one thinks he can give the desired quietus with a sandbag. When all our little nostrums are exhausted, we shall perceive one clear issue. That issue is between capitalism and Socialism. On the journey to the goal we Socialists are willing to keep the worker who wants only better conditions. But we shall refuse to obscure our Socialism by a bastard meliorism. Emancipation, not alleviation, is our common international aim.

Trades Unions work well as centers of resistance against the encroachments of capital. They fail partially from an injudicious use of their power. They fail generally from limiting themselves to a guerilla war against the effects of the existing system, instead of simultaneously trying to change it, instead of using their organized forces as a lever for the final emancipation of the working class, that is to say, the ultimate abolition of the wages system.
—Karl Marx in Value, Price and Profit.

A Pickpocket

By Mary E. Marcy.



IT was the last day Red Carlton was to spend in the Bridewell on his sentence, which had been reduced from six to five months on account of "good behavior." It seemed to Red that he had never known a day that dragged so long. The smell of leather in the harness shop sickened him and the close air choked him. A dozen times in the afternoon his blood pounded in his ears like the beating in the breast of a man who has been too long under water. It seemed to Red that he would die if he could not get out into the sunshine, stretch his arms and drink in deep draughts of fresh air.

The poor fare of the institution seemed more revolting than ever. He could not eat. Constantly his thoughts were on the dinner he would have tomorrow at a certain small cafe, where the most delicious steaks were served, or upon the beer he intended to consume.

From the window in the harness shop, where he had been so long employed, for five months he had seen somebody discharged from the institution every day. He had watched the fortunate ones as they strode eagerly away in the direction of the saloon upon the corner. Not later than this morning the little Italian restaurant keeper had been liberated.

Red's hands trembled as he worked, while the taskmaster stood over him with suspicion in his sharp eyes. And the convict wished in his heart, as he had wished a thousand times before, for the strength of millions that he might throw up his arms and destroy the walls that held him.

But when evening came at last and the prisoners were locked in their cells for the night, Red found a chance to vent his emotions. He talked a long time with the Kid who was his cell-mate. The boy was only eighteen and this was his first term. They were very good friends and it seemed to the boy that life would be a great deal harder when Red was gone.

Red was an old offender. He was only thirty-two and had been a professional pickpocket for sixteen years. He told the Kid many stories of his life on the "dip."

Red had been one of the best men in the business. When he organized a Crew it never went out to operate unless there was a stake

laid by with which to engage a good lawyer to get any one of them out of trouble if he happened to be caught.

Red told the Boy to look him up at two-forty-nine as soon as he got out and the Mob would give him a course in stalling. When the boys were out on business a great deal depended upon the kind of chaps they had to do the stall. A youth with the face of a college sophomore was almost as good as money in the bank, while a man of coarse appearance simply would not do.

For the stalls are the men whose duty it is to corner and crowd



the victim while the Tool goes through his pockets. If any trouble occurs, the stalls are required to face it. They are never found with stolen money or papers upon their persons because they are prepared to prove an alibi.

Red thought a good deal of the Kid and he wanted to do him a good turn. But in the course of their furtive conversation, it transpired that Red had served a year in Pittsburg, six months in San Francisco, two years in Joliet, a year before at the Bridewell, ten months at Jefferson City, which, with other sundry minor sentences, made up nearly eight of the years during which he had followed the profession.

No matter how rosily Red painted the pictures of future hauls, the thought of these eight long years that he had spent in penal institutions

sent horror into the boy's heart. He knew he would labor through weary days, year in and year out, rather than again find himself shut close from the fresh air and the sunshine.

As for Red, he counted it all in the day's work. When the boys fell down on a job, it was so much the worse for them. One had to take the bitter with the sweet. A man can't have all the Velvet all the time. People who live on Velvet expect to pay some times. If there were no risk in picking pockets, he thought the profession would become as common as bookkeeping.

"Did you ever try doing anything else?" inquired the Boy one night, timidly. "Work, I mean." In the dim flickering light that burned in the narrow corridor the Boy could see Red as he ran his long slim fingers through his hair. The Boy's words seemed to call up a train of memories. By and by a smile began to pull at the corner of Red's lips, but it was some time before he spoke.

"Yes," he said slowly, at last. "I've tried to work more'n once, kid. But work's about the poorest payin' business I know of, unless you're educated along a special line. The only kind of work I knew was the kind every man can do, and the supply of jobs like that ain't equal to the demand. I never was taught ANYthing. And I've lived easy HALF the time, at least," he added, with a little touch of pride.

"The poor fellows that follow the Pick and Shovel life never have the fun I've had. There's one of them over there now, in Cell 829. He got six months for vagrancy because he couldn't get a job. Or maybe he WOULDN'T, I don't know.

"But I've been unlucky, unlucky as hell! The bunch had a frame-up with every mug on State street, from Lake to Adams. We had a clean right-of-way to 'lift' everything we could get our hands on. We gave the mugs 25 per cent of all we took in and you couldn't have made them see us doing anything queer if you'd tried." He leaned back on the bars of the cell and sighed.

"But there was a new mutt on one night, and we couldn't make him take a cent. We couldn't make connections anywhere, and so I had to come over again."

In spite of the fact that Red had served eight years and had long since learned to make himself tolerably comfortable in narrow quarters, as the time of his incarceration dwindled away, his impatience and nervousness rose almost beyond restraint. And during the last week they would sometimes overflow quite beyond his own control.

If his sentence was a long one, Red Carlton would look the situation over for a few days and endeavor to establish connections with a few of the comforts of life. This included, of course, ways and means for

securing Bull Durham, for Red had never been reduced to the necessity of going without his cigarette now and then.

Smoking tobacco is one of the contraband articles in all penal institutions, as well as matches. But as for the latter, Red Carlton could make a light anywhere.

All he needed was a steel button, from his shirt or his trousers, which he slipped over a string. By pulling the string to and fro, he caused the button to revolve so swiftly that when he allowed it to touch the stone floor, the friction caused sparks to fly and immediately ignite a dry charred rag. The tiniest smoldering spark on the cloth would light a cigarette. And at night, when the guards are few, the prisoner finds solace in a furtive smoke.

Money is also contraband. All cash a man may have is left at the office when he enteres the institution and checks or bills sent him by friends are credited to his account at the office and paid over to him upon the day he is discharged.

Red always found it possible to secure smoking tobacco if he had any money. In fact, he told the Boy that anybody could buy anything in any place if he had the price of it. And so he contrived to possess the price.

Red talked to the Boy very softly, that the guard might not hear, far into the night and promised to send him the magazines every week. He told the Boy the channel to approach for a little money now and then, and promised to deliver a message to his sister.

The boy was very grateful and his voice broke when he spoke, for it was to save the husband of his sister that he had been silent in Court. For them he was serving the weary term and it seemed that they had fogotten him. No word came from them and Red alone gave a little color to his life. The Boy did not complain but his heart ached when the days passed bringing no visits, letters or messages from his sister. It was odd that Red should prove kinder than she.

The morning upon which Red Carlton was to be liberated dawned at last. And Red hurried restlessly through the morning tasks under the vague impression that he might thus accelerate the interminable routine. Twice the guard spoke sharply to him, and Red wondered if he sought an excuse to deny him the time he had gained for "good behavior."

To McMasters, who was doing eighteen months for using the mails to defraud, Red bequeathed his checkerboard, and to the Boy, the remnants of a package of Bull Durham. There was a generous piece of Star Plug which he distributed among the others and they all gave him innumerable commissions to perform. He promised to execute them, and when the guard came and Red was "sprung" (discharged) at last,

the boys watched him longingly through the bars of the window until he had disappeared behind the hedge. At last they saw him emerge and cross over to the saloon on the corner.

After the long months of restraint it seemed to Red that he could not drink enough. The money he had been forced to leave in the office of the Bridewell was returned to him upon his discharge. There was a ten dollar note and a handful of silver. Red was glad that he had enough money to celebrate the occasion and invited everybody in Mike's to have a drink on him.

Glued to the bar, he stood ordering drink after drink, occasionally calling the crowd to drink with him again. At three o'clock in the afternoon, he discovered dimly that he had spent his last dime. A solitary nickel appeared and rolled onto the floor when he turned his pockets inside out. Laboriously he got down on his hands and knees to hunt for it. With the solitary coin clutched tightly in one hand, he boarded the Blue Island Avenue car going toward the heart of the city, and fell heavily upon the rear seat. There he dozed intermittently until a fat gentleman stumbled over his sprawling feet and roused him.

It is rather certain that Red did not reason out the line of conduct that he followed thereafter. As the prosperous gentleman lurched against him, Red's right hand fell against a bulging leather wallet, and as he puffed and struggled to his feet again, Red slipped it from the man's pocket and thrust it swiftly inside his own coat.

The fat man looked angrily into Red's face but Red's head lolled backward and forward with the movement of the car and he seemed drunker than before.

But the fat man had friends and two equally prosperous gentlemen, standing on the rear platform, made excellent witnesses against Red the next day, although the pocketbook would have been enough.

And so it happened that two days after he was discharged from from the Bridewell, Red came back to serve another term.

"I was piped," he said. "But it's all in the day's work."



Socialism for Students

By Joseph E. Cohen

V. HISTORICAL MATERIALISM



N everyday talk, man is said to be what heredity and environment make him. Of these two factors, so far as the individual goes, the heredity of the man is constant, environment varies. While no man can alter his heredity, environment is constantly changing. Environment is, besides, the more important factor. This is admitted by people of all schools of thought. Otherwise there would be only madness in their practical proposals. We must, then, ascertain what part of the environment exercises the greatest influence on the individual and society—what influences are at work changing the environment.

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature," say the scientists. To satisfy hunger, protect the body and shelter it from the elements, to obtain a livelihood—that is the first consideration in human society as in the animal world. However unromantic it may be, the wants of the physical man must be attended to first of all. The material comes before the ideal, the practical sways the theoretical.

In every period of history, therefore, the means employed to secure a livelihood, and the social relations which necessarily followed, produced, in great part, the ideas and tendencies of the time. As people changed the method of winning their existence, so their relations and theories changed. An examination of the trend of institutions of all kinds, whether political, philosophical or social, shows that the changes they have undergone can be accounted for only by referring to the changes in material conditions. This is historical materialism, the materialistic or economic interpretation of history, another of the discoveries of Karl Marx.

Here is the oft-quoted definition of Marx: "The mode of production in material life determines the general character of the social, political and spiritual processes of life. It is not the consciousness of men that determines their existence but, on the contrary, their social existence determines their consciousness. At a certain stage of their development, the

material forces of production in society come in conflict with the existing relations of production, or—what is but a legal expression of the same thing—with the property relations within which they had been at work before. From forms of development of the forces of production these relations turn into their fetters. Then comes the period of social revolution. With the change of the economic foundation the entire immense superstructure is more or less rapidly transformed."

We need hardly caution the reader against the fallacy that every individual's notions are determined by his own economic condition. We are considering man collectively, in society, and society has laws peculiar to itself, laws governing its motion which are affected very little by the independent actions of individuals.

Let us also hasten to say that the material is not the only factor. It is the first factor and the foremost one, but there are others. True enough is it that all factors except the material, taken together, cannot explain the evolution of society, while the material conditions alone can do so, although very roughly. In actual life, material conditions exert the preponderating influence, while the other factors serve largely to temper or intensify that influence.

Historical materialism does not eliminate these factors. It embraces them, although it does discount their importance. The Socialist can say with the poet:

> "I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
> A stage where every man must play a part."

Generally speaking, we are concerned with the part each man plays only insofar as his part is a more or less common one. We are interested, especially, in ideas and movements of a general character, such as are a social quantity, signifying that a social cause has brought them into being. We do not deny that there have been great men, "heroes," as Carlyle calls them, men who seem to be intellectual giants by comparison with their fellow men. But even these "heroes" did not create themselves. They are not the result of "spontaneous creation." Like everybody else, they issue from the womb of time and are under obligation to circumstance for pretty much all they are. However encyclopedic their minds, however colossal their genius, their greatness comes out of the material at hand. "One swallow does not make a summer," and one great man does not, single handed, make history. We all recognize the importance of historical conditions when we say: "This man was wise in his day and generation." Conditions make the man of

the hour, a great deal more so than the man of the hour modifies conditions.

Nor need it be denied that much of history may be regarded as a conflict between democracy and aristocracy. Yet a more thorough examination will show that the material conditions, in the greatest measure, decided whether that conflict assumed a religious, political or economic character.

Historical materialism does not imply that the institutions of every country and epoch are bound to assume the same shape and pass through the same process of development. Progress may be retarded or accelerated according to the peculiarities, customs and traditions of a people. More than that, to quote Kautsky: "Every method of production is connected not only with particular tools and particular social relations, but also with the particular content of knowledge, with particular powers of intelligence, a particular view of cause and effect, a particular logic, in short, a particular form of thought." So, the average workingman today imagines he is living in the America of half a century ago, before the rise of modern industry—which accounts for his voting the Republican or Democratic ticket because his father or grandfather did. When the ideas of the working class catch up with existing conditions, there will probably be a social revolution.

Again, as Labriola tells us, Italy for a time fell out of the course of the nations. Japan, on the other hand, profited by the experience of other countries; it is possible, although not altogether probable, that Russia will pass from a state of feudalism into Socialism without tasting much of capitalism. The Socialist movements in different countries assume different aspects, although they have a common ideal.

Nor is historical materialism a new pantheism, counting the hairs of one's head and watching the fall of a sparrow. It is satisfied with explaining the questions of greater moment, accounting for the evolution of society from savagery to civilization, explaining political disturbances, waves of reform and religious sentiment, and the rise and decline of philosophies and nations.

Historical materialism, in declaring that ideas change with the change in material conditions, runs counter to the theory that ideas create themselves or are lassoed by the individual out of the sea of consciousness which always was and will be. It also runs counter to the theory that certain ideas and principles are eternally true, irrespective of time and place. As Marx says: "Thus these ideas, these categories, are not more eternal than the relations which they express. They are

historical and transitory products." This is, of course, a rude shock to the budding philosophers who, every three or four years, rediscover the eternal principles of social harmony. But that cannot be helped.

It is by the test of history that the theory of historical materialism must stand or fall. History will tell us whether institutions are transitory and in what degree they correspond to changes in the method of securing a livelihood.

For example, nowadays we are asked to regard property of a certain kind as "private and sacred." Yet this was not always so. Lafargue tells us that "a citizen of Sparta was entitled without permission to ride the horses, use the dogs, and even dispose of the slaves of any other Spartan." Imagine pursuing the chase with the dogs, horses and servants of one of our social swells today, without so much as "by your leave!" As to the ephemeral nature of property, an American economist, Atkinson, goes so far as to say: "The only capital which is of permanent value is immaterial—the experience of generations and the development of science." Indeed not only is right in the possession of things not eternal, but is dependent upon man-made law. So Lafargue quotes Locke, the English philosopher: "Where there is no property there is no injustice." Cooley, an American authority upon constitutional law, declares: "That is property which is recognized as such by law, and nothing else is or can be. Property and law are born and must die together. Before the laws there was no property, take away the laws, all property ceases." Property, therefore, is not something eternal, but is a transitory arrangement subject to social needs. On this point Cooley says: "The courts . . . . seem to have laid down the broad doctrine that where private property is devoted to a public use it is subject to public regulation." Public necessity has gone further than regulation. In the coal strike of 1902 several mayors confiscated carloads of coal with no pretense at "due process of law."

Speaking of the "sacredness" of private property, the following utterance is instructive, in that it concerns a notoriously lawless destruction of the property of certain eminently respectable gentlemen. The reference is to the Boston Tea Party. "This is the most magnificent movement of all. There is a dignity, a majesty, a sublimity in this last effort of the patriots that I greatly admire. . . . This destruction of the tea is so bold, so daring, so fixed, so intrepid, and inflexible, and it must have so important consequences and so lasting, that I cannot but consider it an epoch in history." This attack upon the sanctity of private property was not the deed of some sacrilegious firebrand, but the cold,

measured syllables of that austere Puritan and prim jurist, John Adams. Again, by the stroke of a pen, Lincoln confiscated millions of dollars of southern property. So much for the "sacredness" of property.

Justice, morality, equality, liberty—all these have significance only as regards specific historical conditions. When severed from those conditions they are either meaningless or, as often as not, serve reactionary purposes. Labriola sums it up when he says: "Ideas do not fall from heaven; and, what is more, like the other products of human activity, they are formed in given circumstances, in the precise fullness of time, through the action of definite needs, thanks to the repeated attempts at their satisfaction, and by the discovery of such and such other means of proof which are, as it were, the instruments of their production and their elaboration." Thus our modern unctuous moralists tell the workers: "Think more of your duties and less of your rights." Which is exquisite slave economy. Thus a professor of political economy recently ventured the opinion that the labor problem might be solved if married women, together with their husbands, went to work. Which is either irony or impudence, and a fair sample of non-Socialist political economy. What influence material conditions exert upon creeds is witnessed in the decline in America of Judaism, the faith of a people who have heretofore maintained their race identity despite centuries of persecution.

It is a commonplace that "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out the window." That marriage is not necessarily a moral and spiritual union Seligman shows, when he says: "The earliest division of labor rests on the principle that the female attends to the vegetable sustenance, the man to the animal diet, and on this fundamental distinction all the other social arrangements are built up. Marriage, for a long time, is not an ethical community of ideal interests, but very largely an economic or labor relation." It has been observed that the number of marriages fluctuates with the price of food. The agitation against race-suicide springs from an economic motive.

Behind those companions in iniquity and hypocrisy, "our manifest destiny" and "benevolent assimilation"—at the point of the bayonet—lurk economic interests. Such men as Carl Schurz and Wendell Phillips knew this. Schurz saw in the Civil War a conflict between the economic interests of the North and the South, between cotton and iron. Said Wendell Phillips: "It is not always, however, ideas or moral principles that push the world forward. Selfish interests play a large part in the work. Our Revolution of 1776 succeeded because trade and wealth joined hands with principle and enthusiasm—a union rare in the history of revolutions. Northern merchants fretted at England's refusal to allow them direct trade with Holland and the West Indies. Virginia

planters, heavily mortgaged, welcomed anything which would postpone payment of their debts—a motive that doubtless avails largely among Secessionists now." Loria declares that statistics prove 258 out of 286 wars to be distinctly due to economic causes, while in the remainder, apparently fought on religious grounds, economic influences were at work but obscured. Quite recently Seth Low, among others, at a congress of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, in 1905, declared that all wars are commercial.

Every important change in the method of securing a living is accompanied by a class struggle in which a new class or a class formerly subordinate forces itself to the front. The class character of society, indicated in all institutions, is especially evident in examining legislation. When we declare that Pennsylvania is the property of the Pennsylvania Railroad, we do not mean that most of its officials are on the payroll of that corporation. Some probably are, as recent disclosures show, just as the Chicago University is the by-product of Standard Oil. We mean that, wittingly or not, the interests of that corporation are so well served by the legislators of this state as to make it appear that this is their primary reason for holding office. The principle of tariff legislation has undergone an interesting transformation. In the early days John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, voted for protection for the South. When the manufacturing interests of the North came into control, they became the ardent advocates of a high tariff. For years the policy of the government was, practically, to "stand pat." Now that capital is becoming international, reciprocity and tariff revision are on the carpet. The more capital extends its grip internationally the surer the tendency toward free trade. In the same way, the attitude toward the trust has changed. In the days of Mark Hanna, "there were no trusts." Later, there were "good trusts and bad trusts." We are already at the point when large investments are immune, when President Roosevelt permitted the Steel Trust to assimilate the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company and informed the Senate that it was none of their business. Competition is no longer the "life" of trade. Trade is the death of competition.

Reform measures also depend upon circumstance. Very often the demand of a subjugated class is conceded by the ruling class, because the ruling class profits by the measure. For example, rate legislation and federal licensing of corporations. In the days of competition which existed some generations ago, but not since, uniform rate legislation might have secured equity among common carriers and, by preventing discrimination, might have interfered with the tendency toward trustification. But today, when the larger industries are monopolistic and inter-related, a uniform rate, especially if high enough, would complete

the work of driving small enterprise out of business, while changing only the pocket into which the general profits would flow for the trusts. So federal licensing of corporations means that the federal government lends its hand to large enterprise, because only large enterprise does a national business, thus protecting it against the encroachment of state legislatures in the control of the so-called middle class or working class.

The class character of society is more pronounced as between the capitalist class and the working class. Thus, to take something without rendering an equivalent is purely a class wrong. For a worker to snatch a loaf of bread to appease his hunger is punishable and punished by law; for a capitalist to exploit the same worker mercilessly is good business. Because the worker is a worker, dealing with the realities of life, laboring with Mother Earth to minister to the comfort of the race, his conceptions are generally antagonistic to those of the ruling class, who render no useful service and whose privilege is based upon legal fiction. Here many able men who consider themselves exponents of Marxian historical materialism, Seligman among them, fall short of the mark. For historical materialism explains how historical materialism came to be.

We need not pause to consider the school book notion that history writing is an accurate record of events. To be something more than chronology, events must be interpreted, arranged as to cause and effect. And second thought will convince even the school child that the stirring times of 1776 have heretofore made an entirely different impression upon American as against English historians. In the higher schools this unhistorical method is rapidly being abandoned. It is recognized that the writing of history does depend upon the standpoint of the historian. It was, therefore, no accidental coincidence, as Seligman thinks, that Marx, who stood political economy right side up, should turn right side up the philosophy of history and become a Socialist. That is why in Marx the theories of surplus value, class struggle and historical materialism are co-ordinated and united. That is why historical materialism, in its fullest and completest sense—its only proper sense—is the method and the weapon of the working class, coming only with the rise of the modern labor movement. That is why Marx and Engels were Socialists, instead of closet philosophers, why they were the guiding spirits in the first international organization of the working class, why they were able to map out in the rough the line of march the working class organization has since taken and is taking.

But if Seligman's tendency is to castrate historical materialism, by depriving it of its revolutionary character and its corollary, the class struggle, in an attempt to make the theory more "moderate," Loria

goes him one better as an "extremist" in the other direction. So Loria says: "Capitalist property is not a natural phenomenon but a violation of law, both human and divine—the impossible erected into a system." With Loria, as with many non-Socialists, the "unnatural" is here in full bloom. Which is perfectly natural—for Loria. Well, as capitalist property is "unnatural" and "a violation of law, both human and divine," the sooner it goes the better, one would suppose. But, naturally or otherwise, Loria argues the contrary. "In the first place there is abundant opportunity to ameliorate the sanitary and economic condition of the poorer classes without in the least interfering with the rights of property, and measures of this kind are in no way excluded by our theory." For Loria, capitalist property, which came into being by the violation of law and ethics, is nevertheless sacred, and his plans for ameliorating the condition of the workers do not in the least interfere with the "rights of property." The only ray of hope he holds out is: "The bipartition of the revenues is the salvation of the proletariat." The workers, consequently, can find relief only in keeping the landed aristocracy and the capitalist class at each other's throats. What the working class is to do when landed aristocrats and capitalists together clutch the workers' throats, Loria does not say. Nor does Loria consider that the working class, who are the largest class and the only socially necessary class, might decide to rid themselves of landlords and capitalists. Loria and Seligman occupy a position similar to that of Feuerbach in philosophy. Backwards they are historical materialists; forward, idealists

Historical materialism not only accounts for itself, as well as for the rise of contrary theories, but foretells its own passing. For it may be said with some assurance that with the end of capitalism and class rule, the influence of material conditions on society will be reduced to a minimum. Marx's method, the interpretation of events and ideas by historical fact instead of fancy, will likely endure much longer.

Meanwhile the Socialist goes about his business of studying the anatomy of present society, interpreting history and organizing the working class for the coming change.

For historical materialism is not a form of fatalism. Not only does it recognize the importance of intellectual forces, but declares that their importance grows with time. To be aware of the direction and rate of the power moving society, to be conscious of the necessity for class action, is the duty imposed upon the workers. So it is that as it grows and makes progress, the Socialist movement more and more displays its class character. And it is because of this fact that we can say: Socialism is inevitable!

Historical materialism is therefore the most formidable weapon in

the arsenal of the toilers. By its use the mission of the workers to conquer the productive forces will be accomplished, so that thereafter intellect will control destiny and society will consciously mold its environment.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A COURSE OF READING.

The following list of works is recommended to the student. They cover the subject touched upon by the above article, and it is suggested that they be read in the order named.—J. E. C.

Socialism, Positive and Negative. By Robert Rives LaMonte. Cloth, 50c.
Evolution of Property. By Paul Lafargue. Cloth, $1.00.
Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History. By A. Labriola. Cloth, $1.00.
Socialism and Philosophy. By A. Labriola. Cloth, $1.00.
Economic Interpretation of History. By E. R. A. Seligman. Cloth, $1.50.
Economic Foundations of Society. By A. Loria. Cloth, $1.25.
Ethics and the Materialistic Conception. By Karl Kautsky. Cloth, 50c.
Theoretical System of Karl Marx. By Louis Boudin. Cloth, $1.00.
Revolution and Counter-Revolution. By Karl Marx. Cloth, 50c.
Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte. By Karl Marx. Paper, 25c.
Eastern Question. By Karl Marx. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London.

All these except the last named can be obtained from Charles H. Kerr & Company, Chicago. Professor Seligman's book, however, being published by an eastern house, is subject to no discount to stockholders.

The Marxist absolutely denies the freedom of the will. Every human action is inevitable. "Nothing happens by chance." Everything is because it cannot but be. How then can we consistently praise or blame any conduct? If one cares to make hair-splitting distinctions, it may be replied that we cannot, but none the less we can rejoice at some actions and deplore others.—Robert Rives La Monte in Socialism, Positive and Negative.

Laborism versus Socialism

By William English Walling

"The teachings of Manchesterism were the first spiritual weapons which the capitalistic class brought into use against the Socialist labor movement both in England and Germany. No wonder that many Socialist workers got the view that the conceptions of Manchesterist and capitalist, on the one hand, and the interference of the State in economic relations and Socialism, on the other, were one and the same thing; no wonder, too, that they believed that the conquering of Manchesterism meant the conquering of capitalism. Nothing is less true. Manchesterism has never been anything more than a mere teaching, a theory, which the capitalistic class made use of against the working people and also against the governments, when this suited its purposes, but it took good care not to carry it out wholly. And at present the Manchester teaching has lost all influence on the capitalist class.

"The latter has not only lost its self-consciousness, which was the necessary condition of the Manchester teachings; it has already seen that economic and political development has made necessary and inevitable the taking over of certain economic functions by the State. . . . . It can by no means be said that . . . every nationalization of an economic function or of an economic enterprise is a step towards socialistic co-operation and that the latter would grow out of a general nationalization of all the economic enterprises without the necessity of making a fundamental change in the nature of the State."

WE have quoted these passages from Kautsky's "Erfurter Programm" because we do not think that the contrast between State Socialism and Social Democracy can be more clearly stated. State Socialism is the opposite, not of capitalism, but of the old laissez faire, or "Manchesterian" attitude of certain extreme individualists and advocates of the competitive system. But nowhere, as Kautsky has shown, have the capitalists, in spite of these Manchestrian theories, failed to make the fullest use of the State for their own purposes. This is even more true in England and the United States than in other countries, on account of the fuller development here of the capitalist class—for the State in Italy and Germany has interfered not for the capitalist, but for the sake of the official class or that of the remnant of the feudal landlords—a point which Kautsky also makes clear.

Social Democracy is the antagonist, not of the policy of "laissez faire," which was never more than a theory, but of capitalism. Mr. Keir Hardie's speech in Carnegie Hall ought then to make it clear that the Independent Labor Party of Great Britain is not a Socialist organization, but purely an advocate of State Socialism. In answer to a question, Mr. Hardie put off what he called "communism" into the limbo of the distant future along with anarchism and what not. What we are

working for now, he explained, is "Collectivism or State Socialism, the next stage of evolution towards the socialist state."

Mr. Hardie is then at one with a certain element of the Fabian Society which frankly avows its intention to support State Socialism and bureaucracy.

Naturally the program and tactics evolved by a State Socialist Party are the very opposite of those of a Social Democracy. The German party, for instance, has always held aloof on the question of national ownership, the Independent Labor Party puts national ownership in the foreground. The German party has always attached a secondary importance to such labor legislation as it is possible to obtain from a capitalistic state, the Independent Labor Party bids for the labor vote almost wholly on the basis of certain pitiable insignificant labor laws it has obtained after many years of effort. The "Erfurter Programm" put democracy in the foreground, as does every genuine Socialist party the world over. Keir Hardie and the Independent Labor Party have not even declared against monarchy. "Our attitude towards the monarchy," said Mr. Keir Hardie at Carnegie Hall, "is one of leaving it severely alone. The King does no harm."

Neither is Mr. Hardie nor his party disturbed by the fact that a third or fourth of the working class of Great Britain are disfranchised by registration laws and property qualification, nor does he attack the House of Lords as aggressively as do the mere radicals. His party makes nothing of the Initiative and Referendum and seems to fear rather than desire the second ballot.

The reason why the Independent Labor Party does not bother itself much about the establishment of a genuine democracy in Great Britain is clear: The party relies almost exclusively on the support of the aristocracy of labor. It does not throw the emphasis on universal suffrage because that element of unskilled labor which is excluded from many Britsh trade unions would be hostile to the Independent Labor Party. It does not madly desire the second ballot because the only hope of the Independent Labor Party to do anything in the present generation is that it may be able to hold the balance of power in Parliament, as was done for a long while by the Irish party. But the policy of advancing the cause of Labor by co-operating in Parliament first with one and then with the other of the two capitalist parties, is precisely that followed by the American Federation of Labor at the present moment in the United States—only in Great Britain it is proposed to do the compromising in Parliament rather than outside of it. No Socialist Party in the world has adopted such tactics. In this matter the English Labor Party is following absolutely along the lines of the Australian Labor Party, and

any one familiar with the Socialist principles of Australia knows that there is every possible hostility between the tactics of the Labor Party there and anything that can be truly called Socialism.

Not only are the program and tactics of the British party as far as possible from social democracy, but their goal, State Socialism, is wholly removed from genuine Socialism. There are two great measures that represent, not confessed palliatives, but the very goal of the British movement: the so-called abolition of poverty and the solution of the unemployed problem.

It cannot be denied that these State Socialist proposals would be very radical ones for any existing government, but if the British Liberal Party progresses towards capitalistic collectivism in the next ten years as it has in the last decade, it may very well be expected to adopt measures along this line. The abolition of the extreme form of poverty by some kind of public employment and the endowing of every citizen with a right to work would not be a greater undertaking than the building of the Panama canal or the taking over of the railways by a modern state. It would be perfectly possible to find employment of a kind useful to the whole state or even of a special use to the capitalist class. Such employment would mean, of course, that the unemployed would be drilled and barracked a good deal like soldiers, and that there would be a great loss of personal liberty, as in Prussia at the present time, where a large part of the unemployed are already set at work by the police.

The primary purpose for instituting such measures as these, as well as the feeding of school children, etc., would be to insure better and cheaper workingmen to the employers and better soldiers to the State. They would certainly be helpful to the Socialist movement in so far as they were not accompanied by a strengthening of the police and military state. But as long as there is no powerful and genuine Socialist Democratic Party in existence, it is almost certain that the governing class will take advantage of such reforms to cut down individual liberty in the most dangerous way.

We shall close with a few quotations from Mr. Hardie's address to the American people, showing clearly where he stands. He says: "Every class in the community approves and accepts Socialism up to the point where its class interests are being served."

This is the clearest possible State Socialism. Certainly every class in the community approves and accepts State Socialism up to the point where its class interests are being served, but no class approves of Social Democracy excepting the working class, using that expression, in the larger sense of the term, including, of course, the intellectual proletariat and that part of the agricultural population which is more proletarian

than capitalist as a matter of fact. Mr. Hardie uses the word Socialism in the sense of State Socialism and nothing more.

Again he says, "Our contention has been and is that Socialism can never be fully established until the working class intelligently co-operate with the forces at work in bringing Socialism into being."

In other words, Socialism can be partly established without any activity of the working class. This again can only refer to State Socialism or the extension of the capitalistic state into the field of private industry. As Kautsky says, "such an extension of the capitalist state does not necessarily mean Socialism at all."

But these last quotations are scarcely necessary when Mr. Hardie himself says that "State Socialism is the next stage of evolution," implying that this is also the goal for which the Independent Labor Party is now struggling.

Finally, let us quote Mr. Keir Hardie's answer to the most pointed question put to him at Carnegie Hall. When asked what the British labor movement would do for India, he answered that they would "favor granting such *reasonable* reforms as were demanded by the reform party there."

Here is the rock on which the Labor Party of Great Britain is bound to be wrecked. It does not stand for the self-government of India as we stand for the self-government of the Philippines. Mr. Hardie's language, though sometimes in advance of Premier Asquith's, was in this important Carnegie Hall speech precisely that which might have been used by the Premier himself. But if India is retained as a dependency of Great Britain, without the fullest self-government, this will inevitably mean a continuation of the present special exploitation of the country by British capitalism. And it is the markets of India and Egypt that are the main objective of the envy of Germany and other continental states, and that constitute the chief motive of modern imperialism.

In a word, Mr. Hardie's timid and vacillating attitude towards India, exhibited on this and many other occasions, makes it impossible for his party to take up that thoroughgoing hostility to imperialism which is alone consistent with Social Democracy as understood in every country in the world today. In the meantime the imperialistic sentiment limits the development not only of Socialism, but of even laborism and radicalism in every class of Great Britain. As it is being allowed to go on unchecked, it will certainly lead in the near future to the most serious rebuff of all the progressive forces of that unfortunate country. We do not speak prophecy, but simply sum up the existing tendencies as shown in all recent bye-elections.

We must add a few words in reply to Mr. Keir Hardie's advice that

we in America should imitate the deplorable tactics of his so-called Socialist party. We have already shown the inconsistency of his tactics with anything resembling Socialism. Let us add only this further point, that the Socialist Party in America has already made considerable progress among the proletarian farmers and a very remarkable progress indeed among the intellectual proletariat. Certainly the majority of the voters obtained by the party in the last election were cast by these two elements.

But a labor party in America would be far more disastrous than it has been in Great Britain. All the political results of the past twenty years have shown that the American Federation of Labor is able to wield and control only a small part of its full voting strength. Let us concede that the American Federation of Labor in the last election was driven by the force of events to take precisely the position it did take, that it was forced into politics, and that neither the organization nor the rank and file of the membership were ready to take a more advanced position than they took at that time. What then were the results of this incursion into politics?

It has been conceded by all observers that the result was neither a total failure nor a great success. Whether Mr. Gompers took away a hundred thousand votes from the Republicans and delivered them to the Democrats, or whether he took away three hundred thousand and so reduced the Republican majority by six hundred thousand votes, is a question that cannot be decided on the face of the returns. But there would be scarcely a responsible observer in the country that would estimate the success of the movement at a greater figure than the latter.

The American Federation of Labor, aware of its political weakness, is in politics at the present moment solely for the purpose of *defending* the rights of labor as they existed or seemed to exist fifteen or twenty years ago. Whether justifiably or unjustifiably, it is purely a defensive movement. By its political action in the recent election probably twenty or thirty congressmen were saved for the Democratic Party that might have been lost to the Republicans. Mr. Gompers' policy did have some effect.

But if there had been a combination with the Socialists (leaving aside for the moment the losses and compromises which the Socialists would have suffered by such a transaction), what would have been the result for Labor? Possibly twenty or thirty Socialist and labor congressmen might have been elected, but even this could only have been accomplished where the Democrats and Republicans did not fuse against them. In other words, capitalist favor alone would have granted even this handful of victories. As the history of the American Congress

has shown, a small group of Congressmen is utterly powerless and insignificant in the Congress of the United States. Limited as Congress is by the President's veto, by the Supreme Court, by the Senate and by the powers of the separate States, it has an influence in our institutions only through a most vigorous set of "rules" by which minorities are reduced to insignificance. The powerlessness of a minority was shown at the time when the Populists had twenty or thirty congressmen.

On the other hand, the hostility of capitalism to the Labor movement would have been greatly increased, judicial decisions would have been more despotic and brutal and the unions would be reduced to half of their present economic power. Labor's purpose of self-defense, rather than being strengthened, would meet a crushing set-back, and the economic unions would have to wait for many years before the new political organization could show such strength as to obtain the slightest respect from the national government.

Besides the damage to the cause of Socialism and the damage to the cause of Labor that would have resulted from the formation of such a party, both movements would have suffered in common another and still more dangerous loss. At the present moment not only have the Socialists the invaluable support of other elements of the proletariat than the manual workers, but the Trade Unions have been extended the hand of friendship by several of the leading radical organizations of farmers. A Labor Party, which would necessarily resemble the British party in many respects, would antagonize all these classes, so that it might take decades to win them back to their present friendly attitude.

The Socialist and the Labor movements must ultimately grow together; but not by compromises, not by leaning together at the time of the weakness of both movements. As the Socialist Party grows and obtains a foot-hold among every element of the community except the capitalists and those whose lives are guided by the ambition of becoming capitalists or of serving them, it will find every year that it is co-operating with the Labor Unions more and more on the same broad and democratic field.

The Labor Unions, on the other hand, will feel that they must secure the aid, not so much of the Socialists, of whose friendship they are already absolutely assured, as of that large radical element in the cities and in the country which is necessary, not only for Labor's immediate defense, but for any conceivable plan of social and political reconstruction, whether taking its point of departure from the present philosophy of Labor or that of the Socialist movement.

Let Labor and Socialism both continue their development along the present lines. The time will undoubtedly come when they will find

themselves at one without the necessity of compromise on either side. But let us hope that this day will not arrive until the majority of brain workers of the country and the majority of the workingmen farmers will also have discovered that Social Democracy is their last and only hope.

America is too far advanced economically to give any hope to a political movement founded on the support of such a small proportion of the community as can be embraced in the ranks of organized and skilled labor. No class in the community is now or will be a more powerful factor for the establishment of Social Democracy than this skilled and organized body. The Labor Unions may well take the *leadership* in the movement for the establishment of a genuine Social Democracy in this or any country. But the moment they begin to *monopolize* the movement to the *partial exclusion* or *subordination* of unskilled labor, of the brain workers and of the farmer workingmen, the fate of democracy is sealed.

Let us all hope that there will never arise a British Labor Party in the United States!

Whoever desires to be an intelligent Social Democrat must improve his method of thinking. It was mainly the improved method of thinking which helped the well known founders of Social Democracy, Marx and Engels, in raising Social Democracy to a scientific standpoint on which it finds itself now. . . . . The only and natural way consists in increasing our general knowledge by mastering the special branches of science.—Joseph Dietzgen, in "Philosophical Essays."

The Economic Aspects of the Negro Problem

By I. M. Robbins

VII. THE WHITE MAN'S POINT OF VIEW.



N many of the preceding chapters I have spoken at length of the material conditions, which went to make for the present negro problem. But it must not be forgotten, that in the present the negro problem is to a great extent a psychological problem, as all race problems (or rather, problems of race relations), necessarily are. I know full well, that to the enthusiastic neophyte of the doctrine of economic interpretation of history, this will appear to be a very reprehensible heresy, doubly reprehensible because it appears on the pages of the most important organ of scientific Marxism in this country. But this rigid, cast-iron conception of the great doctrine of Economic interpretation has done more than anything to get it into disrepute with serious students. The neophyte's conviction that for every social condition there must necessarily be found a coexisting economic cause, to serve as its only true explanation, stands too often in glaring contradiction to our every day experiences. Economic factors shape human destiny, but only through the medium of man's activity. That means that the economic forces work through the instrumentality of psychological conditions. The relation is not a simple mechanical one, but organic and extremely complex. It is just the interaction of present economic forces with psychologic ones which are in themselves results of economic forces of the more or less remote past, that make the study of social problems a matter of such difficulty.

Throughout my study of the negro problem I have never missed the opportunity to emphasize the importance of historical conditions in shaping the present negro problem. The preceding two chapters were devoted to a description of the material results of these historic conditions; the pages which follow will endeavor to picture the parallel psychological results.

What is the present attitude of the white man, and particularly the southern white man, towards the negro, and the negro problem? This is certainly an inquiry worth making. That is, moreover, the first question asked by any man who is thrown in contact with the South for the first time, and for the first time meets face to face with the race problem. In the following lines are summarized the results not only of a very careful study of the literature, but of many years of personal investigation and discussion, after which the writer must still proclaim himself as not converted to the southern point of view, a great many prophecies to the contrary notwithstanding.

At the very foundation of the white man's point of view, lies the deep conviction of the essential inequality of the races, of the biological supremacy of the white race over the African race, or all other races for that matter. We have shown that this faith in the lower biologic worth of the negro race has developed during the days of early slavery, and in the vast majority of the white population of the south, the conviction is just as strong now as it was in the hearts of their ancestors two hundred and fifty years ago, up to the cry of the fanatic that the negro is no human being at all, but a beast with hands and the power of speech.

In various classes and layers of society this conviction finds its manifold expressions and different proofs. The educated man falls back upon the evidence of history and biology and the theory of evolution, while the masses rely upon religion, and one might say, upon their personal ethnographic observations. "What has the negro given to civilization?" asks the college professor, or "Look at his facial angle," while the less educated briefly argues: "God himself has made him black, and therefore he is a lower creature."

You might find the latter method of reasoning logically weak. But the scientific man's argument is not more convincing. Has it been established that the facial angle measures the hierarchy of races? It is one of those scientific superstitions which have been as completely wiped out by modern anthropology as the naive faith in the value of cranial capacity as an index of individual mental ability, or the fetichism of Lombroso's physical signs of degeneration as symptoms of a criminal disposition. As great an authority of anthropological science as Professor Boaz totally denies the value of these signs for estimating the comparative worth of races.

Even a superficial analysis shows that two entirely different elements are to be discerned in the statement that the negro belongs to a lower race. One is that the level of civilization of the negro race in its natural surroundings in Africa is lower than the level of civili-

zation of the majority of the white race; and that is a fact which can in no wise be denied. The other charge is very much more serious, namely, that biologically, structurally as it were, the negro race is lower than the white race, and that it cannot ever expect to reach the sublime heights of Caucasian civilization.

The practical conclusions to be deducted from these two statements are entirely different, nay directly opposite to each other. It is a well established doctrine of anthropoligical and historical science that the entire progress of human civilization, at least as far back as we have any records at all, no matter how enormous this progress was, has scarcely at all effected any essential organic changes in the nervous system of the white man. All these thousands of years have not placed us, organically, any higher than the poetical talent of a Homer, or the mathematical abilities of an Archimedes, or even the artistic talent of a Phidias, or the power for abstract reasoning that a Confucius possessed. If a citizen of old Greece could have slept through these twenty-five centuries, he could have entered our life after a very brief period of schooling, and his children would have been in no way distinct from our own children.

The essential question therefore remains: What is the difference between the white and black race? The answer to this question must shape our entire point of view as to the future relations of the white and colored race. In one case the distance between the two races is hardly worth discussing; in the other it is equal to hundreds of centuries, and is practically eternal as far as human history is concerned. But the southern gentleman seldom has the patience for such a careful analysis. The negro race is a lower race, he says, and thinks to have solved the entire problem, while in reality he has scarcely scratched its surface. The more progressive and tolerant southerner somewhat tones down the statement and says: "The negro race is a child race," seemingly with the faint hope that if some time in the future this child race will grow and mature, and become even as you and I, that will not happen in our time, and therefore we need not worry about it.

To prove his point the southerner makes use of a great diversity of arguments: He points to the statistical and ethnographical investigations of the negro's racial tendencies and peculiarities by the statistician F. L. Hoffman, or at the level of civilization of the contemporary Negro in Africa, as is done by Tillinghast, or finally he draws his conclusions from the present conditions of the American Negro. "Here," says the southerner, "is the negro after having lived in a civilized community for two hundred and fifty years; as you see, he has

not yet become a civilized being, he is not yet equal to the white man." To prove his point of view, the southerner asserts that the intellectual powers of the negro are very limited, that he is not fit for scientific study, that even simple reading and writing are acquired by the negro with great difficulty, and that the higher abstract concepts of thought are altogether impossible for him. If in answer to this argument you will point at the number of prominent and able negroes whose intellectual powers cannot be questioned, he will meet this argument by stating that most of these men are not pure negroes but mulattoes, and that in any case the exceptions only prove the rule.

But if you pursue the argument further, then in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the very much irritated southern gentleman will end by making another statement, that in any case the educated negro is worse than the illiterate one, and that to educate the negro is simply to spoil him. It is true that now the southern man frequently qualifies this statement by limiting it to secondary and especially higher education; that is, he considers scientific or literary education unnecessary or even harmful, while admitting the necessity of literacy. It is well therefore to remember that in the days of slavery and immediately after emancipation this negative attitude to education extended even to the most elementary schooling and that there are still a great many men in the south who continue to think likewise—not only among the uncultured white, but even among the highest political and social circles, as for instance the recent governor of Mississippi. It is true that now a large part of the southern white population does not agree with Wardaman's point of view, and appropriates considerable sums of money for negro schools, and this is the effect of the appreciation of the higher value of educated negro labor over common unskilled labor, by the growing class of employers in the south. But the south as a whole, preserves its very critical attitude towards negro academies and colleges, usually supported by northern benefactors, and the southern wage earner even now looks askance upon the education of the negro workingman, who is growing into a dangerous competitor.

In regard to the college negro, the white south is almost unanimous; every negro college graduate, from this point of view, is but a spoiled negro; for each college graduate is embued with personal dignity and pride to a degree quite unseemly in a negro, and he loses faith in the natural superiority of the white race.

Here one meets with one of the main inconsistencies, or rather contradictions, in the white man's point of view of the negro. On one

hand we find the positive assertion that as a lower race, the negroes are organically unfit for higher mental and scientific work; and on the other hand, a strong opposition to every effort of the negro to disprove this theory of inferiority by doing the very thing which according to southern theory he is incapable of doing. But this contradiction is instantaneously explained away, if we but remember that it is the desire of the white south that the negro remain a lower race.

Perhaps because it was found quite difficult to prove the low mental faculties of the American negro, the South has recently shown an interesting inclination to transfer the arguments of racial inferiority of the negro from the intellectual to the moral plane. But the argument from the morals, customs and habits of the negro in Africa cannot be very conclusive. This the southerner supplements with facts as to the immorality and criminality of the American negro, his lack of respect for the right of property, his inability to make a concentrated effort.

Granted, reasons the white man of the South, that the negro has made considerable progress in the intellectual field in the last two centuries and a half, he has also shown great deterioration on the moral plane. These are the results of the license of the last forty years, the effect of the poisonous idea of the equality of the white and black races. The average northerner has no conception of the low opinion the southerner has of the negro's moral nature. According to Graves and Page every negro is a potential committer of rape, and only dreams of the opportunity to assault a white woman and die. In the opinion of a southern white lady each or almost each negro woman is a thief and a prostitute.

Thus, the old time darkey is always the good desirable darkey, while the new modern negro is always a bad "nigger." This is quoted as evidence of the perfect unfitness of the negro for liberty, but in reality it is only an excellent proof that the average southerner is still longing not for the form but for the economic essence of the old ante-bellum relations between the two races.

Forty years have passed since the settlement of the great struggle; and the southerner violently denies the allegation that he longs for the re-establishment of slavery. Nevertheless the South still goes into a fury at the sight of a copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin and continues to idealize not only the slaveowner, the relations between the slave and the slaveowner and slavery as an institution, but even the slave himself.

Here we have come to the very essence of the problem. Slavery is impossible, of course. Nevertheless, the white man of the South

wants to keep the negro in the same place where slavery has put him. It may seem at a superficial examination that only an ex-slave-owner could wish for this, and that to the great mass of white population of the South the economic and social position of the negro was not a matter of economic consequence. On more careful reflection, it will appear perfectly plain, however, that in the normal stratification of society under modern conditions, the entire white south is raised in the social scale by keeping the negro down. The crowding down of the negro into the lower stratum almost automatically raises the lower strata of the white population.

In this fact, in addition to the survival of the psychological effects of past economic relations, may be found the explanation of the sincere conviction of the white man of the south that the negro, whether ordained by the almighty, or by the law of organic evolution, is destined to be a servant, a laborer, and nothing more, that the negro is not fit for anything else, is unworthy of anything else, and that the effort of the negro to expand beyond that function must spell ruin both for him and the white man.

And if it is admitted, that the negro is a lower race, a child race, a race to which even a little self-government is harmful and dangerous, one may well imagine what solution of the negro problem becomes desirable from this point of view. For be it understood, that both the north and the south, the white as well as the colored race, desire some solution of the race problem. Here and there the solitary voice of the idealist is heard insisting that the complete solution of the negro problem is thinkable only as a complete destruction of all legal and other specific restrictions against the negro as such. But the South as a whole holds the diametrically opposite point of view. The South is convinced that the problem will vanish as soon as all agitation is stopped against the existing restrictions, or those which are awaiting the day of their introduction.

What then constitutes the solution of the negro problem in the opinion of the average southerner? A representative and intelligent white man of the South sums it up in the following two requirements: first, the total destruction of any participation of the negro in politics, and second, the increase of productivity of negro labor. Another writer, speaking for a large southern society, adds: The acknowledgment of the futility of the social inequality of the negro.

Some degree of consistency cannot be denied this solution. It is of course to be regretted, from this point of view, that the 14th and 15th amendments to the Federal constitution put certain legal difficulties in the way of an early realization of this solution. But as

long as these troublesome amendments exist they must be circumvened. The methods in Alabama, Mississippi, Virginia and other states have proven fairly satisfactory, and some time in the future, when the influence of the democratic party in politics will be come stronger, one may hope for the revocation of the troublesome amendments. While a great many southerners prefer not to open their cards, and do not often express all their plans, expressions of the necessity of revoking these two amendments are heard oftener and oftener. And if it be admitted that the intellectual level of the negroes is not rising while their moral character is deteriorating, the conclusion necessarily follows that they are unfit to govern themselves, let alone participate in the government of a white population.

Once this complete destruction of the faintest hope of the negro for participation in the nation's political life is accomplished, the negro will naturally stop to "put up his nose." Then also will vanish his tendency to seek for social equality, and the negro will sooner or later admit that he is a member of a lower race, fit only for hard unskilled manual labor and domestic service. When such patriarchal relations between a superior and inferior race are re-established, then even education will do no harm to the negro, provided of course it is the sort of education suitable for a race of servants, which will improve the quality of his work and make him a more useful negro.

Such is without any exaggeration the solution of the negro problem proposed by the vast majority of the white south. If only the north will not interfere, if only the north will let us solve this question, which is our question, the way we see fit, everything will turn out all right, says the south, without noticing or not caring how dangerously close this comes to the arguments in favor of slavery made fifty years ago. "We shall know how to solve this problem satisfactorily both for the white and the black man of the south." This assertion that the interests of the negro are also taken into consideration in the offered solution may surprise the stranger. But there is no doubt that the southerner says it quite sincerely. After presenting all the arguments that the negro is a beast, or at least a lower race intellectually and a corrupted race morally, the southern gentleman in one breath proceeds to the amazement of the northerner: "We southerners love the negro. We are the only ones who have kindly human feelings towards him. The north does not know him, and does not care for him, but fights for his rights either for the sake of abstract principles, or out of political considerations. We understand the negro and his needs, and he understands us." Here again, the southern gentleman unconsciously repeats the pro-slavery arguments

of the fifties: "Of course," proceeds the southern gentlemen, "we do not love those new fangled young negroes, wearing glasses, a silk hat and full dress, but I assure you, sir, that way down in the south we have fewer of those new niggers than you have in the north."

Surprising as is this line of argument to any one who has not become accustomed to the southern point of view, it is still more surprising that there is a grain of truth in it. The most extreme negro hater will occasionally display a kindly, almost human, feeling for some particular negro, the peaceful, meek, good negro, be it understood. But the slightest provocation is sufficient to transform this kindly feeling into one of bitter hate. One must not expect any iron-clad rules in regard to the relation of the white man to the colored man of the south. Yet the vast majority of the white population does look upon the negro problem along the lines described above. Occasionally idealists may be met with in the south, who are ready to believe that some time in the dim future the negro population will rise to a level where it will no more be dangerous to grant him political power. Such idealists, however, are very few and far between. On the other hand, there are very many pessimists who are convinced that never will the two races be able to arrive at any modus vivendi, and that progress of the negro race will only aggravate the situation. Most southerners may dream of the good old slavery days with a sigh of secret regret, but these pessimists are still convinced that only under a system of slavery could the two races live peacefully together, and that since the days of slavery are gone the possibility of a modus vivendi has passed away with them.

The races must be separated! is the dominating cry of the south. But in different mouths the cry has different meanings. The moderate understand by it simply a continuation of the process which has been going on for the last twenty years. According to this scheme, the white man and the negro may continue to live next to each other, in the same economic sphere, and yet remains absolutely strange to each other in everything that concerns private and public life. Perhaps the most eloquent exponent of this conviction is Professor Smith of Tulane University, New Orleans, who was bestirred by the now historic luncheon of President Roosevelt and Mr. Booker Washington, to write a big book in support of the urgent necessity of social separation of the races. Perhaps it may be inaccurate to call Professor Smith a moderate. Certainly his statements are far from being that. But they are interesting enough in their own way to deserve here more than a passing mention, for Professor Smith claims the support of the whole range of biological and social sciences in support of his

view. The essential, eternal, organic inferiority of the negro race, in Professor Smith's opinion, is a fully established fact. And the denial of social equality, no matter how unjust or cruel it may seem to be, is but an unconscious effort of the superior white race to preserve its racial purity against contamination with the inferior blood, which would inevitably drag down the efficiency of the white race and spell degeneration to the entire nation. Of course, you will immediately point at the enormous number of mulattoes, quarteroons, etc., as evidence that there was in the white man neither a conscious nor a subconscious fear against the mixture of races; but—argues Professor Smith, that is an entirely different matter. No matter how many negro women have misbehaved themselves with white men, the effect of it simply was to add a considerable amount of white blood to the negro race, and if anything, it has improved the negro race; but it has not in any way affected the purity of the white stock in the south, as long as the white women have not been defiled by the negro men, and have not given birth to mulatto children.

One would naturally be inclined to ask, what possible relation there was between Booker Washington's luncheon with the President and the problem of miscegenation. But Professor Smith is convinced that social equality inevitably leads to mixed marriages, and that marriages of negro men and white women would become very common as soon as the social barriers were let down. He therefore argues with a great deal of enthusiasm and conviction, that it is the duty of the white man to stimulate and cultivate this opposition to any vestiges of social equality, be they ever so small.

This program does not satisfy the pessimist. From his point of view, the conditions which have forced the existing close proximity of the two race were a great misfortune; and this must be corrected, or rather undone. The races must be separated, not only in cars, theatres and hotels, but much more thoroughly and permanently. It must be a true separation in a geographic sense. The negro must be forced to emigrate. This plan of the mass emigration of the negro may sound like a huge joke, but it is not offered as such, and therefore must be considered seriously. Where should the negro emigrate? That is another question, to which many different answers are given.

The idea is not quite new. Even Jefferson, a strong antagonist of the institution of slavery, but little believing in the power of the negro to advance in civilization, saw the only possible solution of the problem in the return of the negro to their own country.

And towards Africa naturally turn the eyes of those who pretend to find a complete solution of the negro problem in the emigra-

tion of the negroes from the United States. "Let us return the unfortunate negroes to the land whence we have brought them," runs the argument. "Let us return them to their natural mode of life. That will be just to them as well as to us." The formula sounds well, but it would have been more applicable in the days when a majority of the negro slaves had still come themselves from the dark continent. The only experiment in that direction, the little republic of Liberia, was founded early in the nineteenth century, and the African Colonization Society, consisting of white benefactors, did all that was in its power, to attract thither a wave of negro emigration from the United States. The failure of this enterprise, although the republic of Liberia still exists, has forced the advocates of the theory of separation to look around for other outlets. For a time the newly acquired islands in the Atlantic as well as in the Pacific seemed to be specially adapted for this purpose. Why should not the American negro migrate to Porto Rico or to the Philippine Islands, where there are so many dark races, that one more will not matter very much? Suggestions are not wanting even of the desirability of granting the negro a definite territory in the far West, where they will possess all the political and civil rights and would have no cause for complaints. From the standpoint of pure logic, these schemes do not sound altogether impossible, and they gradually gain a few adherents among the professional classes of the south, who do not derive any profits from negro, and therefore have no use for him at all.

Yet these schemes are not worth the paper they are printed on. For there is no economic basis at all for any of them. The entire industrial and landowning capital protests against such schemes, for southern capital needs the negro, such as he is. As long as the majority of the rural population of the cotton states consists of negroes, cotton culture is impossible without negro labor, and no matter how successful the experiments of attracting Italian population may be, they cannot solve the economic problem of supplying the world with the necessary cotton. Moreover the Italian, nothwithstanding his superior efficiency, is by far not so desirable from the landowner's point of view, for he is not so easily and so thoroughly exploited.

The brazen egotism of the white race is the most characteristic feature of all the plans for the solution of the negro problem we have mentioned. Among the white population of the North, which has not been poisoned by the prejudice against the negro, at least not to the same degree, more genuine sympathy for the colored brother may be found. From the north has come the conviction that the level of culture of the negro must be raised, from the north has come the first

money for the organization of schools for the negro child and colleges for the negro youth, from the north came the first self-sacrificing young girls to devote their lives to the education of the negro children. Nevertheless, many new, decidedly different tendencies may be found in the north now. If Carl Schurz argued, shortly before his death, that the north must interfere in the solution of the negro problem, that the south is no more capable of solving it now than it was in the fifties and the sixties of the past century, we have on the other hand the prominent Lyman Abott claim that the negro problem is a purely local problem, that will and must be solved locally, if at all. If on one hand a man like Schurz considered the deprivation of the negro of his franchise a glaring infringement of his most sacred right, we have also Lyman Abbot proclaiming in harmony with the southerners the negro a child race, that cannot be entrusted with the right to vote. In other words, the superior attitude of the higher race is beginning to be felt in the north as well, though in a much milder degree, of course.

In a democratic country every important social problem must sooner or later find its expression in political life. The negro problem is no exception to the rule. Political, or rather partisan, considerations greatly affect the attitude of the white man towards the negro. For historical reasons, the republican party represents the traditional friend, and the democratic party the traditional enemy of the negro. For equally good historical reasons the south remains the mainstay of the democratic party. Thus we obtain the logically absurd situation that the party of liberalism and radicalism, the party of Bryan and Hearst, remains, as far as the negro problem is concerned, the party of reaction and tyranny. When Cleveland was elected in 1884, half the negro population expected the immediate restoration of slavery. And though twenty-five years have passed since, yet even now the Great Commoner does not dare to raise his voice in defense of the downtrodden race.

The blind faith of the negro in the republican party, which he knows only as the party to which he owes his liberty, is truly pathetic. Notwithstanding the many grave disappointments, that hope is still strong, and not even the Brownsville affair, and the eloquence of a Foraker, is able to break it down. The republican platform still includes paragraphs as to the rights of the negroes, a republican president still considers it his duty to distribute a few offices among the prominent negroes, but this is done out of consideration to the northern negro vote. As one southern state after another deprived the negro of his vote, the enthusiasm of the republican party has become

weaker and weaker. A new tendency has been growing in its stead. The growing complexity of American political and economic life has created many vital problems which very materially affect the pocket of the middle class. In regard to such problem as currency, or protection, or trusts and labor unions, the south cannot be as solid, politically, as a superficial inspection of its democratic vote may seem to indicate. Thus the number of people is growing in the south whom only the negro question keeps from joining the ranks of the republican party. And it did not take the republican leaders long to see that if it were not for the negro problem, the republican party might expect some success in the south. This has created the Lily White movement of some years ago. And quite recently Taft's attitude has been quite plainly conciliatory to the south.

These observations are trite enough; but the point that I wanted to make is this: it is true, of course, that the attitude towards the negro makes a democrat of the southerner, because the negro is republican; but the reverse is also true: the race relations are in their turn shaped by political partisan considerations, and the desire to gain the growing southern vote acts as a constant source of corruption of the old republican friend of the negro.

For the sake of completeness a few words might here be said of the attitude of the socialist white man to his negro brother and to the negro problem in general; but the subject is too important to permit of such superficial treatment and we postpone the consideration of this problem for the concluding chapter of the series.

The growing coolness of the republican and of the northerner in general to the negro, whom he finds a too heavy political burden to carry, naturally pleases the southerner immensely; he finds in this a striking support of his contention of the inferiority of the negro race, and a general approval of his policy. He can point to this change as evidence that race antagonism is not a specifically southern institution. And thus the mere fact of the rapid spread of a social wrong is taken to mean a strong justification of it.

Perhaps nowhere is this thought expressed more convincingly than in the very recent work on the American race problems by Mr. Alfred H. Stone, one of the most interesting books yet written on the negro question. The fact that Mr. Stone is a southern cotton planter, who has seen fit to devote nearly fifteen years of his life to the study of the negro problem, and that he treats the negro in his writing as in his private life with an exceptional degree of consideration and fairness, makes the book a valuable human document, and the vast knowledge displayed of the negro problem not only in this country but also in most countries

where the white and black race come into contact vouches for the accuracy of the facts presented. In a very crude way Mr. Stone's argument runs about as follows: It must be admitted that the negro is very unjustly treated in the south, and very often undeservedly so. It may seem wrong, but this is the fact. Moreover it is not due to the moral depravity of the southerner, for the northerner who comes to live in the south soon learns to treat the negro the same way; the northern communities treat the negro better, but only as long as they do not come very much in contact with the negroes; as soon as the negro population grows to any appreciable size, such communities become as rabidly anti-negro as the southern cities. The same attitude towards the negro is seen in the West Indies, in South Africa or anywhere where the two races come into daily contact. And Mr. Stone virtually asks us: "What are you going to do about it?" He asks it not in any spirit of arrogance, or reprehensible pride, but because he really does not know himself.

To him the problem is simply one of unavoidable organic race antagonism, which cannot be criticized, nor need be defended; it simply must be explained. No wonder then that Mr. Stone has no ready made solution of the problem up his sleeve. He should like to see the race relations improved, he is willing to support any movement in that direction which would appeal to him by its methods, but he is decidedly skeptical as to any such optimistic outcome in that direction. He is convinced that two races never lived in close proximity to each other without one race subjugating the other, and at the same time has very slim hopes for the negroes accepting this dictum of history and science. Altogether Stone cannot be very hopeful as to the outcome. But need we follow him in his pessimism? After all, even if all his statements as to the condition of the negro in all other Anglo-Saxon colonies were strictly correct, which they often are not, what would this universality of a similar negro problem prove, except that similar conditions have produced similar effects? One significant fact must be remembered and that is, that everywhere together with the social and political tyranny there were also found economic exploitation of one race by the other, and a constant desire to continue such exploitation. Is a disease universally present for that reason necessarily incurable? Is the wide extent of the anti-negro feeling any different from the universal extent of the anti-semitic feeling, say throughout the middle ages? Mr. Stone's argument is not conclusive simply because it presumes that the opportunity and desire for exploitation will never vanish from the horizon of our socio-economic life.

But the socialists know better!

(*To be continued.*)

How to Sell Literature

By William Restelle Shier



NE of the good rules is never to give away a piece of literature if you can procure payment for it. Not only will a person be more sure of reading a pamphlet for which he has had to pay than one which had been handed to him gratis, but the unconverted public ought to be made bear the cost of its own enlightenment Though the free distribution of papers and leaflets is frequently necessary to arouse interest in our movement, it is none the less wise to charge for the same whenever it is possible to do so.

As the dissemination of literature is the most effective propaganda work that can be done, I bespeak a careful reading of the following suggestions, which cover almost every known method of selling books and pamphlets.

(1) In the first place each local ought to appoint a literature agent, one who is likely to make a good salesman, a hustler of the first water, a comrade who has read widely and who is known to be a great lover of books, and along with him a committee of like calibre to help him in his work and assist him in selecting the literature to be kept on sale. In order to make as good a selection as possible the committee ought to procure the wholesale price lists of all the Socialist publishing houses in America and Great Britain, also quotations from capitalist publishing concerns on the socialist books they have turned out.

(2) At all propaganda and business meetings the literature agent ought to be present with his books. The best place to display them is near the door, so that people pasing in and out cannot help but see them. Then fully a quarter of an hour before the meeting is called to order a number of comrades ought to peddle books among the audience, some selling papers, some pamphlets, some the more expensive books. In this way Local Toronto sells more literature before the lecture than after it. Again, when announcements are in order some one, either the chairman or the speaker of the afternoon or a representative of the committee, should give a good, strong five-minute talk on the literature for sale near the door, drawing attention to some particular book or pamphlet, preferably those which deal with the subject under discussion. Then while the meeting is dispersing comrades might pass

again through the audience with literature in their hands, urging everybody to buy and sparing no effort to get people reading along socialist lines. At the business meetings some comrade ought to give a book talk with the view of encouraging party members to study the more advanced works upon the Socialist philosophy. This can best be done under the head of "the good of the movement."

(3) The Literature Committee of Local Toronto has adopted a novel and highly successful scheme for increasing the sale of literature among the unconverted. It is getting together a corps of volunteer agents who sell literature to their acquaintances during the week as well as at the propaganda meetings on Sunday afternoon. These agents procure pamphlets from the committee on credit, always carry some of them in their pocket everywhere they go, and whenever opportunity affords sell them to the fellows in the shop, to the tradesmen with whom they deal, to the boys in the trade union, and even to strangers in barber shops, on street cars and wherever one can start up a conversation about working class politics. In addition to this they call upon persons known to be interested in labor problems, such as trade unionists, single taxers, amateur reformers, temperance workers, socialist sympathizers and subscribers to socialist papers, with the view of getting them to purchase our literature. This is the kind of work which really counts. It is surprising, too, the quantity of literature which can be sold in this way. Anyone known to the committee can procure pamphlets from it on this basis, the money being turned over to it as sales are effected, while to all others the agent will sell literature at retail prices on the condition that it will be taken back and money refunded in case the books are not disposed of.

(4) In order to arouse interest in Socialist literature and thereby increase its sale the literature committee might have printed a little catalogue of its own containing a list of the principal books and pamphlets it always keeps in stock along with the price and a brief description of each, a little article on why one should study Socialism and a statement to the effect that the literature agent will try to supply any socialist book which he has not on hand whenever requested to do so. Or an equally efficacious plan would be to purchase catalogues in quantity from Charles H. Kerr & Company, the pocket library edition being especially adapted for this purpose, and give them away to each purchaser of a book.

(5) On all handbills, cards, leaflets, manifestos and advertising matter issued by the Local mention ought to be made that literature can be purchased at any of the propaganda or business meetings or from the literature agent, giving his name and address.

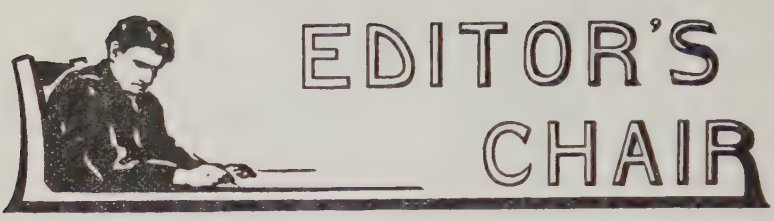
(6) Another scheme is to get the proprietors of book stalls, news

stands, stationery shops, barber shops and cigar stores either to buy small quantities of socialist books and pamphlets at wholesale prices on condition that all unsold copies will be taken back or to handle them upon a commission basis. To make this scheme a success the retailers should be supplied with window cards announcing the literature that may be purchased from them. By each comrade tackling those retailers with whom he is acquainted on this proposition considerable literature ought to be disposed of in this way.

(7) As a big mail order business is already being done in books, locals might consider advertising their wares in papers that are likely to produce results, but only if there is someone in the party who thoroughly understands how to work the proposition; otherwise it is likely to prove a sinkhole in the hands of the inexperienced.

As no attempt has here been made to do more than throw out ideas on how to sell literature, all the suggestions, barring perhaps the last one, which is of doubtful value, will bear elaboration. The thing to do is to study out in detail those recommendations which may possibly be used to advantage in your own locality.

The Socialist demand for a more equitable and popular distribution of economic goods can be realized by a democracy only, by a government of the people who do not tolerate the rule of a clique which, under the pretense of intellectual superiority, seeks to appropriate the lion's share of the social wealth.—Joseph Dietzgen, in Philosophical Essays.



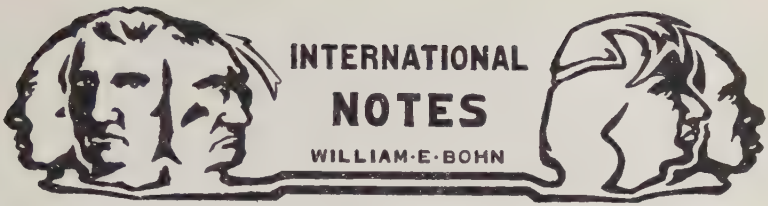
The Political Refugee Defense League. Americans have for generations been proud to say that this country was the refuge of the oppressed of the world. The claim has for the most part been a true one. Millions of the immigrants whose labor has developed the wealth of this country have been political refugees. And America has until late years been ruled by small property-holders, democratic in their ideas, who had small sympathy with old-world rulers. But a change has come. Our real rulers now are the trust magnates. Their field is the world; their interests demand a strong government wherever chattel slaves, peon slaves, serfs or wage slaves show signs of revolt. And no less positively do the interests of American workingmen demand that the revolutionary movements of these countries be strengthened, their refugees protected. To guard these interests is the work of the Political Refugee Defense League. It has waged a successful fight for the release of Christian Rudowitz, whom the Czar's agents would otherwise have carried away to torture and death in Russia. It is fighting the battle of other Russian revolutionists now under arrest in this country. But it has lately taken up another work, which is of even more vital interest to American laborers, and that is the fight for liberty of the imprisoned Mexicans. John Murray, in the leading article of this month's **Review,** tells a vivid story of horrible oppression at our very doors. The men who profit most by this oppression are the same magnates who are growing rich from the unpaid labor of American workingmen. Wage slavery and peon slavery look alike to them; either is good in proportion to the profits it brings. If they can introduce modern machinery into Mexico, and keep the present system of peon slavery, they will be enabled to depress the standard of living of American workmen, to their own greater profit. On the other hand, the success of the Liberal Party in Mexico, now kept down by force and fraud, will be a tremendous advance step for the international labor movement. The immediate purpose of the Defense League is to raise the money required to appeal the cases of the Mexican revolutionists now unlawfully imprisoned in the United States. In this aim it deserves and will have the support

of thousands who do not understand socialist economics but do believe in human liberty. Their aid in such a crisis is to be welcomed, and socialists everywhere should help the Defense League to reach new sympathizers. John Murray, the writer of the **Review** article, may be addressed at 180 Washington street, Chicago, and he will gladly send information regarding the work of the League.

State Capitalism. This we believe is a term less likely to be misunderstood than "State Socialism," of which William English Walling writes in this issue of the **Review.** By State Capitalism we mean the extension of the functions of the capitalist State to include the operation of industries formerly controlled by capitalists. The tobacco monopoly of France, the imperial liquor-shops of Russia and the State railways of Germany are typical instances of the State Capitalism of the past and present. We believe these instances will be multiplied many times over in the near future. Mr. Walling has admirably pointed out the fundamental differences between these extensions of State Capitalism and the things for which International Socialism is striving. State Capitalism is introduced by the capitalist class and for the capitalist class even though the laborers may apparently or temporarily be benefited by it. It is in most essential respects like the trusts. It makes labor more efficient; it eliminates waste; it usually improves the working conditions of the laborers immediately affected. It is in the line of evolution. Our efforts will be fruitless if we try to stop it, and they will be wholly superfluous if we try to help it on. What then should be our attitude? We are more firmly convinced than ever that Lagardelle struck the right note in his speech which we quoted on page 462 of the **Review** for December, 1908. Let the capitalists and their politicians decide for themselves without help or hindrance from us how soon their government shall take over their industries, and let us fight for the privilege of free organization into unions on the part of the wage-workers, whether employed by corporations or by the capitalist state. Meanwhile let us do what we can from day to day to make these unions revolutionary.

No Compromise. If the great machine industry had already been developed so that all industries were carried on by proletarians using tools belonging to capitalists, there could be no perplexity or disagreement as to the logical position of the Socialist Party. But a hybrid class lingers on the stage, made up of people who still unite the functions of labor and ownership. They work, and they own

at least part of the tools they use. Sometimes they employ a wage-worker or two. Their income comes partly from their labor, partly from their ownership of the tools. Some socialists hold that these small proprietors should not be allowed to join the Socialist Party at all. Others hold that special inducements should be held out to attract them, and that they should practically be allowed to dominate its tactics. Now their apparent, temporary, immediate interests are for lower taxes, cheaper freight rates, and various other reforms which are at least unconnected with the interests of the wage-workers and sometimes opposed to them. We believe the logical position for the Socialist Party is to welcome these men but not allow them to distort its program or tactics. If, as is the case with most of them, the main portion of their income is from their labor rather than from what they own, then our ultimate aim, the socialization of all capital, will be in full harmony with their ultimate interests. As for their real immediate interests, Marx shows in the third volume of Capital that they are bound up with the immediate interests of the wage-workers in an intimate fashion, little understood as yet, even among active socialists. If the wage-workers through their unions ever succeed in raising the general level of their wages without increasing the productivity of their labor, the average rate of capitalist profit will be reduced, but the sum total of the prices of all commodities will not be raised but will remain as before. The prices of particular commodities will, however, be readjusted to correspond to the reduced average rate of profit. That is to say, the products of the most expensive machinery will be cheaper, while the goods produced with simple tools will be dearer. Thus the small producers will share in the gain of the wage-workers, since they will get more for what they sell and pay less for much that they buy. Thus they can help themselves by doing what they can to strengthen organized labor. We hope later on to develop this argument more fully, for we believe that in it is a key to the difficult problem which threatens to divide our movement.



ARGENTINA. A New Socialist Review. One of the most interesting publications which I have seen in a long time is the first number of the **Revista Socialista International.** This journal is to be the literary organ of the socialist party of Argentina. It is published at Buenos Ayres, and the editor is Dr. E. Dell Valle Iberlucea. The first issue contains a fine array of articles, but the ones most interesting to North American socialists are those on the character of the movement in Argentina. Comrade Enrico Ferri made a trip to South America last fall. In a public address at Buenos Ayres, and now in a public article, he has formulated the results of his observations.

He holds that Argentina is not ripe for socialism. A socialist party, he holds, should be the natural product of the country in which it is formed. But the socialism of Argentina, it seems to him, was imported by immigrants from Europe. It was built on European models; its literature is made up of translations. The economic conditions are still largely agrarian. No matter how the factory system of Buenos Ayres may have been developed, there are still free lands to occupy. Society is not yet controlled by the machine. Under such circumstances Marx could not have written Capital and there cannot spring up an indigenous socialist party. A labor party, with certain limited demands; there can be; but that is another matter.

On the face of it this reasoning looks suspiciously abstract. And the answers written by various comrades who have devoted their lives to the movement in Argentina confirm one's first impression. Mr. J. B. Justro, for example, declared that Professor Ferri explained his theory within five hours after he had landed—and thereafter was entertained chiefly by capitalists and government officials. He then goes on to show that the industry of Argentina is merely a part of the world system of capitalism. He shows how the conditions which obtain at present in the South American republic are exactly those described in the last chapter of Capital. By systematic colonization, he maintains, capitalists have succeeded in pushing their system into unoccupied territories. He tells of the means whereby the agrarian laborers are kept poor and of the constantly increasing number of men employed in transportation and the building trades. He points out the significance of the annual immigration of a quarter of million laborers. If the majority of the proletariat is not class-conscious, that, he holds, is just one more reason why socialists should organize. There is a class-struggle, and so, theory or no theory, there should be a socialist party.

* * *

ENGLAND. Labor Party Congress. The ninth annual congress of the Labor Party was held at Portsmouth January 27-9. To those of us who have been watching the development of this party during the past few years, believing in it as the heart of the English proletarian rebellion, the proceedings of this gathering are of the highest importance. There

have been heard of late numerous murmurings of discontent within the party—discontent, first of all, with the parliamentary representatives of labor. They seem to have caught what Justice refers to as "the tone of the House." One of them, Mr. Peter Curran, complained recently that he and his colleagues were expected "to hurl the mace at the Speaker's head or have a game of catch-as-catch-can with the Prime Minister." Having decided to refrain from any such exhilarating form of recreation they have developed a degree of modesty and dignity which has won them favor in quarters where revolutionists are not usually considered popular. This has naturally produced discontent among their supporters. So pronounced has this become that it has resulted in a good deal of talk about the advantages of direct action—and this in England, the home of parliamentarianism. In a recent number of *Justice* Comrade Hyndman discusses the relative merits of the two methods of warfare. The fact that such a problem has been raised in England adds importance to the deliberations of the congress.

Another thing which might well cause anxiety among Socialists is the fact that the executive committee of the party seemed to be preparing for a break with the Socialists rather than with the Liberals. Its members had co-operated with the Liberals in the support of such measures as the Licensing Bill, and the *agenda* in which it made its suggestions to the congress was decidedly anti-socialistic.

And what has been the result of the deliberations at Portsmouth? In the first place, it must be said that the members of the Labor group in the House of Commons reported on their activity and were given every mark of confidence. They themselves deprecated the slenderness of their achievements, complaining especially of the inadequacy of the Old Age Pension Bill, but made no excuse except the obvious one that their numerical strength is small.

As to the relations between the Labor Party and the socialist movement nothing new developed. In one of the opening sessions Mr. Clynes, M. P., delivered a formal address on the subject. He spoke as chairman of the congress and evidently expressed the opinion of the majority. The upshot of his discussion was that socialism and laborism are different phases of the same movement—and that the party can have no alliance with any bourgeois organization. That this was the conviction of the majority of the delegates was proved by the acceptance of a resolution in favor of the cardinal principle of socialism. In plain words the congress declared itself "in favor of the socialization of the means of production and distribution and their democratic administration."

On the other hand, it was decided to continue the rule against permitting candidates to stand for Parliament as socialists. And when Comrades Quelch and Tillett undertook a general criticism of the party policy they were voted down by a large majority. In the main their attack was directed against coalitions between Laborites and Liberals outside of parliament. The resolution which they failed to put through read in part: "Party members are forbidden to speak in the support of any measure on the same platform with the representatives of the capitalist parties."

What, then, was the general result of the deliberations? Everything remains as it was. The Labor Party is socialistic in a general sort of way, but it refuses to be led by Social Democrats. Of course it is partially made up of Social Democrats. But it numbers now, counting the miners, about 1,500,000 members. The Social Democrats are much in the minority. More than this, they are looked upon as disrupters. So a non-socialist member may criticise as freely as he pleases, but a representative of the

Social Democratic party does so at his peril. On this account the activity of socialist leaders has counted for little.

* * *

FRANCE. Government Persecution. At last the affair of Villeneuve has been settled. It will be recalled that last summer there occured between Villeneuve and Draveil a clash between troops and a column of Parisian workingmen marching to make a demonstration in the interest of striking miners. A number were killed and wounded and a larger number taken prisoners. Of these latter all were soon discharged but eight. It was the old story. The government could not make out a case against them. It could be proved that the troops began the trouble. But the authorities were too cowardly to admit their mistake, so the unfortunates lingered in prison. Finally the Chamber of Deputies came to the rescue by voting to liberate them. On January 9th they were welcomed back to their homes by a concourse of 6,000 comrades. This is not a mere incident: it is part of a systematic war on the French labor movement. No doubt it will be followed up as soon as opportunity offers.

Senatorial Elections. On January 3d, occurred the elections to the French senate. Of course the socialists do not believe in a second chamber, and heretofore they have given expression to their opinion by refusing to take part in elections. They finally decided, however, that by pursuing this policy they have merely lost a chance to carry on propaganda. This year, therefore, they put up candidates and took an active part in the campaign. They were much handicapped by the electoral law; only the wealthier classes have a voice in the choosing of French senators. The numerical results achieved have naturally been unimportant. The present Radical government has been fully sustained.

The National Defense. Readers of the REVIEW still have vividly in mind the excitement recently caused in England by Comrades Quelch and Blatchford. These two socialist leaders attempted to start a movement toward the formation of a national army. Their argument was that such an army would be needed in the event of war with Germany. No doubt, however, they had always in mind the notion that the constitution of such a democratic force would throw military power into the hands of the majority. And now French socialists also are talking of a national militia; and their argument is not much different from that of their English comrades. The acceptance of socialist principles, they maintain, does not imply lack of national character or of willingness to defend national interests. It does imply an absolutely new notion of military organization. Armies have always been autocratically organized; they have always served the interests of a small ruling class. The spirit that has animated them has ever been opposed to democratic institutions. But this need not be so. An army including all the able-bodied men of the ntaion, in addition to insuring safety against attack from without, might be made the very citadel of democratic government. If the privates that compose it were not merely units to be ordered about, if the control were in their hands, the state would be secured against the danger of falling into the hands of a small class. This way of looking at the problem has many warm advocates in the socialist ranks. Whatever stand the party as a whole finally takes will be a matter of the gravest international importance.

* * *

RUSSIA. All-Russia Congress of Women. Although the counter-revolution is still in full force there are not wanting signs to show that Russian socialism is very much alive. We hear little of it because it is reduced to its old make-shifts. Its organizations are secret, and its literature is distributed "under

ground." But it has recently had opportunity to come out into the open. This was furnished by the All-Russian Congress of Women, held at Petersburg, December 23-30. Of course the congress was a bourgeois affair, but the socialist women sent representatives for the sake of attracting attention to their cause. The chief discussion was concerning the relative importance of sex distinction and class distinction. The majority insisted that all classes of women make common war for equality of sexes. The socialists answered that the bondage of a poor woman is different from that of her wealthy sister; and that the freedom she seeks is also different. Therefore her place is with the men of her class rather than with the women of another class. Of course this opinion was voted down, nevertheless the congress turned out to be a great success from the socialist point of view. It gave the comrades a rare opportunity to express themselves publicly and thus draw attention to their work and their principles.

The Methods of the Little Father. The past few weeks have given the whole world a flash of insight into the workings of the Russian administration. On January 22nd the Central Committee of the Revolutionary Socialist Party issued a formal statement as to the case of Asef, the famous government agent. This man was for years a leader of this wing of the Russian socialist movement. He was responsible for the deaths of Von Plehve, Grand Duke Sergius, and a number of other distinguished persons. Now it is proved conclusively that he was all the time under the direction of such bureaucrats as Ratchkovsky. He has fled and search for him has so far been in vain.

In itself this incident is of little importance; there have been other similar revelations, and it has long been known that the Russian government makes a trade of murder and betrayal. The significance of the affair lies in its educational value. It has brought home to the world outside of Russia the fact that the government of the Czar does not hesitate at deliberate murder of its most distinguished servants. But the revelation goes farther. It shows how difficult is the conduct of the revolutionary movement. Comrade Bourtsef, editor of a Russian journal published in Paris, declares that at one time the revolutionary tribunal was in possession of the names of sixty socialist leaders who were in the pay of the government. Agents of the Czar have organized labor unions, conducted strikes, done everything possible, to retain control of the proletariat.

One feature of the matter which is peculiarly enlightening is the fact that the government spies find their field of activity chiefly in the Revolutionary Socialist Party, not in the Social Democracy. Peaceful methods of propaganda, the campaign of enlightenment, offers them no basis of operations. It is among the bomb-throwers and immediate "expropriators" that they find their followers. They are able to confound revolutionary activity and plain thuggery in the public mind. And this is one reason why a counter-revolution has been possible. Whether the revolutionists will learn a lesson from this fact remains to be seen.



WORLD OF LABOR



BY MAX S. HAYES

What threatens to develop into a fierce struggle for the mastery among the iron and steel barons and to precipitate a desperate contest in the labor world has been foreshadowed by the action of the United States Steel Corporation in declaring for a general reduction of iron and steel products in order to stimulate trade and usher in the long-expected and promised prosperity. The corporation, at the most conservative estimates, controls about 60 per cent of the iron and steel output. Heretofore the trust has been fairly successful in dictating prices—in enforcing a "closed market," as they call it, at the price end of the line, and at the same time maintaining an "open shop" at the wage end. But during the past year some of the independents began to scab prices on the Corporation and securing business that the latter believed all its own. Consequently the honorable gents in control of the trust decide that the time has arrived to "protect their customers" and the announcement is made that an "open market" will prevail.

But no sooner is the gladsome news heralded broadcast among the trades people dependent upon the trust when it is followed by another announcement, universal in character, that "wages must come down!" Now while the United States Steel Corporation has had the advantage of running open shop and paying whatever wages the magnates thought they could spare after supplying themselves with the luxuries of which kings hardly dare dream and providing for a small army of politicians, editors, preachers and other retainers, the most of the independent mills have been operated under agreements with the unions, and it is those rivals of the trust who are now loudest in demanding lower wages. Naturally the organized workers do not relish the idea of being forced down to the Carnegieized level. Recent investigations have shown that wages in the trust mills at Pittsburg and vicinity are at the pauper point, if not below. Foreign laborers are working for $1.20 to $1.30 per day and skilled mechanics are paid $2 to $2.50 a day. Thousands of laborers and mechanics cannot even obtain employment at these prices.

Of course, when the Corporation begins to cut and slash prices in earnest the union mills, in which higher wages prevail, will find it difficult to meet the cut-throat competition and they will probably be forced to make reductions or be crushed by the octopus. The question arises when the the wage-cutting becomes general in the iron and steel industry, how long will it be before the movement spreads to other trades? I believe that the Socialists mentioned something about this probability during the recent campaign, and many Republican and Democratic workers accused them of desiring such a condition. No matter what the Socialists wished or did not wish they had no power in the premises. The anti-socialists better blame themselves and the masters for whom they voted.

During the past month another blow

has been struck at organized labor which would indicate that the movement to mulct the treasuries of trade unions and hold individual members liable for damages sustained because of picketing and boycotting will be followed up aggressively by hostile employers. The machinists at White Plains, N. J., went on strike against a local concern and picketed the neighborhood of the establishment. The president of the company sought an injunction to prohibit picketing and also prayed for damages for alleged losses incurred because the unionists succeeded in persuading strike-breakers to cease work. Suit was brought against the local union, the district council and individual officers and members. The court not only granted the injunction requested, but also gave the plaintiff a verdict for damages to the amount of $3,847, which sum must be paid by the machinists.

Still another case was recently decided against the plumbers at Newark, N. J. A non-union plumber sued the local union and its officers for damages, claiming that on two occasions he had lost his employment because the unionists working for the same firms had threatened to strike unless he was discharged. The court awarded the plaintiff damages in the sum of $250.

The principle of law involved in these cases seems to have been settled by the United States Supreme Court in the Danbury hatters' case. In all probability organized labor in every section of the country will henceforth be harassed by just such legal proceedings in order that strikes may be broken and the workers intimidated and cowed into accepting burdensome conditions. Indeed there are about a dozen of these damage cases now in court in various places awaiting trial and every suit won by the employers will naturally encourage other bosses to file additional cases.

In this connection it might be mentioned that an investigation made by a labor paper of the situation that obtains in Danbury, where most of the defendants in the big damage suit won by Loewe reside, reveals a sorry state of affairs. Scores of workers who struggled all their lives to accumulate a few dollars for the traditional rainy day or a little home for their old age find their property attached to satisfy the damages alleged to have been sustained by Loewe, and they are now despairingly awaiting the final decree of the United States court in entering judgment against them. It is a sad, hopeless condition, but capitalism is merciless in its treatment of the workers who dare to dispute its authority.

In the hubbub created by the Wright decision in the Bucks stove case a very important judicial ruling has been overlooked and which may be destined to become as famous or infamous as the Loewe decision in which the boycott was outlawed. Several months ago the Massachusetts Supreme Court handed down an opinion that members of trade unions could not be compelled to obey an order to strike issued by the organization or its representatives. A bricklayers' union in the foregoing state had called upon several members to cease work to enforce a demand, which order was disobeyed. The organization voted to fine the recalcitrant members, and the latter appealed to the courts for an injunction to restrain the union from enforcing its mandate. The case was fought up to the State Supreme Court, with the result, as stated, that that body held the organization had no right to fine members for refusing to strike. Now the Bricklayers' and Masons' International Union has decided to appeal the case to the highest court in the land for a final decision.

Everybody conversant with trade union affairs can readily understand that if the Massachusetts opinion is upheld labor organizations will receive the worst blow yet administered, for if they are robbed of the power to strike and to

discipline members who refuse to obey the will of the majority the unions might as well disband, as their position would become ludicrous and farcical in the extreme. While it is impossible to anticipate what the ruling of the United States Supreme Court will be in this momentous case, yet, judging from recent decisions handed down by that body, the outlook is anything but reassuring. The signs of the times indicate that the courts and employers' associations have determined to outlaw the strike as well as the boycott, no matter what labor may have believed were its constitutional rights and privileges. Perhaps in the long run good will come out of these hostile decisions. Labor still has the right to vote and it may transfer its fight to the political field in earnest.

The action of the United Mine Workers in endorsing the principles of socialism and voting down a proposition to form an independent labor party during their recent three weeks' convention has created a profound impression among the organized workers of the whole land, and their decision threatens to become infectious, as the California Building Trades Council, heretofore rabidly anti-socialistic, adopted a similar resolution, as did a number of city central and local unions in various parts of the country.

There is considerable conjecture as to what attitude John Mitchell, President T. L. Lewis, Congressman W. B. Wilson and other old party men on the Federation of Labor delegation will assume at the next convention, in Toronto, in November, when this question comes before the house, as it is almost certain will be the case. Mitchell will head the delegation, having received the highest vote in the recent referendum, and among his colleagues will be Frank Hayes and John Walker, who supported the Indianapolis resolution.

The miners' representatives will hardly dare to sidestep the plain will of the convention when it comes to lining up at the A. F. of L. gathering. At the same time it is only fair to say that the miners' delegation, considered as a whole, has always been quite liberal. Neither Mitchell or Wilson, who are Democrats, or Lewis or Ryan, who are Republicans, have been bitterly vitriolic like some other delegates and officers whose names need not be mentiond, in the discussion in the Federation conventions.

Of course, nobody expects, now that the miners have declared in favor of the principles of socialism, that the membership will run up to the polls and vote the Socialist ticket. But the declaration will help some in an educational sense. It will encourage discussion among the rank and file, and when the latter begin to read and think along socialistic lines real progress will be made. It is a fact that whole mining communities in the Middle States are becoming socialists in sentiment, and all that is needed is a plentiful diffusion of knowledge relating to the Socialist movement and the big union will become a permanent leader in the family of labor organizations in the march toward industrial emancipation.

Just about as handsome a victory as has been gained by organized labor at any time may be chronicled in the settlement made during the past month on the Denver & Rio Grande railway by the boilermakers, machinists and kindred crafts. For upward of ten months over a thousand workers had been engaged in a struggle with the foregoing corporation, which was charged with having violated an agreement and declared for open shop. In the settlement arranged the unions are conceded every demand made as to hours and wages, as well as full recognition, and the corporation also agreed to discharge all non-unionists and re-employ every mechanic and laborer

who walked out. It develops that the D. & R. G. not only suffered heavily in financial losses in scouring the country for strike-breakers, but its properties were greatly damaged by the mobs of incompetents who tried to fill the places vacated by the unionists.

The printers have also gained a notable victory recently when, after a seven years' fight, five daily newspapers in Pittsburg signed an agreement with the International Typographical Union and will operate as closed shops in the future.

Up to this writing the United Hatters appear to have the situation well in hand in their struggle with the employers' association in their trade. The hatters have checkmated every move made by the bosses to start open shop, and if the organized workers of the country can furnish a fairly decent amount of financial support the hatters will come out victorious, as there are not sufficient competent workers outside of their ranks to make any showing at operating open shop.

The crisis in the anthracite mining districts is rapidly approaching. The miners have appointed a special committee, headed by Congressmen Wilson and Nichols, to endeavor to arrange a settlement with the coal barons and avoid a national suspension on April 1. But the outlook is not very favorable, as the operators appear to want a strike for the twofold purpose of stiffening the prices of their surplus coal and to smash the union if possible.

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The death, recently, of Stöcker, the famous leader of the "Christian Socialist Party" in Germany, lends additional interest to Pastor Hermann Kutter's remarkable book, **They Must; or, God and the Social Democracy,** an English translation of which has just been published by our comrades of the Christian Socialist Fellowship. This is the book which Bebel has earnestly recommended for circulation among Christiaan people in Germany by the propagandists of the party.

It is in many ways a peculiar book, and in some senses a disappointing one. It is the work of one who is a preacher rather than a philosopher; eloquent as the old Hebrew prophets were eloquent, uttering hortatory messages that burn with an intense spiritual passion, Pastor Kutter appeals to the emotions of his readers and sweeps aside every intellectual difficulty. That the book is hortative rather than argumentative must not, however, be held to wholly discredit it. True, the Marxian Socialist who seeks in the book a philosophic discussion of such matters as the conflict of science with religion, the apparent contradictions between the materialistic conception of history and the religious concept, and numerous other matters of controversy, will be disappointed.

But, I repeat, that fact must not discredit the book, any more than the fact that a child's primer contains no learned discussion of cosmic consciousness discredits the primer. We judge the primer by its purpose, our standard of judgment is the mind of the child. So, if we are just and truly critical, we shall not judge such a book as this by any other standard than that of its purpose. It is not addressed to that class of readers whose interests lie in learned philosophic discussions, but to that great body of orthodox Christians who live and govern their lives by "Faith" rather than by philosophy. It is useless to argue that this Faith ought to be challenged, perhaps even shattered; that would be a perfectly legitimate aim for any writer to pursue, but it is not Pastor Kutter's aim. He accepts the Faith as axiomatic. He is a profound believer, most orthodox of orthodox Christians. One would not be at all surprised to find that he believes implicitly in the literal inspiration of every word in the scriptures. He is addressing a public as orthodox as himself, and his theme is "What About the Social Democracy? What Attitude Ought We Who Are Sincere and Devout Christians, to Adopt Toward It?"

It is well nigh impossible for one who is not himself an orthodox Christian to gauge correctly the value of such a book. Feeling this very keenly, I loaned my copy to three orthodox Christian friends and asked their verdict upon the book. One was enthusiastic and declared it to be "the voice of a modern Isaiah or Micah," one was indifferent, while the third was contemptuous. "Words, words, only words," he said. "The writer begs every question which thoughtful men must face," and the verdict went on to enu-

merate the multitudinous points of Christian doctrine which he felt to be incompatible with the Socialist philosophy. "Is it not a fact," asked this critic, "that the idea of personal salvation through faith is explicitly denied by Socialist teaching, and by the Socialist theory itself? Pastor Kutter does not face this problem, but simply thrusts it out of the way. To embrace Socialism he is willing to sacrifice his Faith."

The verdict of these three orthodox Christians, chosen because they seemed to be typical of modern Christians, does not help us to properly evaluate the book. Reasoning about the existence of a God seems to our author worse than useless. The Bible, he says, does not argue about God, but simply presupposes His existence, and so must we. God is. Nothing could be more simple than that fact, and we must not go behind it. But even the most orthodox believer might want some rational sanction for his belief in God, and in that case the book, it would seem to an ordinary candid reader, would start very ineffectually. So, when the author deems it a sufficient answer to those of his co-religionists who object that many of the Social Democrats have denied the existence of God to say, in substance, simply, "Well, what of it? God exists. Is not that enough? Does it alter the fact that He exists to deny the fact? Or, does it cause God to exist simply to say that He does exist?" One wonders whether that sort of thing will really help many of them. And doubt upon that point implies no lack of sympathy with the author's spirit and purpose, either.

The great merit the book has, it seems to me, lies in the simple, direct and forceful insistence of the author upon the fact that the sociology of the Christain religion is much more important and vital than its theology; that the social teachings of Jesus and the older Hebrew prophets are vastly more important than the dogmas of Christendom. He shows very clearly that the Socialist of to-day is voicing the cry for social justice, with an intensity only equalled by the prophets of Israel, and that the Church is not voicing that cry. So he comes to look upon the Social Democracy as an instrument of Divine Providence, an agency through which God is reaching his purpose. The real atheism, he thinks, is infidelity to that great social righteousness which he regards as the most vital part of Christianity, and that atheism is most rampant within the Church. The Social Democrats, on the other hand, while they may be atheists in the sense that they formally declare their disbelief in the dogmas of the Church, are the most passionate believers in the vital things, the social justice and the fraternalism which all the prophets from Moses to John of Patmos exemplified.

Doubtless there are many Christians to whom this book will come with great liberating power. Doubtless, too, there are many Christians who will be unmoved by it, and some who will be further antagonized by it. The question of its value can only be determined by asking how many Christians there are with Pastor Kutter's temperament, how large a proportion of the membership of the Christian church members of to-day is likely to be influenced by this emotional appeal. Its value as a propaganda agent will depend largely, I think, upon a very considerable amount of discretion being exercised in its circulation.

One of the most remarkable contributions to the historical literature of this country which it has been my pleasure to read is George Louis Beer's newly published volume, **The Origins of the British Colonial System, 1578-1660.** Mr. Beer has set himself the task of explaining the origins, establishment, and development of the British Colonial System up to the outbreak of those disagree-

ments which culminated in the Revolution of the Colonists and the Declaration of American independence. This is, of course, not a new undertaking, for much has been written to the same end. But what makes Mr. Beer's work remarkable and distinctive is the fact that, unlike most of the historians of that period, he recognizes from the very first that the political systems and developments of the time cannot be understood apart from the prevailing economic conditions. Although the phrase itself nowhere appears in the book, Mr. Beer has in fact given us a notable example of the materialistic conception of history. His method is strictly in accordance with the Marxian philosophy, and the result is a most illuminating volume, splendidly illustrative of the value of the method to the study of history.

The state, he postulates, is an organic entity, and its history is, like that of organisms in general, twofold in its nature—internal and external. The internal development finds its expression in the constitutional, economic and social systems. This growth is, in its final analysis, a succession of compromises securing temporarily the equilibrium of individual claims to freedom and the opposing interests of society to bring about the subordination of individual claims to its own larger, social claims. The external development of the state is conditioned by its environment amid other political organisms. The tremendous expansion of England in the seventeenth century Mr. Beer relates with admirable conciseness and clarity to the general currents of political evolution. He makes the colonial movement in England an episode in that lasting and vital struggle between East and West without a knowledge of which no satisfactory interpretation of the development of the English-speaking people is possible. He reviews much more in detail than has been done in any similar work the economic causes which led to the quest for new trade routes, and, incidentally, the great epochal discoveries of Columbus and Vasco da Gama. How the opening up of the new routes meant a new world for Europe to exploit, how it shattered the prosperity of the old German and Italian cities, giving the mastery of the world to the countries of the Atlantic seaboard instead of to those of the Mediteranean, Mr. Beer relates as no other interpreter of the history of the period has done. While he does not add greatly, in this preliminary discussion, to the fund of available information, he does that tremendously valuable thing: he relates the mass of data and creates a splendid picture with its full panoramic sweep.

Although English colonization in the early seventeenth century was mainly directed to regions with an indigenous population, it did not take the form of political dominion over and exploitation of subject peoples. Rather, it took the form of the transfer of a comparatively large number of Englishmen from the mother country. This imigration and settlement of immense territories far away from the mother country was no whim but the result of economic pressure at home, a population pressing hardly against the then restricted means of subsistence. Mr. Beer brings together much illuminating information upon this point, so enabling the reader to visualize the very foundation of the English-speaking world in this hemisphere.

Not only were colonies thus looked upon as additions to the nation, so to speak, extensions of territory to relieve the congestion of population, but there was also the feeling that England would not be dependent for the necessities of life upon rival nations. Especially the mercantilist notion that national safety depended upon the possession of silver and gold added to the importance with which the colonies were regarded. It is necessary to get this underlying basis of colonization well in mind if we would

understand the subsequent history of the American colonies and the attitude of the home government. The crude, traditional belief that England regarded the colonies as being under subjection to the mother country, convenient mines to be exploited, is wholly misleading. The real attitude was one of paternalism; the government was never mindless of the fact that these colonies were composed of men and women of English birth and heritage, her sons and daughters to be cared for and kept from wandering away beyond the parental roof, so to speak.

Mr. Beer gives a most remarkable account of the development of the tobacco industry, and traces with patient and scholarly hand the political and social effects of its economic importance. His citation of authorities is most careful and extensive and gives each page the impress of authority. It is understood that the author expects to continue his study to cover the whole period of American history down to the civil war, and it is to be hoped that nothing will interfere with the successful execution of the task. Such equipment and temper as Mr. Beer brings to the undertaking ought to result in a work of monumental importance. The volume under discussion is published by the Macmillan Company.

Maxim Gorky's last terrible novel, **The Spy**, seems to have completely baffled the critics. Most of them condemn the book as an outrage to good taste and an offense to good morals. Those who do not indulge in this Comstockian argument, complain that the story is too tenuous and slight, that the book is "uninteresting." With the former element we need not concern ourselves. It is true that the book is unpleasant, because it deals with a phase of life that is unpleasant. Yet, for all that, only those who are unhappily so constituted that they find offense in the great primal facts of life, unless they are veiled, even though the veil be of gossamer thickness, could find anything objectionable in Gorky's pages. There is more indecency and coarseness in a single issue of the average "yellow" newspaper than in all of Gorky's works together.

There really is not much of a story in **The Spy**, and what there is will not prove very exciting to the reader. If the book were wholly dependent upon popular interest in the story, it would inevitably prove a failure, I think. The life depicted is so sordid and mean, lacking those magnificent qualities which made "Mother," for example, that one reads it only with some effort, when only the story claims attention. But when we get at the heart of the book, and read it in the light of Gorky's purpose, it acquires a new and absorbing interest. The book is in some sorts a treatise rather than a story. It is a wonderful account of the secret service of Russia and its sinister methods, and it might well be claimed for it, without any exaggeration, that no American can fully know that system until he has read Gorky's account of it. The treachery, the rascality, the brutality and corruption of the system, Gorky unfolds with the power of a supreme master. In the light of his terrible pages one seems to see the serpentine coil twisting around the bravest and fairest in Russian life. **The Spy** should be regarded, not as a novel, but as a great political document, descriptive of the most infamous systematized oppression in modern history. One understands after reading such a book the methods which have been employed in the prosecution of Poureen and Rudowitz, and how great their peril is when confronted by a foe so unscrupulous. One feels that Gorky has rendered a great service to Russia and to the world by unmasking the secret service system which has ensnared so many brave men and women. The book

is published by B. W. Huebsch, New York.

On the other hand, I find it hard to understand why a man with the literary ability and opportunity of Upton Sinclair should waste both writing such a book as **The Money-Changers.** A more dismal performance it has not been my lot to encounter in a long time.

Sinclair's purpose, as I understand it, is to write a great trilogy of exposure, laying capitalist society bare in all its hideousness. The first part of the work was done in **The Metropolis,** and was about as disappointing as anything well could be. It was "yellow journalism" gone to seed. The book was devoted to an exposure of the riotous extravagance of our multimillionaires, a theme which every yellow newspaper in the land had exploited. Most of them had done it better than Sinclair. That the book fell flat was not surprising.

Now comes the second part of the indictment, and it is, if such a thing be possible, even worse than the first. With scarcely a touch of literary art to give it justification, the book is an admirable example of that parochialism of intellect which Shaw has so well satirized. Sinclair has made the amazing discovery that some of our great captains of industry and finance do not observe the seventh commandment; that they are lustful and actually covet each other's wives! A very thinly veiled captain of finance, Dan Waterman, is held up as a terrible example of human depravity upon these grounds. That the book might cause some innocent folks to shudder, is imaginable, but surely not if they read the daily papers. For, truth to tell, the average newspaper contains "exposures" more terrible, many of them written with quite as much—or as little—literary art. Why is it that Mr. Sinclair, who aspires to the mantle of Zola, I understand, should steadily decline as an artist? With the exception of his "Manassas," he has done nothing, not even "The Jungle," equal to his early work, "King Midas," from a purely literary viewpoint. Of course, "The Jungle" was an enormous success, but that was because of the nature and magnitude of its revelations, and in spite of its lack of art. The later productions of his busy pen have been much less satisfactory. **The Money-Changers** is incomprehensibly dull and stupid.

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NEWS & VIEWS

A HINT FROM MUSCATINE—The following clipping from the Muscatine Tribune, Muscatine, Iowa, explains itself: The socialists of the city are the most industrious readers of library books pertaining to political economy and political science of any patrons of the local library. The are keen readers of that class of literature and recently they have circulated a petition in the city asking the library trustees to place the Chicago Daily Socialist and the International Socialist Review on the files at the reading room of the library. This petition was signed by over one hundred citizens and the motion to grant their request passed without a single dissenting voice.

SOCIALIST PARTY ELECTION. The recent election of the Socialist Party of America resulted in the election of two new members of the National Executive Committee, Robert Hunter and John Spargo, who replace J. G. Phelps-Stokes and Carl D. Thompson. There were 13,299 votes cast, so that it will be evident from the following table that not one candidate received a majority. The first seven in the list of candidates for National Executive Committee were elected. About half the votes were scattered among 190 other candidates who were for the most part unknown outside their own states.

VOTE FOR N. E. C.

Victor L. Berger	6,274
Morris Hillquit	5,685
Robert Hunter	4,435
A. M. Simons	4,425
John Spargo	4,083
John M. Work	3,344
A. H. Floaten	3,265
Arthur M. Lewis	3,028
J. G. Phelps-Stokes	2,945
Ernest Untermann	2,464
Carl D. Thompson	2,371
Stanley J. Clark	2,009
F. H. Wentworth	1,523
Lena M. Lewis	1,473

VOTE FOR NATIONAL SECRETARY.

J. Mahlon Barnes	10,412
O. F. Branstetter	2,059
Seth McClellan	421
J. Chant Lipes	407

Comrade Barnes, just re-elected, has proved an excellent secretary, and Comrade Branstetter, who received the next highest vote, has developed marked ability as state secretary of Oklahoma, and will be worth remembering should a new National Secretary be needed later on.

A COMRADE FROM OREGON writes us sending a subscription to the Review and says: I am living alone in a 10x12 tent, two miles from Springfield, cutting cord wood at 75 cents an eight hour day. It costs me 30 cents a day, not to live, but to exist here, so I am saving money at the rate of 45 cents a day. I saved $48.00 this last year and lost it in Chicago through a land company. If I had spent this money in Socialist books and educated myself in a way to enable me to fight the capitalist system, I would have no regrets, but the plutes got me. The International Socialist Review and the Socialist papers are the joy of my life. If it were not for socialism I would not care to live, for it means Hope, the bread of life to me, a wage slave who understands his class conditions. The Red Special trip was, to my mind, the best thing the American Socialist Movement ever did. But I am ashamed of

the American working man who cannot see that the door is open and he can vote himself out of the hell of wage-slavery into paradise. This is the mystery of the 20th century to me. But Capital will compel him to awake in time. I have lived fifty years in this world and I am twelve dollars in debt to the capitalist class to-day, but I must have the Review. I shall always support the press of the working class. I am glad the Review is doing so well. All we need is courage and in time we shall have socialism. It makes me young again to think of it. Yours for victory.

W. M. FURLONG.

KEIR HARDIE IMPEACHED — The revolutionary note sounded by The International Socialist Review in recent issues should meet with a hearty response as there is entirely too much compromise and dilly-dallying with reform in the American Socialist movement. Apparently the party press must bow to the crowd in the "right wing" in order to secure the funds necessary to stand off the sheriff and as a result we see disgusting laudations of such self-styled "socialists" as Keir Hardie, written by Jack Wood and Robert Hunter in some of our party papers. It is indeed fortunate that the "left wing" is heard from through the "Review."

In case there are any who are unaware of Keir Hardie's real position as a "socialist" the following resolution, unanimously adopted by the English-speaking branch of Local Toronto, Socialist Party of Canada, on February 3, 1909, is enlightening:

WHEREAS, One of the conditions of membership in the S. P. of Canada is a recognition of the class struggle, and

WHEREAS, The International Bureau in October, 1908, admitted the English Labor Party into the International Socialist Congress, and

WHEREAS, The English Labor Party not only fails to teach the class struggle in its propaganda but enters into al-

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

I read a recent article about a woman who invested $620 in improving a Mexican homestead and is now getting a regular income of over $1,200 a year from the sale of bananas from her orchard. I am glad to say that I know this can be done. You can get a homestead in Mexico, free, and do not have to live on it. All that is required is to have 1,000 banana trees planted within lve years, and the Improvement Department will prepare the land, supply and plant the trees and care for them until they come into bearing for about $600. You can pay this in installments of $5 a month, and in three years after your trees are planted they will bring you a profit of more than $1,500 each year, if you superintentend the work; but if you wish the Improvement Department will care for the trees and market your bananas continuously, so you will not have to be in Mexico at all; they get one-third of the crop for attending to and marketing the bananas. This will give you a profit of more than $1,000 a year, from an investment of about $600. If you act as your own superintendent you can make $500 a year more. I know this from my own experience. It is a delightful country, never hot, never cold, and the health conditions are perfect. For full information address The Jantha Plantation Co., Block 181, Pittsburg, Pa., as all English literature pertaining to these free Mexican homesteads is distributed from Pittsburg.—(Advertisement.)



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liances with avowedly capitalist parties, and

WHEREAS, Keir Hardie, a prominent member of the said Labor Party, visited Canada in September, 1908, and without entering into communication with the S. P. of C., held public meetings in an endeavor to foster a Labor Party, not based on the class struggle, in opposition to the S. P. of C., publicly denying the existence of the class struggle and clearly doing the work, if not receiving the pay, of a capitalist henchman, be it therefore

Resolved, That the Dominion Executive Committee, S. P. of C., demand through the International Bureau an explanation of Keir Hardie's action; and be it further

Resolved, That copies of this resolution be sent to the *Western Clarion* and the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW for publication.

About two years ago Keir Hardie paid his first visit to Canada in recent years, consorting chiefly with the "labor leaders" but in a few places speaking from Socialist party platforms. During that visit the writer sought an opportunity and asked Keir Hardie: "What is your position on the class struggle?" receiving the prompt reply: "There is no class struggle," followed up by a tirade against the revolutionary position adopted by the Socialist Party of Canada. The result of Hardie's first visit was to encourage the Canadian Trades Union Congress to bring into existence an Independent Labor Party. Conventions were called by the Congress in British Columbia, Alberta, Manitoba and Ontario to form Independent Labor Parties but in British Columbia and Alberta the delegates voted down the proposal and adopted instead resolutions endorsing the Socialist Party of Canada as the only working class party worthy of support. In Manitoba and Ontario Labor parties were organized with mongrel platforms containing numerous planks advocating patchwork reforms and minus even the virtue of having the "nationalization of the land and factories" as an "ultimate aim."

The fact that the Socialist Party of

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NOTE—I am personally acquainted with the business management of the American College of Mechano-Therapy and can recommend the institution as being thoroughly reliable.—E. C. HOWE, Adv. Mgr., International Socialist Review.

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Dept. 744, 120-122 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

Canada has not as yet felt itself sufficiently strong enough to affiliate with and contribute to the funds of the International Bureau does not affect the matter in the least. Keir Hardie is charged with conduct unbecoming a member of the International Bureau and the charge should be investigated.

The Socialist Party of Canada, organized nationally by British Columbia and Ontario three years ago, has been strengthened by the addition of provincial organizations in Manitoba and Alberta, besides a growing number of locals in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. Endeavoring to organize a territory about 4,000 miles long by 200 miles wide the organization has had an expensive task to perform. It now owns its own weekly paper (the Western Clarion, Vancouver), has three members in the British Columbia Legislature and came near electing a member to the Canadian parliament last October, polling a total of 8,500 votes in nine districts. It is steadily growing in strength and should soon become an important factor in the international movement.

While refusing to admit immediate demands into its platform or conduct its campaigns upon any issue other than the abolition of the wage system, the Socialist Party of Canada, through its elected representatives in the British Columbia legislature, has been able to force from the capitalist government an eight-hour law (from mine door to mine door) for both coal and metalliferous miners, a good, workable workmen's compensation act, a reduction in the election deposit charged candidates for the privilege of being nominated from $200 to $100, besides many other concessions tending to make the lot of the workers more bearable under capitalism. And it is hoped that a Universal Suffrage Act will be forced through this winter.

Canadian Socialists feel that, though working under many disadvantages, they are doing creditable work and have a right to demand that disrupters such as Keir Hardie be called to account. They feel it their duty, also, to make his actions known as a warning to others.

We are fighting the class struggle on the political field, where all workers can be united in a contest between exploiters and exploited, and not at the factory door, where the fight is between the job holders and the job hunters. We have no quarrel with those who endeavor to organize the workers industrially so long as they refrain from endeavoring to lead the workers into the shambles of political opportunism. This Keir Hardie has done and hence this protest.

G. W. WRIGLEY.

Toronto, February 14.

A Little Sister of the Poor. I read Josephine Conger-Kaneko's new book, "A Little Sister of the Poor," at one sitting, simply because I found it charming from the first page to the last. You need not buy this book from a sense of duty, because after you have read two pages, you will want to sit down and read it all. The interesting, lovable and always human characters will carry you to the last page. You will want to know what happens to them. This book is like a personal visit out to our West Side and by the time you have finished it you will feel as though you had lived there for a long time. "A Little Sister of the Poor" is a book to give your friends who persist in closing their eyes to the misery attendant upon the heels of Capitalism. Nobody can read it and believe that modern civilization has attained the ultimate heights, leaving nothing to work or hope for. It is a thought-producer and interesting always. Published by the Socialist Woman Publishing Co., Girard, Kansas, in an attractive red cover. Price, 25c, postpaid. M. E. M.

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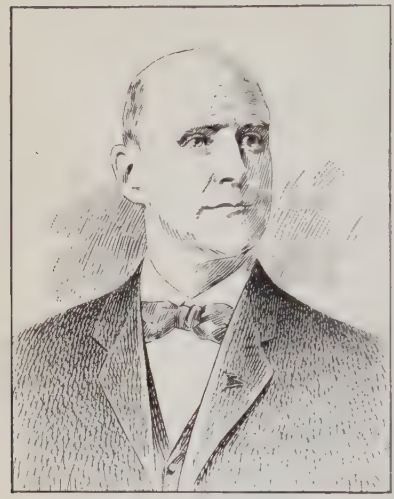
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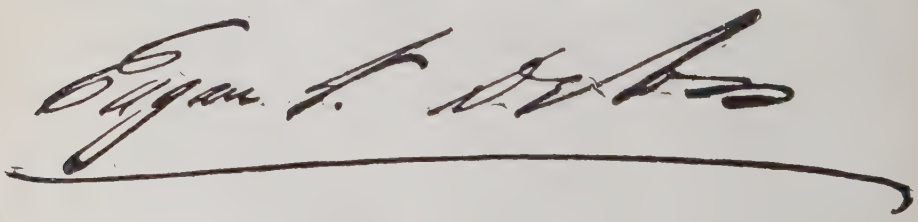
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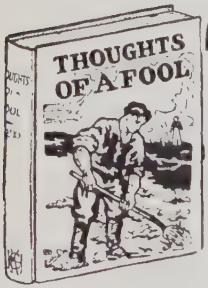
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THE INTERNATIONAL
Socialist Review

Vol. IX. APRIL, 1909 No. 10

The Private Prison of Diaz

By John Murray.



San Juan de Ulua: The Private Prison of Diaz

AS soon as we were alone at the end of the pier breasting the Vera Cruz harbor, the little, pock-marked secretary of the revolutionary group pulled from his pockets a piece of grey stone and held up before my eyes.

"Look at that!"

I took the fragment from his slim, brown fingers and turned it over curiously. It was a piece of coarse, grey coral.

"See! It's porous. Now do you understand? The whole prison's built of it."

With an upward jerk of his hand he leveled an accusing finger at the white-washed walls of the fortress-prison shining in the sun across the waters of the blue bay.

"There it stands! On that island, yonder! San Juan de Ulua! The foulest spot in all Mexico—Diaz' private prison for his political enemies!"

The corners of the man's mouth drew down into a snarl and his eyes narrowed to burning slits of hate as he gazed in the direction of the fortress.

"Crammed in its wet dungeons below sea-level are men whose only crimes were to speak openly against the dictator of Mexico. Among them are scholars, editors, mechanics, such men as young Cesar Canales and De la Torre, Ulgalde, Marquez, Serrano, Martin, and many others, educated, refined, dreamers of a free Mexico. They played the game to the end, bravely, and now are penned like rats in the sewer-cells of the Republic's most deadly political prison.

"Juan Sarabia! He lies there, too, in the deepest, blackest pit of all, a coffin-like hole cut in the solid rock and called by the jailors 'Purgatoria.' Gentle Juan Sarabia, whose fearless pen gave Diaz no rest until he had smothered him in Ulua.



THE GREAT AQUEDUCT OF QUERETARO
An Example of Mexico's Constructive Powers

"Drop by drop the salt water oozes through the coral rock of his cell and stands in pools upon the floor. And it has done its work, for the last message that we received from the inside said that Sarabia was spitting blood."

The passionate love for his imprisoned comrade shone liquid-like in the secretary's black eyes.

"Madre mia! How that boy could write! Sarcasm! No wonder that Porfirio Diaz called him the 'Scorpion.' With us, Juan Sarabia was so sweet-tempered and lovable that no one ever thought of calling him anything but 'Juanito.' I have seen him at headquarters writing—writing—with Rivera's little baby, 'Cuca,' asleep in his lap. And cool! When the police made their first raid on our paper, 'Excelsior,' they broke into the room, front and back, just as he was adding the last paragraphs to an editorial. Several of us were standing around waiting for him to finish. As the door swung open with a crash, 'Juantio' looked up and caught sight of the blue uniforms entering the room. With a quick motion of his left hand he gathered us all close around him so that he was hidden at his desk. The 'Scorpion's' pen raced over the paper. The

editorial was finished and passed to a friend, who hid it between the leaves of an evening paper. Then, content, 'Juantio' turned calmly to the policemen and held out his wrists for the shackles.

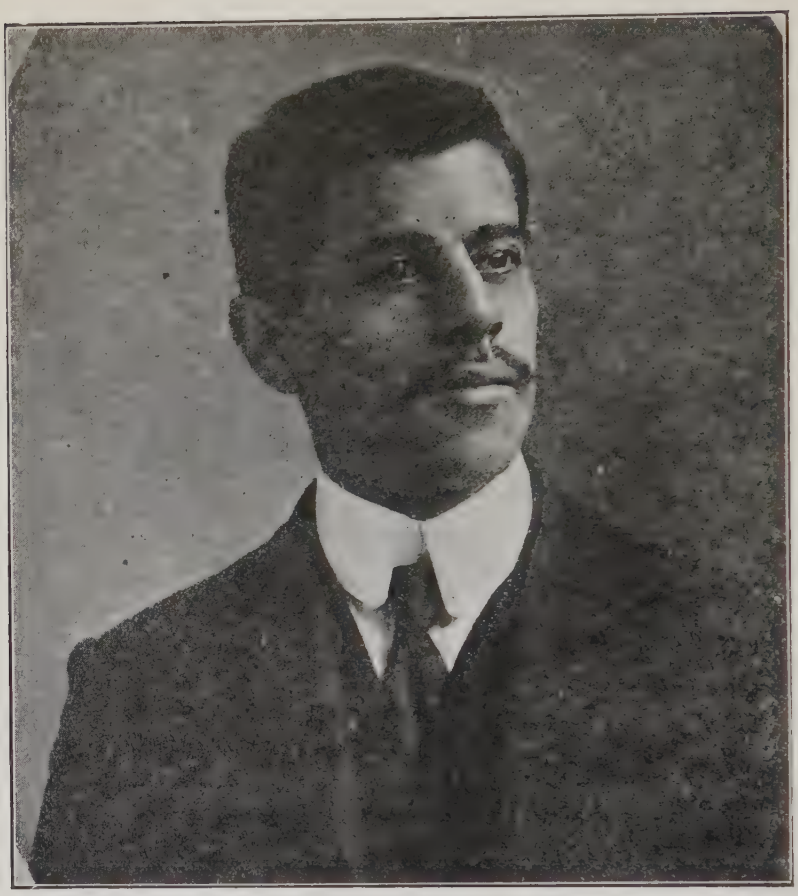
"Every one was arrested, even the bearer of the precious newspaper, but as the man left the room he tossed it aside, right under the eyes of the police, as if he had no use for it. On our arrival in the prison we sent word through friends to recover the hidden editorial. Next day, the 'Tears of a Crocodile,' a biting screed aimed at President Diaz, was in print and scattered over the city, a copy even being smuggled to Sarabia in the prison 'Belen.'

"When he was nineteen, Juan Sarabia joined the Liberal Party in the City of Mexico and in a week he was arrested for writing an account of Porfirio Diaz' dealings with Pearson, the millionaire English contractor, better known as 'Diaz' Partner.' After his release he was associated with our great leader, Magon, on 'El Ahuizote,' a comic anti-Diaz paper rich in sarcasm, and was put in jail for eight months. But nothing could stop him and he continued writing, secretly, from the inside of the prison.

"It is the truth when I say that Porfiio Diaz has honored no man more highly than Juan Sarabia. For the writings of 'Juanito' were outlawed in the land of his birth, and he was compelled to flee with the two Magons and Santiago de la Hoz, the other three men who were likewise regarded as literary outlaws, to the United States. There for a time he might have been safe if it had not been for his confiding nature. A Mexican officer made a pretense of being his friend and invited Sarabia across the line into Ciudad Juarez. Poor 'Juanito' went, trusting this traitor.



A LOAD OF TAMALE HUSKS
In Mexico Men Are Made Into Beasts of Burden



JUAN SARABIA

"Madre mia! How that boy could write!"
"In silence, darkness and inaction, he is dying of tuberculosis—our 'Juanito'!"

That night the rurales got him and it was not long before he was swallowed up by those grim gates across the bay."

The speaker stopped and I heard the thump of oars in rowlocks rising from the water near us. The man at my side glanced over the edge of the pier.

"Here's your boat," he announced, "and Alfredo, the oarsman, is one of us. There! God be with you! May you come back safe!"

I grasped his hand, stepped into the small skiff bumping against the stone steps of the pier end, and the rower bent to his oars.

In all my journey through Mexico—taken for the purpose of probing the strength and aims of the revolutionary party, then on the eve of an

uprising—nothing had seemed so hazardous as this trip to the fortress-prison of San Juan de Ulua.

Three men of my own blood, Americans, were already there in confinement. So I had been sneeringly informed by the Mexican General, Mas, as he finished reading my card of introduction from the American consul and grudgingly signed the pass admitting me to the prison. Inside my pockets were credentials to the leaders of the revolutionists in Mexico, and if these were discovered—especially that thin, closely-written sheet, dated in the Los Angeles county jail, by Ricardo Flores Magon, president of the Junta—my stay in Ulua might prove to be a long one.

The damp, sticky sea breeze, charged with bits of spray from Alfredo's oars, slapped me in the face. I tried to talk with him, but he was close-mouthed, clam-like. Doubtless he was wise, for if there should be trouble on my landing, the less he appeared on intimate terms with me the better for his safety.

The white walls of the fortress drew nearer and nearer until the bobbing boat finally crossed into the shadow of the great round tower looming high over the southwestern corner of the prison. We were so near that I could see the iron gratings covering the openings in the masonry. A brown rat slid out of the prison sewer and scrambled over the rocks at the water's edge. We both saw him, Alfredo and I, and both uttered the one thought, "An escape!"

As the oarsman unshipped his oars and seized hold of an iron ring let into the stones at the foot of the landing, the guard turned out—a slovenly lot in dirty-white cotton uniforms—and I sprang from the boat's seat to the steps, mounted, and presented my pass to the sergeant. I was in San Juan de Ulua.

The prison courtyard was entered through a high archway on the north side of the fortress. Its walls were thirty feet thick and pierced on the inside with half-circle, cave-like openings leading to the dungeon below. From one of these yawning holes-in-the-wall came a long string of prisoners, followed by two bull-necked trusties with whips, in the sinuous lashes of which were plaited bits of shining metal. The prisoners' shaved heads were thrust through ragged brown blankets of the texture of sacking, called "ponchos," which fell over their backs and bellies barely to their knees, covering their scarred and bony bodies as scantily as a loosely worn shawl. Belts of rope bound these single garments to their waists. Their arms, legs and feet were bare. Out of the pit from which this ghastly procession emerged came a smell so vile that I turned sick and moved a few steps back, much to the amusement of the soldier standing grinning behind me.

Slowly the ragged, brown line moved across the stone-flagged pavement to a dark corner where stood a copper cauldron. It was supper time, and as one by one, the silent, bare-limbed figures passed before the big pot, a trusty, with an iron ladle in his hand, portioned out their soup into the upheld earthen cups, calling out in a droning voice the number of the prisoner served.

Cattle before their mangers, hogs at a trough, all have an expression of contentment at feeding time, but these worn remnants of humanity were so broken in spirit and terrorized with fear that they stood expressionless before their food.

And yet there were others in Ulua whose condition was still worse. Somewhere beneath my feet, down deep in the rock foundations, were the dungeons that held the Mexican patriots. The chances against my being allowed to see them were as a thousand to one. But still I would try.

I put the question to my guide.

The sandal-footed soldier at my side was startled, for who could be so ignorant of Mexican prison methods as to ask for a sight of the imprisoned enemies of Diaz?

"The political prisons? No. It is not permitted to visit them."

"But," I persisted, "the comandante said that I was to be shown everything."

"And everything is everything, senor," he made an all-embracing motion with his hands, adding with a sudden touch of bitterness that made me eye the man intently with surprise, "always excepting the politicals who are held 'incommunicado,' and have therefore become by order of the President—nothing."

The secretary had told me that many of the soldiers in the garrison were sympathetic to the revolution. I risked a shot:

"And yet I hear that they are brave men?"

At first he stared at me in open-mouthed silence. He was almost a boy, this dark-skinned, black-eyed soldier of the line, clothed in a dirty-white uniform, and as yet barrack life had not hardened his features to the sullen, hopeless look common to the Diaz army. Finally his eyes kindled sympathetically and I tried another question:

"What do you know of them? Speak! I come from friends."

He cast a quick glance over his shoulder to see if anyone was behind, and spoke under his breath:

"Who are these friends?"

Three names I knew that would move men in Mexico if there was a drop of red blood in their veins. I gave them to the man:

"Magon! Villarreal! Rivera!"

Without a word the soldier turned and walked towards the archway. I followed at his heels and we made our way around outside the walls, entered the arsenal and climbed an inner staircase to the battlements of the fortress.

Pointing out to sea, my guide showed me a small man-of-war coming into the harbor.

"That's the 'General Bravo'—look at it. Keep looking at it, senor, and while we are here alone I will stand behind your back and tell you all I know of the martyrs imprisoned in Ulua.

"The friends of Magon in the army are many. Here, in Ulua, all would be glad to see a way out of this hell—but will it ever come?"

I answered as I believed, in all sincerity, "It will come," and with a look of encouragement the young soldier went on:

"Six months ago I came to Ulua from Sonora, and never once have I seen the political prisoners. But this I saw with my own eyes:

"Late on a Sunday afternoon, a boat with two occupants came rowing towards the guardhouse of the west side landing. I saw it before the others, being far-sighted, and this my first day of guard duty on the island. As the boat touched the pier, a white-haired lady wrapped in a black shawl, and trembling with age, was just able to mount from the rocking gunnel to the first stone step, where she sank down, panting and exhausted. The oarsman was a small, black Indian from the mountain tribes near Orizaba. Martin Jose Pico, our hook-nosed, thief-of-a-sergeant—ration-robbing is his trade—roughly demanded her pass, but she had none.

"This was such a strange occurrence—a white-haired woman of over eighty years trying to gain entrance to the prison without credentials—that the officer of the day was summoned.

"Captain Garcia likes not old women, and to the black figure seated at his feet on the stone step, his words were short and sharp:

" 'Speak! What do you want?'

" 'To see a boy who is imprisoned here,' replied the trembling, low-toned voice of the old lady.

" 'A boy? We have no boys. Who is he?' testily demanded the officer.

" 'Juan Sarabia,' replied the white-haired woman.

"At this name the captain took a sudden step back, for of all the prisoners most strictly kept 'incommunicado' is this famous revolutionist, Juan Sarabia. Even to mention his name is forbidden the soldiers of Ulua.

"White-faced, the officer gripped the old lady by her arm and stuttered a rasping question:

" 'Fool! who are you?'

"'His mother,' came the answer.

"We had crowded round behind the captain, but at this climax, cold chills crept down our backs. The comandante would investigate all this and the least suspicion of sympathy for the politicals, even from the mouth of a mother, would bring quick punishment on all concerned. Through the captain's mind the same trouble-thoughts were running, and, commanding the sergeant to imprison the old lady in the guard house until he could make a report to the comandante, Captain Garcia hurried to the castle, leaving the order to place a man in the boat with the Indian who brought her over.

"A special escort came back with the captain, the castle's launch was ordered out, and the whole party went over to the mainland, taking the old lady and her Indian with them. The comandante feared the beginning of a plot to rescue the politicals, for well he knew that Vera Cruz swarms with their friends."

The soldier stopped. I was in a fever of curiosity to hear the end. "Go on, man! What happened to Sarabia's mother?"

Still he was silent and turning to look at him, I saw the cause. Two officers were mounting the steps behind us.

The smaller of the two white-frocked figures approached me. "A beautiful view, senor, but unfortunately, it is an order that no visitor should remain in the fortress after six o'clock—and it is now a few minutes of that time."

I nodded in acquiescence, presented the officer with a cigar, diplomatically praised the military power of Diaz, and turned sadly from the white walls that held the political prisoners that I could not see. On my return across the bay, Alfredo tried to question me, but I was dumb, and



WATER CARRIERS

"Diaz has made of his people hewers of wood and drawers of water."



MUNICIPAL PLAZA AT VERA CRUZ

immediately on landing hurried towards the meeting place agreed upon between myself and the secretary.

Crowds surged through the main thoroughfares of Vera Cruz seeking in the cool darkness of the tropical summer night relief from the humid, sticky heat of the day. On the pavements, under the archways, were rows of small tables before which sat the cosmopolitan gatherings of a seaport. Captains and their mates, sailors and stevedores, merchants and hacendados from the henequen and rubber plantations of Yucatan and the cane fields of the Tehuantepec isthmus, all drank, smoked, and gabbled of the state of trade or the lucky number in the municipal lottery.

It was in the back room of a small bar facing the fish market that I met the group of revolutionists that form the nucleus of the Liberal Party in the State of Vera Cruz. The president, a swarthy little man from Merida, gripped me by the hand as the secretary told of my trip to San Juan de Ulua.

"That soldier should be of use to us," concluded the secretary. "He must be one of the battalion drafted from among the miners that went on strike at Cananea, where hundreds were shot down by Greene's cowboys and Kosterlitsky's rurales."

"And where eight leaders of the Mexican miners were hung on trees," bitterly added the president.

"Aye!" chimed in one from the ring of dark eyes and faces that surrounded us, "but it were better to hang in Sonora than to be buried alive in Ulua. Let the senor talk with Antonio."

I turned questioningly to the president.

"Yes, you shall see him," he declared with fierce bitterness. "At least what is left of him—a mere shaking shadow of our brave Antonio. And yet tomorrow he must leave Vera Cruz and begin the journey to the mountains of Oaxaca, lest the police-dogs discover him in his present hiding-place. But you shall see him tonight. Come."

Following the president, I climbed the stairway to the top story of the building, where, in an inner room, guarded by a white-haired old woman, lay a man upon a canvas cot.

How any one could imagine that this gasping remnant of manhood would ever gather strength enough to leave his room and travel back to his home in the Oaxacan Mountains was a mystery to me. He was near death—no one could doubt it—death by consumption.

Placing a high-backed chair at the head of his cot, the old lady bolstered him up with pillows, and for a moment his claw-like, nerveless hand lay in mine.

But there was life left in his eyes, and when he was told of my purpose in coming to Vera Cruz he, too, asked me the question that seems to be first on the tongues of all Mexicans, "How is Ricardo?"

While I answered the plaintive query he struggled to suppress a racking cough and to gather strength to tell me the latest news from that underground purgatory of which all patriotic Mexico was burning to hear. These are his words:

"My escape is proof that the army of Diaz is honey-combed with men ready to revolt. I say this because without the aid of the soldiers, I would still be in San Juan de Ulua.

"It was on the day of our great national celebration, 'Cinco de Mayo,' that a soldier, strange to all of us, passed, before our cell door. But on his return I felt sure that I knew him, although the light of the lantern that he carried showed me his face but for the space of an instant. I was right—it was my brother.

"You may ask how we knew the days of the year, buried as we were in darkness, but we did, for Cesar Canales kept a record by marks scratched into the soft stone walls which he could feel with his finger tips, and the 'Cinco de Mayo' was the four hundred and twenty-second day of our imprisonment.

"Day after day, I waited for the return of my brother. It was five days before he came, and then I spoke and he knew me. He, too, had tasted the bitterness of the rule of tyranny. The jefe politico had cast eyes

upon my brother's wife and in consequence he had been drafted into the army. After six months of service his company was transferred to the fortress. He had no idea that the island held another of our unfortunate family.

"With the help of two other soldiers my escape was planned and sucessfully carried out. It was a mere matter of a change of clothes, first to the uniform of a soldier, and then into the blue overalls of a day-worker in the arsenal. You must know that every morning a boat load of men comes from the city to work in the arsenal, returning each night. It was among these people that I escaped to shore and was hidden by friends. Soon I shall go south to the mountains of Oaxaca."

The sick man's pauses in this narrative were frequent. At times the old lady give him water to drink, and then again he would take two puffs at a cigarette rolled by the president, all of which kept him going to the end of his story.

"We were accused of participating in the rebellion started in September, 1906, by the Junta Revolucionaria Mexicana in Jimenez, and in Acayucan. Chained in gangs with two hundred others, we were brought to the fortress and political prison of San Juan de Ulua.

"Some of us were betrayed by that Judas, Captain Adolfo Jiminez



MARKET AT VERA CRUZ

Castro, an officer of the post at Cuidad Juarez, while others were betrayed by Trinidad Vasquez at Cananea.

"Among the number were persons entirely innocent of any participation in the rebellion, but they received neither consideration nor mercy, and, like many of us, saw their homes burnt by the soldiery and their families left to starve.

"With whips they drove us south.

"From the pier at Vera Cruz, we were loaded into a sailboat and taken to the island, and after having our names written in the prison records, we were turned over to a keeper notorious for his brutality. This man's nickname was certainly a strange one. The prisoners called him 'Madre Ingrata,' 'Ingrate Mother,'—a terrible nick-name, but it fitted him. With the squat, ugly body of a toad and the brute strength of a gorilla, a yellow, oily skin, big, bullet-shaped head and short neck, small eyes and big cheek bones, this 'Ingrate Mother' was of the type best suited to the murderous purposes of the prison. Always in his hand could be seen a club—and usually it was striking this way and that among the prisoners.



NINA PERDITA
She Lives, Eats and Sleeps Upon the Streets

"He commanded us to march into the yard, and while we stood there together, he separated Juan Sarabia and Canales from the rest of us and with vile words pushed them before him into one of the dungeons, ordering them to strip off their clothes. Returning, he treated us all in the same manner and for hours we were left thus, naked. It must have been late in the afternoon when the trusties came back with the regulation prison clothes, ragged and vile from the back of former prisoners, dead or discharged.

"Sarabia was in one of the dungeons and to him

went the Ingrate Mother.' Swinging back the iron bars he roared in a great voice:

"'Out with you!'

"The naked boy moved quickly.

"Down upon the stone flags the evil-eyed brute flung a little bundle of rags, foul with dirt and vermin. Pointing to them with the handle of his whip, he gave the command, menacingly:

"'On with them!'

"So loathesome was this heap of clothing that for a moment Sarabia hesitated, and for this swift punishment overtook him. Down on the bare shoulders of the delicate prisoner came the whip again and again, until blood ran red on his back. Sarabia stood through it all without a protest, intensely pale, and then staggering back as if drunk came to our dungeon, the 'Ingrate Mother' following him with the whip still going like a flail.



VERA CRUZ BOY
Born into Slavery

"The whippings fell on us all. Cesar Canales, another political, was called one day by the trusties to the door and with the excuse that he did not move quickly enough, they fell upon him and beat him for more than ten minutes.

"Antonio Balboa, another cómrade of ours, was lashed by the trusties until he could no longer stand. And so it happened to all of us one after another.

"In darkness, chilled with the dampness that moistened our garments and penetrated our bodies, we struggled day after day to breathe the foul dungeon air that had never been purified by a ray of sunshine. From open barrels in our cells, in which were held the excrement of many weeks, came the most pestilent emanations. Decaying meat, mouldy bread,

and impure water we were forced to swallow by the pangs of hunger. The only hope left to us was the hope of death.

"Fifty of our companions succumbed and their dead bodies were carried out by the prison trusties. Many of these poor people were entirely innocent of the charges placed against them, being neither revolutionists nor criminals.

"Many others became insane—and were beaten the worse for it. God grant that I may forget those sights!

"The fortress of San Juan de Ulua is on a block of an island facing Vera Cruz. The prison cells occupy the outer or sea side. Those above the sea level are for the non-political prisoners, but the dungeons below the water are for the political enemies of Diaz.

"Thirty feet wide and forty-five feet long are about the dimensions of these larger dungeons, whose thick walls are continually dripping with water seeping through from the sea. Within there are eight hundred men living like vermin.

"In the first days of our confinement we were happy in being allowed to live among these prisoners, but as the comandante feared that we might make political propaganda among them, we were put in separate dungeons below sea level. So we lived for one terrible year. Dirt, vermin, decayed food and foul air, the continuous drip of sea water through the walls, brought on sickness. The prison physician prescribed purgatives and diet. We tried to write to our families, but the letters were destroyed by the trusties.

"Only eight of our comrades were actually sentenced. The others were held without trial. A special judge, Amilio Bulle Gocre, was appointed to try our cases, but all that he did was to open our letters and hold the money that was sent to us by friends.

"The dungeons in which we were confined were separated by iron bars, and called, the first, 'Hall of Reflection,' the second, 'Gloria, and the third, 'Inferno.' In the first was Cesar Canales, with about twenty of our comrades from Chiuhuahua and Sonora. In the second, eight of the revolutionists from Vera Cruz city, and in the third, Roman Martin with the revolutionists from Coatzacoalcos, State of Vera Cruz.

"The first dungeon was twenty-eight feet wide and thirty-six long, the second, seven and one-half feet wide and fifteen long, and the third, four and one-half feet wide and nine feet long—all of them being only five and one-half feet high.

"So dark are these dungeons that it is only possible to see with artificial light, while the prison smell is made worse by the filth and mud

upon the floor. Thousands of parasites, common to hot, damp lands, ran over us.

"Three small ventilators kept us from quick asphyxiation and in every one of these holes were the vile barrels of excrement, only carried away once a week, and therefore overflowing upon the floors and causing the condition of our living place to be horrible beyond description.

"In the first year of our incarceration we did not once see the sunshine, even though the prison doctor ordered us to be allowed fresh air.

"Since December of last year we were kept 'incommunicado' and were prohibited from sending any letters or receiving any from our families.

"In the month of May of this year we were given the privilege of going to an adjoining dungeon into which the sea oozed freely and bathing ourselves. Although there was a horrible deposit of mud and filth in this place, yet we considered such a bath a great boon. After our baths we had to scrape the mud from our bodies.

"Juan Sarabia was not kept in the holes of the 'Reflection,' Gloria,' or 'Inferno.' These places have openings which permit the prisoners to talk to each other. 'Juanito' was put into a dungeon known to the prison as the 'Purgatoria,' which is only large enough for one person, but not long enongh to permit the inmate to straighten himself out when lying down.

"In 'Purgatoria' it is absolutely dark. The poor boy has not seen the smallest ray of daylight since December—and water covers half of the stone floor! The jailors did not allow him to talk to them. In silence, darkness, and inaction, he is dying of tuberculosis—our 'Juanito.'"

The president beckoned to the old woman as the speaker stopped, exhausted panting, and the pillows were lowered beneath the sick man's head.

With noiseless steps we left the room and went down to the waiting men below. The group meeting was breaking up as we re-entered the room. The president held up his hand for silence and attention:

"What message shall we send to Magon by our American friend?"

The secretary answered for them all, speaking for the first time in English:

"Two things you must tell Ricardo when you return: First, that Vera Cruz, never forgets the massacre of her citizens ordered by the butcher Diaz in 1879, and, second, that the jungle is ready to rise."

But the fierce intensity of the black-browed Vera Cruz revolutionist could not be expressed in cold English and he almost imme-

diatly dropped back into Spanish, explaining the situation in the south with these dramatic phrases:

"Senor, the swish of the machete is the dominant sound of tropical Mexico. No one can enter the jungle without the aid of the long knife, and so, every one of our field-hands in the South is armed.

"Banana groves shade the young coffee bushes, and an endless variety of fruits are to be had for the plucking—and so every one of our workingmen in revolt can be fed.

"The jungle is a hiding place for the pursued, impenetrable to an invading army—and so every wage worker in Southern Mexico has a last refuge.

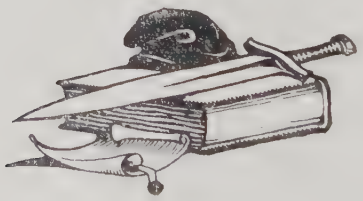
"Think of these things and then remember how Cuba, another land of the machete, the banana, and the jungle, successfully fostered a revolution."

"But have you the guns?" This question I asked of every group in Mexico, for upon it seemed to my mind to hang the fate of the revolution.

"Some we have and more are coming. You must remember, senor, that the same waters of the Gulf of Mexico that brought arms to Cuba flow to the shores of Vera Cruz."

And why not? Why should Cuba have fought successfully for liberty and Mexico be held in slavery? These thoughts were forced upon me as I stood looking into the fiercely sparkling eyes of the speaker.

I bade goodby to the revolutionists of Vera Cruz, and on the following morning traveled inland to the Valle Nacional, whose rich tobacco fields are tilled by slaves of the Mexican Republic.



The British Labor Party

A REPLY.

By Robert Hunter.



HE distinguishing features of Mr. Grayson's article are impatience and sentimentalism. He is impatient because the Labor Party does not spend all its time making furious speeches and creating rows in Parliament. This complaint of Mr. Grayson's has a very familiar sound. Every Socialist Party of Europe has had to meet the same criticism. In every country semi-anarchistic Socialists have, in the early stages of Socialist parliamentary activity, condemned parliamentary action. The craze ran its course in Germany, and will run its course elsewhere. Even Liebknecht and Bebel had to learn that a party pursues very different tactics in Parliament from those it pursues outside of Parliament.

"In the early days of our party," said Liebknecht at the Social Democratic Congress in Hamburg in 1897, "when we had only a few followers, we went to the Reichstag in order to use the tribune exclusively or almost exclusively for the propagation of our ideas. But very soon we were placed upon the ground of practical matters. We have seen that the injustice in the present social order is something more serious than simply an opportunity for the making of pretty speeches, and that it will not be done away with by the prettiest or strongest of speeches."

But Grayson leaves the impression that the men of the Labor Party are not even alive to the obstructing, antiquated parliamentary procedure of the House of Commons. Surely he has overlooked Hardie's and Curran's attacks on that system and certainly Jowett's recent pamphlet embodies a criticism more far reaching and revolutionary than the superficial attacks made by Mr. Grayson.

The next distinguishing feature of Grayson's article is his philanthropic and sentimental regard for the working class. He censures the three chief Socialist groups and conveys the impression that the Labor Party is made up of "brawny figures, with bowler hats, and gnarled fists, pleading prettily for small palliatives." He then refers to working men "blowing the froth off their bad beer and arguing in millions of pounds." He thinks of them as "starved industrial de-

generates, who button ragged and shoddy coats over skimpy chests, and splutter about the mur'aklus excess of imports over exports," all of which is the sort of writing and speaking one hears from some middle class English Socialists. I was not able to understand it when I first visited England about ten years ago. It seemed strange and unnatural, and I have not yet brought myself to believe that contempt for the working class on the part of Socialists has a place in a "proletarian movement."

It is exactly this middle class attitude, and nothing else, that has led to nearly all the trouble between Grayson and the Labor Party. After Tom Mann and several other gifted Socialists of England had worked for years in Colne Valley, the Independent Labor Party by a tremendous effort throughout that whole section, sent Grayson to Parliament. When he was seated in Parliament he treated his old comrades with contempt, and refused to become a part of the Labor group. In speeches over the country, he criticised the Labor Party in sharp fashion, and sneered at the "exotics of Karl Marx." Naturally the Parliamentary representatives of his own (the Independent Labor) party and the representatives generally of the Labor movement were not pleased to have a college boy of twenty-six telling them their business. His work, both in Parliament and outside, was so sensational that finally relations became strained between him and practically the entire Labor group. That body decides in committee, after the manner of most democratic bodies, what its action is to be on any particular question. Mr. Grayson, without consulting the Labor Party, made a scene in the House, and it was only natural after the manner in which he had treated the Labor men that they should ignore him in his spectacular attempt to obstruct the House. Even had there been warm friendship existing between Grayson and the Labor Group, he should have consulted with them in advance if he expected them to back up his actions. I have never criticised Grayson for his action in the House, but I do criticise him for insulting the Labor party and then expecting it to back him up in his theatrical performance.

Unfortunately Grayson's attitude toward the Labor movement is the attitude of other prominent middle class English Socialists. One of the three most prominent English Socialists once said to me: "The Labor movement is useless; no slave class ever emancipated itself." In the last number of the *Clarion* which has reached me I find even Robert Blatchford saying, "The comparative failure of the Labor representatives in the House of Commons is due to the fact that they are working men. It arises from no other fact whatever. It is not *lack of intellect, nor lack of courage, nor lack of knowledge,* which pal-

sies the labor group. With one or two natural aristocrats to lead them, all would be well." Bernard Shaw in the same issue refers to some resolutions presented to the Labor conference at Portsmouth as "bearing all the marks of the inevitable amateurishness and inexperience, and sometimes of the intense suspiciousness and unintentional bad manners of manual laborers." Further in the same he asks, "Why, oh why, will not these labor bodies do what the Fabian Society tells them? It would save them so much trouble. What is the use of having Superior Persons on your side if you don't make intelligent use of them?" These statements, like Grayson's, are typical of middle class English Socialism. I am frank to say such talk is offensive to me, and I would have no respect whatever for the British working class if it were not offensive to them.

I venture to prophesy with confidence that the only prospect for Socialism in England lies in the Labor party. It is a magnificent body, which, thank God, refuses to remain the lackeys of Liberals, Tories, or even middle class Socialists. Certainly there is no chance whatever for any Socialist movement to succeed outside of the Labor Party. The troublesome middle class Socialists not only will have nothing to do with the working class, they won't even have anything to do with each other. When S. G. Hobson moved a resolution recently in the Fabian Society, requesting it to withdraw from the Labor Party and assist in forming a Socialist Party, the Fabian Society declined. At the recent Portsmouth congress of the Labor party, where it was supposed that Victor Grayson, Bernard Shaw, Russell Smart, Ben Tillet, Leonard Hall and Harry Quelch, would make a big fight against the present policy of the party, not a single one of these men attempted even the show of a fight. Grayson was carried off by a couple of admirers in an automobile, and missed the great debate. Bernard Shaw decided not to propose his program, and Ben Tillet discovered, as he has before, that it is easier to attack men when their backs are turned than face to face.

In fact, outside of the Social Democratic Federation, there are no Socialists of any prominence, and certainly none with any executive ability, who would be capable of forming a Socialist party of any consequence, and the Social Democratic Federation is in no position to take any effective steps. The Fabians and other Socialist groups are unfriendly to the Federation, and it is not at all likely the feeling will change. Despite the fact that the Social Democratic Federation is looked upon by Mr. Walling as the only real revolutionary group in England, Herbert Burrows, who has been a member of the Executive from the beginning, has shown that he was perfectly willing in his

recent contest to make an agreement with the Liberals. In the Daily News of August 1, 1908, a letter of his to the editor says, "Last week you stated that I had spurned all attempts to come to an arrangement with the Liberals. This is an entirely mistaken statement."

Considering the entire English situation it is gratifyng that the Labor party is entirely satisfactory to the great masses of Socialists, and I have no doubt it will continue to be satisfactory to the end of the chapter. Probably no one has more clearly defined the situation in English than has Mr. J. B. Askew, the special correspondent of the **Daily Socialist,** and a well known member of the Social Democratic Federation, who said a couple of years ago in the **Neue Zeit**: "The position in England is not without its comic side. On one side we see the 'anti-Marxian' Independent Labor Party, and the like-minded Labor Party coming up completely to the lines laid down by Marx and following out in practice the truths which they fight in theory. On the other hand we see the Social Democratic Federation in theory carrying the banner of Marxism and the class struggle and in practice rejecting the same." Surely the wisdom of Marx has never been more perfectly exemplified. "The emancipation of the working class must be the work of the working class itself."

REPLY TO MR. WALLING.

Mr. Walling appears to believe that the chief end of modern Socialism is political democracy. He sharply rebukes the Independent Labor Party because its "attitude toward monarchy is one of leaving it severely alone." His words are quoted from the address of Keir Hardie before the Civic Forum of New York. Mr. Walling does not give Mr. Hardie's following words, which are: "Nothing would please the landlord and capitalist classes better than to have us set out on a hunt for the king's crown and leave them alone. We know that even though there were no monarchy, so long as the capitalist system existed, we should have poverty exactly as we have it today, and we are more concerned with the abolition of the causes that produce poverty than with getting rid of the particular figurehead of the state."

In condemning Keir Hardie for this statement, Mr. Walling condemns modern Socialism, because it is precisely the stand taken by all other Socialists of prominence. We all remember Bebel's powerful words at Amsterdam, when he said in answer to Jaures, "As much as we envy you Frenchmen your Republic, and as much as we wish it for ourselves, we will not allow our skulls to be broken for it; it does not deserve it. A capitalist monarchy or a capitalist republic,—both are class states, both are necessarily and from their very nature made

to maintain the capitalist regime." When Mr. Walling scouts this tactic of the British working class, he not only condemns the Independent Labor Party, but also the International Socialist movement.

Furthermore, Mr. Walling misunderstands the attitude of modern Socialism toward State Socialism. He is in error when he says that "the German party has always held aloof on the question of national ownership." He is also in error when he intimates that the German party has not worked with enthusiasm for Labor legislation. He will find quick correction in Paul Kampffmeyer's recent book, and also in Morris Hillquit's "Socialism in Theory and Practice," to go no further. The German party has for years advocated and fought for measures of a State Socialistic character. The section against State Socialism in the first draft of the Erfurt program was stricken out, and a number of State Socialistic demands were put in that program. At the great State Socialistic debate at Breslau in 1895, not only most of the minor speakers, but Bebel and Liebknecht as well, came out strongly for promoting in the actual regime the transfer of private property into public hands. Bebel says "the attitude which would refuse to strengthen the power of the State smacks of the Manchester school. We must strip off these Manchesterian eggshells." Liebknecht took a similar line. He declared that in all cases where State Socialistic measures had been proposed "we have decided in favor of practical activity." Not only is this the view of the German Socialists, but it is the view of every Socialist party in Europe. But they have advocated such measures, not because they are in favor of State Socialism. Such measures are merely temporary expedients. The aim of social democracy is the conquest of political power by the working class. If the Independent Labor party, or any other Socialist party merely advocated State Socialistic measures, as the Fabian Society does, without attempting to form a distinct class conscious party of the workers, their action would necessarily lead to State Socialism, because it would leave the State in control of capitalists. But the fact that the Labor Party is an independent, class-conscious organization for the conquest of political power makes its aim revolutionary, and its end social democracy, or precisely the opposite of State Socialism.

Mr. Walling also says that the "policy of advancing the cause of Labor by co-operating in Parliament, first with one, and then with the other of the two capitalistic parties, is precisely that followed by the American Federation of Labor at the present moment in the United States, only in Great Britain it is proposed to do the compromising in Parliament rather than outside of it. No Socialist party in the world has adopted such tactics." This is an altogether extraordinary

statement, which it is hardly necessary to contradict in a Socialist journal. No Socialist party in the world has ever pursued any other tactic. Indeed for twenty-five years no Socialist of any importance has advocated any other tactic. Bebel expressed the view of the International Socialism at Amsterdam when he said, "We Social Democrats are broad-minded enough to accept from our adversaries all concessions we can obtain from them when they offer us some real benefit in order to secure our support today for the government, tomorrow for the Liberal party, the day after even for the party in the centre."

I am sure it will be obvious to most careful readers that Mr. Walling's article is bewildering in its subtile denials of the essential doctrines of modern Socialism. Both in this article and in another recently published by him, he departs entirely from the ground of the class struggle. No single phrase in this particular article defines his exact position, but in a recent appeal to Labor, published widely, he urges the "absolute necessity for Labor in politics to secure the cooperation of people in other walks of life." The Supreme Court, he says, "has aroused and insulted the whole people of the United States," and he declares that "either organized Labor must propose to the nation a platform on which all can stand, or continue to be divided and impotent." In his article in last month's **Review** he asks what would have been the result of a combination between Socialists and Trade Unionists at the last election. He answers that we might have had twenty or thirty Socialist or Labor congressmen, who would have accomplished nothing, while on the other hand, "the hostility of capitalism to the Labor movement would have been increased. Decisions would have been more despotic and brutal, and the unions would equally be reduced to less than half their present economic power." That a class party should antagonize other classes and even create hostility to Labor on the part of the Courts seems to Mr. Walling a sufficient argument against such a party. These extraordinary statements need no comment, but I wish to remind the reader that they come from Mr. Walling, not from the Rev. Mr. Stelze or from Mr. Ralph Easley.

In order to make clear just what it is that Mr. Walling and Mr. Grayson so bitterly condemn, I have drawn up the following statement concerning

THE BRITISH LABOR PARTY.

A great deal of confusion exists concerning the British Labor Party. Few seem to understand what it is, what it stands for, how it is organized, and why it exists. Almost every statement one sees about the party contains errors.

It is unlike anything that has ever existed in this country, or in any other country. It can be compared to nothing in any other country, and so far as I know it is unique in the history of Socialist progress.

In a sense it is not a party. It is only a federation of several distinct organizations, all of which keep their own identity, carry on their separate work with precisely the same freedom inside and outside the federation as before the organization of the party. It is not a fusion in any sense. It is an alliance, the same sort of an alliance that might exist between England and Japan, or any other friendly countries or organizations.

The Socialists say to the Trades Unions, "You help us, and we'll help you. We will keep our organizations distinct. We will go on with our separate propaganda, keep our offices, our officers, our branches, our papers, exactly as distinct as before the alliance."

The Socialists claim the right to speak for Socialism and to work for Socialism inside the party and out. They discuss their principles before immense audiences of trade unionists all over England. They express their views as Socialists in Parliament, and as fast as they possibly can, they induce trade unionists in the Labor party to join Socialist organizations.

All this is confusing to an American. We know fusion. We know it is dangerous, because a majority is often arrogant and tyrannous. But an alliance of the British sort we don't know. And the idea of having a party which isn't a party, which allows separate organizations with different ideals to go on, after allying themselves with each other, doing their separate work, is to an American a curious, unheard-of, incredible thing. But the necessity for alliance and not fusion is perfectly clear when one thinks of the peculiar nature of the constituents.

The Labor Party is not a joining together of two or more political parties. It is in a sense an alliance between the Socialists and the organized working class. It is specifically an alliance between a political party—the Socialist—and a body of Trade Unionists. The party cannot and would not become a trade union, and the trade unions do not want to become a party. All the trade unions want is Parliamentary representation.

They are not organized for political action. They have strict limitations. By the nature of their work and activity their chief purpose is a definite, concrete one, and multitudes of workers join trade unions to avail themselves of these definite, concrete advantages. The trade union officials have an immense work to do in their own field. They are engaged night and day in administering fraternal associations.

benefit funds, in discussing, in starting and in deciding trades disputes, and all the other varied activities which occupy the particular attention of trade unionists as trade unionists. By the nature of their organization they are unfitted for political activity. They do not wish to exclude from trade union benefits any one because of his religious, economic, or political views. Further, they do not wish to have partisan union officials rushing about the country, carrying on various forms of political activity, especially when there are important and pressing duties for them to perform in connection with the unions themselves.

The trade unionists of England were reluctant to enter politics at all, but the time came when Labor representation was a necessity. In certain very vital ways their organizations as organizations were threatened, and indeed it looked at the time as if the trade union movement of Great Britain was to be annihilated. Primarily to save these weapons to the working-class they at last determined to go into politics.

Fortunately the trade unionists of England saw one thing clearly, and that was if they went into politics at all it must be as an independent political movement. They had come to the point of believing that they had to fight both the old political parties, and furthermore, they realized that while all the trade unionists would vote for Labor as Labor, that is, for their own party independent of other parties, no power on earth could force Tories to vote for Liberals, or Liberals to vote for Tories.

As a result a meeting was held in London of representatives of all Trade Unions, of all Socialist bodies, and of the co-operative societies. At this meeting it was decided that Labor representation was necessary for the immediate purpose of fighting certain battles in the interest of Labor. An organization was formed, first called the Labor Representation Committee, but it changed its name later to the Labor Party. This change was largely a matter of convenience, and it did not alter the party's organization, nor make of it anything more than an alliance between Socialists and trade unionists for mutual aid and support.

Now, it is essential for anyone who wishes to understand the Labor Party to get clearly in mind these facts concerning the organization, for until one knows the nature of this alliance he cannot understand the English situation at all.

Two things are agreed upon by those taking part in the alliance. First, that every candidate must keep himself distinct from and independent of the old parties, not only in his own constituency, but every-

where in the British Islands. He cannot aid nor speak for nor assist in any way the candidates of one of the old parties. He must stand in opposition to them, and when he is in Parliament become a part of the Labor group, which shall exist distinct from and independent of all other Parliamentary groups. That is about all there is in the way of an agreement or understanding. Other minor agreements are entered into, one as to the dues, another as to the selection of candidates. Each member, Socialist or trade unionist, pays his dues to the organization, for the purpose of election funds and of supporting their representatives in Parliament. The candidates are selected to stand for Parliament by referendum. Socialists and Trade Unionists come together. The various candidates are then nominated and selected by referendum vote.

Thus far there has been no disposition to make any distinction between candidates because of their political views. As a matter of fact, over two-thirds of the Labor group in Parliament are Socialists, and all but three or four of those selected to be candidates at the next election are Socialists. They are, however, not selected as Socialists, but because of their proved ability to fitly represent the interests of Labor in Parliament. Naturally enough, the Socialists are best fitted to do this work, and the recognition of this fact is general. They are best qualified because they have been students, agitators and organizers in a political movement for a great many years. In most cases they easily demonstrate their exceptional ability in dealing in a broad and intelligent manner with great political questions. But whether the candidate is a Socialist or a Trade Unionist, all affiliated with the party are supposed to give him every aid in the electoral struggle.

Anyone who grasps the essence of what I have said above will realize why Socialists as well as trade unionists have opposed a constitutional amendment insisting upon a belief in Socialism as a basis of entrance into the new party. In the first place, such a constitutional amendment would immediately destroy the alliance. It would smash the Labor party. Upon that basis the Trade Unionists who are not Socialists would be driven out of the party, and the whole purpose and object of the alliance would be defeated.

At nearly every conference of the Labor party such constitutional amendments have been submitted, and nearly every time the Socialists have been the chief ones to oppose it. Not in the least because they were opposed to Socialism, but only because they did not want to drive out of the Labor party those in alliance with them. It was a definite, honorable alliance. The trade unionists did not require the Socialists to give up their press, to renounce their program, to abolish

their organizations, or in any way restrict them in promoting and advocating their views on or off the Labor platform. The Socialists on the other hand did not attempt to force Socialism down the throats of the Trade Unionists; in the first place, because it could not have been done, and in the second place, it would have been a violation of the very basis of the alliance.

But in order to find out the views of the members of the party and to see just how strong Socialism is in the party they have twice passed a resolution which declared that the aim and purpose of the party is the socialization of the means of production, distribution and exchange. This resolution, being merely a statement of purpose and not binding upon the minority, has enabled the minority to remain united with the majority despite the fact that the majority have declared themselves for Socialism.

Naturally the question will arise in the minds of all Socialists, just what effect has this alliance had upon the progress of Socialism in Great Britain? To my mind it is most clearly shown by contrasting the sentiment for Socialism in Great Britain now with that which existed only a few years ago. Everybody today is talking Socialism. It has taken a new lease of life. It is the topic of the hour, and the demand for Socialist orators and writings can hardly be supplied. Every community has now a vigorous group of Socialists who are literally forcing the battle. The Socialist parties are benefiting by the alliance. The chief organization in Great Britain has greatly increased its membership, has added to its papers, and is every day establishing new branches throughout the kingdom. Socialists are addressing no less than twenty-five hundred meetings a week, and everywhere the propaganda progresses with a vigor and vitality almost incredible.

But perhaps the most important gain to Socialism by the alliance is the fact that every Socialist in the Labor party has now an opportunity to speak on the Trade Union platform. Ten years ago he was heard only by Socialists or near-Socialists. Today he speaks to thousands upon thousands of workers who would not have heard him before the formation of the alliance. When a Socialist member of the party now appears in any town he is received at meetings of trade union bodies, and the Socialists and trade unionists alike hear him with enthusiasm. In other words, the Socialists of Great Britain have now an opportunity to carry on propaganda as never before. They are fast converting the younger trade unionists to Socialism, and wherever the Socialist speakers go they build up Socialist branches from members of the trade unions. As a result the very bodies which Sydney Webb and Bernard Shaw said only a few years ago consisted

of the most conservative and reactionary men on the face of the earth, are today alive with Socialist enthusiasm. Within a few years, it is safe to say, the entire trade union movement of Great Britain will come over to Socialism in a body. Until that day comes the Socialists are satisfied to be patient, to push their propaganda and to build up their organizations. They don't want to force anything down unwilling throats. They know that the time is near when the whole fabric of conservative trade unionism will fall, and the entire labor movement will of its own volition, and without a word of urging, come out for the entire Socialist program.

Now, let us consider for a moment, the strength of Socialism in the Labor party. In the first place, there are about thirty thousand Socialists affiliated with the Labor party as Socialists. In addition it is safe to say that a majority of the trade unionists in the Labor party are in sympathy with Socialism. If one were to consider the vote for the Socialist resolution as decisive evidence of the strength of Socialism in the party, then a very large majority of the party are at present Socialists. There are also thirty of the Labor party men in Parliament, and of these twenty-two are Socialists. When I was in Great Britain, the Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee, the Chairman of the Executive Committee, the Chairman of the Congress, were all Socialists, and of the members of the Executive Committee only three were not Socialists. Mr. Hardie himself says that of the candidates selected to run at the next election for the Labor party ninety-five per cent are Socialists. In addition to this, the Labor party is now affiliated to the International Socialist movement. No one will, I think, accuse Kautsky of being an opportunist, and I think he represented practically the unanimous view of the Continental movement when he offered on October 12th last the following resolution:

"The International Bureau declares that the English Labor Party is to be admitted to the International Socialist Congresses, because, although it does not avowedly recognize the class struggle, it actually carries it on; and because the organization of the Labor party being independent of the bourgeois parties, is based upon the class struggle."

Upon being put to vote this resolution was accepted by all the representatives present, with the exception of Mlle. Roussel, M. Roubanovitch and Mr. H. M. Hyndman, who voted against it.

However much one may oppose the formation of a Labor party here, certainly most sane Socialists will agree that the structure of the British Labor party is a stroke of genius.

I cannot for the life of me see a single thing lost to Socialism because of the alliance. The Socialist organizations exist as before.

They keep their papers in their own hands as before. They have their distinct branches, membership, and party as before. They are not tied nor restricted in any way. They have the ear of a multitude now which in no other way could they have gained so quickly. If the Labor party should break up the Socialists would be infinitely stronger than they were before the alliance. They have twenty-two men in Parliament, not more than two or three of whom would be there if the alliance did not exist, and they have already achieved some great, concrete benefits for the working class by virtue of political action. But above and beyond all, they have overcome the greatest obstacle which lay in the path of Socialism. They have divorced the whole Labor element from a corrupting and destructive alliance to Tory and Liberal politicians. They have put a whole class in hostility to capitalist politics. They have made it impossible for a man who desires to retain his position in the Labor movement to speak or work for the interests of a capitalist politician or party. Without a word of propaganda they have made trade unionists look upon a workingman who votes a capitalist ticket as a "scab" and a traitor. That alone is revolutionary. That alone is worth years of arduous and earnest effort. Socialism after that is only a matter of time, and its coming is as certain as the coming of the dawn.





[We have been receiving many requests for material to be used in young people's study classes. We are therefore glad to announce that Mary E. Marcy, who formerly took a post graduate course under Dr. John Dewey, has lately conceived the idea of applying his method to a study of the life of primitive man.

We socialists cannot over-emphasize the importance the tool has played in molding society. In fact, we know that the tool, the means of production, is the one important history-maker.

Present society is much too complicated and the details of civilization too overwhelmingly numerous to enable untrained minds to seek out the more fundamental factors that make modern history.

But in the study of primitive man we can easily trace the results attendant upon the discovery or invention of the use of fire, tools and weapons. The increased freedom, security and comfort that came with each and every one, in savage society are evident to all.

"You can concentrate the history of all mankind into the evolution of flax, cotton and wool fibre into clothing . . . certain very real and important avenues to the consideration of the history of the race are thus opened so that the mind is introduced to much more fundamental and controlling influences than usually appear in the political and chronological records that pass for history."—*Dr. John Dewey, in The School and Society.*

One word more. Avoid presenting abstract ideas to young folks. Abstract ideas are always changing and every one is interested in concrete things. Youth is always active, brimming over with energy to expend. Do not try to pour knowledge into that which is already overflowing. Direct this energy. We learn best by DOING.

Again in his little book, The School and Society, in speaking of children, Dr. Dewey says:

"Give them experience at first hand. Let them learn the measure of every material used in every occupation and of the processes employed."

And, again, we repeat, the point from which to start is at the beginning.]

Fire



NO one among the Cave People knew how to kindle a fire. On several occasions when they found the trees in the forest aflame, Strong Arm had borne back to the Hollow a burning branch. Immediately all the other Cave People were seized with a desire to have torches and they swarmed around the skirts of the blaze and secured boughs also. And on they sped toward home and the Hollow amid roars of laughter and much pride, till the sparks from one of the branches blew into the frowsy hair of the Stumbler and set him aflame.

Instantly all the Cave People dropped their boughs in terror and the Stumbler beat his head with his hands, uttering shrill cries of pain.



SECURE AROUND THE FIRE THEY DANCED AND CHANTED.

Only Strong Arm advanced steadily toward the river, grunting his disgust. "Bah! Bah!" he said many times, spitting the words from his mouth.

Strong Arm was the great man of the tribe. No one among the Cave people could jump so far, or lift so large a rock as he. His back was broader than the shoulders of the other men. His head was less flat, and his eyes were very keen and saw many things.

When they reached the Hollow, Strong Arm gathered dry leaves and sticks and built a huge bonfire upon the rocks. And the Old Woman and Gray Beard came out of their caves to marvel at his work.

The young men brought branches and leaves and fed the flames and when night came on the Cave People sat around the fire and laughed together. For the wolves came out of their holes and showed their white fangs. And their yellow eyes gleamed through the darkness but they hovered on the edge of the woods for they were afraid.

Far into the night the Cave People danced, while the flames from the fire brightened the whole Hollow. They beat their hands together and chanted in two tones from a minor strain, and not till they were worn out with dancing and fuel gathering did they crawl back into their caves.

But in the morning the fire was dead. Grey ashes marked the spot of their gaiety and the Cave People were filled with awe and wonder.

But they learned many things. The next time Strong Arm brought a blazing bough to the Hollow, he discovered that the fire burned best when the branches met the face of the wind, and in time they learned to coax the coals to live through the night by covering them carefully with ashes and damp moss. And at last, by watchful care, the Cave People were able to keep the fire burning constantly.

The Cave Women with little children, who were unable to hunt with the men, came in time to be the natural care-takers of the fire.

It was the Foolish One who first, in a fit of wantonness, threw a hunk of bear meat upon the coals, and it was Strong Arm, the wise, who fished it out again. For in those days bear meat was not to be had all the time, and Famine followed close upon the heels of Feasting. Often a chunk of bear meat was the most precious thing in all the world.

Strong Arm ate the steak which he had poked from the coals and he found it delicious. Then he threw more chunks into the fire and gave them to the Cave People. After that every one threw his meat into the flames. By and by they stuck great hunks of raw flesh upon long sticks and broiled them over the fire.

No longer as darkness crept over the world were the Cave People forced into their Caves for safety. Secure around the fire they danced and chanted rude measures wherein they mocked their enemies, the mountain lion and the grey wolves, who came forth in the night and watched them hungrily from afar.

Four times had the nut season come and gone since the birth of little Laughing Boy and he could remember one day only when the fire had not burned upon the rocks in the Hollow. Ever since he had been able to walk he had trotted at his mother's heels down to the shore, when the air was chill and had squatted very close to the coals, for the warmth was very pleasant to his small body.

His mother, Quack Quack, which meant Wild Duck in the language of the Cave People, always screamed shrilly to him and gesticulated wildly, till he crept back out of danger, while she scoured the woods for logs and branches.

But there came a day when he crawled down to the river and found no fire on the shore. Then his father, Strong Arm, had gone upon a long journey. Many paths he had crossed on his journey along the bank of

the river to a friendly neighboring tribe. And he returned after several suns with the good fire in his hands.

Since then the Cave People had tended the fire more carefully than ever. Thus Laughing Boy came to know that the fire was a friend, a friend who protected the Cave People from the wild animals of the forest. He knew also that it was very good to feel the warm flames near his brown body when the days were cool, and that it hurt very much if touched with his fingers.

Laughing Boy always ran at the side of his mother, Quack Quack, tagging at her heels or hanging on her shoulders. Although a very big boy, as Cave Boys grew, he had never been weaned and always when he grew cold or hungry, he ran to her side and pulled at her breasts, uttering queer little grunts and cries.

In the bad season Quack Quack grew very thin as Laughing Boy nursed at her breasts. When he was four years old and the fruit was dead and the nuts and berries were nowhere to be found from the North fork of the river to the bend far below, Quack Quack felt that she could no longer endure but pushed him from her again and again, giving him bits of meat and fish to chew.

When once the Cave People had hunted twelve days without bringing home any large game, the eyes of the people grew deep with hunger and



STRONG ARM FISHED A WHOLE DAY.

their faces were drawn and gaunt. A few fish they caught and again found bitter root and some scrubby tubers, but these meant only a mouthful to the Cave People when they could, one and all, have devoured great hunks of meat.

Strong Arm sat on the bank of the river one whole day, but the storms had driven the fish up stream and he caught only two small ones that fluttered and beat themselves against the sticks which he had rammed into the mud, after the fashion of a fence.

Quack Quack, who was often alone in the Hollow, felt the gnawing pangs of hunger more keenly every day as she weakly thrust Laughing Boy from her breasts again and again, and staggered into the forest after fresh fuel.

And there came a time when the hunger and pain grew so strong that she remembered only that she must satisfy them. Then she pushed Laughing Boy into the cave, which was the place that served to her and Strong Arm for a home, and with a mighty effort rolled a stone before the entrance.

Laughing Boy, too, was very hungry but she knew he was safe from the beasts of the forest. She heard his low wails as she turned her back on the Hollow and hurried away toward the branch of the river, pausing only when she saw the scrub ends of the wild plants, to examine them. But she found nothing to eat, only many holes where the Cave People had thrust their sticks in a search of roots.

Quack Quack continued on her way, almost forgetting the mountain lion, and the dangers that assailed without, for the hunger passion was strong within her.

The wild duck she sought and knew their haunts of old. It was because of her skill in catching them that she had earned her name among the Cave People.

Better than any other, she knew their habits and how to catch and kill one among them without alarming the flock.

This she had discovered when she was a very little girl. In those days it had been almost impossible for the Cave People to catch the wild duck. While they were sometimes successful in killing one, the others always scattered in terror. Soon they began to regard the Cave People as their enemies and immediately one of them appeared the alarm was given.

But when Quack Quack, the mother of Laughing Boy, was ten years old and the Cave People were disgusted because the wild ducks eluded them so quickly, she found a way to deceive the flocks.

She had waded out into the fork of the river, with the great green leaves of the cocoanut palm wet and flapping about her head, for the sun

was very hot, and she stood quietly among the rushes, when a flock of wild ducks swam slowly down the stream. Suddenly she stretched out her arm, under the water, and seized one of the ducks by the legs and drew him down.* And the rest of the flock, unsuspicious of danger, swam on slowly around the bend.

Then the little brown girl ran out of the water holding aloft the duck, which was dead. Her mother was very proud as well as the young brown girl, and all the Cave People clapped their hands and said, "Good! Good!" And the young men said "Woman," meaning she was grown very wise, and after that everybody called her Quack Quack, after the voice of the wild duck.

And Quack Quack grew very proud of her accomplishment and spent long hours hiding in the rushes for ducks. All the Cave People put leaves or bark over their heads in order to hide themselves and tried to catch them as the brown young girl had done, but they always frightened away the flock even when they were lucky enough to seize one of the ducks.

Many years had passed since the brown girl discovered the new way of hunting, but the brown woman, whom they still called Quack Quack, had not forgotten.

She could not forget with a great hunger in her breast, as she slipped through the wood along the river bank.

Gently she stepped, making no sound and every little while she parted the brushes lining the river with her hands and peered through. But there were no ducks and she caught her breath each time eagerly and went further on, twitching her ears nervously.

When she was almost exhausted, after some time, she again parted the brush. Now her eyes flashed, her small nostrils quivered and her hands worked convulsively, for there, not very far away, evidently drowsing near the rushes, she saw a solitary wild duck.

The brown woman drew in her breath, and softly, very softly, withdrew from the brush and bent her steps further up the river. On her way she tore a long strip of dead bark from a tree and wound it carefully around her head and face.

Then she plunged into the river until it rose above her shoulders, when she waded very gently with the current, down stream. The water was very cold, but Quack Quack clutched her hands sharply and stepped onward, deeper into the sluggish current, till only the rough bark which covered her head, remained in view.

Slowly, very slowly, she felt her way over the soft bottom, making no

* Prof. Frederick Starr says in his Some First Steps in Human Progress that this old method of catching wild ducks is still practiced by the tribes in Patagonia.



A PIECE OF BARK SUCH AS QUACK QUACK USED.

sound, causing not even a ripple in the water. A small bough floated at her side and she kept pace with it, going no faster, no slower than it drifted, till she came close, very close, to the motionless duck. Then her hand shot forth and she dragged it sharply under the water. But it was alone. There was none to take flight at its cries and Quack Quack, the brown woman, scrambled up the bank, wringing the duck's neck as she ran.

She shivered in the wind and shielded herself in the brush, and then, lying flat on the ground, buried her teeth in the duck's breast. Swiftly she ate, making loud noises with her lips and grunting joyfully, and not until the last portion was gone did she rise and turn her face toward the Hollow. Her stomach sagged with its heavy load and she walked slowly, glutted with food.

When the Cave People saw her, they cried out, "Wild Duck, Wild Duck"! They looked at her stomach, big and distended and were very miserable, for they knew after what manner she had earned her name.

The fire on the rocks in the Hollow was cold and dead and Strong Arm was very angry, but Quack Quack said nothing. She heard the cry of Laughing Boy as she slipped into the Cave, and she threw herself onto the bed of dead leaves and drew him, wimpering, to her breast.

Social Democracy and "Laborism" in England

By H. Quelch, Editor of Justice, London.



I HAVE been asked to write something about what is called the "Victor Grayson incident" in the House of Commons, by way of illustrating the present position of Socialism and the working-class movement generally in this country. So far as the incident itself is concerned, while I should be prepared to say that Grayson's action might have been better timed and made much more effective, it has been perfectly justified by subsequent events.

We are led to suppose that Grayson's irrelevant and "disorderly" irruption into the ordinary proceedings of the House, with a protest on behalf of the unemployed, was prompted by his indignation and disgust at the indifference of the government to this all-important question and the apathy and supineness of the Labor Party in failing to vigorously attack the government on the matter.

The attack made just now upon the government by the leaders of the Labor Party, in the debate on the address, in which Henderson, Barnes, O'Grady and particularly Keir Hardy, vehemently denounced Asquith and his colleagues for neglecting to do anything for the unemployed, and for "betraying" the Labor Party and the working class, shows that Grayson's action was justified, and that his protest and our criticism in the press and on the platform have at any rate had the effect of stirring the Labor Party into some show of activity and opposition to the Government There is no reason, except their own reliance upon the good will of the Liberals, why the onslaught which was made last week by the Labor Party should not have been made two years ago, at least.

On the other hand, Grayson's protest would have been much more effective had he made it on the first day of the session, instead of waiting for four days, or had he, having waited so long, held his protest over for another three days until the question came up for discussion in the House, when he could have formulated an indictment of the government and the whole infernal system, instead of having to content himself with two or three broken sentences. He was also to blame for not taking into his confidence at least some of the members of the Labor Party—such as Thorne and O'Grady—who had always backed him, even against the majority

of their own party. The question has been asked why Thorne, at least, did not support Grayson. The answer is that Thorne knew nothing about it or would have done so. Personally, I think that what Grayson did, Thorne, at least, ought to have done, even more effectively, long before. For that Thorne must take his share of the blame with the others; but he is not to blame for not backing Grayson, which he would assuredly have done, had he known what was in the wind.

So much for the Grayson incident, which in itself, I entirely endorse, and which undoubtedly has had a salutary effect.

The question of the actual position of the movement here—Socialist especially, and working class, generally, is not so easily disposed of. The circumstances here are in many respects so different from those existing in the States that it is impossible to set up any analogy and difficult to make comparisons. That is why the militants of one country would not, properly, dictate a line of policy to those of another; and for that reason it must be understood that in any comparison I may make I speak with all reserve of the conditions which obtain in the States and subject to the correction of those on the spot.

This being understood, it appears to me that the working-class movement in America, certainly in its economic organization, is far behind that of this country. Our Trades Union Congress, to which most of the trade unions are affiliated, is less of a real federation than your American Federation of Labor. On the other hand, our general Federation of Trades is a real federation of trade unions, pure and simple. Your A. F. of L., however, in its convention, is the nearest thing you have to our Trade Union Congress. Now our Trade Union Congress, representative of practically all the trade unions in the Kingdom, has repeatedly passed resolutions in favor of Socialism, out and out, as well as of Socialistic legislative measures. This, I think, your A. F. of L. Convention has never done. Moreover, an increasing number of the trade union officials are out and out Socialists; and many of the unions—e. g., the gasworkers, the shoe operatives and the engineers, have Socialism declared as their objective in the preamble to their rules. The Miners' Federation, too, one of the most powerful combinations of labor in the United Kingdom, and embracing the whole of the miners in the English, Scotch and Welsh coal fields, have unanimously declared in favor of Socialism at their annual conferences.

In these circumstances, when, for various reasons, the Trades Union Congress declared in favor of forming a Labor Representation Committee, we of the S. D. P., who had always urged the unions to enter the political field, heartily welcomed the new move forward and

gladly entered the combination. At the inaugural conference, held in London, in February, 1900, our delegates moved the adoption of a Socialist objective and program. There was no doubt whatever that this motion would have been carried but for the opposition, not of trade union delegates, but of our friends and comrades of the Independent Labor Party! They thought the time was not opportune; that we must not try and ram Socialism down people's throats, and so on.

We, nevertheless, remained in the combination for a year, and found, of course, that we were in a hopeless minority and were outvoted on every question of principle. There was, therefore, nothing to do but to withdraw, as we did.

Some of the members of our Party, like myself, are also members of the Labor Party by virtue of our membership of an affiliated trade union. Social-Democrats always come to the front in the trade unions with the result that we get sent as delegates to the Labor Party Conferences. This makes the trimmers and reactionaries rather mad, because we always try to push Socialist principles to the front. In this we always find that our chief opposition comes, not from the trade unionists pure and simple, but from the professed Socialists, the delegates of the I. L. P., who, for fear of giving any offense to their trade union allies, creep timidly behind them. The result is that the alliance between the Socialists of the I. L. P. and Fabian Society, with the trade unions, instead of helping the progress of the Labor Party towards Socialism, is really keeping it back, and the trade unions in the alliance are really more pronouncedly Socialist than the avowedly Socialist bodies.

For ourselves of the S. D. P., we have a rather difficult part to play in steering a middle course between the trimmers of the Labor Party and the extremists whom the failure of the Labor Party to make the best use of its opportunities is converting into Impossibilists. But we are winning through.

So it seems to be a general law of social development, that countries which are pioneers in the economic development are tempted to put compromise in the place of radical solutions.—Karl Kautsky in Ethics and the Materialistic Conception of History.

The Terror

By James Oneal.



OUR theories would send hell surging through the streets and erect the guillotine in the public square."

I looked at my friend in surprise. I was not prepared for such a passionate protest, for, while our views of life and its problems were at variance, his rejoinders were usually mildly satirical. Now it was evident that he was aroused. His eyes glowed with honest antagonism and indignation. The rise of educated and disciplined proletarians evidently conjured visions of a French Terror in his mind.

"What," he continued, "could you expect should these vandals crawl from their holes some fine morning like this and, possessed with your ideas that the twentieth century is theirs, should proceed to impress their beliefs on all the institutions of today? What would be the result? Pillage and massacre such as the world has never seen," he concluded, with a gesture that indicated a conviction which no argument of mine could shake.

We had reached the bank of the river and the bright June sun reflected from the water almost blinded us as we gazed at the green willows and shrubbery that lined the opposite bank. The silent flow of water reflecting the foliage and the old wooden bridge were so suggestive of peace that I felt it was almost a sacrilege to discuss violence even for the purpose of defending my comrades against the charge. Surely these waters had never known the turbulence of civil strife; they had never been discolored by mixing with the blood of a human heart.

And yet I knew that my faith in the underworld of labor was well placed and that with the experience of history, the culture of modern science, philosophy, and the discipline of our ideals, there is less possibility of social disaster in our rise than in the rise of any other class in history. Still, I felt at a disadvantage on the banks of this peaceful river. The warmth of the sun, the sparkle of the stream and the sponge-like softness of the moss beneath my feet produced such a profound feeling of ease and comfort that I sank into one of those half conscious noonday reveries which come to the indolent at times.

Presently a fisherman left the shore and pulled slowly upstream, the clumsy bark taxing all his strength as he struggled with the swift current. This seemed to be my answer. The boatman was a

symbol of the unorganized, ignorant struggle of the poor; they were looking backward, pulling blindly against the stream and drawing the hulk of dying institutions after them. The boatman would find his adjustment in the stone age but not in our time unless he was equipped with modern methods of navigation. So the proletarians too required the intellectual equipment of the revolution to guard against a fruitless and misdirected struggle which would end in the disaster my friend predicted. And we of the revolution had that equipment and were giving it to increasing numbers of the disinherited. I thanked the primitive boatman. I had my answer. I turned to my friend. "Your conception of us who think and who have acquired some of the culture of modern times is beastly," I said. "We are not executioners, but liberators who hold life the most sacred thing on this planet. This fellow in the boat——"

A faint roar from many voices in the distance interrupted me. Looking back up the street which we had traversed we saw a great mass of frenzied human beings rushing like an avalanche toward us. The central column, in its ownward sweep, gathered up others from the side streets. Here and there along the walks a stray pedestrian was sucked into the living vortex and became a part of it. Terrible curses ascended from a thousand throats like filth flowing from the mouth of a foul sewer. Tense drawn faces, distorted and made hideous with cruel snarls, were visible through the dust that enveloped the mob in one great cloud. Reason had fled. Primitive, cruel passions, shed centuries ago, swayed the mob. Blood-lust shone in the eyes of the lynchers. Frightened mothers appeared at windows clutching their offspring, fearful that this sea of passion would overflow and carry destruction to their doors. In the mob the dainty bank clerk mingled with the laborer. A miner, black with the grime of toil and a smutty torch still in his cap, jostled a small merchant. The habitues of the "red light" district fraternized with the well-to-do. Rags and purple met on common ground, bent on the same mission—the destruction of human life.

We had passed the county prison one hundred yards away. The street was now glutted with the mass which pressed the first section on. A telephone pole was seized by hundreds who mounted the steps to the steel door. The long black weapon carried between the two rows of enraged men looked like a monster centipede. The prison shook from the impact of the first blow. A shot from behind the steel door only inflamed the besiegers. With roars and curses they retreated a few paces and with one great lunge caved in the door.

The mob choked up the entrance in the struggle to enter. A half hundred rushed inside and soon appeared with a rope coiled

round the neck of a negro. He stood for a moment in the glare of the sun, his thick lips curling like those of a famished wolf at bay, but his struggles were soon quieted with a blow from a hammer.

Willing hands grasped the rope and dragged the half conscious victim through the dust, most of them looking back and hooting at their human freight. Their frightful leers were accentuated by the glare of the noonday sun on their sweaty and dust-covered faces. On they swept and disappeared in the mouth of the covered bridge that spanned the peaceful stream. Their prey struck the corner of the bridge, rebounded and, raised clear of the ground, plunged with a jerk into the shadows and disappeared also.

In a few minutes the lynchers appeared at an open span at the other end. The quivering negro hung from a girder but was soon cut down only to fall into the arms of the advance guard below. The hills echoed the rage of the mob as their victim shot downward. Faggots were gathered. A well-dressed madman circled the crowd with his derby in his hand which was soon filled with coins. Two messengers were despatched and soon returned with new pails filled with kerosene. The derby was again passed and other messengers volunteered. The fisherman pulled his primitive craft up the bank and danced and howled like one stark mad.

Meanwhile the brush was being piled and the well-dressed struggled with ragged urchins to cut a souvenir from their unconscious prey. A few days later charred parts of a human skull would be exhibited by many of that mob, and learned discussions were to divide them, for many held that its thickness was evidence that a negro was not human. All but a few having supplied themselves, these were content to wait for the ash heap for their mementoes.

Suddenly the flames shot upward and the crackling of dry wood mingled with the roars of the mob. The tongues of flame were reflected in the ripples of the stream while at the open span above a black mass yelled itself hoarse as the heat ascended to their nostrils. The fisherman howled and circled the pyre till he was nearly exhausted, then he returned to his "dug-out" and began his laborious task of sending it against the stream.

* * * * * * * * * *

I turned to my friend. He was sick and pale with emotion. We walked in silence past the prison and up the street through which the lynchers had come. Suddenly I remembered our controversy.

"There wasn't a red card in that crowd," I said.

He looked at me, grasped my hand, attempted to speak, but could not, and we passed on.

Socialism for Students

By Joseph E. Cohen.

VI. SOCIALISM AND SCIENCE.



AN is not only the product of social conditions. He is a human being, and traces of the lower animals are still very decided in him. As a human being, albeit he is endowed with considerably more mentality than the other animals, he has tried to explain the physical universe about him with more or less fear, wonder and perplexity. He has, in turn, worshipped the sun, moon, other animals, his own organs and images. He has imagined his god to inhabit everything that grows, the elements, and the vast firmanent that transcends his powers of perception. He celebrates by fast or feast such perennial phenomena as the coming of the seasons. He greets sunrise and sunset with prayer and is in the throes of the problem of immortality. And these things exert no little influence in shaping customs, traditions and traits of character; they exert no little influence upon social arrangements.

Progress along this line is made by finding a natural explanation of what was formerly deemed supernatural. Science replaces unfounded faith. Knowledge ousts unwarranted belief.

"Science," say the scientists, "is general knowledge systematized." Science consists of properly arranged facts and theories and laws in regard to what passes about us.

The workingman does something like this at his bench or machine. Thus, before weaving, it is necessary to sort the cotton from the wool, material of one texture from that of another, that of one color from that of different color, and that of expensive dye from that of an inferior grade. In like manner, science takes facts that are generally known, or should be generally known, and sorts them out according to the points of resemblance and distinction.

Science regards nothing as stationary. Everything is in a condition of flow; in the moment that it is one thing, it is becoming something else. "The present is the child of the past, but it is the parent of the future." As is often said, the only thing constant in nature is the law of perpetual change.

This law of perpetual change we see in operation all about us. Mother Earth shrugs her shoulders and mountain ranges rise or fall; she puckers up her lips, and ocean currents swerve around the continents. When she is cramped for room and stretches herself, there is likely to be an earthquake and perhaps tens of thousands of lives are lost and cities are demolished in a twinkling. Volcanoes remain to remind man of the restlessness of nature.

But while everything changes its form, nothing is ever lost. Life and death are companions throughout existence, the crest and trough of the wave of time. One makes way for the other. What perishes fertilizes what is about to be born; the dead, by giving life to the living, becomes the substance of the living. Shakespeare uses this idea in the dialogue:

"Hamlet. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Hamlet. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a process through the guts of a beggar."

To prove that we are related to all about us, Moore declares that over two-thirds of the weight of the human body is made up of oxygen alone, a gas which forms one-fifth of the weight of the air, more than eight-ninths of that of the sea, and forty-seven per cent. of the superficial solids of the earth.

Nothing is constant. Everything changes its form. But that is all it does. Matter may be shifted about, but it cannot be lost. And however much force may be brought into play, it only changes its form. It is not destroyed. So far as we can see, the matter and force we have, have always been and will always be. There was no beginning, and there will be no ending. They are everlasting.

This old earth of ours has been changing for quite awhile. Boelsche thinks it is a million years old. And there is no telling how many millions of times the stuff of which our world is made was the stuff of other worlds or stars. We know our world was not the first or the last created. Fitch declares that it is only a millionth part in bulk of the solar system—our sun, planets and their moons—and we know that the solar system is probably only a millionth part of the dust of the heavens. So that our earth is only a grain in the celestial sandstorm. And the earth was here for the greater part of its million years before the being we call man arrived. Again quoting Moore: "Man is not the end, he is but an incident, of the infinite elaborations of Time and Space."

It may be accepted as a certainty that man was not created as man. He is the outcome of animals lower in the scale, which fact Darwin first called our attention to. Evidence is plentiful on this score. Huxley, in

"Man's Place in Nature," tells us of the ties between man and the man-like apes, man's next of kin. Thus, there is greater difference among men's brains than there is between man and the gorilla. The difference in skull and skeleton between man and the gorilla are of smaller value than that between the gorilla and some other apes. The same is true of the dentition. Man in the embryonical stage is nearer to the ape than the ape is to the dog. Bebel declares that monkeys are the only beings, besides man, in whom the sexual impulse is not fixed to certain periods. The process of the human embryo, from egg to ego, is a panorama of the whole biological scale. Dr. Weisler, in his work on "Embryology," tells us that at the twenty-fifth day the embryo presents a well-developed tail. While maternal influences cease at the second week, up to the fourth week the heart of the human embryo is that which is the permanent condition of fishes. The nails begin in claw-like projections. In the seventh month, the lanugo, or "embryonal down," makes its appearance, covers the surface of practically the whole body, and disappears in the eighth month. This is the relic of the days when what is now man was a hair-covered animal. Fitch gives a list of "rudimentary organs," which were once useful in the animal ancestors of man, but are now rather harmful. Such is the vermiform appendix. Boelsche declares that the blood of the chimpanzee may be mixed with that of man without harm, which is the severest test, as bloods of different species act as poisons. Boelsche traces man back, step by step, to the very beginning of life, the primordial cell.

All of man's organs and their functions hark back to the remote past. "Life was born blind, just as many animals are to this day, but it was gradually prepared for sight," says Dr. Meyer. Scientists go even further. Francé declares: "The plant possesses everything that distinguishes a living creature—movement, sensation, the most violent reaction against abuse, and most ardent gratitude for favors—if we will but take sufficient time to wait with loving patience for its sweet and gentle answers to our stormy questions." While rooted to the ground, they nevertheless have power, in a measure, to adapt themselves to external agencies. They feel "light-hunger," not unlike the light-hunger in man which Ibsen makes the climax of his great morbid play "Ghosts." Again, more than five hundred varieties of plants devour insects. Plants also have a refined sense of smell, taste and location; there is the beginning of a nervous system, and a tendency toward division of labor, instinct, perception and soul. So Francé concludes: "Even if all our hopes are not realized, we have brought away a mighty knowledge that reaches down into the very depths of all being: the certainty that the life of the plants is one with that of animals, and with that of ourselves."

It is difficult to draw a sharp line between man and the other animals.

Grant Allen, in the "New Hedonism," thinks that what separates man from his fellow creatures is ethics, intellect and the sense of beauty. Yet it is quite certain that many birds find considerable enjoyment in a harmonious color scheme, while savages are little superior to the ingenious animals, such as the ant, in ethics and intellect. Franklin called man the tool-using animal. And while Kautsky declares that "Neither as a thinking nor as a moral being is man essentially different from the animals," he goes on to say that "what, however, alone distinguishes the former is the production of tools, which serve for production, for defence or attack. * * * With the production of the means of production, the animal man begins to become the human man; with that he breaks away from the animal world to found his own empire, an empire with its own kind of development, which is wholly unknown in the rest of nature, and to which nothing similar is to be found there."

Everything changes. Man has evolved out of lower animals, and the plants are likely his distant relatives. Arthur Morrow Lewis sketches the modern theories of evolution in this wise: "Lamarck was the first to present the theory of evolution in a thoroughly scientific manner. Then Darwin discovered the 'great principle which rules the evolution of organisms'; the principle of 'natural selection.' Then Weismann repudiated current ideas as to how the fittest 'arrived,' or 'originated,' and presented in their place a theory of his own, which is still under discussion. De Vries raised the question as to whether new species 'arrive' by a gradual accumulation of tiny changes, or by sudden leaps—mutations—and demonstrated the latter by his experiments with the evening primrose."

Darwin's theory, regarded as epoch-making in science, is: "Natural selection in the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence." Or, as it is commonly put, nature performs her wonders in organic life through the desire for food and offspring, "hunger and love." It is the special merit of Darwin that his theory was the first satisfactory attempt to interpret the activity of organic beings, and to explain why they change. Dealey and Ward tell us that: "Science is mainly interpretation."

The question of interpretation is a very broad one. It depends upon many things. Thus Darwin acknowledges that he was influenced by the now discredited theory of Malthus that more human beings are born than sustenance can be provided for. Both Darwin and Malthus, in turn, were influenced in their interpretation by such circumstances as the condition of England of their time. So that, today, the Malthusian theory is practically abandoned, while the Darwinian theory has been amplified in many directions. Thus, Kropotkin shows the importance of "mutual aid" in the struggle for existence, repudiating the notion that it is a struggle of one against all.

Herbert Spencer first formulated a theory of evolution that embraced all the fields covered by science. He declares evolution to consist of the "integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion; during which the matter passes from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." This is all-inclusive, but gives no idea of the particular laws of development governing one science as against another, astronomy as against geology, or biology as against sociology. And a very serious mistake is made in imagining that the laws governing one science apply equally to another. This is especially true of biology, organic life, and sociology, social life. While man, as an individual, belongs with the other forms of life; man, the social being, has made a departure from the other forms of life along independent lines. In the one case evolution is a spiral that rises back of the lowly worm and sweeps upward in ever widening curves until it embraces the universe; in the other case, it begins in savagery, sweeps upward through barbarism and civilization to enlightenment.

The names of Darwin and Spencer must be bracketed with that of Marx. If science is "mainly interpretation," let it be remembered that the same year Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared, 1859, Marx, in his "Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy," first fully formulated his theory of historical materialism, and employed it to trace the development of certain theories in economics. And historical materialism not only interprets the intricate phenomena of social evolution, but also accounts for the intellectual superstructure, explaining, for instance, the rise of the Darwinian school. For this reason modern Socialism is called "scientific." It does not detract from the glory of any of these three giants of thought to group them together, as Ferri has done.

Just as the biologist declares that nothing happens by accident, that everything answers to the test of cause and effect, that the manifestation we call "free will" is dependent upon everything else, so the Socialist declares that nothing happens by chance in society, that all is part of a more or less well ascertained process making for better social order. Just as the biologist refuses to ignore the struggle for existence, but declares this to be the most important fact in biology, so the Socialist refuses to overlook the struggle of classes in society, but declares this to be its most important fact. Just as the biologist traces the descent of man, shows how intimately he is related to his next of kin in the animal kingdom, and declares that man is all there is in his ancestors down to the primordial cell, so the Socialist traces the evolution of society, showing that institutions are largely the reflex of material needs, and how one social system makes way for another.

Science, like the Socialist movement, is international. It is no respecter of person or place. Under a certain atmospheric pressure and temperature, vapor condenses into rain. It does so in America; it does so in China. To exploit labor, the means of production must be owned as private property. It is so in America; it is so in China. Because like causes produce like results, when an industrial depression sets in over the world, we know it is not due to the perversity of certain bankers in Wall street, but to international unpaid labor.

So we know that some tremendous force was at work when, for example, the generation that saw the end of the 19th century witnessed the inauguration of the factory system, political disturbances in America and France, new departures in economics, medicine, treatment of the insane, criminology, psychology, philosophy and science. Historical materialism declares that the primary factor was the clash between the rising capitalists, whose right bower science then was, and the feudal aristocracy. Again, in the middle of the century, when the revolutions of 1848 placed the capitalist class completely on the throne, there was an impetus given to science that brought forth the theory of organic evolution, and that also brought forth the scientists of the working class with the theory of social evolution. And just as Alfred Russell Wallace arrived at the theory of natural selection independently of Darwin, so Engels and, later, Morgan, arrived at the theory of historical materialism independently of Marx—showing that both theories were the ripe fruit of circumstance.

Science and Socialism belong together. Just as, in olden times, potentates slew bearers of evil tidings, so modern scientists and Socialists have been execrated, upon the supposition that there would be no evolution if science did not say so, and there would be no class struggle if Socialists did not direct our attention to it!

For the capitalist class, having reached the zenith of their career, are opposed to further progress, and leave science to shift for herself. So one group of men of science are losing themselves in the maze of "science for the sake of science." Their science is sterile or, as often as not, is apt to be devoted to designing automatic machinery and inventing labor-saving devices, rather than health and life-saving appliances. Their "expert" testimony depends upon how much they receive an hour and who their clients are. But another group acknowledge the consequences of the modern theories and subscribe to the program of Socialism. Theirs is known as "proletarian science." It is founded upon a wider, fuller and completer materialism, for "materialism is," as Untermann says, "the handmaid of revolution, and without it no proletarian movement complies with the historical requirements of its evolution." It is because the proletarians, propertyless workers, "have nothing to lose but their chains,"

that they take hold of the guidon of science and carry it forward to fresh victories.

In proletarian science, evolution and revolution are twin forces. Every period of slow development, evolution, is followed by a complete change, a change of the fundamental principle, or revolution. Revolution paves the way for further evolution. The embryo is part of the mother, growing slowly through the placenta, until the moment of birth, the revolution. The child thenceforward is independent. It may live, even though the mother perish in the act of giving it birth. Applying this theory to past and present society, the Socialist is justified in maintaining that capitalism is evolving to the point where a social revolution will bring forth a new order, Socialism. More than that, development along the same line increases in velocity as it reaches its culmination. Feudalism did not last nearly so many centuries as primitive communism did millenniums. Capitalism is not over five centuries old at most, full-grown it is hardly a century old. Nowadays, new machinery is no sooner installed than it becomes antiquated. The industrial revolution gave capitalism its spade. It began digging its grave when it annexed the Orient.

The theory of evolution "by slow accumulation" is, for that matter, as radical as is the theory of alternate evolution and revolution. Nature fulfills her purpose of corroding mountain ranges and filling the oceans as much by the sputtering spring as by the gushing geyser. To the lone traveler on the road at midnight, when all is wrapped in slumber, who stands, a mere speck, at the center of that infinite sphere of star strewn sky, nature is just as majestic and terrible as when she sends forth a tidal wave that engulfs a city. The unpretentious sailor who remains at his post of duty, while the ship is sinking, and for thirty hours flashes wireless signals of distress, and so saves hundreds of lives, is adding a little to the comradeship of toil and trial that is the harbinger of the better time to come.

The common objections raised in the name of science against Socialism, Ferri readily disposes of. Indeed, most of these objections overlook the fact that Socialism is the only consistent explanation of social evolution. On the other hand, Massart and Vandervelde very satisfactorily compare parasitism in the social world with that in the organic. The slave master, the feudal lord, as well as minor celebrities, such as the pirate and brigand, belong to the past. At the present time we note that the "higher" a class is, the more useless is it. Financial capital domineers over landed property, oil and steel hold the railroads in tow, transportation exacts tribute from agriculture, while the capitalist class, as a class, exploit the workers. The capitalists perform little or no necessary functions: the purpose they serve is largely ornamental. They are parasitic, merely

devourers of the workers' substance, as Lafargue wittily pictures in his "Sale of an Appetite."

The word "parasitism," by the way, was used in sociology before it was in biology. Here we may remark, philology, the science of language, is of considerable aid in the study of the origin of institutions. Lafargue, among Socialists, has made the best contribution in this respect. To cite a few instances: He tells us that the term "capital" dates back only to the 18th century, and that it has no equivalent in the Greek and Latin tongues, showing how absurd it is to speak of the capital of the savage. Likewise, a savage's notion of private property is substantially different from that of a civilized man's. The savage never reveals his name to a stranger; the civilized man has cards printed especially for purposes of introduction to strangers. Again, quoting the Jesuit Charlevoix: "The brotherly sentiments of the redskins are doubtless in part ascribable to the fact that the words 'mine' and 'thine' are all unknown as yet to the savages."

What science teaches us, therefore, is that all life, organic and social, has passed and is passing through a continuous evolution and revolution up to higher forms. We are certain that those who have gone before did not dispose of the riddles of the universe, we are reasonably sure that we know a little more than they did. And we can be positive that we who live today do not know everything—they who come after us will add something to the jot of knowledge we have.

Nature's plea for democracy is exemplified in the formula: "Science is general knowledge systematized." Not what some individual discovers and keeps to himself, but what is commonly known and is an influence in common life, is of scientific value. Further, evolution granted, capitalism will pass away as did feudalism, chattel slavery and primitive communism, And if Socialism is not to succeed it, what social order will?

When the class-society of today has given way to the fraternity of the world's workers, it does not mean that struggle and strife will cease, and that the human family will deteriorate into a "low level" of equals. On the contrary, to be economically free, to rest assured that our material wants are disposed of for all time to come, and so end the conflict for bread, means that our energies and capabilities can then be directed toward intellectual pursuits, and that, consequently, man will describe a new course of development; he will begin the first arc in the spiral of a new intellectual splendor.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A COURSE OF READING.

The following list of works is recommended to the student. They cover the

subject touched upon by the above article, and it is suggested that they be read in the order named.—J. E. C.:

The Triumph of Life. By Wilhelm Boelsche. Cloth, 50c.
The End of the World. By Dr. M. Wilhelm Meyer. Cloth, 50c.
The Making of the World. By Dr. Meyer. Cloth, 50c.
Life and Death. By Dr. E. Teichmann. Cloth, 50c.
The Evolution of Man. By Wilhelm Boelsche. Cloth, 50c.
Germs of Mind in Plants. By R. H. Francé. Cloth, 50c.
The Universal Kinship. By J. Howard Moore. Cloth, $1.00.
Evolution, Social and Organic. By Arthur M. Lewis. Cloth, 50c.
Parasitism, Organic and Social. By Jean Massart and Emile Vandervelde. Cloth, $1.00.
Socialism and Modern Science. By Enrico Ferri. Cloth, $1.00.
Science and Revolution. By Ernest Untermann. Cloth, 50c.

Any of these books sent postpaid on receipt of price by Charles H. Kerr & Company (Co-operative), 153 Kinzie street, Chicago.

PAEAN AND DIRGE

By Eliot White

I. THE PÆAN OF THE PROSPEROUS.

Adown the harbor golden-paved with sun on restless, laughing water,
We forge with unthwarted power and haughty assurance toward the realms of open sea.
The teeming shores shout their bravos, where over clattering wharves and stalled ocean-craft a thousand flags snap many-hued to the breeze.
And the huddled Babel-towers far above thrust their minatory summits against the blue like a craggy outline of the Dolomites.
Our pæan we chant as we thresh the water in gleaming foam from our propellors like huge bronze swan's feet,
And pour stormy plumes of umber smoke from funnels buff, white or vermillion in the brilliant sun:
"Behold us who prosper! Behold us who dominate by right, by universal assent and acclamation!
What discordant voice of envy dare intrude in the chorus of approval that salutes our stately progress?
Are we not filled with cargoes precious as Solomon's fleet of old conveyed from Tarshish, or the Venetian argosies from Egypt and Barbary?

Do we not carry in safety throngs of men sufficient to people towns, and do not bands of sinewy toilers strive for permission to feed our roaring fires?
Behold us, then, elate, superb in aspect, terrible in strength, and bow ye in acquiescence and eager homage!"

II. THE DIRGE OF THE DERELICTS.

Far from coasts once hailed as home, shattered, rifled and forsaken of men, we toss on a compassionless ocean.
Our decks once gladdened by the firm tread of men are trampled now by icy seas, and spurned by complaining gulls,
And our holds, that bore clean wares for comfort of the lands, are defiled with slime and weed and leech-like living things.
We gather, we gather more and more, on the ocean-paths of this time's vaunted welfare, and lift all but unheeded yet, our warning dirge:
"Whose fault our woe, let wisdom say—all helpless drift we now with rudder of discernment lost, and sails of bright desire long decayed.
Not foes in marshalled ranks challenge your brave merchantmen and ferrying leviathans, but lax, broken ruins without lamp or guide.
Futile your strict policing of the traveled ways, and bludgeoning our hulks with savage dynamite—
Our wastrel cohorts choking every ocean avenue must wreck your prosperous fleets with all their gear and pride,
Except ye strew the deep no longer with our piteous kind—except ye breed no outcast in a world of love!"

Worcester, Massachusetts.



The Proletarian Attitude

By Louis Duchez.



DOUBT if ever there was a clearer case where one writer misunderstood the other (both of them claiming to be members of the same class and political party) than that of Comrade Thompson in his reply to Tom Sladden's article, "The Revolutionist," which appeared in the December issue of the Review. Thompson spreads himself over ten pages to upset Sladden, yet at the close of the conflict leaving his opponent untouched and smiling.

To Comrade Thompson, Sladden's article is "a most astonishing utterance," "ridiculous" and "absurd." Indeed, it is—to his type of mind. The case before us is interesting as a study in socialist psychology, at least. But there is more than that to it! Right here is involved two attitudes of mind, which, from now on, are going to battle for supremacy in the Socialist movement. I refer, on the one hand, to the attitude of the bourgeois intellectual (?) who is in the movement by adoption, and on the other to the proletarian who has no other place to go.

As Sladden intimates, there is at present in the socialist movement "a spirit, which in all sections of the country seems to be manifest, to conceal, somewhere in the background, what should be the foundation of any socialist movement, the class struggle." Like the Theosophist's heaven the class struggle is becoming more an attitude of mind than a fact of life. With very few exceptions the socialist press and platform is dominated by this spirit. A few years ago the capitalist newspapers and magazines vied with each other in exposing the rottenness of our industrial and social life. Today they are mum. They have closed like a clam. Of course, they realized they were on dangerous ground. But the socialist press—urged by the popular clamor for reform and the encouragement of the increasing inflow of middle class "respectables" into the movement—has taken up the howl. Our press, in order to secure circulation and popularity, is concealing, unconsciously, I believe, that and that alone which will impel us to steer clear of the rocks of reaction—the class struggle.

The Socialist Party, its press and platform, is today dominated by so-called intellectuals who have cast their lot with us by adoption, and they have brought with them soured bourgeois ideals which they hope that the revolutionary proletariat will realize for them. We like to say that the Socialist Party is not a one man party, that it is run by the workers

themselves, etc. But the facts upset that belief. The socialist press and platform today do not represent the interests of the revolutionary proletariat, strictly speaking. They represent the ideals of a radical bourgeois element, out of harmony with the established order of things. They are heading for the rocks of reaction.

I am a coal miner. My entire life has been a hard, cruel struggle, not for autos, steam yachts, vacation trips and the luxuries of life, but for a mere animal existence. I am engaged in a hard fight for food, clothing and shelter for myself and mine. What do I care if Lincoln was a revolutionist and said that labor was superior to capital? What to me are the sacrifices that have been made in the past for human freedom? A. M. Lewis says in his book, "Vital Problems in Social Evolution": "A Socialist may well pause and ask, which is the greater part: to be born in a co-operative commonwealth, where human liberty is an accomplished fact, or to be alive today when true men and women join hand with hand and brain with brain, and fight unflinchingly the cause of generations yet unborn?" This kind of talk is all right to perpetrate upon certain strata of the socialist movement, that are assured of next week's meal, but to me, slave, worse than a chattel slave, it is an insult and a taunt. And the great mass of my fellow toilers like myself as yet are interested in but one thing, the struggle for the absolute necessities of life. We have no religion, we have no patriotism, and the love of humanity extends only to those of our kin whose burdens we must help to bear. What do we care for "The Spiritual Significance of Socialism," "the deadening influence of capitalism upon education and intellectual development," "the burdens of tradition upon art and literature," or "the contributions of Ibsen, Shaw and Whitman to sexual freedom"? Our proletarian minds do not live and move in those higher (?) realms of thought. Our wives and daughters are not dreaming of social and sexual freedom. They, like ourselves, in this period of the world's history, are concerned only in the struggle for bread and calico and a shelter from the storms. We have learned what some of the intellectuals have yet to learn, and that is that when our stomachs were full, our backs covered and our fires burning, our domestic grievances faded away and we felt happy.

O yes, there are moments when my mind climbs above these "sordid" things of life. If on Saturday night after a hard week's work I am able to buy Willie a pair of shoes and Nellie a new gingham dress and a piece of roast for the family and a cigar for myself and can see the wife and children smile as we gather around the fireside in the little shack we call "our home," then I often think of "higher things." Then the words of the great Marx appeal to me and I get a vision of the society of the "generations yet unborn." During those rare moments a panorama of a new

civilization passes before my mind's eye. Then I can see a society free from want, free from the ignorant traditions of the past, and a universe of brothers and comrades where the welfare of all is the welfare of each. But Monday morning comes. The vision has vanished. Like a wild animal I must crawl down into a hole in the earth, away from the sunshine and fresh air, and sweat and struggle in semi-darkness that I and mine may be able to answer the landlord and the grocer at the end of the week. And this all in a world where storehouses are bursting and wealth everywhere—wealth that I and my comrades have produced. No, the class struggle is a real thing. Too long has it been concealed and covered up. It cannot be emphasized too forcibly if the great proletarian mass is expected to act. Deplorable as it may seem to some of our 'intellectual" comrades, the burden of the social revolution must rest on the shoulders of "the men who think through their stomachs." The "other factors" could very profitably be left sleeping in this period of the world's history.

It is true that the leading socialists up to the present time have had "the advantages(?) of an education in capitalist schools." It is true also that this same type is editing our papers and are our "leading speakers." And here lies the danger. They have played a noble part in the past. With all the disadvantages of the "educational advantages" of capitalist schools they wrote us books on economics while we slaved and supported them. We thank them for all this. But we cannot any longer trust them as our guides. Their ideals are not "stomach ideals"—ours are. They can steal over into the capitalist camp at any time—we can't. They can retire from the firing line—we can't. As Sladden says, they can back up, but we can't, for we have no place to back to. As an example look up some of our comrades (?) who are prominent as writers and speakers. Around election time they talk to the workingmen every night, and get paid for it, too, then they leave the work of the locals to those who are distinctly proletarians. The truth is that with the years of education in capitalist schools and the bourgeois environment that goes with it, they cannot grasp the distinctly proletarian attitude toward life. The socialist movement to them is a luxury. Through it they see a chance for the realization of some of their "radical" ideals; through it we see the assurance of a job and more of what we produce. We do not blame them—we rather thank them for what they have done—yet we cannot trust them. We realize that there are psychological forces outside of our own working for our emancipation—and their place is with them—but the one all absorbing thing that must occupy our minds is the overthrow of capitalism. In this tremendous period of the world's history we cannot allow "other factors" or "other ideals" in control of the proletarian army other than the

"stomach ideal," and the registered impressions in the brain cells of one who has spent years in capitalist schools and in that environment produces a different attitude toward life than that of a proletarian whose life from childhood has been a struggle for an animal existence.

But where is the intellect for this proletarian movement to come from if these intellectuals from the bourgeois class are not to lead? We answer, from the proletarians themselves. Comrade Thompson thinks it won't. He thinks it will come from the aristocrat mechanics, the farmers, the professional classes and the college man. We should appeal, he says, to all classes who may be susceptible. Above all things he holds that the "unskilled, unrecognized wageworker, who, as yet, has no labor organization and no political expression," as Sladden puts it, will lie in his misery and die there if not pulled out of it by those higher up in social life.

In the first place, 90 per cent. of all this talk about "the degenerating influence of capitalism upon the proletarian mind" is rot. It is true that in the worst parts of our large cities the workers are crushed physically and mentally until they are incapable or realizing their misery or thinking intelligently, but the great mass do think and feel and are sound in their conceptions of life, so far as they have gone. Compare the average proletarian, physically or mentally, with the average bourgeois that you meet, and you will find the former stronger physically and clearer mentally. He may not be able to talk glibly of patriotism and "Christian civilization," and "eternal justice" and of "our great country," yet his knowledge of life so far as he has gone is in line with fact. He is not in the clouds. His life experience has given him a ground work for a ready acceptance of modern science. For instance, he—the industrial proletarian at least—is not troubled with religious or metaphysical speculation. His contact with machinery, made by man and operated by man day after day before his eyes, teaches him unconsciously cause and effect. If he or his fellow workers are injured by this machinery he learns it was not punishment sent by some outside supreme power but due to some failing within himself or the machine. In economics, too, he is on solid ground. Economic Determinism is taught him week in and week out. He knows that his feeling toward himself, to his family and to society is determined, generally, by his economic condition, whether he realizes it or not. He is not puzzled over the theory of surplus value as college professors and "intellectuals" are. It is impressed upon him every time he sees his employer buy a new auto or take a trip to Europe while he is turning out the dividends at home, or when he inquires for a job and finds he is not needed because he has produced too much. And the class struggle, none know it better than he does. Every day of his life it is impressed upon him. He

doesn't doubt it. He knows that he is being robbed by those higher up and he knows they are his enemies.

Of course he is not familiar (the great mass of proletarians I mean) with the theories of Karl Marx regarding his condition and the way out but he is becoming so with remarkable rapidity. The thousands of volumes issued by Charles H. Kerr and Company upon "dry" economic subjects are not going to the intellectuals but to proletarians in practice as well as in party membership. Among the more vigorous of these proletarians, who have nothing to lose but their chains, there is developing a group of men whose grip upon the facts of life is more fundamental, more sound, more scientific than that of any group of men in all history. The hard, cruel experience of their every day lives has compelled them to keep their feet upon the ground and stick to the world right here and now. For this reason they do not flounder around in the bourgeois bog of scholasticism, but leap over it all, grasping the situation as it is. As yet this new type in the socialist movement has not exerted his power extensively. He has attended no schools of rhetoric and oratory as his intellectual comrades have. He has not yet invaded our press and platform. He is handicapped by the eloquence and flowery editorials of his intellectual comrades. He is now waiting, ready to spring to the lead of the proletarian army. When he does this we will march straight to our goal and the enemy will tremble.

Today two-thirds of the space in our socialist papers and the talk on our platforms is given to exposing corruptions of our industrial and social life and to answering bourgeois objections to socialism. Now all this gush does not interest the proletarian. He's not wondering whether socialism will kill incentive, break up the family, destroy religion, etc. Now why is all this rot thrown out from the movement? Simply this. Our writers and principal speakers today are for the most part made up of intellectuals (?) from the bourgeois class, and they are appealing to the type of mind from which they sprung, and answering the objections which they themselves raised before coming into the movement.

There is no wonder that the great mass of proletarians are dead to our socialist propaganda. When proletarian thinkers get the reins of the socialist movement, its press and platform (and they will before long), the great army will move straight forward. It will not waste its energy in answering bourgeois objections to socialism, exposing capitalist grafters or fighting for social and sexual freedom for women. It will then be absorbed in but one thing: the education of the workers to class-consciousness and solidarity.

Until a strictly proletarian attitude guides the movement we will continue to waste our energy. Moreover, until that time comes we will be

in danger—in the hands of reaction. The proletarian must emancipate himself if he is ever to be emancipated, and the leadership must come from proletarian brains. The proletarian attitude is the social or world attitude in embryo—but that does not concern us just now.

Saginaw, Mich.

IN THE HOLY NAME OF TRADE.

By Covington Hall.

Can ye tell me, O ye workers, why the money-demon gloats,
Why the rulers never stop ye when ye tear each others' throats?
Can ye tell me, O ye toilers, why the young are stooped and old,
Why so many work a-hungered when the land is filled with gold?
"Yea! For profit, profit, profit, all these broken hearts are made—
In the holy name of trade!
In the holy name of trade!"

Can ye tell me, lords of commerce, when machines should on them wait,
Why the burden bears the hardest on the weakest in the State?
Can ye tell me, O my masters, why invention's mighty breath
Only fills the sail that hastens with the children on to death?
"Yea! For profit, profit, profit, all these broken hearts are made—
In the holy name of trade!
In the holy name of trade!"

Can ye tell me, laureled statesmen, why around so many hearths
Broods a shadow and a terror that is not our mother earth's?
Can ye tell me, O ye teachers, why, with all the wealth we find,
Why the race in sorrow's mothered and the love-sight's gone blind?
"Yea! For profit, profit, profit, all these broken hearts are made—
In the holy name of trade!
In the holy name of trade!"

The Educated Classes

By a Traveling Man.



HE word education is one of a number of overworked words. It is frequently and erroneously used simply in the sense of schooling.

A man or woman is called educated because at some time in their lives they have attended a High School or College. To illustrate, take this quite common question: "What is to be done with an entirely illiterate Italian, Russian, or other body of laborers, such as work in the mines, factories, or on the railroads?" Some man a little more fortunate so far as a knowledge of letters and numbers is concerned, but not a bit more advanced in having been taught to think for himself, will answer quickly, "Educate the brutes." He means school these men.

In order to see whether this mere schooling, as conducted in the schools today, will result in educating him in government so as to place him among the intelligent citizens, it will be well to examine a few cases.

THE LAWYER.

The lawyers have been called the intellectual aristocracy of our country. It would appear in many ways that they are entitled to this title, but for other reasons than those commonly accepted; for aristocracy, intellectual as well as the kingly and society brands, has its undesirable side as well as its desirable side.

The lawyers are in the majority in nearly every state and national legislative body. The judicial positions are, of course, held by lawyers and the executive departments invariably have a larger per cent of lawyers than of any other one profession or class. Placing lawyers in entire control of all higher departments of government is so common that no one gives it a second thought.

One of the prolific sources of litigation in the United States is the personal-injury cases that are brought by employees against their employers. Statute and judge-made law (common law) is such in many states that the doctrines called by various names of fellow servants, comparative negligence, contributory negligence and assumed risk make it almost impossible to secure a judgment that will stand in the upper court.

Do the lawyers (educated class) in control, wishing a change to help their own business, do anything for themselves? They do if some union or combinations of unions (uneducated class) stand

back of them with a club big enough to scare them to action. If the fear of the club wielded by the people is great enough to overcome their disposition to worship at the shrine of present power, the shrine of precedent, some action may, under protest, be made. The credit for action, it is unnecessary to state, belongs to the uneducated (?) public that forces them to action.

In every state you find the bar a unit on some change it desires. I do not mean something that is questionable, but a measure that the bar is united on; it may be a change in their practice act; it may be a change in a complicated, inefficient mechanics' lien law; a change in the commercial paper act, or a new arrangement of courts to bring their docket to date. All, in the lawyers' hands, will drag year after year, but should The National Bankers' Association request and push vigorously the passage of "The Uniform Negotiability Act" it will likely pass. Should the lumbermen unite and desire a change in the mechanics' lien law it takes place. It would seem that mere education without a club behind it is useless.

To explain why the lawyers, in charge, do not pass laws especially desired by the legal profession and sure of approval by the general public might apparently seem difficult, for the world over, men and even animals, have intelligence enough to take care of their own class interests. Why do not the lawyers help their own business? The reasons are many but one is sufficient. The legal fraternity may be spoken of as a class but in reality the powers within the legal class are so closely associated with the capitalists, maintaining property rights, that they often become merely a flunky division of the capitalistic class. When this is understood by the proletariat the absurd practice of handing the lawyers the reins of government will be a thing of the past.

THE CLERGY.

Next to the lawyers and government, consider the clergy and the government.

The clergy are educated, Yes. As a class you will find them honest, find them striving to the best of their judgment for the betterment of mankind. But the position of many today can be stated in a few words. It is simply to hold with the party in power, at times striving for power themselves. This is their historical position. As a class the clergy hold with the party in power, no matter if they have to change their views over night.

It is necessary to state that ministers are occasionally found in an advancing position, but as a class they are worse than zero, so far as their relation to government is concerned. They not only do not advance but retard every revolution.

I have not been asked to advise the clergy in this, or any other dis-

trict, but volunteer the following: Fight for a basic principle, or any kind of a principle. Do not attack the individual. Teach the voters principles and the individual phase will take care of itself. Go at the causes that make for discontent and ungodliness. Look around and see if property is divided in proportion to the work done, and the wealth created by labor.

Instead of attacking the individual representative of class privilege you may find yourself attacking class privilege as a whole. You will then be able to furnish better reasons and furnishing better reasons, may have better results.

THE PHYSICIAN.

The doctor and the dentist have a cleaner slate. They take small part in the government, but as a class they practically never obstruct. They have aided, many times, in getting the necessary laws for sanitation, health, insane patients, school children's teeth, etc. This is not, however, to be attributed to education alone and in no case do they more than aid. They recommend things of a public nature, close to their calling, that they discover are necessary. There is no opposition, there is no chance to get boodle out of them. A wily legislature has its ear to the ground. It listens and finds the public believe and as it is necessary to do something and there are no objections they take the road of easiest resistance and pass the bills requested. They then have something to point to with pride on return to their constituents.

Some day in the future other legislation will be as easy as this. It will be when there are no interests to dictate for private gain.

TRAVELING MEN.

In considering various educated classes and their share in the government, it might be well to mention the traveling man. Not that they are classed with the learned professions so far as education is concerned, but they are the active agents of the business world and cannot be overlooked. They are educated in the sense that travel and contact with men is an education. They are nearly or quite equal in numbers to the lawyers—perhaps greater in number. No class outside the writer, journalist, newspaper men, have a more favorable opportunity to make public opinion. If these travelers have ever done a thing worthy of note it has escaped me. They would rate with the clergy in uselessness so far as government is concerned. They have one advantage, however, over the clergy, they do not as a general rule actively obstruct progress.

To understand the traveling man you would need look at his training, his environments. Our traveler up to coming on the road has lived in very ordinary circumstances; no servants. Now he finds a bell boy hopping at his command, a porter taking his orders, a clerk trying to please, a negro or a white girl to serve him at every turn as he eats.

a 'bus man to meet the train, to carry his grip and see that he comes to the hotel in the right hack. He finds himself many times not only allowed but compelled to vary prices, pass on credits, and take the line away from certain customers.

The sudden acquisition of power is more than likely to turn the head; add to this a possible chance in many ways of aping the rich, and you have the poorest possible environments for making a first-class citizen. The traveler is kept busy with his work. It has nothing to do with government. He is likely to hear from his employer bitter criticisms of the workers and their unions. His sympathy seems turned at an early date. The employer and the dealer both have a dread of strikes. It means to them less profit, less money to buy goods. The traveler must sympathize with the tradesman. He does not mix with the working man and finds that a strike to the worker is a more dreadful thing than it is to the employer. If the traveler does sympathize with the worker, in the case closest at hand, it rarely leads him to study the basic causes of the contentions, the underlying causes that made them re-occur.

The traveling man is, in order to satisfy all trade, usually a political nonentity; if not this, he takes the position of his employer and in either case becomes a negative quantity or an obstructionist.

TEACHERS.

The educators as a class have perhaps the most important field in the government. They are sadly hampered by the limitations placed upon themselves. The educator is the counsel called in by the common people in the hour of peril.

The one defect of the educator seems to be an inability to swing a "big stick." I said swing, not seemingly swing. Time and time again the educator points out the necessity for revolution but here he quits. He does not act and rarely kindles the divine fire of action in his pupils' hearts. His position can be made plain with an illustration. Take the case of a property owner who finds huge icicles hanging from the eaves of his building. The eaves extend out over a public walk. The owner knows the icicles are dangerous to the passers-by and should be removed, but the chances are he depends on a kindly sun dropping at an opportune time these huge sharp points. Should a piece of ice fall on a fellow being, the sufferer would have the property owner's sympathy and likely material help as well.

The professor looks at the icicles. He may possibly, if they have existed for years and are a matter of common knowledge, point them out to his pupils. The professor may even, if an advanced thinker, point to new icicles forming. Some so small as not to be discernible to the ordinary cultivated eye. He may even suggest the shape they will take and the time they will be forming. The icicles pointed to may interfere

with a much-needed tax reform, a political party pro rata representation in legislative bodies, a change in the use of the political franchise, or a child labor law that will stop the sapping of the vitality of the race to be. The chances are very much in favor of the professor ending his task after pointing at icicles. He is to be partially excused, as he can go no further without the people.

If the owner of the building finds public opinion so strong against him for allowing a dangerous nuisance to exist, that the public will compel him to remove the nuisance, he acts. The motive power for his action was the irate pedestrian, the public on whose heads the icicles had fallen.

The motive power for political action comes not from the educator, or educated class, but from the laborer who is suffering from the icicles that have fallen on his head. Sometimes a mere icicle like being underpaid and overworked will stimulate the injured party. Again he needs to view his children suffering for food or medicines, sometimes suffering from limitation of opportunity; limitations due to environments that he cannot change; lack of work, dire want and a pride that refuses charity. All these ways help him, the uneducated man, to go out and remove icicles. Sometimes if the icicles are left too long the laborer, the uneducated, the sufferer and revolutionist removes them and takes the roof off at the same time.

JOURNALISTS.

One large and important class has not as yet been considered—the authors, journalists and newspaper men. They have, like others, to earn their living. They are hired to supply news for a daily paper or to write editorials for a republican, democratic or independent paper.

The paper owners desire control to secure legislation that will bring to them returns through new laws, grants and franchises; or, they desire judges that can be relied upon to kick the life out of any existing law that may become objectionable to themselves and associates.

The hired man, wage slave on the job, is the scribe and he does just what he is told—as other wage slaves do. He is educated to do this and if he believes in it all the better for him. There are many cases of Democrats being hired to write Republican editorials and vice versa. This is as it should be, for they are the same thing; still, it goes to show you that Sambo Scribe makes the kind of noise he is hired to make. The Republican whistles the tune with all the notes high notes. The Democrat has all low notes, but they both whistle the same tune: Hi-le, Hi-lo! Cap-i-tal, Cap-i-tal!

No one that has wandered even a short distance away from his own back door now believes a newspaper, and yet, when it suits his particular views, he will read it as the truth of truths. These views have

been mostly formed for him by others who themselves have been interested in forming them.

We have in a recent case a parade of thirty-five thousand people and that day every writer on certain news (?) papers was deaf, dumb and blind. This fact does not stop the general reader eagerly devouring as truths the news (?) printed by these sheets.

Another writer for another daily temporarily and conveniently got alum on his mind, or conscience, perhaps both; then was able to tell the reader that "six thousand people in a meeting at the Seventh Regiment Armory were somewhat disorderly and several were injured in the crowding." That in a hall that the reader knows will seat fifteen thousand and hold many more standing. The reader knows this is false, but the next day after election, when the same papers tell him the Socialists lost, are now down and out, he believes it. He is a good Republican. It is a pleasure to him to believe this. Up to date, the average individual has contented himself by believing what pleases him.

The time finally arrives when the sheet strikes an all but humorous key. It tells him money is now in circulation—plenty of work and prosperity for everyone. He tramps and wants and finally thinks. When he starts thinking he is lost—lost to the lines of capital. He is ordinarily safe and easy to handle, even half starved, but when he starts to think, he is lost.

If you, dear reader, labor under the impression that the big daily and the associated press, from which the smaller papers secure their news, are fired by the saying of Wendell Phillips: "If a truth will not bear investigation, let it crack," you are laboring under a sad delusion.

The magazines are a decided improvement. Many of them have articles from time to time that are full of truths vigorously stated and likely to start the reader thinking.

Reader, I shall have wasted good paper if I do not carry to you one truth. The truth that I want you to grasp is you must help yourself; to help yourself, you must think for yourself. This may require an effort at first, but will gradually become easier. Do not let an educated (?) class, so called, think for you. The educated classes are hired by others, the capitalistic class, and teach you the things they want you to believe. Start thinking of the hard-knock icicles that fall on your own and others' heads.

Thinking, you will send representatives of your own class to make laws that will forever obliterate class. Thinking, you will find the man that today works without pay, without glory and wtih no immediate prospect of office, is worth at least a careful hearing.

Has the man given time and study to social problems? Can he

answer all questions, or does he refer you to God for your answers, to difficult ones? Is the man working for you? You can answer this last question easily by putting another to yourself. If he is working solely for himself, would he not be better off in some other party?

Work together, but think for yourselves. If you think for yourselves, you will vote together, for you already know that your working interests are the same as those of your fellow workman. Remember you will receive only as much gruel from your masters and their handmaids, the educated (?) classes, as they are compelled to give you.

The man that refuses to think hinders not only himself but others. Don't hinder—help. "Labor for others," but look to yourselves the working class, for "God helps him who helps himself."

S. G. GREENWOOD.

Under class civilization all literature as well as science may be called toy work; it does not make for human progress directly but only incidentally. The sciences and inventions are exploited by corporations primarily for profit, and all new discoveries merely broaden the field of exploitation and give rise to larger corporations. The toy literature and arts merely serve for the diversion of the same class; they affect the upper surface of society only and do not rise to the dignity of really human productions, because they are not participated in by humanity, nor is it intended that they should be.—Marcus Hitch in Goethe's Faust.



Do We Need a "Labor Party"? Last month the **Review** published articles by Victor Grayson, Socialist Member of Parliament, and by William English Walling of New York, who has long been in sympathy with the socialist movement though not a party member. This month we publish a reply to these articles by Robert Hunter, newly-elected member of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party of America. We also publish a brief statement by H. Quelch of the Social Democratic Party of England, which sums up the outcome of the whole controversy so admirably that a very few words of editorial comment will suffice to close the discussion for the present. Whether the Labor Party of England is a benefit to the revolutionary movement of the world is a question which most concerns English socialists and may safely be left to them. But whether the Socialist Party of America should encourage the formation of a Labor Party here, and become a part of it, is a vital question to us. To this question the **Review's** answer is an emphatic NO. For the American trade unions today are as yet conservative rather than revolutionary. They are too much concerned with holding what little advantages skilled laborers still have over unskilled laborers, to realize that the important thing for the working class is to get control of the machinery of production and keep the full value of what they produce.

So long as the unions take this position, an alliance with them would be a denial of the revolutionary aims of the Socialist Party. It would be suicidal. It would show that we as a party deserved to die. It would put us on the scrap-heap, to be replaced by some new revolutionary party, made up of men with clearer heads and stiffer backbones. What we need to do for the present is, so far as we are able, to make intelligent revolutionists out of our own members and all other working people, organized or unorganized, whom we can reach. If the result depended mainly on our propaganda, we might indeed despair. But the whole evolving process of capitalist production is working on our side.

The Rebate Decision. Rebates are against the law. If you give or take one thousand dollars' worth of rebates, you may be fined

twenty thousand dollars. If you give or take a million dollars' worth of rebates, you may also be fined twenty thousand dollars. Justice is blind, she exacts the same penalty relentlessly from all offenders, large or small. This latest decision of the United States courts moves reformers to tears, socialists to smiles. It is one more illustration of a social law we are beginning to understand, namely, that whoever controls the means of production in a society must and will control the government of that society. It is not the bad laws, or unjust judges, that make possible the rule of the trusts; it is the trusts, born out of the evolving mode of production, that make the laws and the judges. This open avowal by the courts that the law can not bind the trusts is merely a sign that capitalism in the United States has developed so far that the trust magnate can come out into the open and laugh at the attempts of the little capitalists to hamper him. Raymond in the Chicago Tribune, commenting on this court decision, predicts that "big shippers will once more coerce the railroad corporations into granting them concessions, and the result will be that the little fellows will be driven to the wall. They will stay in that position until congress gives them relief, because under the present ruling of the court a way has been opened for indiscriminate rebating which the government cannot possibly prevent." We with "nothing to lose but our chains, and a world to win," can await the action of congress without uneasiness. It may attempt to play another act in the "trust-busting" farce, but this now seems unlikely, the farce is about played out. It will probably do nothing; in that case the trusts will grow faster than ever, the little capitalists and their politicians will drop by the wayside, and the field will be cleared for the coming struggle between workers and owners.

Trade Schools and Wages. The Exponent, Mr. Van Cleave's monthly, asks on what grounds we base our assertion in the February **Review** that trades schools will lower wages by placing skilled and unskilled labor on the same basis. It follows up its question with an argument on the increased productivity of skilled labor, from which it appears that the editor thinks or pretends to think that the wages of a laborer rise or fall in proportion to the value of his product. But they don't. They rise and fall in proportion to the cost of producing the laborer, feeding, clothing and educating him. The last item accounts for the existing difference between the wages of skilled and unskilled laborers. If several years of special training are required to fit a young man for a given trade, there must be some inducement to him in the way of extra wages, otherwise he would instead of taking the training go to work at once in some trade more easily learned. But

if the training of a skilled mechanic is to be made part of the school training of every boy, machinists will be as cheaply produced and plentiful as bill clerks, and their wages will come down in proportion. For the rest, the Exponent is greatly mistaken in thinking that we intended to charge the capitalists with improper motives. It is populists, not socialists, who talk of the Conspiracies of Capital. Socialists think that capitalists and proletarians alike are made of one common clay and act as circumstances forces them to act. The Exponent is doing a good thing in advocating technical schools; they will prove far more beneficial to the working class than the editor seems to realize. When all labor is skilled, industrial democracy will not be far off.

Stick to the Main Issue. The whole question of "immediate demands" and municipal programs turns on what we as socialists really want to accomplish at each campaign. Do we want as many political offices as possible for our members? Or do we want to carry on such propaganda and educational work as will make clear-headed revolutionists out of the working people who are now indifferent? Just how best to get the offices is a debatable question, but those who have pursued them most successfully have often laid great stress on the "dishonesty" of Republican and Democratic politicians and promised an honest and economical administration. Such a campaign may momentarily catch the votes of taxpayers whose small capital is being taken from them by "corrupt" office-holders and "lawless" corporations. But let a socialist administration be elected by such votes, and let it start any radical action in the interest of the wage-workers, as for example appropriating money from the city treasury in aid of strikers or refusing police protection to strike-breakers, and how many of these votes would it hold when election day came around again? Meanwhile, the propaganda against "graft" has no interest for the men whom we must really count on when the final struggle comes. It makes very little difference to the wage-worker whether taxes are low or high. In fact, he is likely to be better off if the city administration is wasteful than if it is economical, for jobs are not so scarce. Tammany Hall in New York and the Busse machine in Chicago are kept in power by wage-workers who see that their immediate interests are better served by the "immoral" politicians allied with big business interests than by the "moral" reformers who would cut off wasteful expenditures. What we need to emphasize in our propaganda, first, last and all the time is that the laborer using modern machinery gets back as wages only a small part of the value he produces. We need then to show him that by uniting with his fellow workers, organized industrially and politically, he can get all he produces. When he sees

that, he will care very little whether the wealth he has produced is "stolen" from one set of grafters by another set of grafters or not. What he will want is to keep it himself. If ten million American workingmen saw these things clearly, capitalism would not last long. The capitalists themselves, each eager for all he can grab today and tomorrow, are furnishing plenty of object lessons to help our propaganda along. So let us stick to the main issue, and results will come.

Work Day Sunset Chant

By Charlotte Porter.

Gray-blue swims the air in the sky's upper height,
Grey-blue flows the sea-dreaming river,
Dull red glow the lights ere their hour to shine bright
Athwart the blue stream where they quiver.

The arm of the Working-Day strikes his last stroke,
His forge-embers glimmer to Westward;
The swart wolf-throat factories belch their last smoke,
The trolley-kites screech their prey restward.

All day wolves and kites of Life's drudgers took toll;
They miss now a maintage far better,—
The skill of the Worker earns pay in his Soul—
The purpose to smite off Toil's fetter.
And mixed with black forge-smoke puged pure, spiring high.

His sigh for free joy in work soars to God's sky,—
Lo, there! where the blue glows intenser,
It breathes out that prayer in God's censer.



ENGLAND. Socialism and Laborism once more. As was to be expected discussion of the Portsmouth conference fills a large place in all the English papers. Confusion, absolute bewilderment, is what one carries away from a first reading of the contradictory reports and opinions. In the first place comes the London **Daily News,** e. g. and says: "We do not know whether Labor has had the more influence on Liberalism or Liberalism on Labor. But the substantial identity of aim and even of spirit between them makes it easy to contemplate a harmonious co-operation between them." This conclusion is based on the moderation exhibited at the conference; the majority opposed the imposition of a tariff, favored an advance of the school age and did not demand state maintenance of children. **Justice** agrees with the conclusions of the **Daily News**—and so writes of "The Passing of the Labor Party."

But there is another side to the shield. Though the Labor Party executive had its way in the conference, its representatives are said to have admitted privately that much of the adverse criticism was justified. This applied especially to criticism of the parliamentary group . No matter how the majority voted, the party leaders were touched to the quick—probably by fear—and good results are already apparent. The stand taken by the labor group in the recent discussion of the unemployed problem has for the first time sent shivers up the spinal cord of Tory and Liberal editors. The **Daily Chronicle** concludes its wail with the words, "The Labor Party is becoming more socialistic, and as it advances in that direction it draws further and further away from the Government."

What is the truth that lies at the basis of the opposite conclusions of the **News** and **Chronicle**? There is no doubt of the fact that the Labor group had become meek as lambs; and no one can deny that its formal victory at Portsmouth was complete. But some things seem to have happened at Portsmouth which do not appear in the reports of the ballotings. At least the weeks since the conference have witnessed a notable increase in the class-consciousness of the Labor M. P.'s. Keir Hardie, talking on the floor of the House, got up the nerve to say: "One thing we can assure the House, that unless something be done this party will take action both in the House and in the country which it has never hitherto taken. We shall not accept this position without such a campaign in the country as will make the Government sorry for its great betrayal of these poor, starving people. It is shocking to see the way the misery of the people can be played with for party purposes." Labor members Barnes and O'Grady spoke to similar purpose.

It seems probable that this impoliteness is not the result of a personal change of heart. Much more probable is the supposition that these gentlemen have heard something—at Portsmouth or elsewhere. As the present Government becomes more and more shaky they are doubtless beginning to think of a possible election, and the discontent among their constituents has penetrated to

them at last. If this is the true explanation of recent developments it would seem to show that the Labor movement is sound at heart. If it has been misrepresented in Parliament, that is what the proletariat long ago became accustomed to.

AUSTRALIA. Miners on Strike. The trouble long brewing in the mines at Broken Hill has finally resulted in a bitter conflict. The new year was ushered in with a lock-out affecting 8,000 men. The Broken Hill Proprietary Mining Company announced a reduction of wages from 8s. 7½d. per day to 7s. 6d. The men refused to agree, and the lock-out followed. Tom Mann was already in charge of affairs and under his leadership the fight has been very effectively conducted. The company set a day for reopening the mines, but the picketing has been so good that so far not a strike-breaker has gone to work.

The mining properties have been fortified and the whole region has taken on the aspect of war. The local police force seemed inadequate, so the federal government was appealed to. And the response to this appeal has taught Australian laborers a lesson. It will be remembered that some time ago a Laborite statesman became premier. This fact was hailed even in some socialist papers as a victory for labor. Now comes the sequel. At the order of the Laborite Prime Minister national troops were hurried to the scene of the strike, and there they are now, some five hundred of them.

The military power stops at nothing. On Saturday, January 9, a detachment of unionists was marching to take its turn at picket duty. Without warning it was attacked by a squadron of police and twenty-six, Tom Mann among the number, were carried to jail. They were soon released on bail, but then the object of the attack became evident. Comrade Mann was set at liberty only on condition that he refrain from making public addresses. The raid was for the sake of preventing freedom of speech. At last report the fight was still on.

GERMANY. Party Organization. At the last annual convention of the Social Democrats a committee was appointed to revise the party constitution. This committee has just published the results of its labors. The only important changes suggested are in the direction of increased recognition of women. If the revised constitution is accepted all local organizations including women in their membership will be required to elect at least one woman to the executive committee. More than this, the women are to be represented on the national executive committee. This will mean more than a similar provision here in America, for in Germany the powers of the executive committee are very considerable. The evident intent of the new departure is to increase the enthusiasm for propaganda among the women workers. It has been provided that all women comrades are to receive free subscriptions to **Gleichheit**, the weekly paper devoted to their interests; and the women elected to office will be expected to devote their energies especially to work among the members of their own sex.

Unemployment. Berlin is repeating the experience of London. There, it will be remembered, though the unemployed swarm through the streets and open places, the government stands ready to prove that conditons of labor are really not at all bad. There may be a few out-of-works, but they could find jobs if they wanted to; so what is there to get excited about? The Prussian government is not to be outdone in this matter. The unemployed may make as much noise as they please, official statistics prove that in Greater Berlin there are only 23,670 out of work. But the publication of these figures gave German Socialists a chance to give proof of the splendid perfection of their organization. Forty thousand comrades were detailed, in connection with ten thousand repre-

sentatives of the labor unions, to make a systematic canvass of the city. They accomplished this task in one day, February 13, and the results were published soon afterwards in Vorwaerts. The number of unemployed turned out to be 101,300. This means that one worker out of six is doomed to starve or depend on charity.

HOLLAND. Special Party Convention. Ever since the regular convention of last year the Dutch Socialist Party has had a problem on its hands. In Holland, as in most countries, there are two wings of the movement, the Revisionist and the Marxist. The Marxist wing has been represented by a journal called the **Tribune.** This publication has laid itself open to the criticism of hindering the party in its development. On one occasion the matter became so serious as to be taken up by the national executive committee. The subject of unemployment had been under discussion in the Dutch parliament. The socialist group had made the most of the occasion to present the needs of the working-class. The party leaders thought the moment a capital one for propaganda work; nothing could serve better than the parliamentary debate to attract the attention of the workers and increase the influence of the party. But the editors of the Tribune, it is claimed, gave their attention entirely to the criticisms of party tactics; they not only failed to utilize the opportunity of the moment, they even neutralized the efforts of their comrades. The executive committee of the party tried to arrange the matter by obtaining from the Tribune editors a promise of different behavior in the future. But this arrangement failed, and so the special convention was called.

The convention settled the matter by arranging for the representation of the Marxist group on the staff of the official organ, **Het Volk.** The former editors of the **Tribune,** Henriette Roland-Holst and F. M. Wibautare, are to take charge of a supplement to this paper. The understanding is that they are to have absolute freedom of speech and a voice in the general administration of the paper. It will be interesting to see how this arrangement will work out. The insistence on regularity and subordination is characteristic of the movement in Holland.

RUSSIA. What has become of the Revolution? It is difficult to get any reliable information as to the state of the Russian revolution. So disorganized are the socialist parties and so perfect the censorship of the press that the Russians themselves do not know what to expect. Refugees lately arrived in this country know little more of the real condition of affairs than we do.

The disorganization of the revolution is attested by the recent convention of the Social Democratic Party. Three years ago the convention of this party was attended by some three hundred delegates; this year only eighteen were in attendance. A number of others were elected and actually started for the place of meeting, but they were intercepted by the authorities and hanged. And the socialist organization is not the only one to suffer. The ancient Russian communities are practically destroyed; the universities are lifeless; labor unions are strictly forbidden. Even business corporations carry on their operations in fear and trembling.

In a recent number of **Le Mouvement Socialiste** M. J. B. Séverac gives an interesting exposition of the causes which have led to this result. Of course it has been generally understood that the Russian revolution, like several others of recent years, is a hybrid affair. In the first place, it is largely bourgeois. Russian business men feel themselves hampered; means of communication are inadequate, and the government is given to ruthless and arbitrary regulation of private matters. These business men, through the Zemstvos, have tried to bring about a "reasonable" revolution; their ideal has been a constitutional

monarchy. The Social Democrats, of course, want a real revolution. But they, at least the leaders of them, are mostly intellectuals. They have been educated in Western Europe, and their revolutionism is largely a protest against the restrictions placed on their intellectual life. Now these Social Democratic leaders, according to M. Séverac, have thought best to join forces with the bourgeois malcontents. In this way they have thought to establish a bourgeois regime, so that they might have that to fight instead of the bureaucracy. But as the Social Democrats have grown impatient "the interests" have become timid. And worse than this, the Socialists have failed to get hold of the people. The industrial proletariat is naturally in the minority in a country as undeveloped as Russia, and the task of organizing it is a difficult one. For this task the intellectualist leaders have been unfitted both by temperament and the nature of their tactics. The work of the most brilliant leaders has gone for little; "they have preached in the desert." Therefore the revolution has failed.

But those who know the facts tell us that there is in Russia abundant promise of a real proletarian uprising. The labor movement must in the nature of things be revolutionary. As soon as it gets under way we shall have a real revolution, with its roots deep in the needs and determination of the majority.

PERSIA. Still another Revolution. The disconnected reports which occasionally get into our dailies give no idea of the magnitude or importance of the revolt now under way in Persia. As far back as 1848, largely under the influence of the Rabist religious movement, the Persian peasants set themselves against the old feudal regime. Soon after this their great Shah, Nassr Eddin, freed the serfs and instituted other important reforms. But while this did away with the old form of tyranny it brought on the new. The freed serfs no longer had a claim on the land and were thus thrown on their own resources. Foreign machine-made wares were introduced, and native industry came to a standstill. The freed serfs found their last state worse than their first.

For years past a revolution has been preparing. The successor of Nassr Eddin was a weakling, and the abuses of his government soon became unbearable. The Russian revolution and the Russo-Japanese war added fuel to the fire. Finally, in 1906, the royal palace was stormed and the Shah forced to grant a constitution. In 1907 his son, Mahmed Ali, mounted the throne. From the first he was determined to put an end to the constitution. Last June he put a Russian general at the head of his army and ordered an attack on his parliament. For the moment this coup seemed successful; a large number of deputies were massacred.

But this event was the signal for a wide-spread uprising in the provinces. This movement has not yet reached its climax. At its beginning it was led by representatives of the clerical and old feudal factions. But these have gradually been shaken off. Now there are two clearly defined forces fighting for the mastery. On the one hand there is the **Enshumen Islamie,** representing all the reactionary elements, the Shah, the clericals, the landed and business aristocracy; on the other there is the **Enshumen Milli,** representing the peasants and dispossed laboring class. The demands of this latter party are pretty much the same as those made at the time of the French revolution, liberty, equality, etc. The one tangible thing that is being striven for is a solution of the agrarian problem.

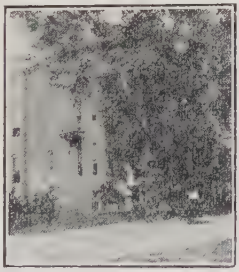
The revolutionists have established a sort of provisional government at Tibris. The Shah receives the support of the English and Russian governments, but thus far the revolution has gained strength. Its final triumph seems probable.

FRANCE. Strike of Government Employes. At the present writing (March 20) the papers report a monster strike of government employes in and about Paris. It started with post office telegraphers, but now includes practically all branches of the postal, telegraph and telephone services. Paris is nearly cut off from the world, and the resulting inconvenience and suffering are almost unparalleled.

I shall not try to compete with the daily papers by giving an account of this conflict. But I should like to keep the readers of the **Review** reminded of one thing. This strike is part of a bitter war between the government of M. Clemenceau and the **Confederation General de Travail.** It is vastly more significant than a mere struggle over an adjustment of wages or hours. The **Confederation General de Travail** is a revolutionary organization. Among its membership the socialists may be regarded as the conservatives. From the beginning M. Clemenceau has made war on this organization. The massacre of Chaveil is still fresh in our minds.

For a long time the government employes have been organizing and co-operating with the C. G. T. Naturally M. Clemenceau has set himself against this. He has taken the same ground as the German government, that discontent among servants of the state is a sort of treason. This attitude is emphasized by the threat to call out the employes as members of the militia and then order them to work as part of their military service. In a country where the government is taking over one industry after another this is very significant of one of the tendencies of capitalism. Nothing could show more conclusively the difference between state capitalism and socialism.

Through M. Simyan, under-secretary for Post and Telegraph, the Clemenceau government has arbitrarily discharged employes who allied themselves with the C. G. T. or demanded the conditions of labor standardized by the **Confederation.** During the month of February there occurred a bitter debate in the Chamber of Deputies on the subject of these dismissals. A bill was introduced providing for the reinstatement of the discharged employes. The socialists threw all their influence in favor of the measure, but it failed to pass. Things have gone on from bad to worse, and this present strike is the result. At present it looks as if the striking employes would win. But whether they win or lose this is but one battle in the bitterest war yet waged between capital and labor. The workers of other countries should watch the turns of this conflict closely; for what passes in Paris now will come to pass in other countries before industrial evolution has gone on much further.



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WORLD OF LABOR



BY MAX S. HAYES

The decision of the Court of Appeals in the District of Columbia to the effect that the "unfair list" of the A. F. of L. is illegal, but that Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison were within their rights in "mentioning, referring and writing" about the Bucks stove case, makes it a safe guess that the three labor officials will not serve their terms of imprisonmeant pronounced by Justice Wright.

The decision also shows that capitalism and its courts and politicians are foxy folks. They realize that to incarcerate three such prominent individuals as Messrs. Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison would arouse widespread agitation and perhaps force Congress to grant some form of remedial legislation. So what do the shrewd gents do but destroy the "unfair list" and outlaw the boycott and leave for further consideration the question of how far "mentioning, referring and writing" may go before it constitutes boycotting.

In the meanwhile the obscure labor official or the picket line will not be treated quite so leniently, but will be, as they have been in numerous instances, thrown into jail for contempt of court at the slightest provocation—and the agitation will be mostly local and do capitalism no harm.

It is possible that the higher court will reverse the appellate division and order the Wright decision carried out, but it is hardly probable.

The judicial axe has fallen again. For the third time our Canadian brethren are indicted for damages. The journeymen plumbers are well organized all over the North American continent. It is a difficult matter for the bosses to obtain scabs when a controversy arises with their men, and so the former are hitting upon the scheme to appeal to their capitalistic courts for damages if their employes display a streak of disloyalty and walk out on strike. In Winnipeg the journeymen plumbers exercised their right to quit work and picket and they were promptly sued for alleged damages sustained by the bosses. The unionists lost in the lower court and the case was carried up to the Court of Appeals, which tribunal has just handed down a decision not only restraining the Plumbers' Union from picketing, interfering with their employers' business, and so forth, but granted $25,000 damages to the master plumbers who brought the suit. Moreover the court decreed that each member of the union may be assessed individually and that the property owned by such members may be attached to satisfy the judgment.

As a whole, the international union membership in Canada has been just about as negligent in political matters as the workers on this side of the line. Probably this jolt will arouse them to a realization of the fact that they are no more immune from judicial sandbagging than are we who reside in "the greatest and first country on earth" and are still dazed from the smashing blow administered by the United States Supreme Court in the hatters' case.

It is generally believed that the wage-cutting campaign begun in the iron and steel industry will spread. By the first of next month the steel barons will probably have decided among themselves

just how much to mulct from the workers in their mills, and then the shearing process will begin at the metalliferous mines and probably on the ore docks, ships and railways. It is improbable that the iron and steel workers will resist. The trust ensnared a good many of them in a stock jobbery, by taking them in as "partners;" and those labor stockholders will not want to walk out and see their "values" depreciate. It has been their policy to save at the spigot and waste at the bung so long that they cannot overcome the habit. Not to exceed 10 per cent of the employes in the trust mills are organized—they thought they would get rich quick, like their masters, by saving the money they paid for dues and invest it in watered stock. Besides, they would be permitted to work and earn the smiles of Bro. Carnegie and the rest of the plutes as they tickled each other in the ribs and discussed "our partners."

Just what success the workers will have in resisting reductions when the fever spreads into other industries is problematical. It will probably be a year or two before some of the organizations will be asked to come to a lower wage level, and the present tariff manipulation will have an important bearing on the general situation. The outlook is none too reassuring, and some of the organizations that are now fairly well intrenched behind agreements will do well to keep wide awake and leave no stone unturned to solidify themselves and be prepared to meet the issue when it is raised.

One of the bitterest contests that has ever been waged between organized workers and employers is about to be precipitated on the Great Lakes. In fact the struggle is already well under way. As has been mentioned in the Review, the ship owners, led by the United States Steel Corporation, declared against recognition of or treating with any union of workers. The employers announced repeatedly that they would operate on open shop lines—in theory to discriminate neither for nor against the unions, but in actual practice the system is antagonistic to labor organization and places a premium on non-unionism.

For example, during the past month those engineers who signed an open shop agreement with the Pittsburg Steamship Co. (the trust's fleet) and a large independent concern were convened in Cleveland and entertained in splendid style by the trust magnates, and there was much pulling and hauling between the latter and the union officials to line up the engineers, with the result that the trust was signally triumphant. Class lines were never more sharply drawn. Coulby, the trust spokesman, gave the engineers to understand very plainly that they must surrender allegiance to their union or be barred from employment on the combine's ships, and the union officials were equally frank in declaring that the men could not sign open shop agreements and remain members of the organization.

So the battle is on and it is bound to rage more fiercely as the opening of navigation approaches. In creating a division among the engineers the vessel owners believe they hold the key to the situation. The engineers are the most important men on board ship and the bosses claim they will have little trouble in breaking in enough "roustabouts"—sailors, longshoremen, etc.—to give them absolute mastery of the lakes. But the seamen, longshoremen and kindred crafts have announced that they will not permit their organizations to be shot to pieces without resisting to the utmost, and to prepare for the fray meetings have been held at all the ports during the past winter and every method known to the membership has been adopted to strengthen their lines.

In order to partially recompense those workers who desert from the unions for

the loss of benefits to which they are entitled, the vessel owners have introduced a sort of "welfare" plan. Headquarters are being established at all the principal ports, where the employes will be registered and duly indexed; while waiting for work the men will be furnished with books and papers, soap and towels, etc., and if any lose their lives while in the employ of the combine their heirs will condescendingly be paid a small sum of money, just about enough to insure decent burial and prevent the wage-slaves from being consigned to Davy Jones' locker or Potter's field.

Some 50,000 men will be affected by this contest that is being deliberately forced upon the marine workers by centralized capitalism, and the progress of the struggle will prove most interesting when it begins in earnest. It is worthy of note that the marine unions are, from the socialist point of view, the most conservative and unprogressive in the family of organized labor, and this condition once more demolishes the theory that capitalism will tolerate and encourage pure and simple unionism in order to resist the encroachments of socialism. Recent developments demonstrate that capitalism will do nothing of the sort. All unions look alike to the profitmongers, who understand their class interests, and they are not much concerned at this juncture what economic and political views union people hold.

The Rev. Charles Stelzle, "labor commissioner" of the Presbyterian Church, has at last come out in his true color—and it is not red, but rather a yellow hue. The Rev. Mr. Stelzle has been a regular visitor to the annual conventions of the American Federation of Labor for a number of years, and was always granted the courtesy of delivering an address to the delegates, which was uniformly listened to with interest and respect by conservatives and radicals alike. The reverend gentleman, representing a great religious organization in a fraternal way, professed sympathy with every movement that tended to uplift the working class, taking a broad and general view and steadfastly ignoring the various divisions of the labor army that are not always in agreement as to the best programs in industrial and political affairs. Mr. Stelzle waxed eloquent and enthusiastic in speeches, in and out of conventions, while describing the growing power of the organized workers of the whole civilized world marshaled under the dual banners of trade unionism and socialism, and he was particularly effective in referring to the millions of laboring people in Europe who pledged allegiance to the socialist movement. It was quite the wise and politic thing for the Rev. Mr. Stelzle to do, even though his position was not altogether original. His special mission was to establish friendly relations between the Presbyterian Church and organized labor and to neutralize, and, if possible, overcome, the prejudice in the minds of the workers towards religious organizations.

Supplementary to his addresses before labor bodies, the Rev. Mr. Stelzle has, for several years, sent weekly letters to the labor press in which he defended the union cause before the rank and file of the readers, and showed how the latter were following in the footsteps of the lowly Carpenter of Nazareth and His union of apostles, and adroitly demonstrated, to his own satisfaction at least, that the church is also in the uplifting game and should be supported by the laboring people.

But something must have gone wrong with this church politician. After all of his display of impatience and fine scorn at the petty details that were supposed to be responsible for divided opinion in the labor movement, the reverend gentleman, apparently speaking as the mouthpiece of the Presbyterian Church, is very coolly and deliberately sending his

weekly bulletins to the labor press loaded down with all of the old, worn-out, exploded objections to socialism. Not a single new thought is expressed in his effusions that have been worked off on his typewriter in serial form for several months. It's the same weather-beaten truck about the early Christians not having been socialists (which nobody disputes), that the church should not take a stand against wage-slavery (as it didn't against chattel slavery), that the advocates of socialism are a small minority, anyhow, that socialism is impractical, would destroy incentive, etc., etc., ad nauseam.

It has been well said that fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and it seems to be equally true that when there is nobody else to do dirty work you can get a preacher. Just at a time when the whole world is talking about socialism, when labor is feeling the iron heel as it never did in any age and is looking with hope to the socialist movement, and when the plutocratic despoilers are beginning to read the handwriting on the wall, up jumps a pulpiteer and advises us to turn to page 4-11-44 and sing a few hymns, forget all things earth earthy and prepare to enjoy a front seat in kingdom come.

Nay, nay, Stelzle, the socialists may be a small minority just at this writing, but they cannot be accused of being a lot of ninnies. The socialists are engaged in a world-wide struggle against a system and the powerful rulers who are entrenched behind it, and a preacher more or less, who may be operating a religious commission house, will not cut much figure in the long run. The satisfactory feature of this denouement is that the Rev. Charles Stelzle, ex-machinist, has taken his logical position voluntarily. He occupied a position unique in the labor movement and enjoyed the good will or was at least tolerated by the radical and conservative elements alike. But like many another individual the supposed importance of his job swelled his head until he became imbued with the hallucination that it would make him still more popular by taking a kick at the minority. Nobody disputes Mr. Stelzle's right to formulate his own opinions, but it does seem reasonable that before he makes public statements about a movement that is international in scope and challenges the best thought of the age a man holding the important position that he does ought to know something about that movement, the reason for its existence, why it ought not and cannot prevail and present intelligent criticisms generally, instead of resorting to the same old twaddle that has been mouthed for years and in the face of which socialism has been growing steadily and surely.

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Few men have ever served the Socialist movement with greater courage, devotion and ability than Morris Hillquit. His services have been most varied and numerous, displaying astonishing versatility. His latest service to the movement takes the form of a volume of 356 pages, entitled **Socialism in Theory and Practice,** lately issued by the Macmillan Company.

The title of the book is a most alluring one. It holds out to the prospective reader the promise that in its pages may be found a statement of modern Socialist theory and its practical application to the State, and my friend Hillquit is to be congratulated upon its invention. But, even at the risk of being misunderstood, I venture to express the opinion that the book does not quite meet the legitimate expectations to which the title gives birth. Admirable as it is, considered as a valuable contribution to our literature, one lays down the volume with the feeling that the promises implied by the title have not been wholly kept. The book does not contain that systematic, closely reasoned statement of modern Socialist theory, philosophical and economic, which the title seems to promise the reader. But this is a criticism of the fitness of the title for the book merely, and to say that the title does not quite accurately describe the contents of the book is not a disparagement of the book itself.

The book naturally divides itself into three parts as follows: The first deals with the Socialist philosophy and movement; the second deals with Socialism and Reform, or the practical methods and achievements of the movement; the third, which takes the form of an Appendix, gives a brief historical sketch of the progress of the movement in various countries.

Our author begins the first part of his work with an interesting and suggestive discussion of "Socialism and Individualism," in which he points out the abstract and a priori nature of the individualist philosophy, and shows that, both politically and industrially, the development of mankind has been toward greater socialization and interdependence. From this point, by an easy and natural transition, he proceeds to consider briefly the position of the individual under Socialism, contending, naturally, that not less but greater individual liberty than exists today would be possible. Mr. Hillquit points out that the "collective" ownership and management of the economic forces and processes, which Socialism implies, does not necessarily imply "state" ownership and management. His concept of the Socialist State includes individual production, voluntary co-operative enterprises, with or without state control, as well as state ownership and management. In this, of course, our author is taking a position common to all the leading exponents of Socialism throughout the world today, and wholly at variance with the mechanical concept common to the older Socialists, and still held by some of our comrades.

The one weakness of this chapter calls for comment, especially because it is more or less marked in the subsequent chap-

ters: Mr. Hillquit does not, as he might have done, lay down certain fundamental principles of Socialism and from them develop his case. True, he does this incidentally, but it is not the dominant feature of his method. He denies or affirms as the case may be, and quotes the opinions and statements of other writers, but only incidentally does he resort to the method of reasoning from fundamental principles and of saying: Here is an objection, or fear of Socialism, which many persons entertain. To judge its validity, let us take this fundamental principle of modern Socialism and see whether it justifies the objection or fear. That method, in my opinion at least, would have resulted in a stronger piece of work, and it is a method for which Mr. Hillquit possesses special aptitude. But then, each writer must choose his own methods, and may properly claim that his work must be judged upon its own merits without reference to methods which he might have employed had he chosen, but did not.

Some thirty pages devoted to "Socialism and Ethics" are specially interesting. This branch of the subject which has been so largely neglected is, of course, by no means adequately covered by such a brief sketch. But our author has given us a most illuminating and suggestive treatment of the subject in small compass which cannot fail to be of great help to a large number of readers. The relation of the economic interpretation of history to ethical concepts is indicated rather than fully explained, but the indication is clear and definite. Much the same may be said of the chapter "Socialism and Law," in which the author shows the influence of economic conditions in shaping jurisprudence and gives his reasons for believing that with the socialization of industry legal interference with the life and liberty of the individual citizen must be reduced to a minimum.

Perhaps the chapter of greatest value in part one of the volume is that on "Socialism and the State." Doubtless many Socialists who are obsessed by the old mechanical concept of Socialism, and many non-Socialists similarly afflicted, will consider that Mr. Hillquit has made many concessions to his opponents and unduly moderated his Socialism. His Socialist State does not represent a clear-cut departure from the existing State, a change as marked as the night from the day, but an orderly, necessary development out of the present; not a terrific jump, but an orderly progress. As already indicated, he regards the persistence of private property and industry as both possible and probable; he believes the transformation will be gradual, complicated and diversified. So far as we can conceive it today, the "Socialist State" is nothing but the present state with such modifications as the realization of the proposed Socialist reforms necessarily imply, says our author. While he regards the old motto of Louis Blanc, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need," as a desirable ideal, Mr. Hillquit does not regard it as likely to be attained for a long time, even after society has entered an epoch of Socialism. Money, he thinks, will be retained, and, most likely, wages as the method of remunerating labor. He even contemplates with equanimity, the possibility of monarchical government being retained, as by the way, Ferri and others have done before.

Mr. Hillquit brings the first part of his book to a close with a chapter on "Socialism and Politics," mainly devoted to a demonstration of the dominance of political institutions by class interests, and then plunges into a discussion of the relation of Socialism to various political and social reforms. In rather more than a hundred pages, he tells much of the practical achievements in industrial and social reform by the So-

cialists in various countries, and outlines the Socialist attitude toward many of the reform movements which have from time to time attracted great attention. These chapters are rather sketchy and inconclusive, but they bring together for the first time an astonishing amount of information of a most valuable and important kind. The historical appendix is likewise of considerable value to the active Socialist and to the student of Socialism.

It is impossible to adequately review such a book as this within the limits of a single notice in these pages. The description of it here given conveys only a faint notion of the scope and content of this very useful addition to our literature. Its purpose will be served, however, if this review induces the reader to secure the book and study it with the careful attention it merits. Produced in the midst of a life of remarkable activity, written in the intervals of a busy professional practice and an astonishing amount of Socialist work of many kinds, the book shows many marks of hurried preparation. There is an absence of that charm of literary art which is always such a welcome feature in a book devoted to such serious and vital matters. Still, when these things are freely admitted, it remains to be said that Mr. Hillquit's book is one of the most notable contributions to American Socialist literature yet made. It is a volume which every Socialist will need to study carefully, if he desires to keep abreast with the best Socialist thought of the time.

The many readers of this Review who have had the good fortune to hear Clarence Darrow's lecture on **The Open Shop**, and all who are familiar with his literary work, will welcome the attractive pamphlet in which the lecture has been published by Charles H. Kerr & Company. Darrow never minces matters: his candor is as charming as his style. There are few writers today who excel Darrow in the matter of literary style. His English is simple, pure and strong, like Bunyan's and John Selden's. One turns from the artificiality of most modern writing to such writing as comes from Darrow's pen as the traveler in the desert turns to the oasis.

The case for the policy of the trade unions in demanding the closed shop has probably never been so clearly and cogently stated as by Mr. Darrow in this pamphlet. Recognizing the class division in capitalist society, the author does not make the mistake of resting his case upon abstract ethical argument. He recognizes that the institution of trade unionism and its policies are the product of the material facts of life, of the experience of the workers in their struggle. Class consciousness may not represent the highest imaginable ethic, but it represents the highest yet attainable. Every trade unionist and every Socialist should read this pamphlet, and its wide distribution cannot fail to do much good. Incidentally—even inconsequently—I am tempted to add that my friend Darrow must find it difficult, in face of this pamphlet, to justify his remaining outside the Socialist ranks, where he belongs.

Of all the poems called forth by the Lincoln centennial—and their number is legion—the Ode by James Oppenheim, which appeared recently in "Collier's Weekly," strikes me as being pre-eminently great and likely to last long after most of the great flood of verse in which it was born has been forgotten. Oppenheim is a real poet and a great one. Also, he is a good Socialist. He chooses his themes from the great social struggle as almost no other poet has done. He is a very young man as yet, and his fame has been largely confined to the artistic few. It seemed for a time as if he was in danger of becoming "a poets' poet" merely, but that

danger is passing away. He is finding his range, winning the love and admiration of an ever widening circle of readers. Keep your eye upon James Oppenheim! Unless I miss my guess utterly, he will give us the first great American expression of the social revolution in verse.

How many of the younger men and women of today read Plato, I wonder? Of course, it's terribly old-fashioned to read **The Republic** in this age when a new genius is discovered each twenty-four hours, if we may believe the publishers of books and the professional reviewers. When there are so many voices assuring one in strident tones that he is hopelessly behind the times unless he is one of the seven-hundred-and-sixty-three-thousand or so readers of the latest sensation, "The Lady with the Cinnamon Hair," it is difficult to muster courage enough to be content with the great masterpieces which have come to us mellowed by years. And more's the pity! Why should one have to gorge one's self out of the muddy torrent of the hour, rather than drink quietly and peacefully out of the great deep, crystal lake, stored by the centuries?

These reflections come from a reading of the latest installment of Alexander Kerr's translation of the immortal work of Plato, just published by Charles H. Kerr & Company. From time to time, as the separate books have appeared, I have read them with great joy and satisfaction, glorying in the clear, strong, beautiful English of the translation and its faithful preservation of Plato's spirit and thought. Familiar with the renditions of Spens and Jowett, and consequently always judging Professor Kerr's work by high standards, the sense of freshness and strength and beauty of diction derived from reading it was all the more remarkable. Because of the name of the translator, I had taken it for granted, without inquiry, that he must be a brother of our editor-in-chief. Judge of my surprise, therefore, when I learned from a recent letter that the relation is not that of brothers, but of father and son, and that Professor Kerr is eighty years of age! One imagines the venerable scholar in the late evening of his long life, dwelling with Plato and finding joy in rendering the beautiful Greek masterpiece into English. Five books—about one-half of the work—have been published thus far, and it is to be hoped that the evening of Professor Kerr's life may be prolonged until he can write "Finis" upon the labor of love which brings sweetness and joy to his sunset years.

Fight for your Life! Is the somewhat sensational title of a volume by our brave and beloved comrade, Benjamin Hanford, recently published by the Wilshire Book Company, New York. The volume consists of a number of propaganda articles which have already attained some popularity through publications in the Socialist press, together with some new matter. The articles are all brightly written and each is calculated to make an impression upon the mind of the average workingman. Mr. Hanford has a style admirably adapted to this kind of literature. The eloquence, the facile expression, the knack of putting his thoughts in simple, homely English, which for so many years characterized his work as a public speaker appear at their best in this well printed little volume. The book deserves wide circulation for propaganda purposes.

My friend, Dr. William H. Allen, renders the nation valuable service by the publication of his book, **Civics and Health,** which bears the imprint of Ginn and Company, Boston, the well-known educational publishers. This volume of four hundred pages is a text-book, de-

signed to teach the principles of hygiene in their large, social aspects, and the prevention of human incapacity and waste.

Dr. Allen here sets forth in plain, layman's terminology, the standards of public health which ought to be aimed at by all good citizens, describes the prevailing conditions, so far from ideal, and sets forth what is being done to meet such conditions in the United States and various European countries. He describes with some detail and much valuable suggestion the existing agencies for dealing with the problems of public health and aims to awaken in the minds of his readers a determination to make good use of them. The book is one of great practical value, especially to teachers and parents and others responsible for the oversight of children.

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INDIANA STATE CONVENTION. Mr. L. H. Marcy, who represented the publishing house at the Indiana State Convention held last month at Indianapolis, returned with a most glowing report of the growth of the revolutionary spirit in that state as reflected at the Convention. Over two hundred delegates attended besides a large number of visitors. Local Kokomo, which is largely composed of steel workers, chartered a special interurban car, went early and made a strong showing. Local South Bend was entitled to nine delegates and they were all there and unanimously supported their candidate for State Secretary, Comrade James W. Palmitier. Among the Ft. Wayne delegation were Comrades Drake and Johnson. Other active workers in the state whom we recall were McDaniels of Crawfordsville, Noftsker of Delphi, Habig of Kokomo, Reynolds and Oneal of Terre Haute and many others. The Indianapolis comrades entertained the Convention in a fine hall, which was greatly appreciated by all the delegates. Indianapolis is one of our best cities. Big things may be expected from her this coming year. The Young People's Socialist League is already a healthy and precocious infant. The League has new headquarters; is starting a library and sent in a big bundle order for the Review. One of our Standard Socialist Libraries is going to Local Delphi and one to Local Kokomo, besides bundles of the Review every month. The March number of the Review was enthusiastically received everywhere and made many new friends throughout the state.

WORKINGMEN STAY FROM THE TREADWELL MINES, Douglas Island, Alaska, is the headline of a notice we have today received from the President and Secretary of the Douglas Island Miners' Union, W. F. M. The notice reads: The strike is still in progress and hundreds of sturdy, honest and true miners are still struggling for an 8-hour day and living conditions. . . . . Workingmen don't listen to a slick-tongued liar or employment shark who will tell you there is work on Douglas Island for you. . . . Stay away from the Treadwell Mines where human life is valueless and men are maimed and crippled for life. . . . The strike is still on. . . Anything to the contrary brand as a falsehood. Douglas Island Miners' Union, No. 109."

MRS. GEORGIA KOTSCH, Secretary of the Women's Socialist Union in Oakland, Calif., writes an interesting article entitled Socialism and the Child, in the Mirror of the World. Mrs. Kotsch says in part:

"In our horror and indignation at the spectacle of tender little children working their lives into profits for the master class we, as socialists, almost ignore the fact that there are other children and that they also have claims to attention.

"A great socialist literature, the product of the greatest, the most advanced brains of our time, has been penned—for those who can assimilate it. Lengthy, learned, logical articles on surplus value and unearned increment have been launched at the unlettered heads of the proletariat—those who 'have to spend so much time making a living that they have no time to ilve'—or think. Im-

passioned soap-box orators strive and strain at the task of 'educating' men whose stunted mental attitudes are well nigh fixed through years and cramped conditions.

"We in America have plunged with such confident optimism into the socialist idea and work. We have buoyantly proclaimed 'we will win in 1908,' and now 'we will win in 1912.' We are scientific —we shout it from the housetops, so there can be no doubt of it, and to prove it we are going to have the revolution before we have the evolution.

"And while we push and pull, persuade and perspire at the practically impossible task of straightening trees, wily capitalism is quietly and easily bending twigs."

It behooves socialists to organize children's classes, and, we suggest that those in charge hunt up some of the excellent works of Dr. John Dewey, the foremost writer on modern pedagogy, at the public libraries, and try to follow his ideas. His theory is directly in line with the socialist idea that we learn by DOING instead of by CRAMMING. The stories of the Cave People, started in this issue of the Review by Mary E. Marcy, are good suggestions to begin on. Every child is interested in anthropology. Those starting children's classes can get suggestions by addressing the International Socialist Review.

THE PLEBS MAGAZINE. We are in receipt of the first number of the Plebs Magazine. The avowed object of this journal is to "bring about a definite and satisfactory connection between Ruskin College and the Labor Movement." The little magazine is brought out in very attractive style and promises to prove of great value to the students at Ruskin College, who are among the best book buyers of scientific socialist literature in England.

A MODERN WAR CHARIOT. The Paris City Government has profited by the past and has anticipated any future working-class uprisings, by assembling several modern inventions into a new device to be used for the immediate and efficient extinction of any demonstration that may be made by labor organizations in the streets of that city.

The device is a steel protected automobile. Steel guards the wheels and tires and also protects a compartment enclosing a rapid fire machine gun and the men who operate it.

While the true mission of the machine is, of course, concealed by the government, to those who know the significance of all such devices, it can have but one use. It is an instrument in the hands of the capitalist class to quell uprisings of their wage-slaves.

It will in many ways resemble the fire department, except that it deals with men instead of fire.

The machine will be placed where it can be called at a moment's notice, to localities where it is needed, there to occupy a position of vantage at cross streets where its deadly guns can be trained in any direction.

Its designs admits of no other use than that of street fighting and it is expected to fulfill the purpose for which it was created, with neatness and dispatch.—R. B. Tobias.

WAR—A PROPHECY. The average wage of a worker will buy back but a fraction of the equivalent of his product and the portion of society's product unconsumed at home must be sold in a foreign market or overproduction results. I am uncertain if the panic of '93 was caused by this underconsumption or by misguided people like myself saving money to go to the Fair, thereby nearly swamping it, but in the next fourteen years millions of workers will find jobs shooting their fellow workers and destroying property, thus restoring confidence and enabling their masters to obtain greater profits. Prosperity was maintained by the China-Japanese, the Boer-British, the Spanish-American, the Philippine and Russo-Japanese wars,

for the nations engaged transferred their and our surplus of goods into interest-bearing debt for us and our descendants to pay.

The "late panic" that is still with us and dominates the economic situation like storm clouds above a hayfield, is threatening to plunge this nation into greater depths of poverty, despair and degradation than ever. If we guide our feet by the lamp of experience, if we judge the future by the past, we can come to but one conclusion. There is too much food and too much hunger, too much clothing and nakedness, too many goods and too many unemployed, and these must be disposed of to the extent of allowing business to proceed; other means exhausted, the next move is to sell these goods to the future by means of war—and bonds.

The question of an opponent is easily settled. Japan has taken into government control salt, tobacco, matches, silk, railroads, etc., it is aiding all kinds of factories, colonizing Manchuria, putting in flour mills; in short, it is capturing "our" Oriental markets, besides directly injuring some of our trusts. The latter naturally feel hurt at such inhumanity, ingratitude and independence, and have flooded our subservient newspapers with adverse criticism upon Japan and the Japanese until "we" are ready to believe the next chapter—Japan has forced us to arm our working class to shoot down our yellow comrades that are criminally engaged in earning a living the best they may, forced us to shoot humanity, etc., into these oppressors of the American trusts.

Then we put our unemployed at work, we destroy millions worth of property, make countless widows and orphans, get the bloody wheels of industry to humming, get more bonds to earn interest for, fund our panic for the next generation, so our masters can amass wealth and repeat the cry, "Apres nous le deluge!"

Don't you like the picture? A majority voted for the party that had its contributions furnished by the master class (whether they voted R. or D.), and the method is so easy, so bloodless, so logical, so profitable for the masters, who can doubt they will do this awful thing? It would even insure them in power some time yet, put off hard times till they have filled their pockets, and the "victorious" general could succeed Taft!

Let me repeat, though, you workingmen have nothing to fight for. Many of us, the Japanese being a cleanly people, could only lose our share of America by a charge with scrub brushes and soap suds! When dogs fight over a bone, the bone is quiet. The right to exploit you, the bone of contention, should not arouse you to take sides; if you must be skinned, the shape of the knife or the color of the skinner matters not at all. Let those who have something to gain or to lose do the fighting. Let us take a determined stand against war; even a working class victory has no lasting foundation.—E. Francis Atwood, Aberdeen, S. D.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS whenever you can. Write and inquire about things advertised and bear in mind that every order is a boost for the Review. More advertising will mean a still better Review with which we shall be able to reach a greater number of people, to bear them the message of Socialism. We think our present advertisers deserve our personal endorsement and we mean to accept only those that we believe have something of value to offer our readers. As soon as our advertisers find the Review pays, they will tell their friends, and by and by our income from advertising will be sufficient to enable us still further to improve the Review.

NEW ZEALAND. The Evening Post of Wellington, said to be the ablest con-

servative newspaper in New Zealand, says in an issue lately received:

Mr. Tregear is usually classed in New Zealand as a socialist. Whether he be technically a "comrade" we know not; but American socialists—at any rate, of the front rank—apparently withhold from him that affectionate prefix. Comrade Robert Rives Lamonte, who at the request of Comrade Kerr, editor of the International Socialist Review (Chicago), has devoted seven pages of that lively monthly to the demolition of Mr. Tregear's defence in the Arena of the Compulsory Arbitration Act, describes him as "that genial and kindly romantic philosopher, the Honourable Edward Tregear," and further on accuses him of "juvenile credulity and optimism." Comrade Lamonte, who writes from New Canaan, Connecticut, has lived in New Zealand, and fas fallen under the spell of the country. His own New Canaan apparently falls short of the "Paradise" of New Zealand, where, "except in the far South, ice more than an eighth of an inch thick is as much of a rarity as hen's teeth. Grass, and such rank green, GREEN grass as Americans never dreampt of, furnishes abundant pasture ten months of the year * * *. It would require mighty skilful legislation to make such a country anything but prosperous. I doubt if Bryan and Roosevelt together would be able to do it." Comrade L., with all his eccentricities, writes with the surer touch of one who has been on the spot, and escapes the blunders of the man who discusses subjects with which he has no personal acquaintance. Even from Mr. Tregear's own article in the Arena he is able to upset his eulogy of compulsory arbitration under the Act. Mr. Reeves, as the author of the Act, he classes with the Secretary of Labour, an "idealist scholar," "a gentleman of great cultivation and a poet of signal distinction. He longed for industrial peace, and knew nothing of the class struggle." Comrade Lamonte is one of the militant * * * group. Nothing, he is convinced, can be done till Labour-Socialist possesses itself of the sledge-hammer, and sets about to smash things generally. He writes well and forcibly, and has a keen eye for the fallacies of the milder sections, who believe in that "anthropomorphic God," "an impartial State dwelling far removed from the petty sordid disputes of poor humanity in a realm of abstract justice." "One of the worst and saddest results of the Act" is that "by accustoming the workers to rely on the paternalism of the Liberal Government it has almost completely undermined and destroyed the militant self-reliance of the working class." "New Zealand," he significantly says, "has only been able to pursue these policies by continuous money-borrowing." He tells us that the Government can not be impartial when "it can not offend either the Union Shipping Company or the Money Lenders of Lombard street without committing suicide." Evidently there is a wide gulf between the Reeves-Tregear and the Lamonte socialisms.

THE PARIS COMMUNE. At a concert and dance held in the Labor Temple, Toronto, by the Socialist party, the following resolution, was unanimously passed:

"Whereas, Thirty-eight years ago today there sprang into existence the first working class government in the history of the 'civilized' world, a government which was only crushed out of existence by the combined forces of the German and French governments in a bloody massacre of upwards of thirty thousand men, women and children of the working class; and

"Whereas, Today in Paris and throughout France thousands of workers are participating in a general strike against the oppression of the capitalist government of France; be it therefore

"Resolved, That we, socialists of Toronto of all languages, send a message of fraternal greetings to our fellow workers in revolt in France and throughout the world and bid them take courage and continue the struggle until wage-slavery is abolished and the workers are in possession of every force now used to keep the workers in misery and subjection; and be it further

"Resolved, That copies of this resolution be sent to the Western Clarion, Vancouver, The International Socialist Review, Chicago, and L'Humanite, Paris."

CHAIN-GANGS, AND GAMBLING—The chain-gang is a penal ogre, a plutocratic outrage, a perfidious obliquity, courting oblivion.

Is race-track gambling immoral? Then

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Occupation . . . . . .

the chain-gang is inhuman.

The red-light district pernicious: the chain-gang is pestilential.

All punishment should be remedial. The chain-gang is retrograde. Who are on the chain-gang, and why? World victims! Centralized capital, and improved methods of production, force them year by year, month by month, day by day, into the New Grand Army of "out-of-works."

Every city has its quota. International charity is futile. If they chop wood, the wood already chopped will not be sold. The farmer will re-travel the "tote-road" with the load. They are a product of capitalist society, and can't be absorbed under existing methods.

The flotsam and jetsam; the derelicts, the output of the slums, the out-of-work artisans from other countries are cajoled hither. By whom? Unscrupulous steamship companies who placard Europe with untruths. Bleeding thousands to keep up dividends. Then railway companies advertise to the uttermost parts of the Union—dividends and profits, and behold—a chain-gang!

"It's a gamble—it's business—it's commercial thuggery—holdups endorsed by evil," wrote Huxley.

At all events they spring from the same source. Production for profit instead of use. That's all there is to it, excepting that the unemployed rich are not put on the chain-gang. They can gamble as they please, their chess-men being human lives and human destinies.

JACK WOOD.

COTTON'S WEEKLY. This is a new Socialist publication, issued at Cowansville, P. Q., Canada, edited by William U. Cotton, B. C. L., member of a well-known law firm in Montreal, and a successful speaker and worker in the cause. The subscription price is $1.00 a year, and every Canadian reader of the Review should write for a sample copy.

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Our business is publishing; we have no printing office of our own, and for several years we have been obliged to refuse any orders for printing.

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PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

A WORKING-CLASS PUBLISHING HOUSE.

The International Socialist Review and the books published in connection with it are not the property of any capitalist or group of capitalists. They belong, jointly to over two thousand working people, most of whom hold just one ten-dollar share each. The only large holding is that of Charles H. Kerr, who owns at present 705 shares. But he is not a capitalist, for the stock pays no dividends and he has no other property. All he had went into this publishing business long ago, and he depends on his wages for a living. The directors fixed these wages at $125 per month, but when every dollar in sight is urgently needed to pay for printing and buying books, he does not draw the full amount. This was the case last month, as will be seen from the statement printed a little farther on. Mary E. Marcy, the Secretary of the publishing house, who in addition to her writing for the Review attends to most of the editorial and business correspondence, was voted a salary of $75 a month, but has not drawn it in full. The office employes, of whom eight are regularly on the pay roll, get the "value of their labor-power," and get it promptly. The printing and binding are done outside our office, by contract with firms employing union labor, and we discount nearly all our bills, keeping our commercial credit good.

Because our work has been growing, and because we have not, like some socialist publishers, kept up a constant stream of frantic appeals for help, some of our friends seem to imagine that we need no co-operation on their part and that some one is growing rich out of the business done by the publishing house. We know of no better way to correct this impression than to publish the actual receipts and expenditures for a month. Here they are:

Receipts and Expenditures, February, 1909.

Receipts:	
Cash balance, Feb. 1	$ 352.52
Book sales	1,317.27
Review subscriptions and sales	603.15
Review advertising	112.50
Sales of stock	188.83
Loan from Capital City Bank	500.00
Loans from stockholders	553.00
Total	$3,627.27
Expenditures:	
Manufacture of books	$ 647.16
Books purchased	351.93
Printing February Review	654.23
Paid on bill for Nov. Review	100.00
Department work, Review	25.00
Wages of office clerks	372.30
Charles H. Kerr, Pres., on salary	85.00
Mary E. Marcy, Sec., on salary.	60.00
Postage and expressage	330.41
Interest	14.50
Rent	70.00
Taxes	67.43
Miscellaneous expenses	66.55
Advertising	69.59
Loans returned to stockholders.	364.13
Cash balance Feb. 28	349.04
Total	$3,627.27

The book sales for February were about $700 less than usual, while our bills for printing new books were as

heavy as ever. The falling off was largely due to the after-election apathy among party workers generally. Scarcely any traveling organizers were on the road, few locals were holding meetings, and few pamphlets were being circulated, our sales being almost entirely of books in cloth binding. On the other hand there is plenty of encouragement in the Review receipts, which amounted to $715.65 as against $338.39 a year ago. Every one says the Review is immensely improved. Subscriptions are coming in faster than ever, and from now on we can pretty certainly count on some $200 each month from news stand sales. But we need two thousand new yearly subscriptions each month to keep the Review up to the standard we have set for it.

More Capital Needed. The Appeal to Reason, which until lately has supplied more cheap Socialist pamphlets than any other house, has turned over its book business to us. It will close out its old stock of books, but will print no more and buy no more. Probably half the Locals in the United States have depended on the Appeal for their books. We must now supply them with what they need. That is why we have gone on printing books in spite of the small sales last month, even though it compelled us to borrow from a bank. And that is why for the next two or three months we must go on printing books faster than the sales will pay the bills.

The capital for this purpose ought to come in at once from the sale of new stock. We have two thousand shares to sell at $10.00 each. No dividends are paid, but the purchaser of a share can buy our books as cheaply as the largest bookseller can buy them. A live Local can earn the price of a share several times over during a year by selling books at meetings, in the open air, in halls, or both. And the books will be more effective propaganda than the speeches. Whether your Local holds a share of stock or not, buy one yourself. It will give you books at bottom prices when you want them to read, to give away or to sell, and your ten dollars will be simply your fair share toward the work that the rest of us are doing. If you can possibly spare ten dollars all at once, send it along. We will send you at once a fully paid certificate, and will throw in a year's subscription to the Review. If you can't spare the $10, send a dollar a month; you can buy books at cost while making your payments.

AN INCOME FOR LIFE. We have had many letters from comrades advanced in years, who needed all the income they could get from what little property they had, but wanted to help our work along. A few have promised to bequeath money, but only one, so far as we know, actually carried out his intention. We now have a definite plan which will make it easy for such comrades to carry out their wishes, and at the same time will help the publishing house now, when the money is most urgently needed. To any socialist over sixty years of age depositing one thousand dollars with us, we will agree to pay six dollars each month during his life time, with the understanding that the principal is not to be returned, and that upon the death of the depositor we shall have no further liability. We can use on this plan a total of ten thousand dollars only, and to any one ready to comply with these terms we will give plenty of evidence as to our financial responsibility.

New Privileges for Stockholders. We have decided to allow stockholders a discount on the books of other publishers which we keep on hand. This supply will be increased as fast as the necessary capital is available. Of course we can not allow the same discount as on the books we publish ourselves, for few publishers allow even the largest dealers as much discount as fifty per cent. But we have a few very attractive of-

fers to make right now to our stockholders and those who subscribe for stock.

We have bought several hundred copies of a beautiful imported edition of **Huxley's Lectures and Essays,** 50 cents, postpaid. We will sell it to stockholders at 30 cents; postage 7 cents if mailed.

We have a handsome edition of Turgenieff's novels in eight volumes, 60 cents each. Uniform with them we have Darwin's Descent of Man, Darwin's Origin of Species, Spencer's First Principles, Spencer's Data of Ethics and Hallam's Middle Ages. Our stockholders may buy these at 40 cents a volume, postage 10 cents extra.

We have also William Morris's poems and Walt Whitman's poems, uniform in style with the books just described, at the same prices.

We have copies of Jack London's Call of the Wild, Son of the Wolf, The Sea-Wolf, Daughter of the Snows and War of the Classes, which our stockholders may buy at 50 cents, postage 12 cents; others pay 75 cents. In the same edition at the same price we have Bellamy's Looking backward, Hunter's Poverty and Sinclair's The Jungle.

Salisbury's Career of a Journalist is a book of truth stranger than fiction, bubbling over with inside facts about the daily newspapers from which most people take their opinions. Price $1.50, to our stockholders 75 cents; postage 15 cents. We can make the same prices on The Money-Changers, by Upton Sinclair.

No room for more about books of other publishers this time, but we are preparing a new catalog that will be far more complete than anything yet.

Socialism Made Easy. We never could understand why it was that books written with a clear understanding of Socialism were generally hard reading, while most of the books in easy, popular style were full of small-capitalist notions that made their propaganda value doubtful. We always believed some one some time would write a readable book giving what proletarians call the "straight goods." James Connolly has done it.

Socialism Made Easy is a straight talk to wage-workers that will do more to start them at clear thinking than any other book we know of. It sticks to plain concrete facts, and does not teach things that must be unlearned later on. Paper, 10c.; to stockholders 6c., postpaid.

LESSON OUTLINES IN THE ECONOMIC INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY, by Lida Parce, is a series of systematic lessons which will be of great assistance to inexperienced teachers who wish to present the fundamental ideas of socialism to young people. The first lessons in this course deal with primitive man. If Mrs. Parce's book, along with Morgan's Ancient Society and Engels' Origin of the Family, can be put into the hands of a teacher, and the children are given the Stories of the Cave People which start in this month's Review, excellent work can be done. We will mail Mrs. Parce's "Outlines" to any address for 25c or to a stockholder for 15c.

A GREAT WORK NEARLY COMPLETED. Marx's Capital complete has been in the possession of German socialists for many years, and the first volume was translated into English long ago and has passed through many editions. The second volume could not be had until two years ago, when we published a translation by Ernest Untermann. Two thousand copies have been sold, and a new edition is ready. Mr. Untermann has finished a translation of the third and largest volume, over 1,000 octavo pages, and the final proofs are now being corrected. We now expect to publish the volume during May. The labor of translation has been paid for through the generosity of Eugene Dietzgen, and we are thus enabled to publish at $2.00 a volume, with our usual discount to stockholders, a work which would ordinarily have to be sold at $5.00 a volume.

SPECIAL OFFER. We must raise two thousand dollars within the next few weeks to pay the bill for printing

this third volume. It is also a matter of urgent necessity to add several thousand names to the mailing list of the Review at once. We do not need to make a profit, for we have no dividends to pay. So for six dollars, the retail price of the books alone, we will send by express prepaid the three volumes of Capital, and will also send the Review one year to six new names. If you want to order the books but have not time at once to secure the names, send the money and we will send six Review Post Cards to be sold to new subscribers, each card good for a year's subscription. Volumes I and II of Capital will be sent at once, Volume III on publication. Remember that Volume III will contain new facts and theories which you MUST know to talk or write for socialism effectively, and that you can not understand it without having previously read Volumes I and II.



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The "simple annals of the poor" as pictured in Mary E. Marcy's "Out of the Dump" are terrible annals. The book is a voice from the depths. Its outlook is from the viewpoint of the very poor. It is a protest that poverty is not understood, and that organized charity goes about its problem in the wrong way. . . . On its face, it is written with full and intimate knowledge.—Chicago Inter Ocean.



Socialist reasoning must fall like constant drops of water on the stultified feelings of those not with us. Mary E. Marcy has contributed a fair share of this wearing-away material in the pages of her little book, "Out of the Dump." She has shown how the victims of the Chicago slums tarry on earth in disease and poverty till death becomes kind enough to relieve them from the capitalist clutches. But she does more than that; she gives hints of the remedy which, if followed out, must lead to the cure—Socialism. —New York Evening Call.

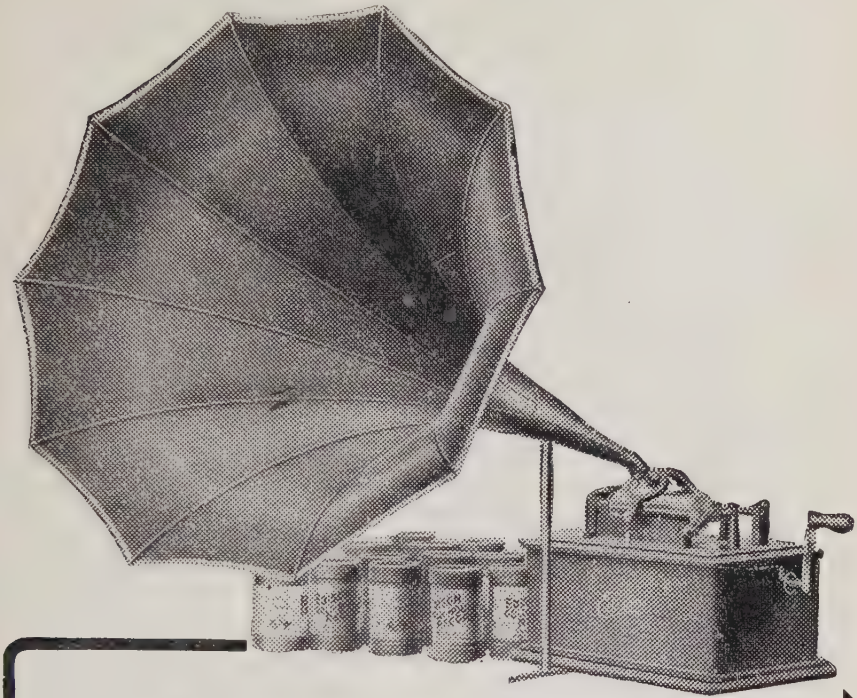
"Out of the Dump" is the truest and most vivid description of the real life of the American city worker ever written.—Robert Rives LaMonte.

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"THE BLANKET STIFF." The cartoon on this page was drawn for "The Socialist" of Seattle, and is reprinted from a recent issue of that paper. To it are appended the following lines from a poem we first saw going the rounds of the press two or three years ago. We do not know the name of the author, so can not give credit:

"He Built the Road.

"With others of his class he built the road.
"Now o'er it, many a mile, he packs his load,
"Chasing a JOB, spurred on by Hunger's goad.
"He walks, and walks, and walks, and walks, and walks,
"And wonders why in Hell he built the road."

The Socialization of Humanity

An Analysis and Synthesis of the Phenomena of Nature, Life, Mind and Society Through the Law of Repetition

A SYSTEM OF MONISTIC PHILOSOPHY

By Charles Kendall Franklin

"I would rather write a refutation than an endorsement of this book, yet it is commended to students of Sociology and Theology because it is a very scholarly voicing of all that more or less widely spread latent and militant disaffection with and opposition to the present social order, with its established and generally accepted rights of property and orthodox standards of religion. Every paragraph is a challenge to precedents, and provocative of thought."—**The Christian Philanthropist.**

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"The investigation is conducted with such broad-minded liberality that the deductions sometimes seem almost shocking, as is the case in the treatment of theology. A system of monistic philosophy, such as this is, is founded upon a naturalistic conception of things; that is, all things are due to natural causes, and we ascribe certain things to supernatural agencies only because of our ignorance, and our inability to comprehend their real origin. The argument of the book may be summed up in a few words. Under the individualistic system, men work at cross-purposes, and much energy is wasted. This is caused by lack of understanding and of an intelligent foresight. Energy will seek the line of least resistance, and in time, when men become more social, it will be seen that there is least resistance when men work in harmony for the good of all. Thus will come about the socialization of humanity. Individualism has proved its inability to perfect man, although it has greatly aided. The time has now come when a new system must displace it—a new system based upon a desire to aid society, rather than the individual. Theology, also, is outgrown, the time for superstitious worship of unknown, unmanifested idea has passed. We can, if we search with an unprejudiced mind, find the natural cause of everything—why be blindly, wilfully ignorant, just because our ancestors were? They ascribed thunder and other phenomena to their God, but we pity their superstition. We ascribe to God the origin of life—but if we look, we can not fail to find the answer in Nature. The volume abounds with definitions, making it extremely easy to follow the thought. * * * * * * Deep thought and honest purpose are manifest in this work, and however one may look upon the conclusions, it must be admitted that they are logically and fearlessly reached."—**The Craftsman.**

"The writer's style is eloquent, his absolute sincerity manifest, and his book will be of immense service to those who have realized the inadequacy of conventional religion and philosophy to explain the facts of life, and who wish to examine vital questions from the viewpoint of modern science."—**The Free-Lance.**

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Ancient Society

OR

Researches in the Lines of Human Progress from Savagery Through Barbarism to Civilization.

Lewis H. Morgan, LL. D., the author of this book, is the one American scientist whose pre-eminence is recognized in all the universities of Europe. He gave a lifetime to original research into the life and customs of barbarous tribes, and from the data thus secured has thrown a flood of light on the early history of our own race.

"Respectable" people, who have enough property to live on the labor of others, and who want to hold that property as long as they live and hand it down to their children, so that these may in their turn grow fat from the labor of the people without property, are interested in having people believe that our present system of property, marriage and descent has always existed and must always exist. But the scientific facts are otherwise, and the PROOF of this is in **Morgan's Ancient Society.**

It is a book of 586 large pages, full of interesting facts about the marriage customs of our ancestors, and the primitive communism in which there were no rich and no poor. It will help you see that the law of Evolution applies to people as well as to animals and plants, and that this law is bringing an end to the capitalist system that starves children to make millionaires.

This great book has until lately been sold for $4.00. Our price is **$1.50,** and this includes postage to any address.

THE ORIGIN OF THE FAMILY, PRIVATE PROPERTY AND THE STATE. If you want to know more about the facts we have mentioned, but can not just now spare the price of the large book or the time it would take to read it, then you should read **Frederick Engels'** "Origin of the Family." This is a book of 217 pages, in which the most important and interesting of Morgan's discoveries are explained in a simple, clear and interesting fashion. Important facts from other sources bearing on the subject are also given, and the author goes on to draw conclusions from these facts that are of vital interest to every wage worker. Even if you read Morgan's book you should read this one too. Cloth, 50 cents, postpaid.

THE INTERNATIONAL
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Roosevelt Joins the Ananias Club

By Robert Rives LaMonte.



THE American Louis Bonaparte (comic edition) has gone to Africa. In spite of his wildly inflated valuation of his own ego, our late despot had certain benevolent impulses, and there were, no doubt, times when he sincerely desired to be the Saviour of Society after the fashion of Browning's Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau. But in spite of these occasional kindly emo-

tions, he was and is in essence a bully, a blusterer, a braggart—and a QUITTER. I challenge Mr. Roosevelt or any of his admirers to name a single contest in which he was ever engaged—with the single exception of his attempt, when he was Police Commissioner of New York City, to close the saloons on Sunday—when he did not prove himself a quitter; and in the case of the single exception noted, the Legislature intervened and changed the law before Roosevelt reached the quitting point.

It was Bismarck, I believe, who called the late Marquis of Salisbury "a man of lath painted to look like iron;" I have formerly applied this description to Theodore, but so much of the paint has now been rubbed off that there is little resemblance to good metal left.

But the shrewd managers of the *Outlook* evidently believe that Roosevelt has paint enough left on him to make him of some value as an advertisement. They may be right, and if they are we do not intend to let them have a monopoly of the advertising. We do not object to their using what there is left of his reputation to advertise the *Outlook,* but we propose to utilize to the full the fast-weakening rays of his setting sun to advertise Socialism.

There you have our sole reason for paying the slightest attention to his ignorant and vulgar attacks on Socialism in the issues of the Outlook for March 20 and March 27.

In these articles he has made good his right to membership in that club of which he is the illustrious founder and sole member of the Credentials Committee—the Ananias Club.

These articles—the former one especially—literally bristle with mis-statements and false statements. I do not pretend to be able to say whether this is due to ignorance or to malice. Many of the false statements contain some elements of truth, but it has long been recognized that there is no lie so vicious and dangerous as the half-truth. For convenience in classification and treatment I shall call all of these divers deviations from veracity by that "shorter and uglier word" which is such a favorite with Mr. Roosevelt himself.

I have gone through his first article counting these lies, and my result is forty-one; but I do not vouch for its strict accuracy, for many that I have counted are mere repetitions of lies that have occurred and been counted already, and on the other hand I have often counted as one lie a statement that is in reality compounded of half a-dozen lies. I did not think it worth while to count the lies in the second installment (they are less numerous), for I thought that in the earlier article he had abundantly demonstrated his right to mem-

bership in the Ananias Club, and I felt sure that space would not allow me to treat even the paltry forty-one lies I had already listed.

LIE 1.

"Not so much as the first step towards real civilization can be taken until there arises some development of the right of private property."

If Mr. Roosevelt will read Lewis H. Morgan's "Ancient Society," Herman Melville's "Omoo" and Typee," and Judge Maning's "Old New Zealand," he will find full descriptions of many first steps towards civilization which occurred in societies in which the institution of private property had not yet arisen.

LIE 2.

"That is, until men pass out of the stage of savage socialism in which the violent and the thriftless forcibly constitute themselves co-heirs with the industrious and the intelligent in what the labor of the latter produces."

If Mr. Roosevelt will read Thorstein Veblen's "Theory of the Leisure Class," he will find that the predatory practices which he predicates of peaceful primitive communism were unknown to men at that stage of social development, and were introduced later as a direct consequence of the recognition of the "right of private property."

LIE 3.

"One difficulty in arguing with professed Socialists of the extreme, or indeed of the opportunist, type, however, is that those of them who are sincere almost invariably suffer from great looseness of thought."

Will Mr. Roosevelt kindly name for us a book more closely, clearly and cogently reasoned than Karl Marx's "CAPITAL"? Or, if he prefers a more modern example, than Morris Hillquit's "Socialism in Theory and Practice"?

LIE 4.

"For if they did not keep their faith nebulous, it would at once become abhorrent in the eyes of any upright and sensible man."

How does Mr. Roosevelt account for the fact that it is precisely those who understand Socialism best who are most profoundly convinced, in the words of William Morris, that

"the CAUSE alone is worthy till the good days bring the best"? Perhaps he will say that William Morris was not an "upright and sensible man." That would be only one lie the more.

LIE 5.

"The doctrinaire Socialists, the extremists, the men who repre-

sent the doctrine in its most advanced form, are, and must necessarily be, not only convinced opponents of private property, but also bitterly hostile to religion and morality;"

Let Marx and Engels reply to the first lie in this marvelous amalgamation of mendacities:

"You are horrified at our intending to do away with private property. But in your existing society, private property is already done away with for nine-tenths of the population; its existence for the few is solely due to its non-existence in the hands of those nine-tenths. You reproach us, therefore, with intending to do away with a form of property, the necessary condition for whose existence is, the non-existence of any property for the immense majority of society

"In one word, you reproach us with intending to do away with your property. Precisely so; that is just what we intend." (Communist Manifesto.)

We intend to make the world and all that therein is the property of all the people in the world.

That we are "bitterly hostile to religion and morality" is not a lie, but two lies. We know that all religions have been produced by economic causes, and that it is worse than foolish to attack any religion so long as the economic causes for its survival exist. Economic evolution has made much of what is called morality most profoundly immoral, and Socialism, as the greatest moral force in the world today, is the bitter foe of all immorality even though it wear the mask of morality.

LIE 6.

"In short, they must be opposed to all those principles through which, and through which alone, even an imperfect civilization can be built up by slow advance through the ages."

The one hope of a more perfect civilization is Socialism; it is Capitalism that by maintaining class divisions prevents the fruition of a true civilization. Mr. Roosevelt would probably agree that flourishing Literature, Science and Art are the distinguishing marks of a true civilization.

M. Alfred Odin, Professor in the University of Sofia, on page 564 of his great work, "Genèse des Grands Hommes, gens des lettres français modernes" (Paris, 1895) gives this testimony that a society divided into classes cannot bring forth a truly great literature:

"Literature then is not . . . . in its origin, and hence in its essence, that vague, ethereal, spontaneous thing whose phantom so many historians and literary critics have been pleased to evoke. It is in the full force of the term an artificial creation, since it is derived

essentially from causes due to the intentional intervention of man, and has not resulted from the simple natural evolution of mankind. It is a natural phenomenon only as it faithfully reflects the inner mental workings of certain social strata. It possesses nothing national or popular. Literature can only be national when it springs from the very bosom of the people, when it serves to express with equal ardor the interests and passions of the whole world. French literature does not do this. With rare exceptions it is only the mouth-piece of a few privileged circles. And this explains why, in spite of so many efforts of every kind to spread it among the people, it has remained upon the whole so unattractive and so foreign to the masses. Born in the atmosphere of the hotbed it cannot bear the open air. Not until, from some cause or other, the whole population shall be brought to interest itself actively in intellectual affairs will it be possible for a truly national literature to come forth which shall become the common property of all classes of society."

Similar testimony as to Science is given by Thorstein Veblen in a paper on "The Evolution of the Scientific Point of View" read before the Kosmos Club, at the University of California, May 4, 1908:

"Whereas, if the institutional fabric, the community's scheme of life, changes in such a manner as to throw the work-day experience into the foreground of attention and to center the habitual interest of the people on the immediate material relations of men to the brute actualities, then the interval between the speculative realm of knowledge, on the one hand, and the work-day generalizations of fact, on the other hand, is likely to lessen, and the two ranges of knowledge are likely to converge more or less effectually upon a common ground. When the growth of culture falls into such lines, these two methods and norms of theoretical formulation may presently come to further and fortify one another, and something in the way of science has at least a chance to arise." (University of California Chronicle, Vol. X. pp. 407-8.)

Surely it is not necessary to quote from William Morris or Walter Crane to prove that Capitalism makes true Art impossible.

It is Capitalism, not Socialism, Mr. Roosevelt, that is "opposed to all those principles through which civilization can be built up."

LIE 7.

"Indeed, these thoroughgoing Socialists occupy, in relation to all morality, a position so revolting—and I choose my words carefully—that it is difficult even to discuss it in a reputable paper."

This is obviously false since the subject in all its bearings has

been fully discussed in the *Outlook* in the days when it was a reputable paper, that is, before Mr. Roosevelt joined its staff.

LIE 8.

"In America the leaders even of this type have usually been cautious about stating frankly that they propose to substitute free love for married and family life as we have it, although many of them do in a roundabout way uphold this position."

Socialists have never concealed their views on this question either in Europe or America. Free love is the only kind of love that has ever existed; compulsory or bound love is a contradiction in terms. By "free love" I must conclude Mr. Roosevelt means free lust, and Socialists cannot introduce that into a society in which it is already in full bloom. Mr. Roosevelt will find such a society faithfully, if disgustingly, described in "Town Topics," the paper he probably laid aside to dictate this article. Socialists do advocate a higher form of marriage in which love will be the only tie, and of which love will be the only sanction. They hold that the co-habitation of loveless couples is the abysmal depth of immorality.

Even such an individualist as Herbert Spencer wrote to his friend Lott, upon the occasion of his engagement to marry, that the compulsory legal tie must inevitably mar what should be the perfect happiness of marriage. It is the belief of most Socialists that in the Society of the Future we shall approach far more closely to the ideal of universal and permanent monogamy than it will ever be possible to do under Capitalism.

LIE 9.

"M. Gabriel Deville announces that the Socialists intend to do away with both prostitution and marriage, which he regards as equally wicked—his method of doing away with prostitution being to make unchastity universal."

The Socialist Movement is not responsible for the personal views of M. Deville; but it happens that I am the translator of such of Deville's writings as have appeared in English, and I defy Mr. Roosevelt to give a textual reference substantiating his charge.

LIE 10.

He quotes from another individual, Carl Pearson, to prove that the Socialist ideal is free lust and unchastity. This again is a personal declaration for which no Socialist organization is responsible, but, in fact, it does not give the least support to Mr. Roosevelt's charge. Here is the pertinent part of it: "With the sex relationship, so long as it does not result in children, we hold that the State in the

future will in no wise interfere, but when it does result in children, then the State will have a right to interfere."

LIE 11.

"He" (Mr. Pearson) "then goes on to point out that in order to save the woman from 'economic dependence' upon the father of her children, the children will be raised at the expense of the State; the usual plan being to have huge buildings like foundling asylums."

That "the usual plan" is to "have huge buildings like foundling asylums," is a lie, though it does not appear on the face of the record whether the liar is Mr. Pearson or Mr. Roosevelt, but we are inclined to give Mr. Roosevelt the benefit of the doubt. (The ambiguity is intentional.)

LIE 12.

This is one of the most base and cowardly of the lot.

"Moreover, the ultra-Socialists of our own country have shown by their attitude towards one of their leaders, Mr. Herron, that, so far as law and public sentiment will permit, they are now ready to realize the ideals set forth by Messrs. Deville and Pearson."

I am unwilling to dignify this by any answer save the bare statement of the fact that Mr. Herron was legally divorced from his first wife and married to his second wife by a ceremony that is recognized as legal and binding by the laws of the State in which it occurred—New York.

I refuse to follow Mr. Roosevelt into the gutter by naming a list of eminent Republicans who have been divorced and re-married.

LIE 13.

"I would commend a book called 'Socialism; the Nation of Fatherless Children'."

Let us be charitable and hope that Mr. Roosevelt does not know that the writers of this book, David Goldstein and Mrs. Martha Moore Avery, are absolutely untrustworthy, and in his own felicitous phrase, "undesirable citizens." But, is it charitable to assume that he recommended a book without investigating its credibility?

LIE 14.

"These same Socialist leaders, with a curious effrontery, at times deny that the exponents of 'scientific Socialism' assume a position as regards industry which in condensed form may be stated as, that each man is to do what work he can, or, in other words, chooses, and in return is to take out from the common fund whatever he needs; or, what amounts to the same thing, that each man shall have equal remuneration with every other man, no matter what work is done."

This is, to say the least, a bit confused, but Morris Hillquit is clearheaded enough to straighten it out:

"But what then, may be asked, is the socialist plan of distribution of wealth?

"The plain answer to this inquiry is: The socialists do not offer a cut and dried plan of wealth distribution.

"As a proposition of abstract justice and fairness there is no reason why any discrimination at all should be made in the distribution of the necessaries and material comforts of life between the members of the community. The increased productivity of labor and the consequent augmentation of wealth are due to the concerted efforts of men in all fields of endeavor, physical and mental, in generations past as well as present, and the precise share of each individual in the general wealth of the nation is altogether insusceptible of measurement.

"It must be granted that some individuals are stronger, wiser, more gifted and skillful than others. But what of that? Is there any moral ground for punishing the cripple, the invalid, the decrepit, the imbecile, the unfortunate step-children of nature, by reducing their rations of food or clothing? Is there any moral sanction for rewarding the man of phyiscal strength or mental gifts by special allowances from the storehouse of human society? Do humane parents discriminate in that manner between their strong and weak, their fortunate and unfortunate children? Is the title of the stronger and 'abler' to greater material reward based on equity, or is it rather a survival of the barbaric 'fist right' of the dark ages?

"To the socialists the old communistic motto: 'From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs,' generally appears as the ideal rule of distribution in an enlightened human society, and quite likely the time will come when that high standard will be generally adopted by civilized communities.

"The productivity of labor is increasing with such phenomenal rapidity that we may well foresee a time when society will, with comparative ease, produce enough to afford to all its members, without distinction, all necessaries and even luxuries of life, and when there will be just as little justification for a quarrel over the method of distribution of material wealth as there is today for a quarrel over the use of air or water. To the wise sceptics the statement may seem extravagant, but when we compare the wealth and productivity of modern countries today with those of half a century ago, we shall easily realize that we are by no means dealing with pure utopian dreams.

"But just and feasible as this ideal method of distribution may be, it is today nevertheless a mere ideal, a hope to be realized in the more or less distant future. It is not a part of the present program of the socialist movement.

"Modern socialists recognize that the methods of distribution under the new order of things must take for their starting-point the present methods, *i. e.*, payments of varying wages or salaries for services rendered.

"Here again we run counter to a deep-rooted popular conception or rather misconception of the socialist program. One of the pet schemes of the early socialist experimenters was the substitution of 'labor certificates' or 'time certificates' for money. By this means they expected to fix the value of each commodity with reference to the labor time contained in it as it were automatically, to eliminate the 'unearned increment' of the capitalist and the profit of the middleman and to give to each producer the full equivalent of his labor. The scheme was on a par with that of the 'equitable labor exchange banks,' the communistic societies and the other social experiments of the utopian socialists. They all proceeded from the belief that a small group of men could dissociate themselves from the rest of society, establish a miniature socialist commonwealth, and induce their fellowmen to follow their example by the practical demonstration of its excellence. Modern socialists have long discarded all miniature social experimentations and arbitrary social devices as utopian and puerile, and the continued dissertations of many distinguished critics of socialism about the 'socialist plan' of the suppression of money and the abolition of money payments for services, only go to demonstrate how little they are abreast with the developments of socialist thought.

"Money and wages are both the products of a certain phase of economic development. Neither was known before the rise of private property, and in all likelihood both will at some time in the distant future lose their usefulness and disappear. But these reflections again belong to the sphere of dreams of the golden future,—they have no room in a sober and realistic program of social reform.

" 'Money,' says Kautsky, 'is the simplest means known up to the present time which makes it possible in as complicated a mechanism as that of the modern productive process, with its tremendous far-reaching division of labor, to secure the circulation of products and their distribution to the individual members of society. It is the means which make it possible for each one to satisfy his necessities according to his individual inclination (to be sure within the bounds

of his economic power.) As a means to such circulation, money will be found indispensable until something better is discovered'." (HILLQUIT: "Socialism in Theory and Practice." Macmillan, 1909.)

LIE 15.

"In our own country, in 'Socialism Made Plain,' a book officially circulated by the Milwaukee division of the Socialist party, the statement is explicit: 'Under the labor time-check medium of exchange proposed by Socialists, any laborer could exchange the wealth he produced in any given number of hours for the wealth produced by any other laborer in the same number of hours.'"

The quotation from Hillquit has made it plain that this extract is not in accord with modern socialist thought, but, waiving that, it does not give the slightest support to Roosevelt's assertion that the socialist plan is for "each to take out from the common fund whatever he needs." On the contrary, it strictly limits what he can take out to the number of "labor time-checks" he can produce.

LIE 16.

"It is unnecessary to point out that the pleasing idea of these writers could be realized only if the State undertook the duty of taskmaster, for otherwise it is not conceivable that anybody whose work would be worth anything would work at all under such conditions."

"It has been objected," says the Communist Manifesto, "that upon the abolition of private property all work will cease, and universal laziness will overtake us.

"According to this, bourgeois society ought long ago to have gone to the dogs through sheer idleness; for those of its members who work, acquire nothing, and those who acquire anything, do not work."

Space compels me to skip Lie 17, and pass on to

LIES 18 AND 19.

"In other words on the social and domestic side doctrinaire Socialism would replace the family and home life by a glorified State free-lunch counter and State foundling asylum, deliberately enthroning self-indulgence as the ideal with, on its darker side, the absolute abandonment of all morality as between man and woman; while in place of what Socialists are pleased to call 'wage-slavery' there would be created a system which would necessitate either the prompt dying out of the community through sheer starvation, or an iron despotism over all workers, compared to which any slave system of the past would seem beneficent, because less utterly hopeless."

In other words, Mr. Roosevelt tells us Socialism is the embodiment of diabolical immorality; in the *Outlook* of one week later, he tells

tis "Socialism strives to remedy what is evil alike in domestic and in economic life."

LIES 22 AND 23.

are that "Socialism of this really advanced and logical type" was tried "in France in 1792, and again under the Commune in 1871."

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Roosevelt's ignorance of history is so great that he does not know these to be lies.

LIE 27

consists of a flood of billingsgate poured out upon Eugene V. Debs and the *Appeal to Reason*. Of course a man, who has told the world that in his opinion the finest emotion a human being can experience is the thrill of triumph in the breast of the hunter gloating over a noble animal in its death agony, could not be expected to understand a man like Debs from whose heart pours out a mighty stream of love, not only for all mankind, but for bird and beast and flower as well.

The contrast between Roosevelt and Debs is beautifully expressed in the tribute to grand old Fred Long that Horace Traubel printed in the *Conservator* for December, 1908:

"Tens of thousands of soldiers in armies march across the earth: they are futile, doomed: they are emissaries of hate.

"A single man lies sick on a bed in a little room in a big city: he is resistless, invincible: he is an emissary of love."

Debs, the emissary of love, may well ignore the vile slanders of Roosevelt, the emissary of hate.

To support

LIES 31, 32 AND 33

which do violence to nearly every known principle of political economy, he tells us that A. T. Stewart and John Wanamaker have succeeded in a store that Hilton, Hughes & Company made a failure of. And from this he draws the moral that it is "Ability" and not Labor that creates wealth.

I have no doubt that Mr. James Stillman of the National City Bank and the *Outlook* Company could and would procure for Mr. Roosevelt a copy of the Report of the United States Steel Corporation for 1906. By consulting it he will find that the profits of the stockholders of that corporation (commonly known as the Steel Trust) —profits accruing from ownership alone—were nearly nine million dollars more than the total of the wages for Labor and the Salaries for "Ability," and there is no concern in America that pays "ability"

higher, and every particle of "ability" used in the management of its vast business is furnished by salaried employes.

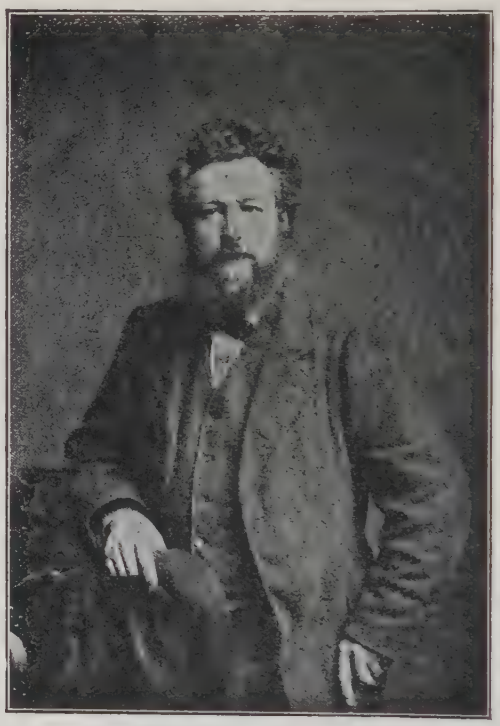
Let us close this painful task by quoting

TRUTH NO. 1.

"To choose to live by theft or by charity means in each case degradation, a rapid lowering of self-respect and self-reliance."

This is absolutely true, and every man or woman of wealth, who opposes Socialism, thereby, consciously or unconsciously, chooses "to live by theft or by charity."

New Canaan, Conn., March 31, 1909.



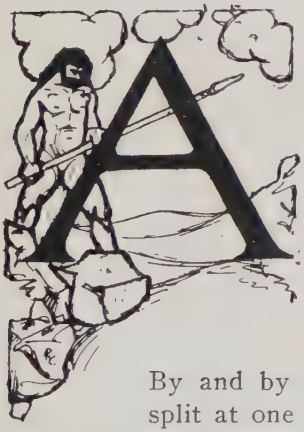
WILLIAM MORRIS

THE ORNAMENT OF BIG NOSE



BY MARY E. MARCY

STORIES OF THE CAVE PEOPLE. NO. 2



AS far back as any of the Cave People could remember, their fathers had used the bones of wild beasts as weapons. I suppose they discovered long before that the marrow inside these bones was very good to eat. Then they hammered them with great stones till the bones split open and after they had eaten the marrow somebody discovered the sharp bones made very formidable weapons. No one had ever found sticks so strong and so sharp as these bone weapons.

By and by all the Cave People possessed great bones, split at one end, like a sharp sword. Almost every day the youths and maidens threw bones or sticks to display their skill. And the one whose aim was true and who showed most power in his arm, strutted about and stuck out his chest, in order that all the other Cave People might know how great he was.

One there was whom they called Big Nose. Now in the time of the Cave People it was a marvelous thing for a child to possess a nose that protruded. Generally cave noses were much like the noses of the Tree People, with merely two large nostrils in the centre of the face, slightly extended, preceding the head in order that the owner might catch the smell of danger or of good food. But him the Cave People called Big

Nose because his nose turned down instead of upward, and it extended nearly half an inch beyond his face.

When he was only a slim, brown youth, Big Nose became able to outthrow all the other young folks. He could fling his rough bone javelin many feet further than any of the others and with greater force. At the edge of the woods, he would hurl it far among the trees and clip off, every time, the heads of the small purple flower that grew tall and slim in the forest.

Big Nose grew proud and held his head very high. And he began, after a little while, to wander farther and farther into the woods alone, for he desired greatly to meet the mountain lion or the green snake, in order that he might kill them with his weapon and become still greater in the eyes of the Cave People.

Every one thought he was brave but very foolish, for the youths and maidens rarely wandered about in the forest alone. Too often had their brothers gone out and never returned, and there was fear in their hearts.

But in spite of their warnings, Big Nose continued to hunt and one day, when he had traveled beyond the great rocks, he discovered a large tree lying prone upon the ground. The spring storms had uprooted it and flung it down to die.

Big Nose sped on till he reached the oak tree, when he heard, from its branches, a deep growl and much scratching. Big Nose drew back quickly and sheltered himself behind a great tree, waiting. Aloft he held his bone spear, ready to hurl it upon the enemy.

He waited a long time but nothing came forth from the boughs of the oak tree and gradually he grew bolder and cautiously advanced again. His ears twitched constantly and he drew his lips back from his teeth just as dogs do when they attack the enemy.

Big Nose still heard the low growling but he saw nothing. When he reached the fallen oak, he saw that its branches were flung over a deep hole in the ground. He peered into it carefully and saw a black bear, digging frantically with her paws. Evidently she had blundered through the branches of the tree and had fallen down into the hollow.

When Big Nose found there was no danger, he grew very happy and laughed softly to himself, for the black bear stood upon her hind feet and clawed the air, trying to get out.

And he dropped stones upon her head till she grew wild with rage and staggered about trying to reach him with her paws. Big Nose laughed softly and continued to tease her, till she stood again on her hind feet, exposing her throat in rage. Then he lifted his arms above his head and flung the bone javelin into her breast with all his strength.

The bear dropped to the ground pawing at the bone which protruded from her throat, dripping with blood. Furiously she tore about the pit, beating its sides with her paws. And Big Nose was terrified when he saw his bone weapon fall to the bottom of the hollow, and he ran about hunting for a long stick with which he hoped to poke it out again.



He saw a black bear, digging frantically with her paws.

When he returned to the pit, bearing sticks and boughs, he found the bear pressing her paws to her breast and growling with rage.

Very carefully he bent over the hollow and poked his weapon, but the bear discovered his movements and turned quickly upon him. With a

stroke of her great paw, she slashed savagely at his arm, and laid it open to the bone. Big Nose choked back a cry of pain.

Then he arose to his feet and staggered homeward. Softly he went and his feet touched the earth gently. Dry leaves did not crack under them and he made no sound. But his wound bled badly and he grew weak with pain.

Then he stopped at the side of a dead tree and tore off a strip of bark, which he wrapped tightly around his arm. And he sped quickly, for wild beasts came forth eagerly at the smell of blood and he had no weapon with which to defend himself.

But he arrived at the Hollow in safety. And the old men among the Cave People nodded their heads and threw out their hands, as much as to say,

"We told you so."

But the youths and maidens gathered around Big Nose with much interest, saying "What? What?" which, in the language of the Cave People, means, What is the matter?

And the brown maidens came near and gazed upon Big Nose with wonder and admiration. Even Light Foot, who had, alone, slain the man, who came down the river, from the enemies, the Arrow People, was pleased with Big Nose and brought herbs with which to wrap his wounds.

But Big Nose waved them all aside with a lofty gesture. Though the pain hurt him sorely, his face was calm, and he knew all the Cave People would think long of his bravery. And his blood was warm because Light Foot looked upon him with love and fire in her eyes.

When all the eyes of the Cave People were directed upon him, Big Nose knelt quickly on the ground and dug a small hole in the earth. With his arm that was uninjured, he pointed into it, growling in imitation of the black bear. And they knew he had discovered a bear that had stumbled into a hollow. Then Big Nose threw a stick into the hole and they understood he had hurled his bone javelin upon the bear. Snatching a second stick, he poked furiously to show how he had sought to extricate his weapon. With another deep growl, he pulled out his arm and held his wound where all could see.

It was in this way that the Cave People talked to each other. Their words were few and most of their ideas were expressed by gestures. "Quack, quack," they said when they meant wild duck. A deep growl signified the black bear, while a long line, made by drawing a finger through the dust or sand, gave everybody to understand the person spoke of a snake.

If you have seen a pantomime show, you will understand something

of the manner of the gesture language of the Cave People. Even we "civilized" folks, long accustomed to verbal language, say many things to each other, every day, by facial expression and by gesture.

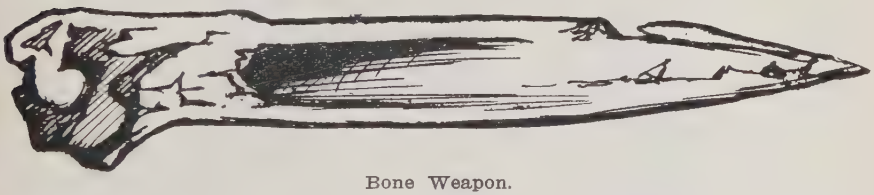
And so, even the children among the Cave People understood the adventures Big Nose had encountered. When his pantomime monologue was finished, the men and women of the tribe rose eagerly. They pointed first to the hole Big Nose had dug in the ground, and then toward the forest, as much as to say,

"Is the bear still in the pit?"

And one of them asked "Big Nose kill?" Big Nose shook his head and started toward the wood, indicating that the Cave Men were to follow.

So the strong men started through the forest. They hurried forward, keeping close together with their bone javelins in their hands. For it was growing dusk. But all were hungry and Cave People, who have eaten little for twenty-four hours, are willing to risk some danger for a meal of fresh meat.

They reached the pit safely. The bear still growled savagely in pain



Bone Weapon.

and it was after much jabbing with their bone weapons that they dispatched her.

Speedily they dragged her from the hole and began at once to skin and disembowel her. They worked into the dark hacking up and distributing portions in order that each man might carry back to the Hollow, his share of the burden.

Very sharply the Cave Men drew in their breath for the fresh blood of the bear smelled good to them. But the terror of the night was strong upon them, and they listened intently, sniffing the air, twitching their ears and trembling with fear. For it is in the night that the wild beasts creep forth for food and the smell of fresh blood reaches a long way off.

So the Cave Men huddled together very close, each carrying a portion of the dripping carcass of the bear. Big Nose too, bore a huge chunk of the meat, which he chewed from time to time. His wounded arm ached sorely, but because of the pride in his heart, he spoke not. But the way to the Hollow seemed very far and his knees almost sank beneath him.

Each man bore his bone weapon pointing away from his fellows, in

order that the hyena, if it sprang at them, might receive the sharp bone point.

Strong Arm was he who thought most of the fire and the safety it brought. But he was unable to express his thoughts. For the sign of the fire among the Cave People was spoken in a gesture, and gesture language is not understood in the darkness.

One terrifying incident marked the journey home. Soft foot-falls crumbled the leaves and two green eyes spotted the black, but the Cave Men huddled closer together, and shrieked so loudly that the animal, whatever it was, dashed away in fear.

When they came to the Hollow, the Cave Men called loudly to the others, and distributed big chunks of bear meat, which they all ate eagerly, with great satisfaction. Then the people crept into their caves, rolled great stones before the entrances, and slept.

Many suns came and went away again and Big Nose was so proud of



Run Fast crept into the wood.

his wound that he moved his arm with great care. The blood that covered it grew hard and black but he sought to preserve it there always, in order to recall to the minds of the Cave People thoughts of his courage. To him it was a precious ornament, so beautiful that it caused the young men to regard him with jealousy and the young women with admiration.

And Light Foot, who was very beautiful in the eyes of all the Cave People, refused to look any longer upon the other youths of the tribe. And when Big Nose asked her to share his cave, she was proud and happy and went to live with him and became his wife.

One there was among the youths of the Cave People, whom they had never called "Man," which was to say, "you are wise and brave; therefore you are a man." Him they called Run Fast, because, in spite of the hair grown heavy upon his face, it was always his custom to run away when trouble came.

All the Cave People were often afraid, for death sometimes lurked

in the shadows, and their ignorance was so great that they were unable to explain very common occurrences. But Run Fast was more fearful than the old women and the little children.

Run Fast hated Big Nose because Big Nose had done all the things he was afraid to do.

But one day he crept into the wood. He thought he knew of a way that would cause all the Cave People to look upon him with admiration. He did not see Laughing Boy slip through the brush behind him.

Run Fast did not travel far. He never went far from the Hollow when he was alone. And he did not see little Laughing Boy who watched him curiously from the bushes.

Then Run Fast did a very strange thing. Seizing his split bone knife, he scraped his arm till the blood ran and dropped on the ground. Then he bound it tightly, with a piece of bark, just as Big Nose had done.

He returned to the Hollow, screaming wildly, until the Cave People gathered to learn the cause of his distress. And he repeated, in the language of gesture, the same story Big Nose had told a few suns before.

The strong men and the women surveyed him sharply for it did not seem possible to them that Run Fast had killed anything. But little Laughing Boy, who saw that Run Fast was receiving much attention because of the blood upon his arm, pushed his way among the people.

With a stone in his hand, he rubbed fiercely up and down upon his forearm, till the blood flowed, pointing to Run Fast and shaking his head.

His meaning was plain. The Cave People understood him. It was, "See me. I can scratch myself harder than Run Fast did."

Then all the Cave People knew what Run Fast had done and they cried "Baby! Baby!" to Run Fast and he was disgraced before them all.

After that, when the young men of the tribe came home with blood upon their bodies, the strong men shook their heads and refused to believe tales of their adventures, unless they brought back something to prove their words. So it came to be a custom among the Cave People that the men or women who had killed a savage beast carried home with him the tail, or the hide or teeth of that animal. These they wore always as tokens of their bravery. Thus the Cave People first adorned their bodies



RURALES—THE COSSACKS OF MEXICO.

How I Was Kidnaped

STORY OF MY ESCAPE FROM THE RURALES AND HERMOSILLO PENITENTIARY

By Manuel Sarabia

The kidnaping of Manuel Sarabia from the jail at Douglas, Arizona, by the orders of the Mexican Consul, Antonio Maza, caused a furor of popular indignation in Southern Arizona. Public meetings were held, telegrams were sent to Washington, and finally the Mexican government was forced to release its prey. More than all else, has this kidnaping opened the eyes of Americans to the astonishing power of President Porfirio Diaz on this side of the line. Apparently, he can open and close the doors of United States jails at will, give orders to United States officials, and finally protect his secret service system now operating in this country from being punished for its misdeeds. [Manuel Sarabia is to be tried May 5th at Tombstone, Arizona.]



IN Mexico, the rurales ride like the Cossacks of Russia, threatening, capturing and killing all who oppose the will of their master, the Dictator.

Mexico is accustomed to a military rule that strikes in the dark and gives no reason. To be taken from one's home suddenly and without warrant, imprisoned without having committed a crime, held "incommunicado" because your political opinions differ from those of the ruling power, all this Mexican citizens expect as part of their daily life.

But in the United States, everything is different, and so, when the long arm of President Porfirio Diaz stretches across the border line into this country and kidnaps those whom he fears and hates, it is time for American citizens to be on guard. For this reason, I write the account of my kidnaping.

It began with the red-faced man, who had been watching me from the opposite side of the street, crossing and intercepting my efforts to catch the train leaving Douglas, Arizona, for El Paso. I had a letter to drop into the mailcar and the locomotive was just then making a noise which meant "hurry up," so I motioned to the man that he should wait and I would return. But my strange interceptor would have none of it, and striding in front of me, attempted to catch me by the shoulder.

I stopped, suddenly, facing him, amazed at the affront. Then he questioned me in a menacing voice:

"Can you speak English?"

I replied curtly, "Certainly—but what business have you with me?"

"You're under arrest—that's all," was his harsh answer.



THE MASTER OF THE RURALES—PRESIDENT PORFIRIO DIAZ.

This made me indignant, for I was not then in Mexico, where people are caught up suddenly by the police and hurried away to jail because of their political opinions—this was the United States, and I demanded his warrant.

"Warrant! I need no warrant for you—look at this, hold up your hands!" And drawing a big, blue-barreled revolver from his hip pocket, he placed the muzzle against my breast.

All this violence on the part of a man who wore neither star nor uniform made me angry and suspicious. I refused to either hold up my hands or go with him until, finally, he caught me roughly by the shoulder and forced me along the sidewalk. I went, protesting, but what could one hundred and fifteen pounds do against two hundred? But my small frame against his great bulk still made him uneasy, and thinking that his revolver and himself needed help, my captor called to a workman in a



A LIEUTENANT OF KOSTERLITSKY'S WITH GUARD OF RURALES.

neighboring lumber yard to come to his assistance "in the name of the law," and between them, I was soon standing before the prison door.

You can imagine how helpless I felt and how my indignation increased when the jailor, a big, black-browed fellow, said laughingly, as he turned the key of my cell door, "two millions of money couldn't get you out." And to further add to my trouble, he refused to allow me to communicate with friends, lawyer, or even tell what charges had caused my arrest. "You're to be held incommunicado, that's all," he said with a parting grin.

These two men I shall never forget. At that time, they were nameless and unknown to me but now I know them well—greetings to you, Sam Hayhurst, ranger, and Lee Thompson, jailor of the Douglas Bastile.

You, my reader, have never been man-handled. And therefore you cannot imagine how the quick blood rushes through one's veins when the officer's hands search your pockets, piling upon the jailor's desk private papers, letters, or possibly a photograph that should be kept from all but friendly eyes. All that day, I was in a fever of anger at the injustice of my arrest, and at night, I lay down upon the jail floor to rest. I could not sleep. In front of my jail door was an armed guard who peered in continuously as he paced back and forth in the white glare of the electric light.

It must have been about an hour before midnight that I heard the big key grate in the cell door. Raising my head from the floor I saw Shorpshire, the constable of Douglas, and a stranger (whom I afterwards learned was a Pinkerton detective) standing before the grating. The constable ordered me to get up and put on my coat—I had been using it for a pillow—adding "You're going with us."

I asked him where, but he refused to answer, and between the two men, I was marched through the jail and out into the night, the cool, sweet air being like a breath from heaven as compared with the foulness of my cell.

Standing close to the curb was an object that aroused my darkest suspicions. As the two yellow lights of the big-hooded automobile shot in parallel lines down the dark street, they seemed to go through and through me, and I shivered.

It was plain, I was to be kidnaped and hurried into Mexico by the means of this rubber-tired devil that stood puffing at the curb.

For fear that you may not yet understand why a man who is not a criminal should be handled as I was being handled, let me tell you that I am a member of the Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party, a political party that has dared to demand constitutional liberty, the right of free speech, a free press, and a free ballot in the Republic of Mexico. To-day all this is denied the citizens of my country—denied by the carbines of the Master of the Rurales—Porfirio Diaz.

My political faith had forced me to flee for my life from Mexico and now it looked as if I was to be hurried back into that unhappy country where waiting hands were ready to clutch me the moment I should set one foot across the border line.

Although I was handcuffed, and between two professional man-handlers, I determined to struggle to the utmost before I would willingly enter that waiting automobile. Ducking suddenly from under their arms, I dashed down the street. Like two dogs after a cat, they pursued me, and before a dozen yards were passed, I felt one's hand upon my shoulder and with a jerk, I was lying upon the ground. I arose, panting and hatless, the two holding me firmly between them as I walked slowly back to the automobile. As my breath came back so did my determination to resist to the end this plain purpose of the kidnapers, and I began again to struggle, shouting out so that passersby might hear me, "Help, friends, I am being kidnaped—I have committed no crime. My name is Sarabia, Manuel Sarabia, help!"

With a few quick motions, the Pinkerton at my side pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, rolled it into a ball and, with a brutal thrust, pushed it into my mouth. I was gagged. My cries stopped. Between the two powerful men, I was lifted and pushed, struggling at every inch, into the open side of the big automobile.

"Pull down the curtains," cried the Pinkerton to the constable, and then the chauffeur, "turn her loose—you know where—quick."

The wheels began to grip the gravel and in a moment we were flying down the street out of the town.

The Pinkerton whipped a second handkerchief out of his pocket and bandaged it across my eyes. Gagged and blindfolded, I lay back upon the cushions exhausted. To struggle more was useless.

It was a short, quick ride—not more than five minutes in time—when the brakes of the machine brought us to a stop. I was lifted from my seat and helped out upon the ground. A familiar jingle struck my ear. Yes, there they were—bridles and spurs—the rurales!

They pulled the handkerchief from my eyes, and my fate was before me. Armed with carbines whose barrels glinted in the moonlight, ten big-hatted rurales sat upon their ponies, in a half circle, facing me. Two of them were busy with a riderless mule. I quickly guessed what was to be his burden—my poor, unwilling body.

Quick orders passed to the men from their officer, and I was lifted to the mule's saddle. With a piece of rawhide they bound my feet together under the mule's belly, jerked it tight until the thongs cut into my flesh, and then mounting their horses waited the command to commence the night's ride.



RURALES IN THE DOORWAY TO THEIR BARRACKS.

THE MAN IN THE CARRIAGE.

I had been delivered to the rurales at a small border town of a hundred adobe houses called Agua Prieta, governed by one Laguna, the jefe de policia Standing a short distance down the street, close to the custom house, I noticed a carriage. As soon as the officer saw me securely tied on the mule, he loped his horse to the side of this vehicle and, after saluting those in the interior, received instructions which set our cavalcade in motion, the carriage leading the way.

My mule was a stubborn beast and could only be jerked into a racking trot with the aid of a stout riata which the rurale in front had bound to the pommel of the saddle. Tied as I was, not able to sit easily to the gait of the galling brute, I was soon worn to the point of agony. My pleadings with the rurales to either go at a lope or slow down to a walk, brought no response but curses, and I closed my mouth and gritted my teeth to deaden the pain.

All night, the carriage kept just a little in advance of our moving



GENERAL KOSTERLITSKY
(The Chief of the Rurales.)

troop and in spite of my suffering I was intensely curious to know the personality of those within. Evidently some high Mexican official had charge of my capture.

In the gray of the morning, just as we were approaching the little town of Naco, the carriage drew up to one side, allowing our troop to pass. The officer saluted as he came abreast of the vehicle and someone's head leaned from the window to observe us. I recognized him in an instant. It was Laguna, the jefe de policia of Agua Prieta. Back of him was another figure that kept half hidden. I turned painfully in the saddle and stared towards the carriage as we passed but the man behind Laguna still kept carefully out of sight. Who was it? Could it be?—I turned to the rurale at my side and spoke to him suddenly: "The General Kosterlitsky, did you know he was inside?"

The man grinned and answered glibly, "Surely, it was the General; you are much honored by his company."

A little before six in the morning, the troop drew up in front of the Naco jail and I was lifted from my mule by two rurales. The night ride had left me so sore and weak that I could not stand, and I was bundled in onto the jail floor where I lay propped up against the wall. A little later some food was sent in to me and I ate it, as best I could, with my hands still coupled together with the steel manacles.

The friend who sent me this food has my sincerest thanks. I may never know his name, but it was a friend, that I am sure, for it is not the custom to supply prisoners with the quality of food I got that morning.

In the jail was a Yaqui Indian, and we soon began to talk. Like all the people of his persecuted race, this poor native of Sonora expected neither trial nor mercy from the Mexican government. He had witnessed the exportation of tens of thousands of his people to the slave camps of

Southern Mexico and he expected to follow them. But my case was different—I was an educated Mexican—and he felt sure that my crime must be great indeed, to cause the severe treatment which he witnessed. I told him that I was a Liberal and he replied: "That must be a very great offense. I have seen some criminals but none have been treated like you."

On the same morning about eleven o'clock, I was taken from the Naco



JAIL DOOR AND CIRCULAR GARITO AT CANANEA

jail, under a guard of twenty rurales and hurried by train to the Cananea jail, where I stayed two nights.

On the second day of my imprisonment in Canenea, one of the jailors gave me a most unpleasant piece of information. "Sarabia," he said, "tonight the rurales are to take you to Hermosillo. It is a long, hard ride of sixty miles, through the mountains, but you will never reach that city alive as I am told that it is their intention to shoot you on the road."

This depressed me, for such secret killing of prisoners is a common practice with the rurales. In the evening they placed me, handcuffed, on a horse, and I rode through the streets of Cananea. Was it to be my last ride? I did not know, but with the determination to make one more effort for my life I shouted out to attract as much attention as possible:

"Long live liberty—death to tyranny," and other things which would let the passersby know that I was a political prisoner in danger of assassination by the rurales.

I believe these shouts helped to save my life, for the people in the streets stopped and listened, and the fact that I was carried away in the midst of the rurales became well known. After twenty hours of the most terrible ride through the mountains—handcuffed, and with my feet tied underneath my horse—I arrived in Hermosillo, alive certainly, but as near dead from exhaustion as I have ever been.

Many times, on this most awful portion of my trip, did I plead with the rurales to allow me to rest and to take off the handcuffs, but they had but one answer: "Tonight we are ordered to deliver you to the keeper of the Hermosillo penitentiary and tonight you must arrive—go on."

The superintendent of the Hermosillo penitentiary had known me in the City of Mexico and would have liked to have been my friend had he dared. After three days' imprisonment without a single charge being placed against me, I spoke to the superintendent: "How is it," I asked, "that you break the law of the land in my case? Do you not know that the Mexican Constitution states that prisoners must be released if after seventy-two hours of confinement no charge is placed against them? What is my crime? Or, if I am an innocent man, why do you not release me?"

To this, the superintendent answered, ashamed, and with eyes avoiding mine, "It is the truth that you say, but if I were to release you I would merely put myself in your place. Listen, Manuel, I did send a report to Governor Torres, asking what to do with you, but he does not answer."

On the eighth day of my confinement in Hermosillo a great surprise happened to me. Captain Wheeler of the United States rangers walked into the prison. I could hardly believe it; I was free, and the Captain had come to take me back to American soil.

"Do you know what this affair has cost me, Sarabia?" asked the captain of the rangers as we sat together in the train on the way north. I shook my head.

"Two hundred dollars out of my own pocket," he continued feelingly, as if the money lost to him was the most important part of the whole affair.

I replied that I would rather pay two hundred dollars many times over

than go through such a terrible trip again. I then showed him my wrists bruised and swollen with the handcuffs.

Wheeler did everything in his power to be affable to me, told me that the whole affair was a "big blunder," that a Mexican army officer by the name of Banderas had charged me with having killed three men in Mexico, upon which he had felt compelled to order my arrest. Finally, he gave me a hint of the excitement caused in Douglas by my kidnaping. Mass meetings had been held and telegrams sent to Washington demanding that the authorities take immediate action to obtain my release. I now began to understand why the Captain had been so willing to spend the two hundred dollars out of his own pocket to hasten my release. Wheeler also recounted his interview with Governor Torres, who acknowledged, upon the Captain putting the question directly to him, that I was not a murderer, but "only a revolutionist that was giving a great deal of trouble to the Mexican government." The Governor, said Wheeler, expressed surprise and sorrow that I had been kidnaped and immediately wrote an order for my release.

All this only confirmed my belief in the hypocrisy of this Mexican official, for the Governor was well aware of all that had happened long before Wheeler appeared in Hermosillo.

Wheeler had been quick and willing to agree to my arrest but his slowness in returning me to Douglas was remarkable. I could have easily arrived there on the 13th—as my friends expected—but no, the Captain insisted that I stop over night at his home in Naco, thereby disappointing the people who had arranged a public reception for me in Douglas. It was Wheeler's policy, no doubt, to allow this "international episode" to be forgotten as soon as possible.

As soon as the train bearing Wheeler and myself arrived at Nogales, the first station on American soil, two American police officers entered the car and began conversation with me. One of them I had seen in Bisbee, and the other came from El Paso, Texas. Both of them told me how glad they were to see me return to the United States, but both advised against my taking any legal action to convict the men who had helped to kidnap me.

On my arrival in Douglas, I was surprised and pleased to see a large crowd gathered at the depot to greet me, some of them carrying banners on which was written, "Welcome, Justice, Liberty." When I alighted from the train, my friends fairly carried me to a platform arranged in the street, where I was asked to say a few words to the gathering.

But the most surprising thing of all was the behavior of two men, employes of the Copper Queen Company, who offered me three hundred

dollars and a ticket to any place where I might wish to go, if I would only leave Douglas immediately.

One of them, Gallardo by name, said that all I need do was to go to the Copper Queen store and the money and ticket would be immediately given to me. These offers I declined, judging rightly the source from which they came and the reason for this sudden desire to "assist" me out of town.

Antonio Maza, the Mexican consul, had his agents continuously following me, urging that I take the money at the Copper Queen store and leave town. Finally, I told them flatly that I would not, but on the contrary, I would assist the legal authorities in bringing the kidnapers to justice—but this, unfortunately, has never yet been done.

The grand jury met in Tombstone; I went there and testified to all that had happened—but nothing was done.

Many police officers were present, from Bisbee, Naco, Douglas and other places, and also the Mexican consul, Maza—and yet nothing was done.



BELEN PRISON IN THE CITY OF MEXICO, WHERE MANUEL SARABIA WAS IMPRISONED FOR EIGHT MONTHS FOR ADDRESSING A STREET MEETING OF THE LIBERAL PARTY

EDITOR RAILROADED TO PEN FOR PUBLISHING PAPER IN U. S.

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2½ YEARS IN LEAVENWORTH

ANTONIO DE P. ARAUJO

The Mexican Political Prisoners

By John Murray

Secretary of the Political Refugee Defense League



N the third day of last March three men chained together like wild beasts were hurried through a side entrance of the Arcade railroad station at Los Angeles, California, and placed on board a train bound for Arizona.

The first of the three was a curly-headed, square-shouldered man with a determined face—that was Ricardo Flores Magon. Manacled to his right hand was a small, black-eyed, trim looking figure that in spite of the coarse blue garb, which all the prisoners wore, still retained the air of a student—this was Librado Rivera,

once a professor in the Mexican University. The third prisoner was both younger and taller than either of his companions, and carried himself with a stride that told of the man used to the saddle, for Antonio Villarreal had taken many a long, desperate ride when the Mexican Liberal party needed safe-word carried from group to group. These three political prisoners were all members of the revolutionary Junta that gives head to Mexico's unrest; and to get them across the line, back into his clutches, is the one burning desire of President Porfirio Diaz' life.

Nineteen months had passed in Los Angeles since the day when the Furlong Detective Agency, in the employ of the Mexican government, had dragged these three patriots to the county jail, there to be held "incommunicado" upon orders from United States Attorney Oscar Lawler. The Supreme Court of the United States at Washington had refused them bail—although they were neither robbers nor murderers—and month after month their trial was put off so that their term of imprisonment as supposedly guiltless men threatened to be longer than any possible conviction under the United States law could give them.

But why this man-hunt after those whose only offense against their country's government is to have unceasingly fought for constitutional rights?

Why does Diaz want them?

Here is the answer from three different witnesses, whose point of view is unbiased and as far apart as the North Pole is from the South. This is what Fredrick Palmer says, writing in the Chicago Tribune of February 22:

"In one sense Diaz has to answer for the sins and errors of the Zelayas, the Castros and the Cabrerars, who justify their careers by his. When they execute men without the formality of a trial they point to his own merciless extermniation of his enemies.

* * *

"I heard one old resident estimate that the execution of 30,000 men stood to Diaz's account. Such is his power that a score of malcontents may be shot without anybody except their neighbors being the wiser.

"On one occasion, when he was asked by wire what disposition to make of a certain revolutionist who had been captured, his prompt unexpurgated answer, I am told, was: "Kill him while he is hot." And perhaps an hour later he was at a reception, bending in Castilian dignity to receive a bouquet from a party of school children.

* * *

"Through his hands pass the innumerable concessions; his the favors to grant. All capital asks is stability. Diaz was the strong ruler who guaranteed it. Self-interest makes every foreign resident a Diaz man. Every promoter of any great industry welcomes a single head rather than many heads to deal with. Thus all outsiders support the despotism."

Palmer writes from the investing capitalist's point of view and therefore cannot be said to exaggerate the tyranny of the Mexican Dictator. But there are others who have spoken plainly, men whose word is unques-

tioned by many millions of American citizens; let us hear Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor:

"In Mexico, men. women and children have been shot down for joining in *unarmed parades* in favor of popular elections, and the man who wishes for liberty or justice has to whisper that wish below his breath."

Another witness, the leader of the Social Democrats in Milwaukee, Victor Berger, speaks as follows:

"These political prisoners are Mexican patriots, and if *they* are criminals and deserved to be jailed so were the German revolutionists of '48, Carl Schurz, Franz Siegel and a host of other American citizens."

A day and a night passed on the Arizona train—the prisoners all the while shackled—and on the morning of March 4th they arrived in Tucson and were hurried to the Federal prison of that place to await May 5th, the day of their trial in Tombstone.

And these three are not the only Mexican patriots captured on American soil—not by a long score. One American detective agency alone has returned into the waiting hands of the Diaz soldiery across the line, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY MEXICAN POLITICAL PRISONERS.

Encouraged by the easy manner in which his political enemies could be arrested in the United States, Diaz has gone one step farther and has begun the systematic suppression of all papers published in the Spanish language in the country which criticizes his acts of tyranny. Here is the evidence:

"Deputy United States Marshal W. A. Carpenter this morning went to the McLennan county jail and there re-arrested Antonio de P. Araujo, the alleged Mexican revolutionist who was taken into custody here two or three weeks ago on charge of violating the neutrality laws of the United States in publishing incendiary newspapers in the state and by stirring up revolutionary sentiment among the Mexicans here and in other ways aiding and abetting the attempted revolution in the sister republic."—*Times-Herald*, Waco, Texas.

A free press has supposedly been the one unassailable liberty still possessed by the American people and yet a more flagrant case of press censorship than this suppression of Araujo's paper could not be found in Russia.

What will Americans do in support of the right of asylum in this country?—that is the question which these political prisoners and the Political Prisoners' Refugee Defense League will unceasingly continue to ask until the right answer is given.

AN UNEXPECTED BROTHER



By May and E. J. Beals-Hoffpauir

It was not a rash deed born of sudden daring impulse, as the guards believe to this day. It was a carefully planned, well-calculated escape. Perhaps the guards would not believe this if it were told them. That a short-term convict would deliberately take such risks for mere freedom is not to be believed, until you consider the convict.

He was born on the little island of Illyria, among the salt marshes of the Louisiana coast. His boyhood sports on land and in water, and also in the air among the branches of great live oaks, had given him the wiriness and agility of a panther. His life in the open—days and nights spent in hunting deer, bear, catamounts and sea fowl—had given him almost inexhaustible stores of strength and endurance. So to him the risks were not so great as they seemd to the onlookers and freedom was as the very breath of life. He had never thought of freedom, save as fishes may think of the sea, until suddenly it was taken from him. Then it was all.

We may also consider, though the convict did not, the fact that most of the guards considered him innocent.

"Hell!" said one old guard, "I been here fifteen years an' we ain't had no Illyria geezers here yit. Them folks don't come to the penitentiary. They ain't got no churches."

The convict had helped build the short spur of railroad running out to the new camp to which they were taking him, and had noticed that a small stream of water which they had bridged, softened the soil for several feet on either side of it. He had jumped for this

stream from the window of the moving convict train, and had counted on its shallow banks to protect him from the fire of the guards.

There was a great field of sugar cane on either side of the railroad; not half a mile distant was a bayou down which he could easily swim twelve miles to the Father of Waters. Twenty miles down its banks were friends, food and safe hiding. He crawled along the little stream to the cane field. Later, in order to elude the hounds, he would take to the bayou.

Once in the sheltering cane field he leaped to his feet cursing, in fluent Creole patois, the manacles on his ankles. Fortunately his



hands were free. He went down the cane rows in great leaps, barely touching his hands to the earth. His mode of locomotion resembled closely that of a kangaroo.

He heard the train slow down and stop. He heard shouting and then silence, and the running of the guards and the rustling of the cane. As the footsteps came nearer he dropped to the ground. Each row of cane forms a thick, leafy screen and there was hope for the convict so long as no guard happened into the same row with himself.

But the guards were making a systematic search, each one following a cane row to the end of the field. The hunted man saw a guard approaching and rolled between the cane stalks into the next row. It was his only chance and he glanced hurriedly up and down the row. There was no guard in sight. He lay still until the footsteps had all passed and then began again his kangaroo-like leaping toward the bayou. He was not afraid to try the water, manacled as he was. There was no diver to match him, even on the Illyria where all were swimmers.

Before long he heard the footsteps of the returning guards and



dropped to the earth, motionless, save for his hunted eyes. When he saw that there was a guard in his cane row he tried his former trick of creeping between the stalks. There was no time to reconnoitre. He rolled through hurriedly and looked up to find himself at the very feet of a stalwart six-footer with a loaded rifle in hand.

He was at bay but unafraid. Death was better than captivity and

his lips drew back in a soundless snarl as he struggled to a sitting posture and raised clenched fists.

The guard's clear gray eyes looked into his steadily and the clenched hands dropped beside him. He even began a confused apology, though he could not have told why until he saw that the guard had taken a key from his pocket as he stooped over the manacled feet.

At that moment stealthy footsteps approached on the other side of a leafy cane row. Both men held their breath till the danger was well passed. Then the key clicked in the lock.

"Tote 'em to the bayou, brother," said the guard. "They mustn't be found here—unlocked."

He frowned with Anglo-Saxon dread of a scene as the Frenchman grasped the hand that held the rifle in both his own and covered it with kisses.

From the point of view of a higher economic form of society, the private ownership of the globe on the part of some individuals will appear quite as absurd as the private ownership of one man by another. Even a whole society, a nation, or even all societies together, are not the Owners of the globe. They are only its Possessors, its users, and they have to hand it down to the coming generations in an improved condition, like good fathers of families. . . . —Karl Marx, in Volume III of Capital.

Socialism for Students

By Joseph E. Cohen

VII. SOCIALIST SOCIOLOGY



OCIOLOGY treats of human society. It studies man at his everyday affairs, aiming to tell how present social relations came to be and what direction they are taking. It is the youngest of the sciences, the most complex and, consequently, the least exact, so that its conclusions must be accepted only very tentatively. But, while still fumbling about in its swaddling clothes, it has come to be the most favored of the family of sciences, and is developing rapidly.

One thing, however, we may say at the outset. Sociology, to be worth anything, must be sociology—a survey that takes into consideration the play of social activities together. The study of some particularly curious or interesting phenomenon in society, by itself, is not sociology, any more so than is the study of one's finger nails anatomy. Many so-called sociologists do not hold this opinion. They believe they can handle one question, such as child-labor, at a time, independently of the whole social question. Such sociology is of the stamp that imagines that our vagrancy problem can be solved by compelling tramps to "move on"—as if there were an edge of the earth somewhere, over which they can be shoved.

Objection must also be made to the theory that society is merely a collection of individuals, and that if we know the "human nature" of one individual and multiply it by the number of individuals, we can thereby tell what society is. For every one is aware that we do things in our relations with our fellowmen that we would not dream of doing if we lived alone on some desert isle. Governments, for instance, are the consequence of certain social conditions, and are very little influenced by the fact that here or there some individual thinks they deprive him of his personal liberty. In turn, what may be to the individual's welfare or detriment, as an individual, is not necessarily to the welfare or detriment of society at large. Thus, an individual's extravagance often stimulates industrial activity; an individual's thrift is often a menace to the general welfare. What counts, therefore, is the sum total of our activities as members of society.

Then what is society? Spencer called it an organism. It has many of the attributes of an organism. Yet it has not developed out of another organism, having been "artificially" created and may be so destroyed. It is not a true organism. Again, it has been called an organization. This is less satisfactory. The hold society has upon us is more binding, more deeply seated, than that of an association. It is part of our very makeup. Even hermits like to be within calling distance of their fellow-men, and hermits are very rare at that. Society is more of an organism than an organization.

Human society differs from all other organisms because of the influence of the mind of man. By the exercise of this faculty, man has scaled heights of achievement far beyond anything attained in the animal kingdom, and has acquired the pursuit of happiness as an end in itself. It is the use of mechanical tools and the desire for pleasure, either independent of or in conjunction with the will to live, that, according to Lester F. Ward, distinguishes man from the other animals and raises human society above animal gregariousness. It may be observed that Ward, probably unconsciously, borrows the thought of "pursuit of happiness" from the Declaration of Independence, a document that the invention of superior mechanical tools was not a little responsible for. Ward takes up the influence of mind especially in his "Psychic Factors of Civilization." "The environment transforms the animal, while man transforms the environment," he says. "The fundamental principle of biology is natural selection, that of sociology is artificial selection." And of the human struggle for existence, he declares: "In no proper sense is it true that the fittest survive." In his "Applied Sociology" he goes even further. Here he declares: "The intellectual factor completely reverses the biologic law. The whole effort of intelligence has been to do away with the struggle for existence. . . . The law of nature has been neutralized in the physical world and civilization is the result. It is still in force in the social and especially in the economic world, but this is because the method of mind has not been applied to these departments of nature." The mind is such a great factor that modern sociology flows out of psychology, which, in turn, rests upon biology. For this reason, too, we speak of the social environment as "artificial" (for want of a better word), to distinguish it from the purely organic or physical environment.

How did society come to be? For information on this point we turn to Lewis Morgan, whose great work, "Ancient Society," is a storehouse of data as to what has gone before. Just as the human embryo, in its development, epitomizes organic evolution, so Morgan

found, largely through his experiences among the Iriquois nation of American Indians, in learning their institutions, customs and traditions, that civilized man is a resumé of social evolution.

Morgan divides savagery and barbarism into three periods each. Supposing man, as such, to have existed now a hundred thousand years upon earth, Morgan thinks it fair to say that sixty thousand years were spent in savagery, twenty thousand in older barbarism, fifteen thousand in its two newer periods, leaving about five thousand for civilization. If anything, Morgan underestimates the time society has existed. In making these divisions, Morgan says: "It is probable that the successive arts of subsistence which arose at long intervals will ultimately, from the great influence they must have exercised upon the condition of mankind, afford the most satisfactory bases for these divisions."

The earliest form of social arrangement known is that of communism, when the land and almost everything else was held in common. And it is speaking of this time that Morgan says: "The principal institutions of mankind originated in savagery, were developed in barbarism, and are maturing in civilization." The author mentions among these institutions, "the rudiments of language, of government, of the family, of religion, of house architecture and of property, together with the principal germs of the arts of life."

The first division of labor was between man and woman. While man was the hunter and warrior, woman both delved and spun, despite the old saying. The many accomplishments of prehistoric woman, O. T. Mason has recounted for us in his "Woman's Share in Primitive Culture." Particularly should be noted the making of pottery, which brought about village life and marked the transition from savagery to barbarism; also the domestication of animals, the last step but one before civilization.

The first organization of society was upon the basis of sex. Husband and wife belonged to different gentes. Morgan defines a gens as "descended from the same common ancestor, distinguished by a gentile name, and bound together by affinities of blood." From the same root we derive the words "generate" and "generation." Several gentes made a tribe through the medium of phratries, and several tribes made a nation, each fulfilling certain purposes and exercising certain administrative rights, of a dfferent nature from those of our present political government.

Political government founded upon property and division of territory, with its economic classes, tax gatherers and police powers, was an innovation that disrupted tribal society. It is not yet two and a

half thousand years old, and, as Morgan says, "although apparently a simple idea, it required centuries of time and a complete revolution of pre-existing conceptions of government to accomplish the result." Morgan declares private property to be the principal cause of the change. Thus he says, in regard to Athens: "The useful arts had attained a very considerable development; commerce on the sea had become a national interest; agriculture and manufactures were well advanced; and written composition in verse had commenced. They were in fact a civilized people, and had been for two centuries." Says Engels, in his "Origin of the Family," which follows "Ancient Society:" "Liberty, equality and fraternity, though never formulated, were cardinal principles of the gens." For a long while the wife perforce was the head of the family. "In all societies in which the matriarchal form of the family has maintained itself," Lafargue tells us, "we find landed property held by the woman. . . . So long as property was a cause of subjection, it was abandoned to the woman; but no sooner had it become a means of emancipation and supremacy in the family and society than man tore it from her."

The family has undergone many changes. Morgan finds five forms of the family, each representing a different period: The consanguine, the intermarriage of brothers and sisters in a group, giving the Malayan system of relationships; the punaluan, the inter-marriage of several brothers to each other's wives in a group, and several sisters to each other's husbands in a group, creating the Turanian system of relationships; the syndyasmian family, the pairing of one male with one female, with no exclusive habitation and with separation at the option of either; the patriarchal family, the intermarriage of one man to several wives; the monogamian family, consisting of one man and one woman, creating the monogamian system of relationships. Evidence of the first two forms still remains, although they belong to savagery and precede the institution of the gens. The third form is still extant among barbarians; Engels tells us it existed among the Irish and Welsh down to the twelfth century. The patriarchal form is that of pastoral tribes, notably the Hebrews of biblical times. It exists among the Mormons today. The last form is peculiar to private property and civilization. Here again, as Morgan says: "Property becomes sufficiently powerful in its influence to touch the organic structure of society."

The immorality of our time is, to a great extent, a reversion to what was formerly normal. Immorality is atavistic. Bigamy, the double code of sexual morals and the other one-sided secret arrangements especially prevalent among the upper class, are of this nature.

As a general rule, frequency of relapse to a former sexual relation depends upon how nearly it approaches the present relation. By what we can gather from evolution, the family of the future is likely to be one of pure monogamy.

It has been well said that the freedom of any society may be measured by the freedom of its women. "Woman was the first human being to come into bondage; she was a slave before the male Slave existed," says Bebel, in his great work, "Woman under Socialism." Let us remember that as late as the sixteenth century—after Sappho had twanged her lyre and when we were about to have from Shakespeare the characters of Desdemona, Lady Macbeth, Ophelia and Portia—serious men were still in doubt as to whether or not woman has a soul; while Havelock Ellis tells us, in his work on "Man and Woman," "It can scarcely be said that the study of the brain from the present point of view leads to the revelation of any important sexual distinctions." For over a century woman has been struggling for the right of suffrage, a right she enjoyed in barbarism. Step by step she has fought her way up, bearing alone the sacred burden of motherhood and yet deemed unworthy to share the liberties of her offspring. At the present time over five million women in America, a large proportion of whom are married, crowd the labor market. Like man they are compelled to prostitute their minds and muscle for bread, while more than half a million are thrust in the mire even more deeply than man. The woman problem is most decidedly part of the social problem, although women are prevented from assisting at its solution.

Differences there are between the two sexes, differences that reach down into our very being. Havelock Ellis, after considering such distinctions, sums the matter up in this fashion: "All the evidence brought together points, with varying degrees of certainty, to the same conclusion—the greater physical frailty of men, the greater tenacity of life in women." "From an organic standpoint, therefore, women represent the more stable and conservative element in evolution." "In each sex there are undeveloped organs and functions which in the other sex are developed." Ward has this to say: "The dominant characteristic of the male faculty is courage, that of the female, prudence." "In the realm of the intellect, where he would fain reign supreme, she has proved herself fully his equal and is entitled to her share of whatever credit attaches to human progress thereby achieved." And Edward Carpenter, in "Love's Coming of Age," pays this tribute: "Since she keeps to the great lines of evolution and is less biased and influenced by the momentary currents of the

day; since her life is bound up with the life of the child; since in a way she is nearer the child herself, and nearer to the savage; it is to her that Man, after his excursions and wanderings, mental and physical, continually tends to return as to his primitive home and resting place, to restore his balance, to find his centre of life and to draw stores of energy and inspiration for fresh conquests of the outer world." It is the male who searches for new worlds to conquer, while the female conserves what has been gained. Organic inequalities tend to make the sexes complement each other and work for social betterment. Each is realized only through a perfect union with the other. There is no room for social distinctions.

As deplorable as the condition of woman is today, that of the child is still worse. Two millions of the youngsters are turning their frail bodies into profit; thousands of them die before arriving at maturity. Says Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in her work, "Concerning Children": "As members of society, we find they have received almost no attention. They are treated as members of the family by the family, but not even recognized as belonging to society. . . . Except for these rare cases of special playgrounds, except for the quite generous array of school houses and a few orphan asylums and kindred institutions, there are no indications in city or country that there are such people as children." And here it may be inserted that, whatever element of truth there may be in the view that Bernard Shaw writes plays for the opportunity it affords him of penning prefaces, true enough is it that many such a sociological contribution as Spencer's "Education" is badly in need of a long preliminary chapter, setting forth the fact that for the great mass of the people the treatise is largely inapplicable. Mrs. Gilman, for her part, knows that the welfare of the little ones is bound up in the general concern. "Our children suffer individually from bad social conditions," she says, "but cannot be saved individually."

Man's relations in society are the outcome of what has gone before, the fruit of historical conditions. Only by bearing this in mind can we understand existing institutions, learn how codes of morality come to be formulated and determine what course of action makes for the common good. This method is that of historical materialism, the Socialist interpretation of history. That the method is a rational one is shown by the fact that the establishment of international commercial connections is followed by the holding of international conferences on matters of a diplomatic, philosophical, scientific and sociological nature, although some of these conferences are international in little but name. It is shown in the fact that the so-

called "individualistic" school of sociology, represented by Spencer, which was a reflex of capitalism in its younger days, is being ousted by the modern "social" school, indicating that our social order is drawing to a close.

It is in the domain of criminal sociology, of all special fields, that possibly the most satisfactory work has been done thus far. For this we are indebted particularly to Enrico Ferri, of the positive school of criminology of Lombroso.

Distinguishing three causes of crime—heredity, physical, and social environments—Ferri divides criminals into five groups: criminal madmen, born criminals, criminals by contracted habits, occasional criminals and criminals of passion, and declares that mad criminals and criminals of passion are 5 to 10 per cent of the total; born and habitual criminals, 40 to 50 per cent, and occasional criminals, 40 to 50 per cent. While laying due stress upon this fact, Ferri goes on to say: "It is to the social factors that we must chiefly attribute the periodic variations of criminality." Again, "The truth is that the balance of crime is determined by the physical and social environment. But by changing the condition of the social environment, which is most easily modified, the legislator may alter the influence of the telluric environment and the organic and pychic conditions of the population, control the greater portion of crimes and reduce them considerably." His studies lead him to formulate a "law of criminal saturation," which he explains as follows: "Just as in a given volume of water, at a given temperature, we find a solution of a fixed quantity of any chemical substance, not an atom more or less, so in a given social environment, in certain defined physical conditions of the individual, we find the commission of a fixed number of crimes." It is in obeyance to this law that at one time men try to break out of jail, while at another time they try to break in.

The positive school, therefore, considers the criminal a victim rather than a free will agent. It proceeds upon the theory that, as the saying goes, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and, in its program, offers "penal substitutes," whereby criminal proclivities may be diverted into non-criminal and useful channels. It may be said, however, that the carrying out of this program is largely dependent upon the progress of the workers and the birth of a social consciousness. In the minor courts today, to the greatest degree, and to some extent in the superior courts, judges are chosen, not so much so for being learned in the law as for wealth or service to the political machine. It goes without saying that this is equally true of legislators and prison officials. Also, the "law of criminal saturation"

is quite acceptable to one who regards society from the standpoint of historical materialism. The theory of saturation may be applied to other social ills; it is but another way of putting it that the human race tolerates one social order until it is ready for another.

In some respects the most courageous work done in the field of sociology is that of the school of Ratzenhofer, represented by Albion W. Small. Says the latter, in his work on "General Sociology:" "In the beginning were interests. . . . The primary interests of every man, as of every animal, is in sheer keeping alive. . . . The conspicuous element in the history of the race, so far as it has been recorded, is universal conflict of interests." The last sentiment is readily recognized as the opening thought of the "Communist Manifesto," Engels' footnote included. Small lays stress upon class interests, dividing society into "three chief groups: the privileged; the middle class; those without property, rights, or influence."

This is a pretty good working foundation. Furthermore, if sociology is, as its exponents affirm, the science of sciences, the bouquet of the others, it must take a stand in this great conflict of contending interests. Sociology that exists for its own sake is sterile. There is no sociology for the sake of sociology, as Ferri well puts it. It must exist for the sake of society. Just as there is a positive school of criminal sociology, so there must be a positive program for general sociology. Small perceives this. So he declares: "From the human standpoint no science is an end in itself. The proximate end of all science is organization into action." And again, "The sociologists believe that the most worthy work of men is effort to improve human conditions." Following this theme, Small talks in the language of the Socialist: "Civilization involves approach to a situation in which each person shall be a person, not a commodity for other persons; in which also each person shall be equally free with every other person to develop the type of personality latent in his natural endowment, not the sort of personality to which he would be limited by arbitrary division of opportunity." Small accepts Socialist economics: "In the first place, capital itself produces nothing. It earns nothing. This is contrary to general economic presumption." And following this: "If we are justified in drawing any general conclusions whatever from human experience thus far, it is safe to say that the social process tends to put an increasing proportion of individuals in possession of all the goods which have been discovered by the experience of humanity as a whole, and that all social program should be thought out with a view to promotion of this tendency."

How near Small comes to the Socialist position may be gathered

from this thought, which is repeated throughout his work: "The great value of sociology to most people will be an indirect consequence of its furnishing a point of view, a perspective, an atmosphere, which will help to place all the problems of life with which each has to deal; or, to use a different figure, it will serve as a pass-key to all the theoretical difficulties about society that each of us may encounter." What is the nature of this pass key? "Indeed, we have come to realize that politics at bottom is very largely a maneuvering to control the means of controlling wealth." Here Small uses historical materialism as a pass-key.

But because Small does not accept in full the position of the Socialist, his work has no positive program. And such a program it must have, to be worth anything. For, in his own words, "If our sociology turns out to be real knowledge, not the temporary aberration of a few pedants, it must have a message that can be translated from technical academic phraseology into the thought and words of common life." Small could not strike off better the charge of the Socialist; he could not better acknowledge the challenge of the workers that the fulfilling of this purpose is the express mission of the Socialist movement.

It is just the theory of historical materialism that is the vitalizing force of sociology. If "history is sociology in the yoke," as Small contends, and if sociology is largely a matter of interpretation, as he believes, he must accept historical materialism or offer a substitute. "History is just becoming rational, just beginning to ascertain its function and to comprehend its rightful domain. History—not that fragment we now call history, but the record and contemplation of the evolution of things—the history of social conditions and tendencies, of theories and experiments, of laws and institutions, in times gone by—that wider history which narrates events antedating human memory and consciousness—the history of the long processes in the evolution of life on the planet—history which tells of the mighty, unseen cataclysms which took place in the fiery eons of the earth's babyhood—the biography of planets and systems and of the peoples and institutions that have evolved upon them—this is history in its future, rational and universal sense." Such is the utterance of J. Howard Moore, in his "Better World Philosophy." Is it a mere accident that this new attitude toward history comes after Marx formulated the theory of historical materialism, showing that the rise of the labor movement would necessitate just such an attitude?

And is it an accident that the end of sociology is said to be the socialization of achievement, just at the time when the workers

declare their program to be the socialization of industry? That it is no accident, we may gather from the fact that Ward accepts the Socialist position on this matter, as well as historical materialism, even though he calls himself a "socriocrat" instead of Socialist.

Let us put together what Ward tells us. "National freedom and political freedom have been achieved. Social freedom remains to be achieved." "The movement that is now agitating society is different from any of the previous movements, but it differs from them only as they differ from one another. It is nothing less than the coming to consciousness of the proletariat." "For the first time in the history of political parties there has been formed a distinctively industrial party, which possesses all the elements of permanence and may soon be a controlling factor in American politics. Though this may not as yet presage a great social revolution, still it is precisely the way in which a reform in the direction indicated should be expected to originate." "There is only one live problem, the maximum equalization of intelligence." "The union, associtaion and complete fusion of all races into one great homogeneous race—the race of man—is the final step in social evolution." "Mankind wants no eleemosynary schemes, no private nor public benefactions, no fatherly oversight of the privileged classes, nor any other form of patronizing hyprocrisy. They only want power—the power which is their right and which lies within their grasp. They have only to reach out and take it. The victims of privative ethics are in the immense majority. They constitute society. They are the heirs of all the ages. They have only to rouse and enter upon their patrimony that the genius of all lands and of all time has generously bequeathed to them."

And Morgan, too, accepts the Socialist position, when he says: "When the intelligence of mankind rises to the height of the great question of the abstract rights of property,—including the relations of property to the state, as well as the rights of persons to property,—a modification of the present order of things may be expected. The nature of the coming changes it may be impossible to conceive; but it seems probable that democracy, once universal in a rudimentary form and repressed in many civilized states, is destined to become again universal and supreme."

The sociology that responds to every test, therefore, is Socialist sociology. It furnishes the pass-key to understand the society of the past and to explain its present structure. It rests upon the theory that material interests are of fundamental importance and that they must be satisfactorily adjusted before there can be peace among man-

kind. It recognizes that so long as one man anywhere is enslaved, the human race is enslaved. It points to the war of the classes and declares that the future of the working class is the future of society. It brings sociology down to earth and the common man, where it belongs. Its program is the life-giving force to sociology: to socialize achievement by converting the means of production into collective property, thereby making the fullest and freest development of the individual accord with the welfare and progress of society, and replacing the existing chaos and conflict by harmony and happiness.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A COURSE OF READING.

The following list of books is recommended to the student. They cover the subject touched upon by the above article, and it is suggested that they be read in the order named.

Ancient Society. By Lewis Morgan. $1.50.

Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State. By F. Engels. 50c.

Woman under Socialism. By August Bebel. $1.00.

Man and Woman. By Havelock Ellis. Scribners. New York.

Criminal Sociology. By E. Ferri. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Positive School of Criminology. By E. Ferri. 50c.

Better World Philosophy. By J. Howard Moore. $1.00.

General Sociology. By Albion W. Small. U. of Chicago Press. Chicago.

Psychic Factors of Civilization. By Lester F. Ward. Ginn & Co., Boston.

Applied Sociology. By Lester F. Ward. Ginn & Co., Boston.



Historical Christianity and Socialism

By Prof. Thomas C. Hall, D. D.



NLY on my return from Europe have I had a chance to read Mr. Isador Ladoff's article in the number of the **Review** for August. It was not, therefore, lack of courtesy, nor yet the sense that the article was unanswerable that has caused my silence.

The subject is of such importance that I beg a return to the theme suggested by the title.

Now first to clear the ground a little, Mr. Isador Ladoff's statement that "no orthodox Christian will recognize me as a brother in Christ" is happily beside the mark. I am an accredited teacher in an evangelical school of theology, and preach more or less regularly in the pulpits of at least six different Christian denominations, in one of which I am a minister in good and regular standing. I am glad that my religion "is a rational ethics," for the ethics of some of my materialist friends seem to me highly irrational.

As for the "gentle art of imparting to the Koran or the Bible any meaning desired," that art is not cultivated in a really modern theological school, and there are now happily many such schools. Nowhere has criticism been freer and more courageous than in the theological faculties of half a dozen schools of learning I could name. It is not generous nor yet true to the facts to cast slurs upon the personal sincerity of men who have stood for truth as they saw it, often at great personal sacrifice. Moreover protestant ministers are not a "priestly caste," though the caste spirit is unhappily no monopoly of any calling.

The dogmatism of Mr. Ladoff reminds me of the apologetics of the third century. What "history proves" is so wide a field, and is so dependent upon the historian and what he wants to prove that it is almost fruitless to follow up, as one might, the various dogmatic statements as to what "history proves" and ask for the proofs.

Science is nothing but systematized and organized experience. And to have any science at all one must start with faith that the world is in some sense knowable. No supposable knowledge can make this faith superfluous. It is relatively useless to try and stem the torrent

of Mr. Ladoff's dogmatic assertions by asking what he means by his terms; and expressions that Mr. Ladoff regards as "meaningless," may just possibly be only meaningless to him, and that on account of an imperfect knowledge of the ground they cover.

Now, leaving the details of Mr. Ladoff's article, I turn to the main trouble not only with Mr. Ladoff's article but with Mr. Ladoff and many of his friends and followers.

This trouble is a twofold one. First, Marxian Socialism is "going the way" or in danger of going the way of all great propaganda movements. It is so much easier to force personal assurances dogmatically down the people's throats than actually to produce inward assurance that Marxian Socialism is in danger of becoming as hard, as narrow and as unscientific as Dogmatic Christianity became through her struggle for imperial sway. Christianity was, "history proves," a proletarian movement. All doubt has now been fully removed as to that point by the work of Professor Deissmann among the Hellenistic inscriptions of the early church. Because it was a religious movement it was the one force that gave promise of binding society together And as such, after trying out various oriental cults, the Roman emperors adopted it. It was at this point that it became dogmatic, and for the obvious reason that its social function was unity, and dogma seemed to that age the only basis of unity.

But dogma is not the best basis for unity. An inward spirit, and a common purpose is, as a matter of fact, a far better basis, as Greek patriotism and religious history show. Differences of opinion may be very wide if only the common purpose be even fairly well understood. It is most unfortunate that Marxian Socialism was born amidst German oppression, and at a time when an enslaved state church was the hand-maid of petty despotism. This misfortune will be doubly great if into our American life all the old and bitter misunderstandings come and poison the struggle for a new social order at the very start.

There are only two classes of men: Those of good will, willing to work and labor unselfishly for the coming new social order, of which Jesus dreamed and called the "reign of God" on earth; and men selfishly devoting themselves to personal and narrow ends.

Now, Karl Marx has a message for all "men of good will." He has thrown great light upon history, he has supplied a definite faith to many thousands, and he has pointed out an effective party tactic. There is absolutely nothing in the main outlines of the Marxian system that any Christian man may not hold. There are hundreds of "men of good will" who are ignorant socially, and who do more harm

than good by their advocacy of all manner of quack systems of amelioration, instead of going to the root of the matter. Many of these are profoundly religious. Many "strangers within our gates" who do not know our American life are utterly ignorant of the enormous social service that seemingly very absurd, narrow and ignorant forms of Christianity are rendering. Nor do they realize the profound affection and devotion these thousands cherish to various forms of organized Christianity. To abuse their religious experience, to really misrepresent in the name of Socialism, as Mr. Ladoff does, their deepest life is hopelessly to shut out from them the message of Karl Marx which they so much need.

The other difficulty is that Mr. Ladoff and his friends do not know "historical Christianity." I do not blame them. It is a department of science with its own documents and needs time and patience. But historic Christianity is a fact. And it is a mighty fact, with most tremendous lessons. One of those lessons is that centralized party despotism and traditional dogmatism are deadly foes. It has been my business to go with some care through all the principal Christian documents from Jesus to the present day, and the forces that changed and distorted historical Christianity from a religious, proletarian, democratic movement to a strong, centralized aristocratic imperialism exist today, and lurk in wait for Social Democracy in case it should prove strong enough to "make it worth while."

Did these men know Christian history as some Christian Marxian Socialists know it, they would see how terrible are the dangers that confront the party. And those dangers are not "mysticism" but stupid dogmatism, and unwillingness actually to weigh evidence and consider facts.

Historical Christianity has been grossly misused by imperial and utterly irreligious ambitions. The only remedy has been religious awakening. And only religious awakening has brought liberty. The "rationalism" of Erasmus would never have set the torch to Europe and lit the fires of the Reformation (also a religious proletarian movement) had not Luther done it. It is an historical mistake to represent the Reformation as a purely middle-class movement. It became that through the force of circumstances. Calvinism was a middle-class movement, and proved the only force strong enough to politically organize the Reformation. But in the beginning it was not so. And the success of Calvinism made the Reformation predominantly "middle class" even in Lutheran countries. The peace of Westphalia was therefore esentially dictated by middle class interests.

But one reason why religion has been thus abused is because

of its tremendous power over men. It has been worth while to capture the religious forces for all sorts of purposes. What is needed now is not the misrepresentation and abuse of religion but honest understanding of what it means, and the capture of it for the purposes of social reorganization. There has been no other such power in history as religion. It organized the whole Mohammedan world. It has organized Europe. It can reorganize life anew. There is no objection to stripping religion of every element that is not sane and rational. If there is any element in my Christian faith that is not sane and rational I am ready to surrender it. But I am not ready to surrender my faith, and I am glad to believe that there are millions like me. And it is a cruel alternative, and a brutally unnecessary alternative, to put to a devout believer in the Kingdom of God as Jesus taught it, to say he must give up what he has found strength and help from in time of darkest doubt and despair, or be refused a place as co-worker with other men of good will, who like himself stand for a new social order, in which loveless competition will be no more, and parasitic classes will no longer infect and destroy God's beautiful world.

It should never be forgotten that Karl Marx had a wife who prayed. And although he rejected her faith, he never was coarse in his attacks upon it. Mr. Ladoff would render a real service if he could persuade some of his friends, who think it "orthodox" to forget good manners and talk of "intellectual dishonesty" and "priestly exploitation" as the essence of religion, that such utterances bar the way for thousands who otherwise might listen to Socialist arguments, and that they are really as harmful and narrow as religious fanatics. There can be no objection to any man maintaining his particular view of the world, and although the materialism of Feuerbach seems now, in the light of modern psychology, profoundly unsatisfactory, yet if any Socialist chooses to ignore the work of Wundt, Lotze, Fechner, Höffding and Wm. James, this is a relatively free country, and one can only feel sorry. But to insist that a particular type of materialism pass as the only scientific mode of thought, and to try and tie up a great world movement to a once useful but now antiquated phase of thought is a folly only equaled by the infallible Vatican in its attitude toward Thomas Acquinas. We hope sincerely this will not be the attitude of organized Socialism, for if it is it means a long educational process before we can even hope to get to work on socialism. Nothing is now more out of place than wanton and ignorant attacks by religious teachers on Socialism, or by Socialism upon religious teachers.

The really scientific mind seeks to understand facts. No scientific Marxian socialist denies that religion has functioned hitherto in the organization of society, and its forms have been a necessary outcome of the economic situation. Why, then, are we so sure that it will not function still farther, and that in new phases and under other forms will function even more effectively under the new coming economic conditions?

To contrast religion and science is to the really scientific theologician, trained in the methods of the laboratory and of historical research, entirely false. Modern theology aims at scientific completeness as much as medicine or biology. It knows the methods in both spheres. It also knows the methods of historical and philosophical research. It has no fear of either and seeks to make these methods its own.

What Mr. Ladoff is really opposed to is scholastic theology, against which modern theology protests as earnestly and more intelligently than he, because it knows the ground better. But Mr. Ladoff and his friends greatly increase the difficulty of effective protest against this scholasticism, and confuse the issue by indiscriminate, and Mr. Ladoff must excuse me if I say somewhat uninstructed, attack upon all religion.





I. PRELIMINARY

A FORMER writer, in touching upon these subjects has said that is almost impossible to keep cool and write about them in a normal way. This is no doubt true. The conditions that prevail in our police, judicial and penitentiary departments are enough to make "every statue leap from its pedestal and hasten the resurrection of the dead." The true facts that prevail are not well known, except to the underworld, amongst the ones that administer the so-called justice and those who observe for themselves.

The Los Angeles Times, a capitalist organ, freely admits that our system of penology is a disgrace to civilization. Brand Whitlock asks plaintively, "What good does it do?" Lincoln Steffens and Charles Erskine Scott Wood level wholesale denunciation at the heads of our police departments. Charles Edward Russell exposes, and effectively, too, the contract convict lease system of Georgia. Robert G. Ingersoll of the past and Clarence S. Darrow of today attack the present system and with a host of others unite in denouncing the fiendishness displayed by those in power. Nevertheless, the true facts are not well known. It is almost impossible to get anything into the capitalistic press about these subjects.

Formerly, the police and the judges were content to prey upon help-

less humanity, and acquiring considerable proficiency in this line they have extended the field of their operations until now it includes all of the unemployed and a considerable portion of the wage-workers and of those others who have less than a couple of thousand dollars.

The police power has grown with the growth of capitalism, until now, the ordinary citizen's life and liberty are in danger from the police, with the tacit consent of the judges. Our peace-loving and law-abiding citizens need look well to themselves for the jails, penitentiaries, chain-gangs and what-not are too often kept filled to their full capacity in order that fat positions may be maintained and created.

It has been a source of much astonishment among the government authorities that the army and navy are sadly in need of men, and, this too, at a time when there are millions vainly ransacking the continent for employment.

In searching about for the causes of these conditions the authorities have overlooked one of the greatest. A man who is out of a job and is punished by the policeman with his club for it, or sentenced by a judge for it to a work-house, bridewell, chain-gang or penitentiary, is not going to rush with patriotic impulse into the service of a government which punished him so severely for being unemployed.

On the whole, it must seem rather odd to an unprejudiced, thinking man that a government that refuses employment to its own citizens should expect those same citizens, after having been punished with long terms in prison, to give up their lives in its service.

Evidently, Senator Dick took this view of the matter when he introduced his now celebrated Militia Bill. And this law is but one of thousands that confronts the citizen today. For over a hundred years—though especially active in the last twenty, have the legislatures of the various states and territories, the different departments of legislation, pressed thousands upon thousands of laws upon the statute books, two-thirds of which are enough to make Washington and Jefferson turn in their very graves, and to be denounced and repudiated by every former American patriot from Patrick Henry to Davy Crockett. Hampered and harassed upon every side, the ordinary citizen can scarcely move without breaking some ordinance—some law, that up to the moment of his arrest he never heard of. The suppression of free speech is only an incident in the despotic power of today. A full expose of these conditions would take volumes, consequently I can but touch lightly on most of them.

II. MARSHALS, CONSTABLES, JUSTICES OF THE PEACE

A brief reference to these subjects will be all that is necessary. After

considerable study of these three kinds of officials I am convinced that the vast majority of them are not vicious nor a menace to the welfare of the people.

It is true that there are some constables and marshals who have reached a very low form of degradation, and abuse the power they have been given by the people, but I repeat these are rare. Usually, they are recruited from the working classes, being themselves, at one time, perhaps, farmers or merchants. The same might be said of the justices of the peace in small towns and villages. Frequently they are "new" to the business, and in mosts cases they do endeavor to give the person before them a fair impartial trial.

The chief occupation of constables and marshals is running the unemployed out of town, terrorizing some harmless cripple, putting some one in the "lockup" over night for drunkenness; rarely do they have anything to do with criminal cases, and when they do handle these cases they generally treat the criminal with the same regard they would anyone else. Many a town marshal or constable is brave and fearless with a reverence for his sworn duty and a desire to treat every one as fairly as possible.

I am, aware, however, that there are exceptions to this rule. Sometimes a marshal or constable will take a "pot" shot at some one, being careful, however not to hit one of his own friends.

Some few cases are on record where the constables have shot down their fellow man, in the dark, when no one was around and where they could rob the body of the spoils. But fortunately these cases are not recent. In summing up, it may be said, they have not been trained in long years of ferocity, like the police.

III. DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

When a man wishes to join the "force" he is *supposed* to be of good moral character and to be physically fit. The police commission, or in some cities the chief of police, is the judge of these qualifications. These gentlemen oft-times takes bribes for putting some one on that does not measure up to the required standard. It is an open question whether the police of the large "graft" cities are as dangerous to the common people as those of the smaller metropolitan ones. However, it can be said that the police chiefs of ninety-nine out of one hundred forces are similar characters. A most ferocious expression of countenance, the eyes—in action—lit up as by the fires of hell itself, thick, bull neck, the lips, sometimes, in high excitement, fairly foaming, muscles tensed with rigid hate towards all humanity. It seems to be the profound conviction of every chief that

every one should be behind prison bars. Dante, himself, were he to gaze upon the face of a chief of police would be struck with horror. His voice resembles, at different times, many different wild beasts. The snarl of the wolf, the howl of the hyena, the brutal bay of a bloodhound, can easily be discerned.

Not often does he laugh, but when he does his terrorizing "Aw, haw, haw, haw," ringing down the corridors brings a shudder to all who hear, for when the chief laughs it is when some poor soul, who defied the police, has been "railroaded" to the "pen" for many years. The chief of police in almost all cities is a Monster in the shape of a man. When excited or enraged (which is more often the case than otherwise) the chief is dangerous to the last degree. When in repose a look even more terrific is to be seen on his face. Vague shadows upon the horizon of the memory of his mind reveal a host of men and women, rotting in prison cells, many of whom he could have sworn were entirely innocent.

In summing up, it may be asked "what makes the chief of police such a monster?" The answer is this: Through having been, many years, before being a chief, a patrolman, inspector, captain or what not and having been carefully trained in ferocity step by step, all this time, it is not surprising that his mind has developed, during this period, all the qualifications necessary for a chief to possess. But, you say: "That the chief of police frequently has met during this time many dangerous people who deserve the most brutal force." These, dear reader, are the very ones that the chief respects and admires. He treats these with most respectful consideration, sees that if sentenced at all, his "man" is turned loose once more so that he can commit some fresh crime for the detection of which the police receive the praise of the press and repeat the operation over and over again. Thus does the chief help to encourage and foster crime, for it is to his interest to do so.

It is true that the police, frequently, before onlookers, make a grand demonstration of "suppressing the dangerous element," but this is done merely for show or exhibition purposes. When the "crime market" is low the police, to win the plaudits of the people, throw out what is known as a "dragnet" in which all persons known to the police are arrested and brought to the station house, where the chief and his men can pick and choose those who shall be sent up to replenish the attendance at the various detention prisons.

Sometimes the chief, when crazed with power, will issue some edict to suppress some demonstration to let the people know he is the supreme ruler of the city. And I must admit that his assumption of supreme power is, on his part, well taken. I am unable to find a single

individual, nor did I ever hear of a case where anyone got justice or damages after sueing for it in the courts, from injuries sustained at the hands of the chief or any of his men! Just think of it! The chief of police sets the pace for his men and they try to emulate him as far as possible. He protects them and woe be unto the citizen who has an enemy on the "force"; for if the officer desires to get revenge, it would have been better for that citizen if he had never been born. A recent case has come to light in New York, where a former pugilist had the temerity, while drunk, to strike an officer. He was arrested and sentenced for resisting an officer; when he had "done his time" he was again arrested on a trumped-up charge and sentenced to Sing Sing for twenty years. In striking the officer he had struck the entire police force. Police officers, themselves, finding no one else upon whom they can vent their viciousness, with any plausible excuse, sometimes fall upon each other, tooth and nail and in bloody encounter, eyes are blacked, noses bloodied, teeth are knocked out and in a whirlwind of profanity the quarrel comes to an end. The chief, provided no one else sees them, grins in grim approval. Walter Besant once said: "Put me down for one conviction, stronger than any other, that there is no man that ever lived, no set of men that ever lived, that given power will not abuse that power." In the case of the police it is truth without a flaw. The officer of the law soon learns that everyone fears him and he glories in his power. He will pilfer bananas from our Italian friend, he will steal apples or peanuts from some poor woman as readily as he will, in the larger "graft" centers, take bribes from the owners of the prostitution dens or from the saloonkeeper who desires for the sake of profit to break some law, or from the "porch climber" who desires to practice his profession without molestation. Among the unemployed he strides like a Legree for he knows that they fear him more than any one else on earth.

IV. "BOOKED ON SUSPICION"

In the big "graft" cities, booking on suspicion is not so common as in the smaller metropolitan centers. Suppose you are walking along the streets of your city when you are suddenly confronted by a policeman who suspiciously regards every breath of air you draw as being laden with crimes. He snarls out in the tones of a wild beast:

"Where'd you cum from?" You must not feel at all insulted. Answer in the politest tones you can command for you are talking to a Monster who has no scruples whatever, who has back of him and *who knows* he has back of him the entire police force, every official of the state, and back of them the entire United States government.

As the cat plays with a mouse, does the policeman play with you. He does your thinking for you and decides your fate. Finally he howls: "Come on!" If in a metropolitan city he will telephone for the "wagon," if in a smaller city he will take you himself. It is useless to try and escape, you can then, at least, be sentenced for resisting an officer. The fact that you have important business to attend to or are trying to reach a train, stirs the venom of the officer and sometimes he will break into a fiendish grin.

Sometimes he will snarl in an outburst of conviction: "You are One-Eyed Murphy!" If you have two good eyes, the officer is frequently prejudiced against you and refuses to notice your optics. If you have just



TAKES BRIBES FROM PROSTITUTES FOR PROTECTION.

arrived in the city, he will coolly tell you that he has been watching you for the last three weeks. The officer knows far better than you about yourself. An argument with him can only result in your becoming angry which condition the officer is only too anxious to incite. He can tell your past, present and future and tell it with such conviction that there is no disputing him. All this time he will watch you closely, you are "under surveillance," every step you take, every swing of your arm he regards as an attempt to escape and you can see his jaws working, his eyes glittering

like a cobra, his muscles tense, ready to spring. God help you if you have but little money! You are in the hands of men who regard you as a poisonous reptile regards its prey. I know that to some readers this will seem absurd, to others exaggerated, but as to its truth only the thousands upon thousands, who are at the present moment rotting in prison cells, can testify. You are taken to the police station, your "record" looked into, if they can find nothing against you they hate you a thousand times worse than if you were guilty of some crime. If the mood takes the officers, they will "let you go," very reluctantly. Many times, however, even when *they know* you are not "wanted" for anything they will book you on suspicion. Here is a recent clipping:

JAIL YIELDS LOST MEN.

Seventy-six Prisoners Against Whom No Charges Are Filed in Kansas City.

[By direct wire to the Times.]

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 19.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] A census of the county jail, completed today under instructions of Judge Latchaw, shows seventy-six prisoners who had become lost to the world. There are absolutely no charges or informations on file against any of these men, twenty of whom have been in confinement from four to eight months.

One prisoner, Edward Wangaman of Pittsburgh, had been forgotten for thirteen months. Wangaman pleaded guilty to a minor charge thirteen months ago, but sentence was never imposed upon him. Wangaman says that Judge Wallace told him he would release him on parole if he would give bond. The prisoner had no friends.

Scarcely does a day pass but the daily press records such atrocious events as to make Russia seem a paradise of "law and order" compared to America. According to law, officers can arrest any one they choose "on suspicion," and they are not slow to take advantage of it, especially when the "suspect" looks as if he didn't have enough money to defend himself. I have heard it asserted that lawyers are in cahoots with the police and judges to plunder the victim of the police during the process of law, but I have been unable to find any evidence to base a strong statement upon the subject. But those who have given these subjects study, whatever their political belief, will come to the same conclusion, that our hellish system makes these officials a vital menace to the people they are supposed to protect. If a person has any respect for the law, whatever, these officials turn it into a hatred too deep for words to express. An official should at all times be quiet and undemonstrative. When an arrest is made, it can be done in a quiet way. When a person is placed in jail, the duties of a policeman should cease. Now, the reader may say that when an official abuses his power, we can "kick" about it to

the chief or to the police commission. So? The next time the police do you an injury, reader, go you, and make your "kick." Are you a person of influence? Got plenty of money? No? Then stay away. I have nothing more to say about it. But in conclusion, if the reader is arrested on any pretext whatever; fight the case with every point that can be raised. The police have arrested you preliminary to placing you behind the bars, as to their ability to do so, there can be no question.



Laborers of all crafts, you who toil so hard to create your poverty in producing the wealth of the capitalists, arise, arise! Since the buffoons of parliament unfurl the Rights of Man, do you boldly demand for yourselves, your wives and your children the Rights of the Horse?—Paul Lafargue in The Right to be Lazy, and Other Studies.

How Would You Bet?

WHAT ARE GOMPERS' ET AL. CHANCES OF WINNING OUT BEFORE THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT, OR, HOW WOULD YOU BET ON THE DECISION?

By a Socialist Lawyer.

(Written while contemplating going to a theatrical performance, "The Hand-Writing on the Wall"—a remarkable coincidence.)



OMPERS, Mitchell and Morrison were convicted of contempt of court. We all know that. There is no use in telling anything which is old.

You are like everybody else, and why should you not be, for you, like everybody else, do not want to know what has happened, but what is going to happen.

If you could only know what would happen in the future you could make, to use the language of the gambler, "a bunch of money."

Most men are gamblers—they like to take a chance, but few can afford it. Few take a chance and are, therefore, left to sigh after the thing is over with and to console themselves with the thought, "Why did I not take the chance?" But there are chances and chances. Some are like cutting cards in a deck, that is, if the cards are honestly cut. You may get your hand on the first cut or you may have to wait until the cards have been cut a thousand or more times. But what has that to do with a court ruling? Not much! Except that in taking a chance as to what decision will be handed down by the Supreme Court, the problem is reduced to two chances—win or lose! From a betting man's standpoint it is an even gamble—that is, not what the decision will be, but the chance is a one to two shot.

Now, which will it be? If I told you now, you would not read the rest of my story, so I am going to prolong the anxiety by telling you how to figure it out, to give you a little "dope." You get "dope" on the exchange, why not get "dope" in this? You don't necessarily have to be a "bull" or a "bear" to figure out "dope." Just a plain injunction contemnor, past or prospective, to guess on the decision.

Before I proceed, let me impress on your mind and in "capital letters" that Judge Wright (you notice the spelling, "Wright," not "Right") is an honest man, and so is every blessed Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States an honest man from the Chief Justice down, and I don't use

the word "honest" in the sense in which did Mark Antony when referring to Brutus and to his tribe, "that he was an honorable man and so were they all honorable men," but I mean it in the unvarnished, unveneered and sincere way, that they are honest. Neither money nor advancement in position would anybody dare offer any of those judges to influence their decision, for if they did they might get the worst of it.

Yet, their decisions are adverse to labor from labor's viewpoint, and fair to labor from the Judges' viewpoint. And you fail to account for it and you are apt to reproach them with dishonest motives when there is not a scintilla of that in it.

But, reverting to the question, "Why then do they *soak* labor in their decisions, and why did Judge Wright hand Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison a "lemon" in the "Garden of Labor"?

Well, I will make it all clear to you, but to do it I will not tell you a story, but I will use an illustration. After that, it will be easy, it will dawn upon you. If it don't blame it all on me for not being translucid in my diction.

Did you ever play base ball? If not, did you ever see a game of base ball? If you never saw and never played a game, did you ever read about a game of base ball? If you have done either, then you know without my telling you, that each game has an umpire. I mean the kind of base ball they play for "keeps," like "capital" against "labor" is a game for "keeps." Now, you have heard or read or have seen an umpire criticised most unmercifully, called a "thief," a "crook," and charged with every bad motive under Heaven's sun. Do you think the umpire dishonest? Not a bit of it. You can bet your royal boots that a real dishonest umpire, that is one who would sell himself for money or advancement, is as rare as the proverbial "hen's teeth" or a Tammany man in Bryan's camp after election.

But honest as the umpire is, you will always finds each umpire has a certain leaning in a particular direction, and why is it? You notice I always ask the question, "Why is it?" For that is the only way to get down to the bottom of this thing. Why is it? I will tell you Every umpire is an ex-ball player. Now, having been a ball player, he either was in his day a ball player, a pitcher, a catcher or a good batter, or a fast base runner, or something like that. All umpires have to be ex-base ball players. That is, there is nothing in the United States or any state constitution that says he must be an ex-ball player, but in order to be umpire and know all the technical sides of ball playing, and there is a whole lot of it, he should be an ex-ball player. He is expected to have been a ball player, and therefore, he is the most desirable, but what has that to do with the leanings in a particular direction?

Well, there are many times in a game, and seldom is there a game without it, that call for a close decision, that require considerable sound discretion, particularly when the score is about even. Well, then, did you ever notice that the umpire who has been a pitcher in his day will always give the pitcher the "shade" of things, and if he has been a good batter in his day, anxious for a three hundred per cent average, and there is a close call between a strike or a ball and foul or a fair ball, he will favor the batter? If he has been a speedy base runner with a record for stealing bases, and things look any way favorable, he will give the decision to the base runner.

Now, he does it unconsciously; and yet is he really non-partisan, is he really fair? The game often turns on the decision of the umpire and the psychology of it is, "What position did the umpire play before he became an umpire?" and you at once solve the reason for his decision.

Comparing umpires with judges, may not always be altogether dignified, but the comparison holds good.

What side of a case was Judge Wright on usually, before he ascended to the bench?

What side of cases were all the judges usually and ordinarily on—you notice I use a legal phrase—from the Chief Justice down, before they took the robe of office, and you will with reasonable certainty—that is also a legal phrase—be able to tell to which side they will have an unconscious leaning.

Now, is the Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison case a close case? Is there such a question involved, on which honest men with minds trained differently, can honestly differ—let us see?

They have been convicted of contempt of court for violating an injunction that forbids boycotting. Sammy and Johnny and Frankie, let us call them by their given names, for they are all of our toil and sinew, say they did not boycott. "Not because we believe that that which enjoins us from boycotting is good law, for did not our Boston forefathers boycott? But we did not boycott because the injunction says we shall not boycott—we knew if we did boycott we would go to jail, and we do not like jail. But what we did do was to exercise our rights of free speech and free press," and in Demosthenes fashion read the evidence.

Article I of the amendments to the United States Constitution: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press."

Now what say you men of the ermine to that?

Well, let us see. Always see, no matter which way you look, right

or wrong, forward or backward—but see. There is no hope for the man who won't see. There may be hope of the man who does see, for you can get him to see the right way some times.

It is true that Article I permits free speech and free press, but what does that mean?

You will notice that courts always construe things and you will also notice that by examining the language of most of our state constitutions, you will find that they usually run like this, and this is taken verbatim from the Wisconsin constitution:

Section 3, Article 1, reads: "Every person may freely speak, write or publish his sentiments, on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right, and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press." But what has that to do with the Federal Constitution, there is no such provision in that—but there's the rub.

A wise and learned judge, and all judges are wise and learned, interpreted the Federal Constitution, that is that article pertaining to free speech and the press, to mean that a person is entitled to free speech and to free press so long as he does not abuse it, and the clause which the state constitutions usually have, "responsible for the abuse of that right," is merely surplusage, it does not have to be that because courts would interpret it to mean that without that, and that a judicial interpretation will of itself put that clause into the constitution, the same as though it was actually put there by our constitutional forefathers.

Now, Sammy and Johnny and Frankie, will the court say that in retaliating against Buck Range Van Cleave for blacklisting your men by telling him, "We will not patronize you," you have abused the constitutional right of free speech and free press?

I have got the Q. E. D. all ready, but I have not yet the answer. What do you think the answer will be?

Well, having it all doped out, how will you bet, if you have a chance to bet on the probable result of that decision, that is, after you have paid your rent, grocery and butcher bills, and have bought yourself a couple of drinks and have a dollar left in your pocket with which you are somewhat reckless, how will you bet on the outcome of that decision?





Industrial Unionism and the General Strike. Last month in our International Notes we explained some of the causes leading up to the strike of the government employees at Paris. The strike was a success; particulars are given on another page. Of the present situation in France the Chicago Tribune's dispatch of April 18 says:

Revolutions do not not announce themselves as a rule, so the wide circulation of the report that general strikes would be ordered by May 1 may be accepted as a guarantee that none will take place then. It takes time to organize a movement as vast as that contemplated by the Confederation Generale de Travail.

But what is preparing for the future? There has grown up in France an authority which looms as large as that of the government itself—labor unions, and their powers, already developed beyond anything known in America, are now immensely augmented by consolidation with civil service unions.

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Now we have the spectacle in France of the entire public service down to prison wardens, who publicly promise to open the cells of any brothers committed to their charge, in the hands of organizations which are planning a universal strike and demanding the overthrow of the present parliamentary system. This can be described only as anarchy. At present it is a well behaved anarchy. It is well behaved because the labor leaders believe—so easy has been their success thus far—that the revolution will be of little violence when the moment comes.

All this is welcome and inspiring news to American socialists. But if we misunderstand it, we may do a lot of senseless floundering before we get our bearings. And the key to an understanding of the labor situation in France is right here. The Confederation Generale du Travail (General Federation of Labor) is a great combination of local unions of laborers, all drawn together by the economic, practical, every-day conditions, needs and problems that they have had to face. Starting from facts rather than theories, dealing with these facts as necessity rather than ideas of justice and goodness dictated, pushed along by capitalist concentration and the ever-growing intensity of the class struggle, this great labor organization has become the real revolutionary force in France. In its ranks, the socialists are the conservatives, the right wing. Yet the party socialists now stand loyally

by the Confederation in its fight against capitalists and the capitalist government. It is particularly gratifying to see that our Paris daily, l'Humanité, edited by Jean Jaurés, an "intellectual," came out squarely for the Confedertaion while the last fight was on. Things may be doing soon in France. But now let us turn to our own country. Local Alameda County, California, of the Socialist Party of America, lately adopted in mass meeting the following recommendations:

FIRST: To start, as soon as expedient, the education and propagation (not only among the organized working class but also among the unorganized) in favor of a complete industrial federation of all separate trade unions into one solid phalanx, for the sole purpose and ultimate aim, to be able to call a general national, and, if expedient, an international strike of all the workers in order to emancipate themselves from wage slavery;

SECONDLY: That such education and propagation shall be carried on alternately and unceasingly by such methods as the issuances of manifestos, pamphlets, street demonstrations and meetings, until the final aim has been achieved;

THIRDLY: Hand in hand in conjunction with the above, a vigorous and well directed anti-military agitation shall be carried on by the same means;

FOURTHLY: These resolutions shall be forwarded to the entire press of the Socialist party, as well as all of the State and National secretaries, with the end in view that the next National convention of the Socialist party shall take the same under consideration for final adoption, as the most expedient means in connection with the ballot of overthrowing capitalism.

The **Review** is in complete sympathy with the aims of the Alameda County comrades, but we believe their resolutions contain a fatal defect, which we regret all the more deeply because it gives opportunists and trimmers a chance to sneer at us as "Utopian impossibilists." The defect is here: the "sole purpose and ultimate aim" of a great labor organization composed of millions of men, and including, as such an organization should include, all the laborers in every workshop into which it pentrates, can not in the nature of things be anything so far off as a general strike to abolish wage slavery. One of its purposes, and a very important purpose, must be to do the things that the old trade unions are now trying to do. They try to keep wages up. Sometimes they fail but sometimes they succeed. They try to shorten hours, with some successes and some failures. They are a survival from a generation ago, when they had to deal with small competing employers, whom they sometimes played against each other. Now it is the employers, consolidated into immense corporations, that play the unions against each other. The unions must consolidate in some efficient way, or they will be helpless under the feet of the trusts. If we let the union men alone, their stomachs

will bring them to the correct course of action in time. If we point out the immediate material benefits of consolidation, we may possibly help it along a little. But if we were to go to the average union man and urge him to merge his union, which has been of some practical benefit to him, into a national or international organization whose "sole purpose" should be the calling of a universal strike to abolish wage slavery, he might think we were simply fools, or he might think we were dangerous enemies of unions, but he certainly would not be carried away with enthusiasm for our proposition.

By all means let us carry on a propaganda for industrial unionism, but let it be on practical grounds. Let us keep our feet on solid earth and cross no bridges till we come to them. The general strike may be the method by which capitalism is to be overthrown, but the first condition for a general strike is a thoroughly organized working class. First let us do what France has done; then we shall be in a position to talk intelligently about a general strike.

Workingmen and the Police. In this month's **Review** we start a brief series of brief sketches by Arthur Scales, telling of facts that are perfectly familiar to workingmen who have been "down and out," perfectly familiar likewise to city editors. Some of these horrors creep into the capitalist papers nearly every day; there are so many that it would be hard to suppress them all; besides they make good reading and they can be and are skillfully doctored so that their real meaning is not apparent. But the truth is that the man without money is at the mercy of the police, brutality on the part of a policeman is a help rather than a bar to his advancement, and many of the police stations, jails and prisons of the United States are chambers of horrors. All this is to the advantage of the capitalist. The more thoroughly workingmen are terrorized, the readier they will be to accept a job at starvation wages, and the greater will be their respect for injunctions. Policemen, jailers, legislators and judges naturally act for the interests of the capitalists from whom their salaries come. Meanwhile the workingmen, except such of them as have had personal experience with the police, have been apparently indifferent on the subject. But the increasing flood of injunctions against unions is one clear sign that the workingman who is proud of never having been arrested may soon develop a personal interest in the way the police department is run. We organized socialists thus far have displayed little more intelligence on the subject than other laborers, and when we have it has been because, as in Los Angeles, our meetings were suppressed. But it is time we did something. And the weak spot in the armor of this system of oppression is the jury. In some states (Illinois is one) no

one can be legally sent to prison without a jury trial unless he waives it in writing. Hundreds of workingmen every week sign these waivers at the request of officials without knowing what they are signing. The socialist party and the labor unions should stand back of the man who is "down and out," at least to the extent of keeping him informed that he is entitled to a jury trial if he wants one. Then any workingman who is drawn on a jury should bear in mind that under the constitution of the United States he is the judge of the law as well as of the facts. Juries were an important weapon of defense for the rising capitalist class in England against the feudal lords. They may prove qually valuable to the modern working class.

"Unions Protect Wealth." This heading is given by the *Chronicle*, apparently the organ of the Central Labor Council of Cincinnati, to its report of a speech recently delivered by Warren E. Stone, President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, at a banquet of the Economic Club of New York. A few gems of thought from this speech deserve a wider reading, and we reproduce them:

"There is no necessary strife between capital and labor; neither is there any fundamental strife between the capitalist and the laborer."

* * * * * * *

"I recognize the fact that capital has rights as well as labor."

* * * * * * *

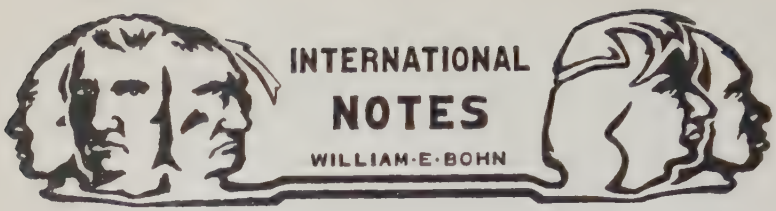
"'But,' some cry, 'the laboring man wants all our money.' Nothing further from the truth."

* * * * * * *

"Many have the idea that Organized Labor is opposed to the injunction law. This is not correct. It is the abuse of the injunction law that we are opposed to. If properly used, the injunction law is useful and perhaps necessary.

"Gentlemen, all that stands between you and your wealth and the wave of anarchy that would sweep over you is the conservative labor unions. Destroy them and the days of the commune will be lived over again."

Every locomotive engineer is in a position to preserve or to wreck so much valuable property that it would be an act of crazy folly for a railroad manager to put any but a well equipped and well paid man in charge. It is therefore not surprising that Mr. Stone should have uttered these sentiments, but it does seem a trifle surprising that the *Chronicle* should have reproduced them approvingly. There are plenty of union men wholly unfamiliar with socialism to whom each of Mr. Stone's sentences is a joke. Under present conditions, a working man whose head is in a healthy condition wants all the money he can get. His conscience does not trouble him in the least about the "rights" of the capitalist. He is opposed to injunctions for the very good reason that they are an obstacle to his getting lower wages and shorter hours. Such men are on the increase, for the fatuous capitalists, regardless of Mr. Stone's really intelligent advice, continue in their onslaught on the conservative labor unions. Meanwhile let us push the work of organization, that when the Commune comes it may come to stay.



FRANCE. A Revolutionary Victory. The great strike of French Post Office employes came to a triumphant conclusion on March. 23. From a number of points of view this was one of the most significant of industrial battles. For more than a week, and under the most trying circumstances, the striking workers stood squarely against the authority of the state. It will be remembered that M. Simyan, Under-Secretary of Post and Telegraph, had instituted a purely personal regime: he promoted those who served his interests and discharged everyone who had the courage to protest. At first M. Clemenceau's government boldly supported M. Simyan. The Chamber of Deputies, which is supposed to represent the people, backed up the Prime Minister. This might appear enough to frighten a few thousand strikers. But this once the proletariat did not beg and wheedle; it used its power, tied up the capital city, and inside of three days had the ministry at its mercy. M. Simyan was afraid to attend the sessions at which his activities were discussed. His colleagues took matters out of his hands and he was finally forced to resign.

All the time both antagonists, and the public at large, were perfectly conscious of the revolutionary character of these proceedings. The government organs represented the strike as an affront to the entire nation, an attempt of a small minority to intimidate the majority. From all parts of the country, however, came assurances that the working-class was not deceived, that they distinguished between the political government and the nation.

All of this, naturally, has done much to clarify the public view as to the function of the political state. If ever anyone in France believed that state ownership is an approach to socialism, he has now little excuse left for his belief. The state has less reason to oppress and underpay its employes than a private concern. For the one thing, it has no competition. But in spite of this fact it is often one of the most tyrannous employers of labor. This the French have now seen re-emphasized. The socialist journals have had opportunity to show that the government is part of the capitalist system just as much as the factory.

The immediate results of the victory are considerable. The government sees now that there is little use in denying its employes the right to organize. If they can strike so effectively without a labor union, what harm could the union do? And the movement toward joining The Confederation General de Travail is not limited to post office employes. School teachers and railway employes are also taking courage to assert themselves.

But the final result of the victory is a moral one. Nearly all the great strikes of recent times had been failures. The spirit which once animated the labor union appeared to be waning. At least the old tactics and the old attitude had little to hope for. But this strike was animated by a new spirit. It was consciously revolutionary. It is on this account that the result of it is a matter

of international importance. Already it has inspired the comrades in England to lay renewed stress on the strike as the chief weapon of the proletariat. If the old unionism has failed the new gives promise of brilliant success.

* * *

ENGLAND. As Others See Us. Some months ago came the announcement of the Anti-Socialist Union. Among the members of the new organization were clergymen, college professors, M. P.'s and a liberal sprinkling of dukes and earls. The purpose of these high-minded gentlemen is to train speakers and furnish literature for a campaign against their common enemy. "Behold," they said to the world, "these pestiferous socialists do speak and write and wax mighty every day. And we, out of pure negligence, have overlooked the duty of crushing them."

Well, this new union has now begun to put in its work, and we have had time to size up our new opponent. On Feb. 1, appeared the initial number of the Anti-Socialist, and since then copies of the March and April issues have had time to cross the water. In general, I should say, the stuff here set forth is better written, sounds more like reason, than Ex-President's Roosevelt's recent articles, but in their essential nature they are the same. All the familiar arguments are revamped—free love, state-tyranny, the destruction of personal initiative, etc.

There is a curious inconsistency in the positions taken by the editors and contributors. In their declaration of principles they seem to take socialism with the utmost seriousness. The leading editorial of the first issue is solemn as a declaration of war.

After speaking of Socialist divisions and disagreements, the editor goes on: "All this would tend to show that Socialism in this country is on the point of breaking up; and undoubtedly the Labor Party is in a difficult position. But a word of caution is necessary to restrain the optimists who are continually announcing the destruction of socialism, and are as often confounded by its resurrection. We must not attach too much importance to Socialist quarrels. The socialists have been quarreling incessantly for twenty years, and the more they have quarreled, the more the movement has prospered. Socialism is one of those organisms which propagate themselves by fissure. The reason for this growth is not hard to find. The power of the socialist movement does not depend on the strength of its parties. It is the outcome of great social forces. Thus the socialism which the Anti-Socialist aims to seek out, to combat and to destroy, is no mere extravagant creed held by a small section of peculiar people, but a system and a force which has penetrated national and municipal politics in every direction." In another paragraph appears this striking sentence: "The struggle of the near future will be between the pro-socialists and the anti-socialists."

After reading this one turns with some curiosity to see how the antis are going to overcome the "great social forces." And I must confess to some surprise to find that their main weapon is undisguised blackguardism. In cartoons, stories and club-footed "poems," the socialists are represented as a lot of fakirs playing a confidence game on the innocent workingmen. And the benevolent clergymen, dukes and earls try with rather patently assumed high-mindedness to play the part of disinterested good Samaritans.

* * *

Parliamentarianism in the Balance. Last month I mentioned the fact that after the Portsmouth conference there was a notable increase in the class-consciousness of the members of the Labor group in the House of Commons. Not

only has this continued, but recent issues of the **Clarion** are filled with apologies and explanations evidently designed for discontented constituents.

In the issue for March 5, J. R. Clyne wrote on **What Use Am I in Parliament.** He confesses that the reforms achieved are small, but maintains that he and his colleagues have done their best. On March 12, James O'Grady explained that he is discontented with the government and that, in his opinion, much of the criticism directed at the Labor group has been "too carping." On March 19, George J. Wardle showed in detail how parliamentary action has improved the condition of the railway men.

On the other hand the critics of Laborism are more and more losing faith in the present form of parliamentary action. Mr. H. Russell Smart, an I. L. pleader, proposes that parliamentary representatives be made constantly responsible to the party. He says, "The party should formulate its own policy which the M. P.'s should carry into effective action." He proposes a standing committee to call to account the Laborites who "get the spirit of the House." In the meantime Comrade H. M. Hyndman tends more and more to pin his faith to industrial organization. In a recent number of Justice he instances the Paris strike as proof of the fact that under our present complex form of social organization even a small number of workers have in their hands a tremendous weapon. Just at the moment when parliamentarianism seems to be failing, when M. P.'s receive small favors with effusive thanks, a body of determined workers depending on industrial force rather than good manners get what they demand in a course of a very few days. Why not, he asks, depend on this sort of action as the mainspring of the revolution? He feels sure it would achieve more than "parliamentary pottering."

ITALY. Election. Italian Socialism has just had another opportunity to take stock in its strength. The general election of deputies took place on March 7, and the second election about a week later. Of course our Italian comrades expected an increased vote. Since the first socialist was sent up to parliament in 1882, the number has steadily increased; in 1904 it reached 26. The increase in the number of voters has been even more striking, it grew from 27,000 in 1892 to 326,016 in 1904. It must be understood that in second elections all other parties unite against socialists. On this account the number of the socialist deputies is not a true index to the socialist strength. In 1904, for example, the socialists cast 21 per cent of the vote and elected 5 per cent of the deputies. But even under this disadvantage the Italian party has steadily increased its representation.

Hardly anyone, however, was prepared for the brilliant victory of last month. From 26 the number of deputies grew to 42. An especially striking feature of the returns is the showing made in rural districts and cities where our propaganda has hitherto made litle progress.

Certain other features of the election are not lacking in interest. All the groups of the extreme right and left were strengthened. On the left the Republicans now have 23 deputies instead of 18, the Radicals 44 instead of 31. The entire group at the right now controls 109 votes, whereas in the election of 1904 it secured possession of only 74. On the other hand the representation of the clericals increased from 7 to 24.

The meaning of all this is plain. The losses were sustained by the center, which supports the present ministry. Thus the fight between the socialists and the Roman church becomes clearer cut. This, of course, is a highly desirable state of affairs.

It is worth remembering, too, that the

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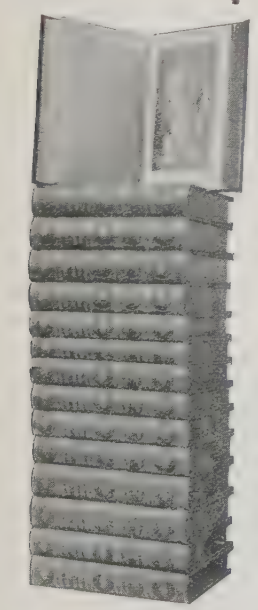
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conflict between the socialists and the anarchistic labor unions was the real obstacle in the way of success at this election. But it was overcome, and the result shows that the proletariat is in a healthy state of development. Nowhere are the workers more steadily gravitating toward socialism than in Italy.

* * *

HOLLAND. Marxists and Revisionists. The conflict of opinion in the Dutch Social Democratic party is more serious than most of us had supposed. It is true that the special convention which I mentioned last month made an attempt to keep the two wings of the movement together. A plan was perfected, it will be remembered, whereby Marxists are to carry on their propaganda through a supplement to the official party paper. This plan was doomed at the start to partial failure. It immediately aroused suspicion in the minds of those on the extreme left. They could see in it nothing but a plan to put them quietly to sleep. Others of the same group were willing to try the experiment, to remain within the party and do their utmost to bring the majority over to their opinion. So the Marxists themselves split on the question of tactics. Some four or five hundred left the Social Democrat party and founded a new organization. The outcome of it all depends on the policy of the Revisionist majority. If they press their advantage, they may drive the remaining Marxists into the new camp. On the other hand, if they allow free expression of opinion within the old party, they may win back the malcontents.

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WORLD OF LABOR



BY MAX S. HAYES

Readers may have noticed in dispatches from Washington that President Gompers and the executive council of the American Federation of Labor recently held a conference with President Taft, in which the union officials endeavored to secure some expression favorable to the demands that are being made by labor organizations for remedial legislation, such as curbing the powers of the courts in issuing injunctions during strikes, amending the Sherman anti-trust law to prevent unionists from being held liable for damages for boycotting unfair concerns, to extend the eight-hour day, etc. Taft was very uncommunicative, merely uttering the stereotyped politician's phrase of giving the subjects his "earnest consideration," and also hinted that he would not recede from his well known views on injunctions.

Gompers seems to have done pretty much all the talking. He said that, since the United States Supreme Court decision in the now celebrated hatters' case, 75 union men at New Orleans have been indicted because they refused to load an unfair steamboat. "Under a further interpretation of that decision," said Gompers, "labor unions can be dissolved by any move on the part of the federal government. Men can be arrested, indicted and sentenced to a year in prison and a fine of $5,000. Officers and members of the union also can be proceeded against civilly and threefold damages can be assessed against them in any amount that may be complained of by any person claiming to have suffered by reason of men quitting work or withholding their patronage."

This is certainly a remarkable admission coming from Gompers. It is only a few years ago that Socialists who were delegates in A. F. of L. conventions, predicating their views on the Debs case and other decisions and acts of the courts, and observing the centralization of capital and consequent increase of power of the employing class, voiced their alarm and appealed for political action along working class lines to stem the tide of plutocratic encroachments. What satisfaction did those few delegates receive? Oh, they were ridiculed as "calamity howlers," "rainbow chasers," "soapbox artists," and the like, and the valiant Sam'l was in the forefront in the game of making chopping blocks of the little crowd of "reds." Those were joyous days, but it is amusing to go over the convention proceedings and compare notes in the light of recent occurrences and contrast Sam's speeches then and his appeal to Taft now! Sam has turned "calamity howler" himself, but he can't overcome his old habit of asking the enemies of the working class to help that class. And I doubt whether he ever will.

From all appearances the struggle between the United Hatters and the Hat Manufacturers' Association will be a long, hard battle. The masters made a desperate attempt to injunction the strike out of existence in New Jersey, but have so far failed, and now some of them have settled back upon the old policy of starving the workers into submission. But they are likely to be disappointed in playing that game, too. Al-

though not over 10 per cent. of the union hatters are employed and upward of 20,000 workers are out, many of whom must depend upon strike benefits to sustain themselves and families, the men and women are displaying rare fortitude, self-denial and all-around heroism. In all this good-sized army less than a hundred turned traitor up to the first of this month, and some of those were undoubtedly secret agents of the manufacturers and paid through some of the thug and spying agencies to betray their fellows.

The Hat Manufacturers' Association played a rare joke on itself by posting notices in its establishments reading: "This is an Open Shop," when as a matter of fact nearly all the shops are closed, locked tight, as it is impossible to obtain competent strike-breakers to man them. If the unionists can secure sufficient funds to supply their most needy members with the ordinary necessities of life they will force some of the smaller and weaker manufacturers to yield soon or go into bankruptcy, and perhaps be swallowed up by their larger competitors. The union is establishing commissary departments at principal points, and the A. F. of L. and various international unions as well as those hatters employed are endeavoring to raise sufficient funds to operate the supply agencies. This would be an opportune time for the national committee of the Socialist party to send out a call for contributions from the members to assist the hatters in their gallant struggle. The S. P. has demonstrated in a number of instances of this kind that it is not a mere resolution-passing organization that is ready to hand out a car-load of sympathy that costs nothing, but that it can dig up a respectable sum of money that is of practical assistance. I trust that the first national official of the S. P. who reads this will put the necessary motion before the house.

The fierce contest on the great lakes, which was forecasted in the Review as long ago as last fall, is now being waged with bitter determination by both sides. There is no sign of compromise, and it seems to have become a life and death struggle between the organizations of the capitalists and the working people. Every effort was made by the officials of the various unions to come to some sort of agreement with the vessel owners, but all their overtures were scorned by the Lake Carriers' Association, the combine which controls the bulk of marine transportation. Indeed, even the most courteous communications emanating from the unions interested were contemptuously thrown into the waste basket and committees from the men were permitted to kick their heels together in anterooms and forced to depart without receiving an audience from the industrial pirates in control of the inland seas.

The publicity agents of the Lake Carriers' Association have been loud in their protestations that no wage reductions are contemplated. Only the "tyranny of the trade unions" was to be resisted and the open shop established in order that business could be conducted in a profitable maanner. To show that they have an undying affection for the workingman the vessel owners have started a "welfare plan," modeled somewhat after the soap-and-towel arrangements that prevail in a number of institutions that have received thousands of dollars' worth of free advertising from cheap-skate reformers and addle-pated philanthropists. Club rooms have been established in all of the principal ports, where the workers may assemble, after having signed away their rights to organize and stand with their fellow-workers, and wait for the slave-owners or ship-owners to come along and pick out the strongest and permit them to work. Did you ever hear of a Southern "nigger" who was

compelled to wait for a master to put him to work?

If an able seaman is killed in the performance of the duties assigned him, his heirs or beneficiaries receive the munificent sum of $75, just about sufficient to bury him and keep his body out of potter's field. If a ship sinks and the aforesaid able seaman escapes and loses all his belongings he is given $15 with which to cover his losses. At the same time the employes pay 8 1-3 cents per month and upward for these wonderful benefits. It is calculated by expert mathematicians that the assessments levied upon the men will not only cover all losses sustained during the year, but pay a handsome profit besides to the modern slave-drivers.

The leader in the movement to destroy the marine organizations is the Pittsburg Steamship Co., a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, the Pickands-Mather Co., controlled by Sam Mather, a great Cleveland charity worker; the Hanna interests, accumulated by the late Senator Hanna, and numerous other similar concerns, the gents controlling which are nearly all leading lights in the National Civic Federation. (See "Sissy" Easley's roster of celebrities, also the annual banquet pictures printed in the N. C. T. Review.) Just how many more million words will have to be "spieled" in the National Civic Federation conventions or photographs taken of great labor leaders and capitalistic brothers cheek by jowl before the lion and the lamb will lie down together is a little puzzle that has got pigs in clover skinned a block.

The peculiar thing about this struggle on the lakes—and yet not strange when one applies Socialist philosophy—is that a large number of vessel owners, the smaller variety, are not in favor of making an open shop war upon the organized workers. They want peace,but dare not assert themselves for fear of being smashed by the big fellows. One of them said to me: "The United States Steel Corporation and its consorts tell us what the rates shall be, what tonnage we shall carry, when the navigation season is to open and close, what wages we shall pay, and now that we shall fight the unions and be put to further expense. Last season I lost several thousand dollars, and from the looks of things this year I will be bankrupted and forced down and out."

The truth of the matter is that those gentlemen cut-throats in control of the steel trust are not only aiming to domineer in iron and steel production, but in transportation as well, and they bid fair to accomplish their purpose. Behind it all is the Standard Oil crowd, who have been rapidly absorbing the cream of the present industrial system during the depression in which the country has been rolling like a water-logged ship going on two years. They have accumulated millions upon millions of securities and now seem to be the absolute masters of American industry. What'n hell the middle class capitalists, who are hanging on by an eyelash are going to do to save their bacon is an enigma. As for the workers, well, they always did work and will continue to work, for, luckily, the plutocrats refuse to exert themselves in that direction, and so it merely becomes a question as to whether jobs will be held under a condition of benevolent feudalism or outright slavery. The ballot? The plutes laugh at it. So do great labor leaders, including those embroiled in the present contest on the lakes.

The labor organizations that have union labels held a conference in Washington during the past month and formed a Union Label Trades Department, A. F. of L. Efforts will be made to popularize union label products controlled by friendly capitalists and in a measure offset the victories gained by the

National Association of Manufacturers in the courts in having the latter declare that the boycotting of unfair concerns is unlawful. It's an uphill struggle, especially in the trustified trades. It is impossible, at this stage of our industrial development, to make the slightest impression on the combines in control of the railways, mines, iron and steel, oil, sugar, meats, etc. It is a losing fight in many trades, a standoff in others, and a chance to win in a few. The United Hatters, perhaps the strongest of the label trades from the standpoint of workers organized, are now engaged in a fight for the life of their union and may be classified in the list that has a fair chance to win out, provided that sacrifices are made by other unionists to assist them.

Every Socialist and sympathizer will go along with the label trades and, Micawber-like, wait for something to turn up and help those who are on the firing-line to battle against the crushing forces of capitalism, hoping that the workers will become fully aroused to the fact that a victory today is only temporary, because with the piling up of millions annually by the great captains of industry the power to smash unionism becomes correspondingly greater.

Mention was made in last month's Review that the Manitoba Court of Appeals had rendered a decision mulcting the Plumbers' Union for $25,000 damages because those unionists picketed an unfair plant. Now a sequel must be chronicled. The same court has rendered a second decision. This time the molders, machinists and blacksmiths are hit. They have been assessed damages aggregating $50,000 and restrained by a permanent injunction from picketing and boycotting an unfair establishment. It need hardly be stated that our Canadian brethren are in a state of consternation. Possessing no political power to enact the necessary legislation to undo the damage done by the court, the Canadian unionists can do nothing under the circumstances but appeal the two cases, which is being generally advocated. According to advices from across the border the decisions have spurred the members to consider political action in earnest and some good may come out of legal sandbagging.

Some of the green glass bottle blowers' locals have started a movement to bring about the amalgamation between their international union and the flint-glass workers. The latter are perfectly willing to combine the two organizations. Strange as it may seem, President D. A. Hayes, of the "greens," who is also a vice-president of the A. F. of L., is strenuously opposing the move. Hayes merely wants the jobs now held by the "flints," as machinery is rapidly throwing the "greens" out of work.

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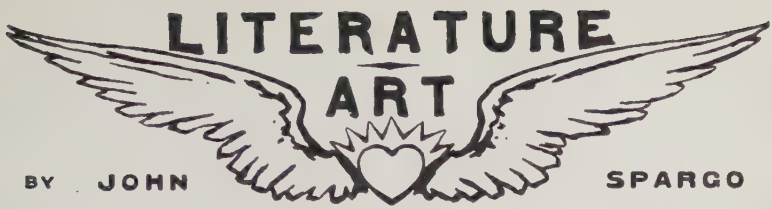
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In his latest volume, **Vital Problems in Social Evolution,** Arthur Morrow Lewis brings together much useful information and stimulating thought. One feels after reading the book that the "Garrick Lectures" which Lewis has been delivering with so much success must be counted among the most valuable educational agencies of American Socialism today. With all the limitations inseparable from the popular lecture platform, the work Lewis is doing attains a level of excellence to which all our speakers might with advantage aspire.

The little volume opens with a chapter or lecture, on the materialistic conception of history. Within the compass of less than twenty pages the author gives a lucid and fairly satisfactory statement of the great theory which is by far the most important contribution of Marx to modern thought. He passes in rapid survey the various objections which have been made to the name of the theory, but is hardly successful, I think, in his treatment of the preference of those who prefer the word "economic" to the word "materialistic" used by Marx and Engels. When he says that "The main difficulty is that 'economic' does not properly include climate, soil, coal and ore deposits, and other forms of natural wealth" one wonders just what sort of a definition of "economic" he would have to give in order to justify that objection. He might with great advantage turn to Marx for a definition which includes all the factors named quite as well as the term "materialistic" does.

The fact is that friend Lewis leans too closely upon Professor Seligman's useful, but very superficial little work, **The Economic Interpretation of History.** He repeats, for example, the crude error of Professor Seligman regarding Aristotle. It is true that a political interpretation of history may be based upon some of the sayings of the great Stagirite, but no one who really knows his Aristotle would contend that Aristotle did not see the force of economic factors at least as clearly as Buckle. As a matter of fact, Aristotle is much closer to Marx than Buckle. Leaving the **Economics** out of consideration, since these two books are almost certainly not the work of Aristotle himself, and confining our attention to the **Politics,** it would be easy to quote a score of passages to support this claim. For example in **Pol.** 1. 8., Aristotle points out that the food of animals determines their habits, as gregarious or solitary, and that men's lives likewise differ in various stages of economic development. Thus, in the pastoral, the hunting and fishing, and the agricultural stages, a different kind of life grows out of the different economic conditions.

Again, in **Pol.** VI. 4, he groups the different types of democracy according to economic conditions. A pastoral democracy he regards as being less stable than an agricultural, because in the pastoral state there is more leisure for po-

litical interests. An industrial population, living in a city, develops the most extreme form of democracy—a remarkably close approach to the Marxian concept. If it was remarkable for Marx to predict that the German revolutionary awakening depended upon the crowing of the Gallic cock, the development of an industrial proletariat in France, how much more remarkable Aristotle's prediction that nothing but the development of mechanical production could destroy chattel slavery.

The second lecture bears the title "The Social Revolution" and is one of the best things in the volume. He makes it quite clear that mere insurrections and similar social disturbances are not revolutions in the sense in which modern Socialists use the word. A social revolution is a result, not a method of attaining it. This is so important that for the clarity and force with which he points it out we can readily forgive a tendency which he shares in common with many of our comrades to exaggerate the importance of the theory of evolution by mutation which we owe to De Vries.

This theory of evolution of mutation is bringing to our movement a very wholesome note. We have fallen into the rather vicious and enervating habit of regarding social evolution as a growth which proceeds with geologic slowness, and, so long as we do not swing to the other extreme, it will be well if we learn from De Vries to regard the process as one which is by no means so protracted. Marx himself, it may be remarked, was constantly baffled by these conflicting views of the historical process. At one moment, in 1852, we find him telling his followers, who wanted to fix the date for the social revolution, that it would take them fifty years to make themselves "worthy of political power." At other times, in his letters to his friend Kugelman, for example, he speaks of the revolution as being immanent almost.

Because it has been apparently proven that at a jump, so to speak, new species are formed; that one kind of primrose produces primroses of an entirely distinct type, some of our friends are seeking to rehabilitate the old Utopian notion of a sudden transformation of society. Thus they push analogies to absurd limits. They forget that because, according to the mutation theory, new species are developed at a single bound, the old species are not destroyed; they forget, too, that there is an enormous difference between the mutation of a single member of the plant kingdom and that of the whole kingdom. A closer analogy would be that as single species are thus produced by mutation, so there may be mutations in phases of social life, as, for example, the sudden change from absolutism to constitutionalism in government. But that is still a far cry from the sudden transformation of the whole social structure.

Passing over the lectures, "The Socialist Theory of Panics" and "The Paris Commune" without comment, save to say that neither contains anything that is new or unhackneyed, and coming to that devoted to a criticism of Bishop Spalding's Economic Errors, I cannot resist the conviction that Lewis spends too much of his valuable gift with little or no discretion. He uses his big cannon to shoot poor little butterflies! To criticise the good Bishop of Peoria in an occasional address, or in a newspaper or magazine review, would be well enough, perhaps, but it was surely not worth while giving the permanence and dignity of book publication to it.

Much more worth while is the chapter, or lecture, devoted to "The American Revolution and Thomas Paine." In some ways it is the most discriminating chapter in the book, marked by deeper critical insight and a broader vision. Paine is evidently one of our author's heroes

and he is not at all apologetic for his enthusiasm. The sketch of his life is sympathetic and marked by a broad charity that is altogether lacking in the case of his treatment of Proudhon, to whom he does less than justice. Strangely enough, Lewis does not mention the fact that Paine was the first to propose a definite scheme for old age pensions, indeed, he slurs over altogether Paine's interest in social reforms. Still, for all that, there is much in the brief chapter on Paine which will repay the Socialist reader.

Two chapters on Engels' famous polemic against Eugene Dühring, and one on "Value and Surplus Value" should be useful as an introduction to the study of the writings of Engels and Marx. Just as Kautsky has well said that the young student should read Engels before trying to understand Marx, it might be added by way of postscript, and read Chapters 7, 8 and 9 of Lewis's **Vital Problems in Social Evolution** before trying Engels. Lewis is not a profound scholar or thinker, and has the good sense to recognize the fact. He possesses a talent for popularizing rather abstruse subjects, combining great lucidity with condensation, and that is a gift of no trifling value.

But this gift which is his strongest point is also his greatest weakness. When he seizes upon some work and decides to popularize it for his audience, he is extremely liable to accept as final and decisive the most ex parte statements, and, as an inevitable result of his condensed method, to reproduce their warped and biased features in an exaggerated form. That is evidently the case in the lecture, "The Fallacies of Proudhon," with which the volume closes. The wisdom of flogging such a "dead horse" as Proudhon's "Philosophie de la Misere," after more than sixty years, is not quite obvious.

In any case, there can hardly be much use in taking such a book as Marx's famous polemic against him as the sole basis of a critique of Proudhon. Marx, who had only two short years before the appearance of his fierce onslaught upon the French writer defended him against the attacks of some of his personal friends, was, when he penned that polemic, seeking an excuse to put forward his newly formulated views. He seized upon Proudhon's book as affording him the needed opportunity, and strained every possible point to serve his purpose. Quite often, it is apparent, he attacks the forms in which Proudhon expresses himself rather than the thoughts back of those forms. Further than that, it is hardly just to Proudhon to pass final judgment upon him on the strength of that one book. Marx took Proudhon's two volumes and fastened upon the errors in them, but in later years, when the controversial heat and passion had died out, he could acknowledge that, despite its errors, Proudhon's book had many important merits. And this year—a year of great centenaries—the French Socialists of all shades of opinion have celebrated the one-hundredth anniversary of Proudhon's birth in that spirit.

To sum up: Mr. Lewis has given us an admirable and useful little volume for which he is entitled to our thanks. Only its importance, and the importance of the author's work generally, could justify the detailed criticism of this review—criticism which Mr. Lewis will not resent, unless I am greatly mistaken. He has done, and is doing, work of a very high order and it is because we recognize this that some of us, his friends, would urge him to cultivate that sense of proportion which comes from closer and more constant self-criticism; to recognize that not every lecture given, even by the most talented of lecturers, has a valid claim to a permanent place in the republic of literature.

Having emphasized thus strongly what

appear to me to be its defects, let me also, for the assurance of the reader, emphasize its merits. For the average reader, whose leisure for reading upon such subjects is of necessity limited, I know of hardly another book of its size which will be found to be of greater value; in which will be found more information simply, clearly and pleasantly conveyed. The book is published at fifty cents by Charles H. Kerr and Company.

The same publishers give us an admirable cheap reprint of the well-known work, **Socialism: Its Growth and Outcome,** by William Morris and E. Belfort Bax. This book is perhaps too well-known to call for any extended notice in these pages. It is enough to say that it is now available in an excellent edition at one-third of the price of the edition hitherto imported from England.

First published nearly a score of years ago, there is much in the book which is as fresh and striking today as when it was written. Views expressed in Chapter XXI, in which the authors attempt to tell how many things will be done under Socialism, should not be regarded as being other than their personal views.

To reprint such books as this is an excellent thing, but the value of the work would be enhanced if it were made clear and unmistakable that Socialists generally must not be held responsible for individual speculations concerning the future.

Another Socialist reprint of interest comes from the Ball Publishing Company of Boston, in the shape of a cheap edition of "The Fabian Essays in Socialism," for which Bernard Shaw has written a new preface covering some fourteen pages. The volume contains, also, the late William Clarke's very interesting paper, "The Fabian Society and Its Work," which alone would give value to the edition.

I confess that the new preface by Shaw proved very disappointing to me. There is an entire absence of that brilliance of wit and daring paradox with which "G. B. S." is associated. European Socialism has been completely transformed since 1889, he says, and the fact is due to the Fabian Socialists. Of course, there is the usual Shawesque sneer at the poor, ignorant "Marxists." Marx was really such a lightweight, you know! Shaw actually reproduces the old libel that for the Paris Commune and its tragic failure Marx and Engels were responsible, a libel all the more remarkable because of the fact that, unless my memory plays me a shabby trick, it was aforetime exposed and refuted by no less a person than George Bernard Shaw!

There are few American Socialists who will take their Socialism from the Fabian Essays. But there are also few who could not find in them something of value. After all, the book fills an important place in the literature of Socialism, and this cheap reprint of it is very welcome.

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NEWS & VIEWS



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"The Toledo Socialist Headquarters were opened Nov. 10, 1908. Nine electric car lines pass the door and we used this advertising opportunity by having a conspicuous sign placed on the window. At first the effect was startling as shown in the faces of the passersby, but familiarity soon took the place of surprise and the public began to stop and look and finally to walk in.

"The store in front has all the latest socialist publications for sale, including, of course, a complete line of the Kerr books besides a clean stock of pamphlets, stationery, cigars, etc. The receipts are increasing steadily and we will soon have a sound surplus.

"The rear room contains the library and is used as a reading room also for meetings, lectures and classes. Anyone can borrow a book for two weeks for 5 cents, which money is used to buy at least one new book per week. Often a

new book is obtained as soon as published by several comrades paying in advance for the privilege of reading it.

"The Social Study Club invites outsiders prominent in business and professional circles to address them on Wednesday evenings, after which meetings are thrown open for discussion. These meetings draw the outsiders and enable us to present our side of the case and incidentally to clear up new mem bers and sympathizers.

"On Friday evenings the School of Social Science meets for the purpose of developing socialist speakers. Topics are given to volunteer comrades a month in advance and five judges grade the speakers according to a definite scheme of marking, based on composition, delivery and ability to answer questions. The speaker has to run the gauntlet of all the foolish questions generally fired at a soapboxer and the result is we have a growing number of good, effective speakers.

"The Custodian in charge of the headquarters, which are open all day and evening, is responsible to the Headquarters Committee which is in turn responsible to the organization.

"All strangers and visiting comrades are assured of a hearty greeting."

THE OHIO STATE CONVENTION, held at Columbus on March 20th and 21st, was encouraging evidence of the splendid work being done in Ohio, according to the report of Comrade L. H. Marcy, who attended the convention, in the interests of the publishing company. Comrade F. E. Vernia of Wellsville, ably presided over the convention and guided the proceedings successfully through the shoals of parliamentary procedure. Forty-eight delegates responded to the roll call, Cleveland leading with six representatives. Among these were our old friends, Robert Bandlow, Tom Clifford and Isaac Cowen. Dayton and Cincinnati sent four delegates each. Frank Midney was among these. During the past year Comrade Midney has been conducting lecture courses at several points in the state. Nicholas Klein, one of the old-timers, ably represented Local Cincinnati. Toledo sent three active delegates, Comrades Thos. E. Devine, Wm. Patterson and J. Bates. Delegates reported that their locals conducted successful lecture courses through the past winter, East Liverpool, Massillon, Dayton and others were among them. The only office to be filled was that of State Secretary, now held by Comrade Willert. The nominations made were as follows:

John G. Willert, Cleveland.
Frank Midney, Dayton.
W. J. Millard, Cincinnati.
D. J. Farrell, Dayton.
J. H. Bristol, Byesville.
Thos. C. Devine, Toledo.
C. E. Wharton, Kenton.
Alba Eby, Columbus.
Geo. Storks, Lorain.

Local Columbus entertained the delegates at a reception at the close of the convention, thus enabling the comrades to get acquainted with each other.

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Occupation . . . . . .

industrial questions appear to us too much in the abstract. We are just beginning to feel the close of a great struggle in earnest. Last winter hundreds of strike breakers were shipped up to Valdez and "mushed" in over the trail to Fairbanks to break the strike of the Western Federation, and they succeeded in doing it. This winter hundreds of men are coming up from Seattle mushing in over the trail to the Tananna Camp, owing to extravagant offers made by employment agencies. There are already hundreds of idle men here. The Morgan-Gugenheim people are shipping many more men up to Cordova to work on the railroad under construction up the Copper River. Transportation is the chief factor in the development of Alaska's resources. Both between Alaska and the States and on the Yukon and in the interior, rivers are dominated by the Morgan-Gugenheim people. So far they have succeeded in blocking every attempt toward constructing a railroad from any point on the coast to the interior. By such means they are gaining control of the greater part of the rich mines, along with the coal and oil resources, for the poor prospector must, of course, give up his holdings to capital. The chief hope of the people here now is that some rival concern may step in and compete with the Gugenheims, and the Hirch people of London are likely to do it. But this will not help the workers. It will tend to reduce wages and to overstock the labor-market. In a few years, when the monied interests own all of Alaska and the people have nothing to hope for but jobs, they will begin to take an interest in socialism. There are many good socialists here but I believe, most of them belonged to the party before they came here. Just received my copy of the March Review. It is the best one you ever published. My heart is with you and you have my best wishes.

Alaska. L. S. COLEMAN.

ABOUT MEXICO. I am highly pleased that the socialists of the U. S., along with other lovers of liberty, have thrown themselves into the fight for the preservation of the right of all political refugees and prisoners. This is especially important in the case of the Mexicans, because their fight, is our fight. The capitalists of North America are a unit on all class questions and to combat that tremendous force, a close union and a perfect organization of the entire working class of this continent is absolutely necessary. As I have said before, any uprising of importance of any portion of the working class at any place on this continent would have to face the combined armies of the U. S. and Mexico. Not only the Mexican army would be thrown against the organized militant workers, but the 10,000,000 peon-slaves would carry on the work of industry while the others starved to death. Your only way to prevent this is to wake up to the state of affairs and educate the Mexican people in working class philosophy, so that that now blind and latent force may be organized and utilized, not in the interest of plutocracy, but in the interest of a fuller liberty and a better life for all the useful members of society.

If there ever was a country in this world that needed a revolution Mexico is it. You people in the United States complain of low wages and bad conditions but you have never seen, and I hope may never experience, such intense poverty and barbaric conditions of life as those that exist here.

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At least 7,000,000 of these people can neither read nor write. They have never yet worn what we would call a suit of clothes. All noble and elevating aspirations have been crushed out of them long ago. The whole product of their labor is taken away by the so-called "upper class," the government and the church. If a man raises a pig and wants to kill it when it weights 125 pounds, he must pay a tax of $2.00 for the privilege of killing his own pig. If a man brings wild fruit from the mountains he must pay a tax before he can sell it. If you have a little store, you pay a triple tax, municipal, state and federal. All receipts and legal, or semi-legal, papers require revenue stamps. If by chance anything remains to the poor worker, a priest comes around with a servant carrying a sack and makes his collection almost by force. A young man in Jalisco criticized the parish priest and the latter almost beat him to death with a club and threatened to send him to hell. This latter was the greater punishment of the two for that poor deluded creature.

The American capitalists, or their flunkeys, who come down here to manage mines, etc., would give the average American working man a desire to vomit. They put on English knee breeches, leggings, etc., and hire a peon to ride along behind them at a respectable distance like Don Quixote. They hire women and children to work at the mines and pay them 50 cents, Mexican, per day.

An American told me that there was never any labor troubles here because that as soon as a strike is attempted the government stands the leaders up against a wall and shoots them. Now that is true, but that any American should boast of it is startling.

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The soldiers all over this country are drilling now every day. They know there is work ahead for them. Many of the soldiers are criminals and compelled to serve against their will, having been sentenced to serve by some petty judge. Much brutality exists among them. An officer killed a man here the other day. These people are in debt all their lives. They are compelled to buy everything at the "company store," as we say. Even the worthless brush, that they use for wood, must be paid for. If a man has a cow, all of the offspring belongs to the owner of the land. Those land owners make their own laws to suit themselves on their haciendas and nobody interferes. Every hacienda has a little church and a well-fed priest who keeps the people's minds in the proper condition to humbly endure the slavery in which they live. I think such a priest will surely some day live in hell. The working people live there now and don't know how to escape. I have lived in Mexico for some years and I know what I am talking about.

You Socialists and organized workers of the United States never did, nor never will do, a nobler work for the cause of suffering humanity than you are going to do when you liberate those Mexican patriots now lying in American jails. Lend your assistance and your pennies to that great movement and don't cease to struggle until every political prisoner in America is a free man, or a free woman.

Comrades, use this letter as you may see fit, but for my sake and the sake of the cause, conceal my identity and whereabouts.

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COMRADE BEACH of Iowa sends a yearly Review subscription for the city public library. He has also placed there, at his own expense—over fifteen books published by us. Anybody looking over the book list of the library at that point, will find some of the best books of socialist literature at his disposal. This field has hitherto been neglected by our friends. Occasionally Locals are able to persuade library committees to install socialist literature. Committees rarely refuse if socialists are willing to pay for the books. In other cities, the comrades have united in sending in so many requests for books that their wishes could not be ignored. But Comrade Beach was determined to have our books in the library so he bought and gave them himself. We hope some of the other comrades and locals will go and do likewise.

A NEW FIGURE. The onward march of Socialism is bringing to the front many new men, but none whose work gives more promise of permanency and abiding usefulness than John McInnis, the member for Grand Forks riding in the British Columbia Legislature. He was elected in the general elections of February, 1907, and in the three sessions that have elapsed he has done splendid work, ably augmenting the efforts of Messrs. Hawthornthwaite and Williams who have been in the house for several years.

His home town of Phoenix has the distinction of casting a greater number of Socialist votes than any town of its size in America. Mr. McInnis polled twice as many votes as his two opponents put together in this Socialist stronghold and this in spite of the fact that the largest company operating there attempted to defeat our cause by laying off a large number of men just before election.

He is a pleasing and forceful speaker from whom his friends expect much. He has a magnificent physique and a tremendous capacity for work. This was well illustrated in the session just closed. There was a great fight on over some amendments to the Election Act, the manifest object of which was to disfranchise thousands of workers. The three Socialists fought it and fought it hard. All other efforts failing they attempted to talk against time and the house was in continuous session for several days. Cots were brought into the corridors and along with a few of the opposition members they talked by turns. It was a trying experience, but when the others were literally fagged out McInnis was quite fresh. Finally the amendments were so amended as to cut out most of the objectionable features. He is still on the sunny side of the thirties and may he long be spared to drive many nails into the coffin of capitalism.

E. W. D.



JOHN McINNIS, M. L. A.
Member for the riding of Grand Forks in the British Columbia Legislature. Mr. McInnis has the honor and distinction of being the youngest of this body.

HOW TO SPREAD THE PROPAGANDA.
Disrespectfully Dedicated to Practical Possiblists.

We must have a "common-sense" platform,
We must bring it "up-to-date."
For each and every social ill
We must a nostrum state.
We'll make it long, hot, sweet and strong,
To snare the voter shy;
We'll mix our dope, to catch, we hope,
Each freak beneath the sky.

We'll stand for municipal ownership
(A beautiful civic plan);
We'll speak of the "rights" of labor,
We'll "stand for" the workingman.
He'll think we've wings, when we promise him things
He'd little hope to seek;
An eight-hour day, a night at the play,
And a pink tea once a week.

We'll send forth windy speakers,
Who'll tear their hair and rave,
And speak of THEIR "glorious mission,"
Humanity to save.
We'll fill each up, like a poisoned pup,
With the hottest kind of air;
For the crowd "likes" guff, and sure enough,
We'll serve it up for fair.

To "spread the propaganda," we
Must be the wisest guys;
To "popularize the movement," we
"Must not antagonize."
We'll feed with pap each chappy-chap-chap,
His "prejudice to break."
We'll rub it in, but 'twill be damned thin,
Of that, there's no mistake.

We take "Queer" Hardie's advice, you know,
And "down the impossibilist";
Should one whisper, "Revolution!"
We'd strike him off the list.
Oh, tell you what, he'll catch it hot,
He'll have the devil to pay;
We'll him expel, we'll give him—well,
You know what we'd like to say.

Bye and bye we'll a party have,
Which will be a sight to see;
There'll be every kind of faddist and frump
In rich variety.
With men on the make, up to every fake,
There'll be parsons on the bum;
There'll be spinsters grim, with chances slim
In the marriage mart become.

* * * * *

Oh, yes, there's our "ultimate" demand,
(We hope you will not scoff),
That the workers own the means of life,
(We fear it's a long way off).
Of course, we know we have no show
To get these things just yet;
So suppose we say, at some distant day—
In a thousand years?—you bet.

—Wilfrid Gribble, in Western Clarion.

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E. C. HOWE, 723 Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

HATE. Said Lincoln Steffens to Eugene Debs: "But, Debs, you must admit that you Socialists preach class war, and that engenders hate." Answered Eugene Debs: "No, no, we do not preach hate; we preach love. For a human being loves love and he loves to love. It is hate that is unnatural."

Now, it is true that love is the central soul of all our power, but it is also true that our very capacity and necessity to love presupposes our capacity and necessity to hate, for if we love it must follow that we must hate that which hurts or injures the being or cause on which our love is fixed, and that, therefore, hate is not only, not "unnatural," but a law of nature rooted in the universe itself, a sublime and splendid energy, without which love would be to self unknown forever.

Unless its love-instinct be asleep or dead, it is as natural for the working class to hate the capitalist class as it is for the hell-imprisoned demons to hate the ambrosia-eating gods.

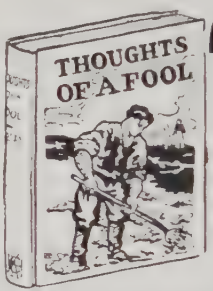
Can freemen love freedom without hating slave-masters and slavery? Can one love the truth without hating the lie? Love candor without hating hypocrisy? Love justice without hating injustice? Love right without hating wrong? Love virtue without hating vice? Love good without hating evil? Love democracy without hating despotism? Love love without hating hate? If so, then the working class can love itself without hating the capitalist class, can love socialism without hating capitalism, but not before.

Love-anger, hatred for capitalism and all that in it is, must waken in the working class before it can carry out its great historic mission, the freeing of itself and, through itself, the human race, for not until it hates its slavery will the working class go love-mad in the cause of freedom. Hate is love etherealized, on fire, burning, glowing, white with passionate anger, undying, ready for any and all sacrifices that must be made in its effort to protect itself and its own in the full enjoyment and happiness of life.

Hate is the firstborn child of love, and the mind, the heart, the soul of the working class sleeps today because the spirit of its love has not yet felt the fructifying kiss of hate.

Hate! O workingmen and women, hate! for not until ye do will ye go love-mad in the cause of freedom!

COVINGTON HALL.



This book by **Evelyn Gladys** consists of 25 brilliant essays that will delight working people who think themselves competent to regulate their own conduct, tho' they may shock those who delight in regulating other people's morals.

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PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

OUR FINANCES FOR MARCH

In last month's **Review** we gave a detailed report of the receipts and expenditures of our co-operative publishing house for February. We now give a similar report for March.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURES.	
Cash balance, March 1	$ 349.04	Manufacture of books	$ 562.02
Book sales	1,792.76	Books purchased	123.68
Review subscriptions and sales	866.45	Printing March Review	618.72
Review advertising	12.50	Review department work, etc.	44.09
Sales of stock	345.30	Wages of office clerks	376.10
Loan from Capital City Bank	500.00	Charles H. Kerr, March salary	125.00
Loans from Stockholders	387.00	Mary E. Marcy, on salary	61.80
		Postage and expressage	382.21
		Interest	69.00
		Rent	70.00
		Miscellaneous expenses	60.40
		Advertising	939.88
		Copyrights	61.50
		Loans returned to stockholders	510.38
		Cash balance March 31	248.27
Total	$4,253.05	Total	$4,253.05

A comparison with last month's figures shows a gratifying increase in book sales, **Review** subscriptions and sales, and sales of stock. The new loans from stockholders amounted to less than the withdrawals of loans, and we therefore had to borrow $500 more from a bank. This must not happen again. The large expenditure for advertising includes the first monthly payment of $500 to the Appeal to Reason. Last year, this paper did a book business larger than ours, and the contract under which we are making this large monthly payment for advertising provides that the Appeal shall bring out no more books and shall turn over to us all orders it can not fill. Lack of ready money, however, prevented us from taking over their stock of books on hand. They are obliged to close them out to their own customers. In so doing they have been cutting prices and thus for the first few weeks the net result of our arrangement with them has been a falling off of sales instead of an increase. Their stock is pretty well closed out by this time, and the money we are spending for

advertising in the Appeal will be pretty sure to bring large returns in the near future.

Our other advertising is for the most part paid for in books, not cash. As the New York Evening Call comrades were in March preparing for the large and successful Fair they held in April, we let them have books to the amount of $286.05 to be paid for in future advertising. This swells the amount of our advertising expenditure for March.

The apparent falling off in the **Review's** advertising receipts is explained by the fact that in February our agent paid us for the January and part of the February advertising, while in March he paid nothing. From now on we hope for a steadily increasing income from this source. Our friends can increase it by answering as many as possible of the advertisements appearing in the **Review,** and asking advertisers whom they patronize to give us their business.

What to Read on Socialism. We have at different times issued several different booklets under this title, but the one now in press will prove the most attractive and valuable of them all. It is by the editor of the **Review,** and will contain 80 pages, including portraits of some of the most prominent socialist writers. Twenty-six of the pages will be taken up with a simple and concise introduction to the principles of socialism. This matter has already had in various forms a circulation of a quarter of a million copies. It has now been carefully revised and in particular the chapter on surplus value has been rewritten in the light of Marx's third volume. Next comes a brief, clear description, in large type, of each book now issued by our co-operative publishing house. These have been prepared with great care and labor for the sake of enabling each new reader to select for himself the books that will meet his individual wants, passing the others by. A brief list is added of the books of other publishers which we now carry in stock—a list which will be enlarged as our resources enlarge. Finally, a detailed explanation is given of the plan on which our co-operative publishing house is organized. The booklet will be well printed on paper of extra quality. We shall supply copies to every one, whether stockholders or not, at the special price of one cent per copy, ten for ten cents, $1.00 a hundred, or $10.00 a thousand, expressage included. We lose money on every copy sold at these rates, and we ask the comrades reading this to order as many copies as they can be sure of using to good advantage, but no more.

We have tried to make every line of this booklet good propaganda, and mechanically it will be a beauty. If all our active friends will do what they can to circulate copies, we shall soon be able to

find enough new stockholders to divide the burden of carrying the publishing house until it falls very lightly on each one. **How many of these booklets shall we send YOU?**

Unionism and Socialism. By Eugene V. Debs. This is one of the very best propaganda books by Comrade Debs, and we have just bought from the Appeal to Reason all unsold copies. Paper, 10c; to stockholders 6c, postpaid.

At the same price we have just published a dainty booklet entitled **The Detective Business,** by Comrade Robin Dunbar, of South Bend, Ind., in which he explains the changes time has brought over the detective business. Formerly its main aim was the detection of theft, now it is war on the labor unions.

Socialism Made Easy. We heartily recommend this recent book by James Connolly, editor of The Harp, as the best propaganda pamphlet that has been added to our literature for many a day. It is made up of simple, forceful talks to workingmen, wasting no strength on side issues, avoiding phrases that would excite needless prejudice, and leaving the reader with a well-defined idea of what we socialists want and how we propose to get it. Paper, 10c; to stockholders 6c each or $6.00 per hundred if we prepay charges, 5c if purchaser pays them.

Marx's Capital Complete. This will be a reality in the near future. The index of Volume III, long delayed through the illness of Comrade Untermann, the translator, is at last in type, and we now confidently expect to have copies of the book ready early in June. It will be a massive volume of over 1,000 pages, such as a capitalist publisher would hold at $5.00 if he brought it out at all. Our price for this volume will be the same as for Volume I or Volume II, that is to say $2.00, including postage or expressage to any address, and out of the $2.00 we will if requested return 80c to the purchaser in the form of a credit slip good at any time within a year toward the purchase of a share of stock.

We are **willing** to do this because our 2,050 stockholders expect no dividends but do expect to buy their books at the lowest possible prices.

We are **able** to do it because Comrade Untermann's labor as a translator does not have to be paid for out of the sales of the book. It is paid for by Comrade Eugene Dietzgen, a successful manufacturer who after a residence of many years in Chicago has returned to Germany. He rightly thinks that the best return he can make to American workingmen from the income he derives from their labor is to put Marx's great work within their reach.

So in urging you to provide yourself with these three volumes of Marx, we are not asking you for a contribution, we are offering for your money more than could possibly have been offered but for the contribution of some one else.

Get the book and read it. Its study will make you sure of your ground the next time you try to show the man who works why it is that he gets less than he produces.

If you have read Volumes I and II, put in your order for Volume III, to be mailed or expressed on publication. But if you are still without the first two volumes, send for them at once; they are necessary to the understanding of Volume III.

Now let us tell you something in confidence, so you can see how efficiently you and others are co-operating with us at a time of urgent need. We have sold four thousand copies of Volume I and started on the fifth. We have sold two thousand copies of Volume II and started on the third. But up to date, with all the advertising already done, we have received advance orders for less than sixty copies of the third and final volume of the greatest of all socialist books.

All three of Marx's volumes should be in the library of every socialist local, and of every socialist who tries to talk on socialism. The talker who does not know Marx is almost always a failure himself and a source of complacent ignorance in others.

Next month's Review will contain an article by Ernest Untermann on the Third Volume, raising a number of important questions on which socialist students differ among themselves. Prepare for it by reading Volumes I and II if still unread, and by placing an order for Volume III.

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The Socialization of Humanity

An Analysis and Synthesis of the Phenomena of Nature, Life, Mind and Society Through the Law of Repetition

A SYSTEM OF MONISTIC PHILOSOPHY

By Charles Kendall Franklin

"I would rather write a refutation than an endorsement of this book, yet it is commended to students of Sociology and Theology because it is a very scholarly voicing of all that more or less widely spread latent and militant disaffection with and opposition to the present social order, with its established and generally accepted rights of property and orthodox standards of religion. Every paragraph is a challenge to precedents, and provocative of thought."—**The Christian Philanthropist.**

"In one respect Mr. Franklin has the advantage over writers like M. Tarde or Prof. Lester F. Ward, who have treated of the same questions with far greater scientific precision, in that he is committed to a definite program of social reform, the basis of which is to be found in this book."—**The Independent.**

"The investigation is conducted with such broad-minded liberality that the deductions sometimes seem almost shocking, as is the case in the treatment of theology. A system of monistic philosophy, such as this is, is founded upon a naturalistic conception of things; that is, all things are due to natural causes, and we ascribe certain things to supernatural agencies only because of our ignorance, and our inability to comprehend their real origin. The argument of the book may be summed up in a few words. Under the individualistic system, men work at cross-purposes, and much energy is wasted. This is caused by lack of understanding and of an intelligent foresight. Energy will seek the line of least resistance, and in time, when men become more social, it will be seen that there is least resistance when men work in harmony for the good of all. Thus will come about the socialization of humanity. Individualism has proved its inability to perfect man, although it has greatly aided. The time has now come when a new system must displace it—a new system based upon a desire to aid society, rather than the individual. Theology, also, is outgrown, the time for superstitious worship of unknown, unmanifested idea has passed. We can, if we search with an unprejudiced mind, find the natural cause of everything—why be blindly, wilfully ignorant, just because our ancestors were? They ascribed thunder and other phenomena to their God, but we pity their superstition. We ascribe to God the origin of life—but if we look, we can not fail to find the answer in Nature. The volume abounds with definitions, making it extremely easy to follow the thought. * * * * * Deep thought and honest purpose are manifest in this work, and however one may look upon the conclusions, it must be admitted that they are logically and fearlessly reached."—**The Craftsman.**

"The writer's style is eloquent, his absolute sincerity manifest, and his book will be of immense service to those who have realized the inadequacy of conventional religion and philosophy to explain the facts of life, and who wish to examine vital questions from the viewpoint of modern science."—**The Free-Lance.**

"The leading idea of your book seems to me to be correct and original and you may number me among your followers."—Prof. Jacques Loeb.

"As a philosopher, Mr. Franklin is practical, as socialist he is philosophical. It is the first time that philosophy and socialism have joined hands."—**Boston Transcript.**

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THE INTERNATIONAL
Socialist Review

Vol. IX. JUNE, 1909. No. 12

A Story of Child Labor

"THE APOSTATE"

By Jack London.



F you don't git up, Johnny, I won't give you a bite to eat!"

The threat had no effect on the boy. He clung stubbornly to sleep, fighting for its oblivion as the dreamer fights for his dream. The boy's hands loosely clenched themselves, and he made feeble, spasmodic blows at the air. These blows were intended for his mother, but she betrayed practiced familiarity in avoiding them as she shook him roughly by the shoulder.

"Lemme 'lone!"

It was a cry that began, muffled, in the deeps of sleep, that swiftly rushed upward, like a wail, into passionate belligerence, and that died away and sank down into an inarticulate whine. It was a bestial cry, as of a soul in torment, filled with infinite protest and pain.

But she did not mind. She was a sad-eyed, tired-faced woman, and she had grown used to this task, which she repeated every day of her life. She got a grip on the bedclothes and tried to strip them down; but the boy, ceasing his punching, clung to them desperately. In a huddle at the foot of the bed, he still remained covered. Then she tried dragging the bedding to the floor. The boy opposed her. She braced herself. Hers was the superior weight, and the boy and bedding, the former instinct-

ively following the later in order to shelter against the chill of the room that bit into his body.

As he toppled on the edge of the bed it seemed that he must fall head-first to the floor. But consciousness fluttered up in him. He righted himself and for a moment perilously balanced. Then he struck the floor on his feet. On the instant his mother seized him by the shoulders and shook him. Again his fists struck out, this time with more force and directness. At the same time his eyes opened. She released him. He was awake.

"All right," he mumbled.

She caught up the lamp and hurried out, leaving him in darkness.

"You'll be docked," she warned back to him.

He did not mind the darkness. When he had got into his clothes he went out into the kitchen. His tread was very heavy for so thin and light a boy. His legs dragged with their own weight, which seemed unreasonable because they were such skinny legs. He drew a broken-bottomed chair to the table.

"Johnny!" his mother called sharply.

He arose as sharply from the chair, and, without a word, went to the sink. It was a greasy, filthy sink. A smell came up from the outlet. He took no notice of it. That a sink should smell was to him part of the natural order, just as it was a part of the natural order that the soap should be grimy with dish-water and hard to lather. Nor did he try very hard to make it lather. Several splashes of the cold water from the running faucet completed the function. He did not wash his teeth. For that matter he had never seen a tooth-brush, nor did he know that there existed beings in the world who were guilty of so great a foolishness as tooth-washing.

"You might wash yourself wunst a day without bein' told," his mother complained.

She was holding a broken lid on the pot as she poured two cups of coffee. He made no remark, for this was a standing quarrel between them, and the one thing upon which his mother was hard as adamant. "Wunst" a day it was compulsory that he should wash his face. He dried himself on a greasy towel, damp and dirty and ragged, that left his face covered with shreds of lint.

"I wish we didn't live so far away," she said, as he sat down. "I try to do the best I can. You know that. But a dollar on the rent is such a savin', an' we've more room here. You know that."

He scarcely followed her. He had heard it all before, many times. The range of her thought was limited, and she was ever harking back to the hardship worked upon them by living so far from the mills.

"A dollar means more grub," he remarked sententiously. "I'd sooner do the walkin' an' git the grub."

He ate hurriedly, half-chewing the bread and washing the unmasticated chunks down with coffee. The hot and muddy liquid went by the name of coffee. Johnny thought it was coffee—and excellent coffee. That was one of the few of life's illusions that remained to him. He had never drunk real coffee in his life.

In addition to the bread there was a small piece of cold pork. His mother refilled his cup with coffee. As he was finishing the bread, he began to watch if more was forthcoming. She intercepted his questioning glance.

"Now, don't be hoggish, Johnny," was her comment. "You've had your share. Your brothers an' sisters are smaller'n you."

He did not answer the rebuke. He was not much of a talker. Also, he ceased his hungry glancing for more. He was uncomplaining, with a patience that was as terrible as the school in which it had been learned. He finished his coffee, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and started to arise.

"Wait a second," she said hastily. "I guess the loaf kin stand you another slice—a thin un."

There was legerdemain in her actions. With all the seeming of cutting a slice from the loaf for him, she put loaf and slice back in the bread-box and conveyed to him one of her own two slices. She believed she had deceived him, but he had noted her sleight-of-hand. Nevertheless, he took the bread shamelessly. He had a philosophy that his mother, what of her chronic sickliness, was not much of an eater anyway.

She saw that he was chewing the bread dry, and reached over and emptied her coffee cup into his.

"Don't set good somehow on my stomach this morning," she explained.

A distant whistle, prolonged and shrieking, brought both of them to their feet. She glanced at the tin alarm-clock on the shelf. The hand stood at half-past five. The rest of the factory world was just arousing from sleep. She drew a shawl about her shoulders, and on her head put a dingy hat, shapeless and ancient.

"We've got to run," she said, turning the wick of the lamp and blowing down the chimney.

They groped their way out and down the stairs. It was clear and cold, and Johnny shivered at the first contact with the outside air. The stars had not yet begun to pale in the sky, and the city lay in blackness. Both Johnny and his mother shuffled their feet as they walked. There

was no ambition in the leg muscles to swing the feet clear of the ground.

After fifteen silent minutes, his mother turned off to the right.

"Don't be late," was her final warning from out of the dark that was swallowing her up.

He made no response, steadily keeping on his way. In the factory quarter, doors were opening everywhere, and he was soon one of a multitude that pressed onward through the dark. As he entered the factory gate the whistle blew again. He glanced at the east. Across a ragged sky-line of housetops a pale light was beginning to creep. This much he saw of the day as he turned his back upon it and joined his work-gang.

He took his place in one of many long rows of machines. Before him, above a bin filled with small bobbins, were large bobbins revolving rapidly. Upon these he wound the jute-twine of the small bobbins. The work was simple. All that was required was celerity. The small bobbins were emptied so rapidly, and there were so many large bobbins that did the emptying that there were no idle moments.

He worked mechanically. When a small bobbin ran out he used his left hand for a brake, stopping the large bobbin and at the same time, with thumb and fore-finger, catching the flying end of twine. Also, at the same time, with his right hand, he caught up the loose twine-end of a small bobbin. These various acts with both hands were performed simultaneously and swiftly. Then there would come a flash of his hands as he looped the weaver's knot and released the bobbin. There was nothing difficult about weaver's knots. He once boasted he could tie them in his sleep. And for that matter, he sometimes did, toiling centuries long in a single night at tying an endless succession of weaver's knots.

Some of the boys shirked, wasting time and machinery by not replacing the small bobbins when they ran out. And there was an overseer to prevent this. He caught Johnny's neighbor at the trick and boxed his ears.

"Look at Johnny there—why ain't you like him?" the overseer wrathfully demanded.

Johnny's bobbins were running full blast, but he did not thrill at the indirect praise. There had been a time, . . . but that was long ago, very long ago. His apathetic face was expressionless as he listened to himself being held up as a shining example. He was the perfect worker. He knew that. He had been told so, often. It was a commonplace, and besides it didn't seem to mean anything to him any more. From the perfect worker he had evolved into the perfect machine. When his work went wrong it was with him as with the machine, due to faulty material. It would have been as possible for a perfect nail-die to cut imperfect nails as for him to make a mistake.

And small wonder. There had never been a time when he had not been in intimate relationship with machines. Machinery had almost been bred into him, and at any rate he had been brought up on it. Twelve years before, there had been a small flutter of excitement in the loom-room of this very mill. Johnny's mother had fainted. They stretched her out on the floor in the midst of the shrieking machines. A couple of elderly women were called from their looms. The foreman assisted. And in a few minutes there was one more soul in the loom-room than had entered by the doors. It was Johnny, born with the pounding, crashing roar of the looms in his ears, drawing with his first breath the warm, moist air that was thick with flying lint. He had coughed that first day in order to rid his lungs of the lint; and for the same reason he had coughed ever since.

The boy alongside of Johnny whimpered and sniffed. The boy's face was convulsed with hatred for the overseer who kept a threatening eye on him from a distance; but every bobbin was running full. The boy yelled terrible oaths into the whirling bobbins before him; but the sound did not carry half a dozen feet, the roaring of the room holding it in and containing it like a wall.

Of all this Johnny took no notice. He had a way of accepting things. Besides, things grow monotonous by repetition, and this particular happening he had witnessed many times. It seemed to him as useless to oppose the overseer as to defy the will of a machine. Machines were made to go in certain ways and to perform certain tasks. It was the same with the overseer.

But at eleven o'clock there was excitement in the room. In an apparently occult way the excitement instantly permeated everywhere. The one-legged boy who worked on the other side of Johnny bobbed swiftly across the floor to a bin-truck that stood empty. Into this he dived out of sight, crutch and all. The superintendent of the mill was coming along, accompanied by a young man. He was well-dressed and wore a starched shirt—a gentleman, in Johnny's classification of men, and also, "the Inspector."

He looked sharply at the boys as he passed along. Sometimes he stopped and asked questions. When he did so he was compelled to shout at the top of his lungs, at which moments his face was ludicrously contorted with the strain of making himself heard. His quick eye noted the empty machine alongside of Johnny's, but he said nothing. Johnny also caught his eye, and he stopped abruptly. He caught Johnny by the arm to draw him back a step from the machine; but with an exclamation of surprise he released the arm.

"Pretty skinny," the superintendent laughed anxiously.

"Pipe-stems," was the answer. "Look at those legs. The boy's got the rickets—incipient, but he's got them. If epilepsy doesn't get him in the end, it will be because tuberculosis gets him first."

Johnny listened, but did not understand. Furthermore he was not interested in future ills. There was an immediate and more serious ill that threatened him in the form of the inspector.

"Now, my boy, I want you to tell me the truth," the inspector said, or shouted, bending close to the boy's ear to make him hear. "How old are you?"

"Fourteen," Johnny lied, and he lied with the full force of his lungs. So loudly did he lie that it started him off in a dry, hacking cough that lifted the lint which had been settling in his lungs all morning.

"Looks sixteen at least," said the superintendent.

"Or sixty," snapped the inspector.

"He's always looked that way."

"How long?" asked the inspector quickly.

"For years. Never gets a bit older."

"Or younger, I daresay. I suppose he's worked here all those years?"

"Off and on—but that was before the new law was passed," the superintendent hastened to add.

"Machine idle?" the inspector asked, pointing at the unoccupied machine beside Johnny's, in which the part-filled bobbins were flying like mad.

"Looks that way." The superintendent motioned the overseer to him and shouted in his ear and pointed at the machine. "Machine's idle," he reported back to the inspector.

They passed on, and Johnny returned to his work, relieved in that the ill had been averted. But the one-legged boy was not so fortunate. The sharp-eyed inspector haled him out at arm's length from the bin-truck. His lips were quivering, and his face had all the expression of one upon whom was fallen profound and irremediable disaster. The overseer looked astounded, as though for the first time he had laid eyes on the boy, while the superintendent's face expressed shock and displeasure.

"I know him," the inspector said. "He's twelve years old. I've had him discharged from three factories inside the year. This makes the fourth."

He turned to the one-legged boy. "You promised me, word and honor, that you'd go to school."

The one-legged boy burst into tears. "Please, Mr. Inspector, two babies died on us, and we're awful poor."

"What makes you cough that way?" the inspector demanded, as though charging him with crime.

And as in denial of guilt, the one-legged boy replied, "It ain't nothin'. I jes' caught a cold last week, Mr. Inspector, that's all."

In the end the one-legged boy went out of the room with the inspector, the latter accompanied by the anxious and protesting superintendent. After that monotony settled down again. The long morning and the longer afternoon wore away and the whistle blew for quitting-time. Darkness had already fallen when Johnny passed out through the factory gate. In the interval the sun had made a golden ladder of the sky, flooded the world with its gracious warmth, and dropped down and disappeared in the west behind a ragged sky-line of house-tops.

Supper was the family meal of the day—the one meal at which Johnny encountered his younger brothers and sisters. It partook of the nature of an encounter, to him, for he was very old, while they were distressingly young. He had no patience with their excessive and amazing juvenility. He did not understand it. His own childhood was too far behind him. He was like an old and irritable man, annoyed by the turbulence of their young spirits that was to him arrant silliness He glowered silently over his food, finding compensation in the thought that they would soon have to go to work. That would take the edge off of them and make them sedate and dignified—like him. Thus it was, after the fashion of the human, that Johnny made of himself a yardstick with which to measure the universe.

During the meal, his mother explained in various ways and with infinite repetition that she was trying to do the best she could; so that it was with relief, the scant meal ended, that Johnny shoved back his chair and arose. He debated for a moment between bed and the front door, and finally went out the latter. He did not go far. He sat down on the stoop, his knees drawn up and his narrow shoulders drooping forward, his elbows on his knees and the palms of his hands supporting his chin.

As he sat there he did no thinking. He was just resting. So far as his mind was concerned it was asleep. His brothers and sisters came out, and with other children played noisily about him. An electric globe on the corner lighted their frolics. He was peevish and irritable, that they knew; but the spirit of adventure lured them into teasing him. They joined hands before him, and, keeping time with their bodies, chanted in his face weird and uncomplimentary doggerel. At first he snarled curses at them—curses he had learned from the lips of various foremen. Finding this futile, and remembering his dignity, he relapsed into dogged silence.

His brother Will, next to him in age, having just passed his tenth

birthday, was the ringleader. Johnny did not possess particularly kindly feelings toward him. His life had early been embittered by continual giving over and giving way to Will. He had a definite feeling that Will was greatly in his debt and was ungrateful about it. In his own playtime, far back in the dim past, he had been robbed of a large part of that playtime by being compelled to take care of Will. Will was a baby then, and then, as now, their mother had spent her days in the mills. To Johnny had fallen the part of little father and little mother as well.

Will seemed to show the benefit of the giving over and the giving way. He was well-built, fairly rugged, as tall as his elder brother and even heavier. It was as though the life-blood of the one had been diverted into the other's veins. And in spirits it was the same. Johnny was jaded, worn out, without resilience, while his younger brother seemed bursting and spilling over with exuberance.

The mocking chant rose louder and louder. Will leaned closer as he danced, thrusing out his tongue. Johnny's left arm shot out and caught the other around the neck. At the same time he rapped his bony first to the other's nose. It was a pathetically bony fist, but that it was sharp to hurt was evidenced by the squeal of pain it produced. The other children were uttering frightened cries, while Johnny's sister, Jennie, had dashed into the house.

He thrust Will from him, kicked him savagely on the shins, then reached for him and slammed him face downward in the dirt. Nor did he release him till the face had been rubbed into the dirt several times. Then the mother arrived, an anemic whirlwind of solicitude and maternal wrath.

"Why can't he leave me alone?" was Johnny's reply to her upbraiding. "Can't he see I'm tired?"

"I'm as big as you," Will raged in her arms, his face a mess of tears, dirt and blood. "I'm as big as you now, an' I'm goin' to git bigger. Then I'll lick you—see if I don't."

"You ought to be to work, seein' how big you are," Johnny snarled. "That's what's the matter with you. You ought to be to work. An' it's up to your ma to put you to work."

"But he's too young," she protested. "He's only a little boy."

"I was younger'n him when I started to work."

Johnny's mouth was open, further to express the sense of unfairness that he felt, but the mouth closed with a snap. He turned gloomily on his heel and stalked into the house and to bed. The door of his room was open to let in warmth from the kitchen. As he undressed in the semi-darkness he could hear his mother talking with a neighbor woman

who had dropped in. His mother was crying, and her speech was punctuated with spiritless sniffles.

"I can't make out what's gittin' into Johnny," he could hear her say. "He didn't used to be this way. He was a patient little angel.

"An' he *is* a good boy," she hastened to defend. "He's worked faithful, an' he did go to work too young. But it wasn't my fault. I do the best I can, I'm sure."

Prolonged sniffling from the kitchen, and Johnny murmured to himself as his eyelids closed down, "You betcher life I've worked faithful."

The next morning he was torn bodily by his mother from the grip of sleep. Then came the meager breakfast, the tramp through the dark, and the pale glimpse of day across the housetops as he turned his back on it and went in through the factory gate. It was another day, of all the days, and all the days were alike.

And yet there had been variety in his life—at the times he changed from one job to another, or was taken sick. When he was six he was little mother and father to Will and the other children still younger. At seven he went into the mills—winding bobbins. When he was eight he got work in another mill. His new job was marvelously easy. All he had to do was to sit down with a little stick in his hand and guide a stream of cloth that flowed past him. This stream of cloth came out of the maw of a machine, passed over a hot roller, and went on its way elsewhere. But he sat always in the one place, beyond the reach of daylight, a gas-jet flaring over him, himself part of the mechanism.

He was very happy at that job, in spite of the moist heat, for he was still young and in possession of dreams and illusions. And wonderful dreams he dreamed as he watched the steaming cloth streaming endlessly by. But there was no exercise about the work, no call upon his mind, and he dreamed less and less, while his mind grew torpid and drowsy. Nevertheless, he earned two dollars a week, and two dollars represented the difference between acute starvation and chronic underfeeding.

But when he was nine he lost his job. Measles was the cause of it. After he recovered he got work in a glass factory. The pay was better, and the work demanded skill. It was piece-work, and the more skillful he was the bigger wages he earned. Here was incentive. And under this incentive he developed into a remarkable worker.

It was simple work, the tying of glass stoppers into small bottles. At his waist he carried a bundle of twine. He held the bottles between his knees so that he might work with both hands. Thus, in a sitting position and bending over his own knees, his narrow shoulders grew humped and his chest was contracted for ten hours each day. This was not good for the lungs, but he tied three hundred dozen bottles a day.

The superintendent was very proud of him, and brought visitors to look at him. In ten hours three hundred dozen bottles passed through his hands. This meant that he had attained machine-like perfection. All waste movements were eliminated. Every motion of his thin arms, every movement of a muscle in the thin fingers, was swift and accurate. He worked at high tension, and the result was that he grew nervous. At night his muscles twitched in his sleep, and in the daytime he could not relax and rest. He remained keyed up and his muscles continued to twitch. Also he grew sallow and his lint-cough grew worse. Then pneumonia laid hold of the feeble lungs within the contracted chest, and he lost his job in the glass-works.

Now he had returned to the jute-mills where he had first begun with winding bobbins. But promotion was waiting for him. He was a good worker. He would next go on the starcher, and later he would go into the loom-room. There was nothing after that except increased efficiency.

The machinery ran faster than when he had first gone to work, and his mind ran slower. He no longer dreamed at all, though his earlier years had been full of dreaming. Once he had been in love. It was when he first began guiding the cloth over the hot roller, and it was with the daughter of the superintendent. She was much older than he, a young woman, and he had seen her at a distance only a paltry half dozen times. But that made no difference. On the surface of the cloth stream that poured past him, he pictured radiant futures wherein he performed prodigies of toil, invented miraculous machines, won to the mastership of the mills, and in the end took her in his arms and kissed her soberly on the brow.

But that was all in the long ago, before he had grown too old and tired to love. Also, she had married and gone away, and his mind had gone to sleep. Yet it had been a wonderful experience, and he used often to look back upon it as other men and women look back upon the time they believed in fairies. He had never believed in fairies nor Santa Claus; but he had believed implicitly in the smiling future his imagination had wrought into the steaming cloth stream.

He had become a man very early in life. At seven, when he drew his first wages, began his adolescence. A certain feeling of independence crept up in him, and the relationship between him and his mother changed. Somehow, as an earner and bread-winner, doing his own work in the world, he was more like an equal with her. Manhood, full-blown manhood, had come when he was eleven, at which time he had gone to work on the night-shift for six months. No child works on the night-shift and remains a child.

There had been several great events in his life. One of these had

been when his mother bought some California prunes. Two others had been the two times when she cooked custard. Those had been events. He remembered them kindly. And at that time his mother had told him of a blissful dish she would sometime make—"floating island," she had called it, "better than custard." For years he had looked forward to the day when he would sit down to the table with floating island before him, until at last he had relegated the idea of it to the limbo of unattainable ideals.

Once he found a silver quarter lying on the sidewalk. That, also was a great event in his life, withal a tragic one. He knew his duty on the instant the silver flashed on his eyes, before even he had picked it up. At home, as usual, there was not enough to eat, and home he should have taken it as he did his wages every Saturday night. Right conduct in this case was obvious; but he never had any spending of his money, and he was suffering from candy-hunger. He was ravenous for the sweets that only on red-letter days he had ever tasted in his life.

He did not attempt to deceive himself. He knew it was sin, and deliberately he sinned when he went on a fifteen-cent candy debauch. Ten cents he saved for a future debauch; but not being accustomed to the carrying of money, he lost the ten cents. This occurred at the time when he was suffering all the torments of conscience, and it was to him an act of divine retribution. He had a frightened sense of the closeness of an awful and wrathful God. God had seen, and God had been swift to punish, denying him even the full wages of sin.

In memory he always looked back upon that event as the one great criminal deed of his life, and at the recollection his conscience always awoke and gave him another twinge. It was the one skeleton in his closet. Also, being so made and circumstanced, he looked back upon the deed with regret. He was dissatisfied with the manner in which he had spent the quarter. He could have invested it better, and, out of his later knowledge of the quickness of God, he would have beaten God out by spending the whole quarter at one fell swoop. In retrospect he spent the quarter a thousand times, and each time to better advantage.

There was one other memory of the past, dim and faded, but stamped into his soul everlasting by the savage feet of his father. It was more like a nightmare than a remembered vision of a concrete thing—more like the race-memory of man that makes him fall in his sleep and that goes back to his arboreal ancestry.

This particular memory never came to Johnny in broad daylight when he was wide awake. It came at night, in bed, at the moment that his consciousness was sinking down and losing itself in sleep. It always aroused him to frightened wakefulness, and for the moment, in the first

sickening start, it seemed to him that he lay crosswise on the foot of the bed. In the bed were the vague forms of his father and mother. He never saw what his father looked like. He had but one impression of his father, and that was that he had savage and pitiless feet.

His earlier memories lingered with him, but he had no late memories. All days were alike. Yesterday or last year were the same as a thousand years—or a minute. Nothing ever happened. There were no events to mark the march of time. Time did not march. It stood always still. It was only the whirling machines that moved, and they moved nowhere—in spite of the fact that they moved faster.

When he was fourteen he went to work on the starcher. It was a colossal event. Something had at last happened that could be remembered beyond a night's sleep or a week's pay-day. It marked an era. It was a machine Olympiad, a thing to date from. "When I went to work on the starcher," or, "after," or "before I went to work on the starcher," were sentences often on his lips.

He celebrated his sixteenth birthday by going into the loom-room and taking a loom. Here was an incentive again, for it was piece-work. And he excelled, because the clay of him had been molded by the mills into the perfect machine. At the end of three months he was running two looms, and, later, three and four.

At the end of his second year at the looms he was turning out more yards than any other weaver, and more than twice as much as some of the less skillful ones. And at home things began to prosper as he approached the full stature of his earning power. Not, however, that his increased earnings were in excess of need. The children were growing up. They ate more. And they were going to school, and school-books cost money. And somehow, the faster he worked, the faster climbed the prices of things. Even the rent went up, though the house had fallen from bad to worse disrepair.

He had grown taller; but with his increased height he seemed leaner than ever. Also, he was more nervous. With the nervousness increased his peevishness and irritability. The children had learned by many bitter lessons to fight shy of him. His mother respected him for his earning power, but somehow her respect was tinctured with fear.

There was no joyousness in life for him. The procession of the days he never saw. The nights he slept away in twitching unconsciousness. The rest of the time he worked, and his consciousness was machine consciousness. Outside this his mind was a blank. He had no ideals, and but one illusion, namely, that he drank excellent coffee. He was a work-beast. He had no mental life whatever; yet deep down in the crypts of his mind, unknown to him, were being weighed and sifted every hour

of his toil, every movement of his hands, every twitch of his muscles, and preparations were making for a future course of action that would amaze him and all his little world.

It was in the late spring that he came home from work one night aware of an usual tiredness. There was a keen expectancy in the air as he sat down to the table, but he did not notice. He went through the meal in moody silence, mechanically eating what was before him. The children um'd and ah'd and made smacking noises with their mouths. But he was deaf to them.

"D'ye know what you're eatin'?" his mother demanded at last, desperately.

He looked vacantly at the dish before him, and vacantly at her.

"Floatin' island," she announced triumphantly.

"Oh," he said.

"Floating island!" the children chorused loudly.

"Oh," he said. And after two or three mouthfuls, he added, "I guess I ain't hungry tonight."

He dropped the spoon, shoved back his chair, and arose wearily from the table.

"An' I guess I'll go to bed."

His feet dragged more heavily than usual as he crossed the kitchen floor. Undressing was a Titan's task, a monstrous futility, and he wept weakly as he crawled into bed, one shoe still on. He was aware of a rising, swelling something inside his head that made his brain thick and fuzzy. His lean fingers felt as big as his wrist, while in the ends of them was a remoteness of sensation vague and fuzzy like his brain. The small of his back ached intolerably. All his bones ached. He ached everywhere. And in his head began the shrieking, pounding, crashing, roaring of a million looms. All space was filled with flying shuttles. They darted in and out, intricately, amongst the stars. He worked a thousand looms himself, and ever they speeded up, faster and faster, and his brain unwound, faster and faster, and became the thread that fed the thousand flying shuttles.

He did not go to work next morning. He was too busy weaving colossally on the thousand looms that ran inside his head. His mother went to work, but first she sent for the doctor. It was a severe attack of la grippe, he said. Jennie served as nurse and carried out his instructions.

It was a very severe attack, and it was a week before Johnny dressed and tottered feebly across the floor. Another week, the doctor said, and he would be fit to return to work. The foreman of the loom-room visited him on Sunday afternoon, the first day of his convalescence. The best

weaver in the room, the foreman told his mother. His job would be held for him. He could come back to work a week from Monday.

"Why don't you thank 'em, Johnny?" his mother asked anxiously.

"He's ben that sick he ain't himself yet," she explained apologetically to the visitor.

Johnny sat hunched up and gazing steadfastly at the floor. He sat in the same position long after the foreman had gone. It was warm outdoors, and he sat on the stoop in the afternoon. Sometimes his lips moved. He seemed lost in endless calculations.

Next morning, after the day grew warm, he took his seat on the stoop. He had pencil and paper this time with which to continue his calculations, and he calculated painfully and amazingly.

"What comes after millions?" he asked at noon, when Will came home from school. "An' how d'ye work 'em?"

That afternoon finished his task. Each day, but without paper and pencil, he returned to the stoop. He was greatly absorbed in the one tree that grew across the street. He studied it for hours at a time, and was unusually interested when the wind swayed its branches and fluttered its leaves. Throughout the week he seemed lost in a great communion with himself. On Sunday, sitting on the stoop, he laughed aloud, several times, to the perturbation of his mother, who had not heard him laugh in years.

Next morning, in the early darkness, she came to his bed to rouse him. He had had his fill of sleep all week and awoke easily. He made no struggle, nor did he attempt to hold onto the bedding when she stripped it from him. He lay quietly, and spoke quietly.

"It ain't no use, ma."

"You'll be late," she said, under the impression that he was still stupid with sleep.

"I'm awake, ma, an' I tell you it ain't no use. You might as well lemme alone. I ain't goin' to git up."

"But you'll lose your job!" she cried.

"I ain't goin' to git up," he repeated in a strange, passionless voice.

She did not go to work herself that morning. This was sickness beyond any sickness she had ever known. Fever and delirium she could understand; but this was insanity. She pulled the bedding up over him and sent Jennie for the doctor.

When that person arrived Johnny was sleeping gently, and gently he awoke and allowed his pulse to be taken.

"Nothing the matter with him," the doctor reported. "Badly debilitated, that's all. Not much meat on his bones."

"He's always been that way," his mother volunteered.

"Now go 'way, ma, an' let me finish my snooze."

Johnny spoke sweetly and placidly, and sweetly and placidly he rolled over on his side and went to sleep.

At ten o'clock he awoke and dressed himself. He walked out into the kitchen, where he found his mother with a frightened expression on her face.

"I'm goin' away, ma," he announced, "an' I jes' want to say good-by."

She threw her apron over her head and sat down suddenly and wept. He waited patiently.

"I might a-known it," she was sobbing.

"Where?" she finally asked, removing the apron from her head and gazing up at him with a stricken face in which there was little curiosity.

"I don't know—anywhere."

As he spoke the tree across the street appeared with dazzling brightness on his inner vision. It seemed to lurk just under his eye-lids, and he could see it whenever he wished.

"An' your job?" she quavered.

"I ain't never goin' to work again."

"My God, Johnny!" she wailed, "don't say that!"

What he had said was blasphemy to her. As a mother who hears her child deny God, was Johnny's mother shocked by his words.

"What's got into you, anyway?" she demanded, with a lame attempt at imperativeness.

"Figures," he answered. "Jes' figures. I've ben doin' a lot of figurin' this week, an' it's most surprisin'."

"I don't see what that's got to do with it," she sniffled.

Johnny smiled patiently, and his mother was aware of a distinct shock at the persistent absence of his peevishness and irritability.

"I'll show you," he said. "I'm plum tired out. What makes me tired? Moves. I've ben movin' ever since I was born. I'm tired of movin', an' I ain't goin' to move any more. Remember when I worked in the glass house? I used to do three hundred dozen a day. Now I reckon I made about ten different moves to each bottle. That's thirty-six thousan' moves a day. Ten days, three hundred an' sixty thousan' moves a day. One month, one million an' eighty thousan' moves. Chuck out the eighty thousan'—" he spoke with the complacent beneficence of a philanthropist—"chuck out the eighty thousan', that leaves a million moves a month—twelve million moves a year.

"At the looms I'm movin' twic'st as much. That makes twenty-five million moves a year, an' it seems to me I've ben a movin' that way' most a million years."

"Now this week I ain't moved at all. I ain't made one move in hours

an' hours. I tell you it was swell, jes' settin' there, hours an' hours, an' doin' nothin'. I ain't never ben happy before. I never had any time. I've ben movin' all the time. That ain't no way to be happy. An' I ain't goin' to do it any more. I'm jes' goin' to set, an' set, an' rest, an' rest, and then rest some more."

"But what's goin' to come of Will an' the children?" she asked despairingly.

"That's it, 'Will an' the children,'" he repeated.

But there was no bitterness in his voice. He had long known his mother's ambition for the younger boy, but the thought of it no longer rankled. Nothing mattered any more. Not even that.

"I know, ma, what you've ben plannin' for Will—keepin' him in school to make a bookkeeper out of him. But it ain't no use, I've quit. He's got to go to work."

"An' after I have brung you up the way I have," she wept, starting to cover her with the apron and changing her mind.

"You never brung me up," he answered with sad kindliness. "I brung myself up, ma, an' I brung up Will. He's bigger'n me, an' heavier, an' taller. When I was a kid I reckon I didn't git enough to eat. When he come along an' was a kid, I was workin' an' earnin' grub for him, too. But that's done with. Will can go to work, same as me, or he can go t' hell, I don't care which. I'm tired. I'm goin' now. Ain't you goin' to say good-by?"

She made no reply. The apron had gone over her head again and she was crying. He paused a moment in the doorway.

"I'm sure I done the best I knew how," she was sobbing.

He passed out of the house and down the street. A wan delight came into his face at the sight of the lone tree. "Jes' ain't goin' to do nothin'," he said to himself, half aloud, in a crooning tone. He glanced wistfully up at the sky, but the bright sun dazzled and blinded him.

It was a long walk he took, and he did not walk fast. It took him past the jute-mill. The muffled roar of the loom-room came to his ears and he smiled. It was a gentle, placid smile. He hated no one, not even the pounding, shrieking machines. There was no bitterness in him, nothing but an inordinate hunger for rest.

The houses and factories thinned out and the open spaces increased as he approached the country. At last the city was behind him, and he was walking down a leafy lane beside the railroad track. He did not walk like a man. He did not look like a man. He was a travesty of the human. It was a twisted and stunted and nameless piece of life that shambled like a sickly ape, arms loose-hanging, stoop-shouldered, narrow-chested, grotesque and terrible.

He passed by a small railroad station and lay down in the grass under a tree. All afternoon he lay there. Sometimes he dozed, with muscles that twitched in his sleep. When awake he lay without movement, watching the birds or looking up at the sky through the branches of the tree above him. Once or twice he laughed aloud, but without relevance to anything he had seen or felt.

After twilight had gone, in the first darkness of the night, a freight train rumbled into the station. When the engine was switching cars onto the side-track, Johnny crept along the side of the train. He pulled open the side-door of an empty box-car and awkwardly and laboriously climbed in. He closed the door. The engine whistled. Johnny was lying down, and in the darkness he smiled.

And the children? Twelve hours of work for children! O, misery. But not all the Jules Simon of the Academy of Moral and Political Science, not all the Germinys of .jesuitism, could have invented a vice more degrading to the intelligence of the children, more corrupting of their instincts, more destructive of their organism than work in the vitiated atmosphere of the capitalist factory.

Our epoch has been called the century of work. It is in fact the century of pain, misery and corruption.—Lafargue in The Right to be Lazy.

The Third Volume of Marx's "Capital"

By Ernest Untermann.

THE first generation of proletarian students in Europe received the economic theories of Marx, not as a complete and connected system, but in instalments, American socialists have been in the same position until the present time. The result has been the same in Europe and America. With a few exceptions, the Marx students, who were compelled to assimilate his theories in this



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disconnected manner, misunderstood and misinterpreted them. Out of this desultory study arose an immense volume of controversies, attack-

ing and defending what was supposed to be Marx's position, but what was in fact merely a caricature made of his system by friends and foe.

Marx had become clear in his mind about the fundamental outlines of his historical and economic theories by 1847. Even most of the details of special problems had been worked out by him in a series of rough manuscripts by 1863. These manuscripts contained the essential portions of all three volumes of "Capital" and of the material now published in Germany under the title of "Theories of Surplus-Value." Later manuscripts amplified and perfected the older ones, but added nothing new to the fundamental principles.

Under these circumstances, the antagonists of Marx in the bourgeois camp, who insinuated that he had "abandoned" in his second and third volumes the principles laid down in the first one, added but another proof of their mental incapacity to all the others which they had given previously. For if Marx had abandoned his economic principles, he would have done so before he wrote volume I of "Capital," and this whole work would then be an illustration of his disloyalty to principles laid down by him in his manuscripts. But as these manuscripts were precisely the material, from which he constructed this great work, it is evident that the professors did not understand enough about political economy to grasp his meaning.

True, it was not the professors alone who misunderstood him. Even most of his sympathizers did not get a correct conception of his economic system. And that was a natural result of the disconnected way, in which the economic works of Marx appeared, and of the lack of mental training among the working people. But that even so his system could be understood by close study and with sufficient mental preparations, was proved by Josef Dietzgen's review of the first volume of "Capital," in 1868, and by Karl Kautsky's popular volume on "The Economic Teachings of Karl Marx," the first edition of which was published in 1886, eight years before the publication of volume III of "Capital." Kautsky could justly write in his preface to the eighth edition of his popularization: "It is a widespread idea, which is shared even by some Marxists, that the interpretation formerly given of the first volume of "Capital" by us Marxians was completely overthrown and made untenable by the third volume. Nothing is more erroneous than that. I have subjected my work to a thorough revision after the publication of the third volume, and have not found the least change necessary in my theoretical position. This was to be expected from the outset, for Engels had inspected and endorsed my manuscript of the first edition at a time, when he was already familiar with the contents of volume III. If he had found in my book any

conceptions, which would have been overthrown by volume III, he certainly would have called by attention to this fact."

However, what was possible for Dietzgen and Kautsky, was impossible for the vast mass of the rank and file of Marx students. They lacked the exceptional training, which Dietzgen and Kautsky had undergone.

Marx had the essential parts of his system before him, when he wrote out the individual sections. He knew what relation each part bore to the whole. He knew that there was no contradiction between these individual parts and the whole system. But most of his readers, not accustomed to a systematic scientific study, and generally unfamiliar with political economy, received and saw only the individual parts of the Marxian system as they issued from the press. And all who have tried to piece these various parts together into a connected and organic system, will remember, what a difficult task that was, and how often they despaired of accomplishing it.

The new generation of American socialists will not have to struggle with this difficulty any more. They will read all three volumes in rapid succession. The logical consistency of these volumes will become clear to them without much difficulty.

The light, which this third volume, now published for the first time in English, throws upon the preceding two volumes of "Capital," reaches far beyond this work. It clears up many doubts, which must have arisen in the mind of a critical student, who read the other economic writings of Marx, which appeared long before the first volume of "Capital" saw the world. A glance at the entire economic literature of Marx proves, that he worked consistently towards the end reached in volume III long before he put his hand to the first volume of this work.

Already the "Poverty of Philosophy," in 1847, demonstrated the superiority of Marx"s historical method over the metaphysical speculations of a thinker like Proudhon, who tried to solve economic riddles, not by going down into the basic depths of the process of production and following up its historical development, but by a philosophical mimicry of Kant's "antinomies" or Hegel's "negations." Even though Marx still uses the economic terminology of the classic economists in this controversy with Proudhon, his historical clearsightedness enables him to point out the utopian meanderings of the radical bourgeois Proudhon, who, unconscious to himself, vacillates back and forth between the capitalist economist and the communist thinkers, without rising to the level of either. The working class point of view, which sprang forth so strongly soon after the "Poverty of Philosophy"

in the "Communist Manifesto," expresses itself uncompromisingly in this controversy with Proudhon and opens up a deep chasm between Marx and his adversary.

While the historical point of view of the "Poverty of Philosophy" is already that of "Capital," the details of the economic theories had not yet crystallized into that clear distinction of economic categories, which enabled Marx later on to advance beyond Adam Smith and Ricardo in his analysis of exchange-value. In the "Poverty of Philosophy" as well as in "Wage-Labor and Capital," a series of lectures delivered to a workingmen's circle in Brussels, in 1847, Marx does not yet distinguish between "labor" as an activity creating exchange-values, but having no exchange-value itself, and "labor power" as a commodity, whose exchange-value is determined by the labor time required for its reproduction. He still uses the term "labor" for both things, just as the classic economists do.

At that time, Marx had studied political economy only for a few years, and knew the English economists only from French translations. Besides, the political situation compelled him continually to interrupt his studies and take part in the various revolutionary movements that sprang up in Germany and France from 1847 to 1849. Later, when he was getting his manuscript of "Capital" ready for the press, the organization of the "International Workingmen's Association," in 1864, interfered with his economic writings. Had it not been for such interruptions, and for various attacks of illness, Marx surely would have completed "Capital" before his death.

The next link in the economic theories of Marx, which became public, was his "Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy," in 1859. It contains the essential portions of his analysis of exchange-value and use-value, which were later embodied in the first volume of "Capital." As Marx himself explains in his preface to the first edition of this volume, "the substance of that earlier work is summarized in the first three chapters of this volume. This is done not merely for the sake of connection and completeness. The presentation of the subject-matter is improved. As far as circumstances in any way permit, many points only hinted at in the earlier book are here worked out more fully, whilst, conversely, points worked out fully there are only touched upon in this volume. The sections on the history of the theories of value and of money are now, of course, left out altogether. The reader of the earlier work will find, however, in the notes to the first chapter additional sources of reference relative to the history of these theories."

While "Capital" thus contains a more improved presentation of the

fundamentals of Marx's theory of value, as first laid down in the "Critique," this earlier work is famous for the systematic statement of the materialist conception of history contained in its introduction. Marx had practically formulated this conception in his mind by 1845. In the "Poverty of Philosophy" and the "Communist Manifesto," this conception first showed its results in a tangible form. In the Critique" it received its most systematic formulation. And in the three volumes of "Capital" as well as in numerous historical writings, Marx demonstrated, what this conception can really accomplish for the science of human society.

The question of exchange-value and use-value had been cleared up by the "Critique," but not that of surplus-value and its relation to profit. "Wage-Labor and Capital" had, indeed, contained the conception, that capital was the fruit of surplus-labor. But as "labor" and "labor-power" had not been analyzed in their relation to value, the question of surplus-value, of profit, of the role of prices in the exchange between labor-power and capital, of the production of surplus-value and its transformation into profit, had not been clearly stated or solved.

The next public step in this direction was made by Marx in his lecture on "Value, Price and Profit," delivered before the General Council of the "International" on June 26, 1865. This lecture gives a glimpse of the Marxian system as a whole, and is not only a fine synopsis of the first volume of "Capital," but of all three volumes. And if the hints given by this lecture had been appreciated by the readers of volume I, many of them might have saved themselves a good deal of controversy about the question, whether commodities are always and everywhere sold at their full labor value. For in it Marx refutes Weston's assumption of a fixed wage fund, shows that the proportions of the various factors in production and distribution are continually changing, that prices do not depend upon the free will of the capitalists, but upon economic laws, and that a general rise in wages, if possible, could lead to a general rise of prices only, because higher wages would increase the demand of the workers for articles of consumption and because their demand might exceed the supply of goods. In this way, a deviation of prices from values would take place temporarily, but the swing of competition would gradually balance prices again. This is a hint, the significance of which is made very clear by the detailed analysis of volume III, of "Capital," and a careful reader might have found this hint even in volume I of this work.

Still more signficant is the other hint given by this lecture in

regard to the transfer of capital from one sphere of production to another in consequence of a rise of the average rate of profit in one sphere and its fall in another. For an average rate of profit for all capitals of a certain sphere necessarily means that the individual capitals in that sphere do not sell their commodities at their individual values, but at prices varying from these values, so that they reap profits not in proportion to the surplus-value turned out by each individual capital, but in proportion to the percentage, which each individual capital represents in the total capital of that sphere.

All this was indictaed by Marx long before he published Volume I of "Capital". If these hints had been kept in mind during the study of this volume, all the controversies about the alleged sale of all commodities at their individual value might have been avoided. This lecture might well have served as a basis for a solution of the conundrum, which Engels propounded to the economists in his preface to Volume II, in 1885, namely: How do you reconcile Marx's theory of value with the fact that equal capitals, with different proportions of constant and variable capital, got the same average profit during the same period? For the answer was already contained in this lecture, when Marx, referring to Adam Smith, said that the "natural price" (average value) was the center, around which the prices of commodities continually fluctuated. This hint coupled with the analyses of the effect of changes in the proportion between constant and variable capital upon the production of surplus-value, sufficed as an indication of the direction, in which the solution of Engels' conundrum could be found.

It is true, that Marx, for the sake of simplicity, occasionally calls in this lecture "rate of profit" what he later on calls "rate of surplus-values." But in his illustration he assumes that the capital, of which he speaks, is one of average composition, which sells its commodities at its value, so that the profit in this case equals the surplus-value. And if in this case he calculates the rate of profit on the variable instead of on the total capital, he has corrected this little slip later on in his "Capital," so that there could be no misunderstanding of his meaning. In all other respects, the terminology of this lecture is that of "Capital."

The only points, then, which Marx does not clearly state in this lecture, are: The effect of changes in the proportion between constant and variable capital upon the production of absolute and relative surplus-value; the distinction between surplus-value and profit; the transformation of surplus-value into profit by means of prices

which may vary from the individual value of commodities; the general laws by which this transformation is regulated.

The first point was fully cleared up, when volume I of "Capital" appeared in 1867. But neither this volume nor the second volume cleared up the question of the relation of surplus-value to profit. The basic assumption of the first two volumes is rather, that all commodities are sold at their value, and the student who is not familiar with the previous economic writings of Marx, or who has forgotten what they contain, is apt to overlook, that Marx makes this assumption merely for the sake of simplifying the problem, but does not wish to be understood that this is absolutely the actual state of affairs in reality.

However, for the inquiries in volumes I and II, this assumption corresponded closely enough to reality. For these inquiries are dealing with the social capital as a whole in the sphere of production or of circulation, and for the total social capital it is true enough, that commodities are sold at their value, always remembering, that here, as in other fields of science, absolute mathematical exactness does not exist.

Especially in volume I, which deals more specifically with the historical relations between wage workers and capitalists and does not go into the question of the relations of the various types of capitalists among themselves, there is no need of departing from the standpoint of society and its capital and labor as a whole.

Neither volume I nor volume II of "Capital" deals with the division of the total social surplus-value among the various kinds of capitalists. The question of the transformation of surplus-value into profit is not touched in these volumes. The first merely deals with the production of commodities, the second with their circulation, and the various functions and disguises of capital are analyzed in their relations to necessary and surplus labor.

Nevertheless, a close study of these two volumes and their comparison with volume III shows, that the first two pave the way for the analyses of the third. While volume I reveals the deep significance of the division of capital into a constant and a variable part for the production of surplus-value, volume II adds another link in the evidence by pointing out the significance of the division of constant capital into a fixed and a circulating portion for the turn-over of capital, and thus far the circulation of surplus-value. The significance of this distinction becomes clear, when we turn to volume III and study the role of fixed capital in helping to make up the cost-price and the price of production (cost-price plus average profit.) This

distinction also enables us to understand how it is that the capitalist, who calculates his rate of profit on the total capital, whether all the fixed capital has been used up or not, can always make his returns appear smaller than they really are, when we inquire into the actual value of capital that has been transferred to the commodities.

When we look back in this way over the various economic writings of Marx and over the first two volumes of "Capital," we can readily understand that volume III does not abandon a single fundamental proposition laid down in those earlier writings or in the first two volumes. All of them are logical steps in the same direction, all of them are based upon the same fundamental material. If the terminology is not uniform throughout, still the meaning of these various terms is always thoroughly explained, and it is uniform at least throughout all three volumes of "Capital." Only a superficial reader, or a superficial thinker, can find any flagrant contradictions between these three volumes, or between them and the earlier writings of Marx. But those, who really have a scientific love for political economy, will find a never-ending delight in following up the Marxian analyses and comparing the various parts of his system, and their organic consistency, with the loose and really contradictory fragments of his adversaries.

In this light, the Marxian system of economy towers high and strong above all others in the world's history, and explains more nearly and more naturally the actual processes in the historical development of human modes of production, especially of capitalist production, than any other system ever discovered by any human brain. And no critique outside or inside of the ranks of the Socialist Parties has ever touched the solid rock of its foundations. Neither has any critic ever offered to place another and superior system upon its ruins. What has been attempted in this line, has from the outset demonstrated the weakness, lack of cohesion and superficiality of the Marx critics.

What Marx says in volume I about exchange-value and use-value, constant and variable capital, and what he adds in volume II about the fixed constant and circulating constant capital, offers the natural material, from which he constructs his conception of the technical and value-composition of capital, which together make out the organic composition of capital. And with this organic composition for a starting point, the transformation of surplus-value into profit, and the equalization of the various rates of profit into an average rate of profit in the various spheres of production, and their equalization into a

social or general rate of profit, becomes a logical continuation of the fundamental analyses of the first two volumes.

It is then seen, that the assumption of volumes I and II, to the effect that commodities are sold at their value, actually holds good in two ways: First, it holds good for the total capital of society as a whole; second, it holds good for capitals, which have the same organic composition as the total social capital; those are called capitals of average composition.

But not all capitals of a certain society, or of a certain sphere of production, have this average composition. Some are behind in the development of their composition. These employ relatively more variable than constant capital and are called capitals of lower composition. Others are ahead of the rest and employ relatively more constant than variable capital; those are called capitals of higher composition.

Now all capitals produce commodities for sale in a competitive market. If the relation between supply and demand is normal, that is, if they are approximately balanced, the capitals of average composition sell their products at their value (constant plus variable capital plus surplus-value); all other capitals likewise sell their products at this average price set by the capitals of average composition. But since capitals of higher composition produce commodities at a lower value than the average, they receive in the average profit more surplus-value than they would, if they sold their goods at their individual value. And since capitals of lower composition produce commodities at a higher value than the average, they lose some of their individual surplus-value when getting the average profit.

In this way, all capitals sell their commodities at an average price determined by the average conditions of production in the various spheres, and in society as a whole, and the fundamental department of production, which sounds the keynote, as it were, is that in which the necessities of life are produced, which form the bulk of the subsistence of the wage workers and thus determine the value of the variable capital in its organic proportion to the constant capital. Each capital adds to the cost-price (constant plus variable capital consumed) the average profit, and this sum constitutes what Marx calls the individual price of production. The price of production of the capitals of average composition is the average price of production.

But while demand and supply tend toward a balance, they never balance altogether in reality, for any length of time. The population increases the productive power of labor through technical improvements, through the cultivation of new and more fertile soils, etc., increases likewise, production is planless and tends to overreach the

demand, crop failures or bumper crops shift the balance, capitals crowd into one sphere of production and leave another, laborers are plentiful in one section of a country and scarce in another, and so the regulating position of the average capitals of one period is taken by capitals of a different organic composition of another period. And since the capitals of higher composition are in the most favorable position, whenever a change in technical methods or in the proportions between demand and supply intensifies competition, they can undersell the capitals of average and lower composition and still make a profit.

Under these circumstances, the average rate of profit is never a tangible or fixed rate, but rather assumes the aspect of a liquid, ever shifting magnitude. And since under the pressure of competition there is a continual tendency to increase the constant capital faster than the variable, the rate of profit has a tendency to fall, so long as competition rules the market. But the natural outcome of composition is monopoly. The so-called "life of trade" dies and a new power steps upon the throne. With the advent of monopoly, the tendency of the constant capital to increase faster than the variable capital continues, but the monopoly has no longer any competition to fear, it enables the monopolists to fix prices more in accord with their wishes, even in the world market, and this conscious and arbitrary human control now interferes with the uncontrolled pressure of competition and largely oversteps the limits set under competition by the law of value.

This power of monopoly to overcome the law of value shows itself in many ways even while competition still rules the world at large. It shows its first signs in two institutions, which have from the outset carried an element of monopoly in them, namely in interest and ground rent.

Interest and ground rent according to Marx are forms of surplus-value. Under a capitalist form of production, both interest and ground rent are more or less under the sway of the industrial profit, and it is controlled by the law of value. So far as the rate of interest and the rate of ground rent depend upon the industrial rate of profit they must have the same tendency to fall as the rate of profit. But ground rent and interest are from the outset the outcome of a combination of things, which enable their beneficiaries to enjoy the fruits of monopoly. They are, of course, always due to society and to class rule, and to that extent they are not "natural" monopolies, not the outcome of natural, but of social law. But both money-capital and land can be easily monopolized, and to the extent that they are

monopolized, they can escape the workings of the law of value to a greater or smaller degree. Nevertheless, the law of value controls them more or less, so long as competition rules the industrial world.

But with the institution of banks, of stock companies, of bills of exchange, of fictitious capital, interest becomes to a large extent exempt from the law of value. There is no actual value back of the greater part of the capitalist "securities," and even the bank deposits represent sums which are backed but by an infinitesimal amount of actual values. Yet interest is charged on all these things, and so far as this sort of interest is concerned, Marx himself says that it does not depend upon the law of value, but upon "accident," and that there is no law, by which its rate is detemined. With the coming of industrial monopoly even the last "necessary" connection between interest and industrial profit is destroyed, and monopolists can sway production and distribution without much regard for social laws. But they cannot escape them in the end.

It has often been pointed out of late that in the United States the rate of interest is now as high as it was before the Civil War, or even higher. And it has been said that this contradicts the Marxian theory, and that we should revise our ideas on this point. But this new "revisionism," like the older one, is based upon a misconception of the Marxian analysis of interest. Marx has never claimed that the rate of interest absolutely follows the rate of industrial profit, but has merely pointed out that so long as interest is paid out of industrial profits made under competition, so long interest must depend upon the laws of industrial productivityy. He has, however, never overlooked the fact that banks, money lenders, stock speculators, etc., enjoy a monopoly and work largely with fictitious values, and he has never denied that the rate of interest may largely be determined by market condition, which enable money monopolists to charge usury rates for the use of their "capital." We need not revise his theory on that score in the least. It suffices fully for the explanation of all phenomena, which the advent of monopoly, even in industry, may place before us for solution.

In ground rent, likewise, Marx has from the outset acknowledged that it may be the outcome of monopoly. He distinguishes three historical forms of ground rent: Labor Rent, Rent in Kind, and Money Rent. He distinguishes two main forms of capitalistic money rent: Differential Rent and Absolute Rent. Differential Rent, according to him, appears in two principal forms: Differential Rent I arises through the investment of equal or unequal capitals side by side upon lands of different natural fertility. Differential Rent II arises

through the investment of equal or unequal capitals successively upon the same land with different results.

Absolute Rent, according to Marx, is due from the outset to conditions, which enable the landlord to pocket any surplus profits, which may arise from market constellations in which the capitalist may sell his agricultural product at monopoly prices.

The two forms of differential rent arise in the last analysis from the increased productivity of labor due to a monopolization of superior soils, or of natural powers, so that capitals invested upon these better soils are enabled to sell their agricultural products at an average price of production determined by the cost price and profit of the capitals invested in the worst land. The surplus profit, which is thus made by the favored capitals, does not enter into the equalization brought about by the general rate of profit, but is paid to the landlords in the form of rent.

All this does not contradict Marx's law of value in the least, but is rather built up upon the law of value as the fundamental premise. So far as interest and ground rent modify this law or escape its rule, it is due to conditions of monopoly, which Marx has not overlooked but emphasized from the very beginning. No revision of his theories is necessary in this respect but only a revision of the misconceptions of the would-be revisionists by themselves. If they were as eager to revise their own muddled concepts as they are to revise Marx's theories, they would get to work studying Marx more profoundly, and that would be of great benefit to themselves and to the socialist movement.

A question which has long bothered our impossibilists who are only revisionists at the radical pole of the socialist movement, is that of secondary exploitation. They have strenuously denied that the proletariat can be exploited in the circulation of commodities as well as in their production. According to them commodities are always and everywhere sold at their value, the whole production and circulation of society resolves itself into mathematical example, and value, price, profit and surplus-value come out in the end without a fraction. This according to them is Marx's theory of value. I have had to stand a good deal of abuse for about a decade whenever I tried to make my impossibilist friends understand that that was a theory of value of their own making. At last they can read volume III and see for themselves that Marx considered a secondary exploitation of the proletariat as one of the principal means by which the rate of profit is prevented from falling. And it is evident, that this secondary exploitation must be far greater in a stage of industrial monopoly like

the one in which we are now living, than it was under the stage of competition in which Marx wrote. Here, then, is another opportunity for a "revision" not of Marxian theories, but of the muddled conceptions of the impossibilist revisionists. Or, if they stick to their own theory of value it is up to them to demonstrate that Marx's theory of value is wrong in this respect. I shall await developments with a great deal of interest.

Of course Marxian economy is not absolute in the sense that it can not be developed and improved a good deal. It can and shall and Marx and Engels were the first to desire it. But before we younger socialists can attempt that, it is necessary that we should have understood what Marx and Engels actually taught.

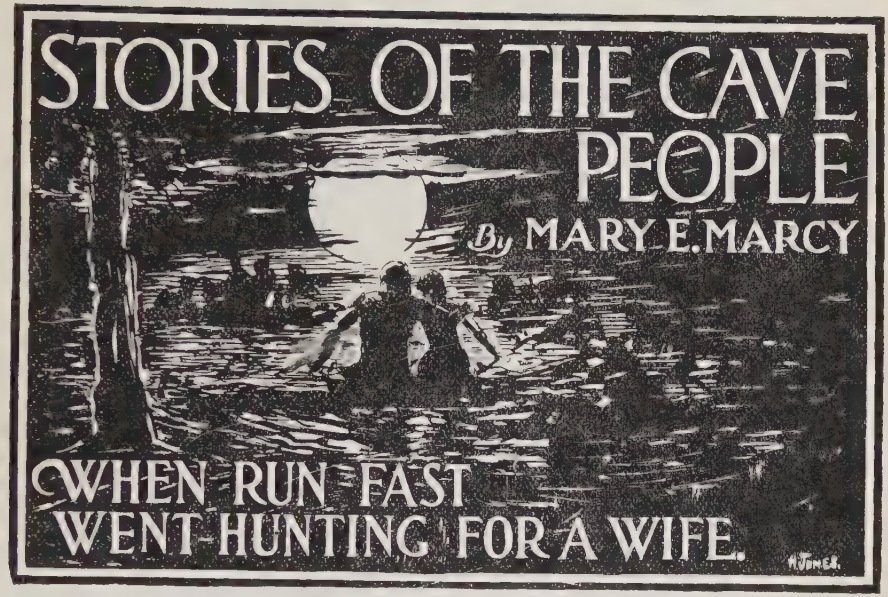
Engels has added some contributions to Marx's economy in later articles, which were published soon after Engels died. One of these is an interesting sketch of the role of labor in the humanization of the anthropoid ape, the other a discussion of the relations between the law of value and the average rate of profit which comments on some of the misinterpretations of Marx's analyses by various economists and clears up a good many doubtful points. I hope to publish these two articles in the near future in an English translation.

In the meantime I hope that a large body of American proletarians and their friends will delve into the rich mine, which volume III of "Capital" offers to them. And by the time that they have assimilated its contents I hope that either myself or some other comrade will have translated Kautsky's edition of the "Theories of Surplus-Value," which gives many interesting glimpses of the historical development of this important theory and adds materially to an understanding of "Capital" itself.

Best of all I hope that after this the discussions of the economic theories of Marx will proceed on a higher level. This should be the immediate result of a study of volume III, at least among socialists. From the capitalist professors, I don't expect much, of course, and none of us cares very much, anyway, what they think or say. We can take care of ourselves, thanks to Marx.

STORIES OF THE CAVE PEOPLE

By MARY E. MARCY





THE Cave People were skillful fisher folk. From the bark of the cocoanut palm, which they bound to the forked branches of trees, they made nets and caught the fish.

The Cave babies were able to swim almost before they could walk. When for the first time their fathers and mothers threw them into the edge of the river they would beat the water with their little hands, and, with much splashing, make their way toward the bank again.

Boat making, however, came slowly to the Cave People. They knew, of course, how logs, or the trunks of trees float, but tree-felling was beyond their knowledge and their tools.

Not until they had learned to fashion cane rafts rudely strung or bound together with strips of bark, were the Cave People able to ride against the current of the river. But these cane rafts were so light that they were able, with little effort, to paddle up stream, if they hugged the banks of the river where the current was weak.

When the men of the Hairy Folk, who dwelt far up the river, descended upon the Cave People and sought to take away their women and their daughters, the Cave People gave them blow for blow and, in the end, drove the intruders back into the wood.

And the secret of the matter was a strange sickness that had come upon the women of the Hairy Folk, and had stricken them with an unknown illness. The women of the Hairy Folk had died in great pain, one by one, till only the old and unattractive ones remained to the tribe. And the young men of the Hairy Folk went forth to seek new wives.

Now Run Fast was the greatest coward among the tribe of the Cave People, but after the Hairy Folk were driven away, he felt that a great strength had come into his heart.

Much hair covered his face, and his limbs were as lithe as the branches of the willow, shining in the sun like bars of burnished copper. But his courage was like the water of cool springs, running from him always.

For this reason he had never been able to win for himself a wife Stripling lads had routed him and taken the young women he loved, and so he remained alone in the tribe.

Deep in his heart Run Fast knew that it would be by brave deeds alone that he could gain a wife. And it was the laugh of the Cave People



FISHING NET MADE FROM BARK OF COCOANUT PALM.

and the scorn of the young women, as well as the hunger in his heart, that drove Run Fast one day along the river bank.

He bore only his bone weapon, split at the end like a strong javelin. At his side, and beyond, down past him, flowed the great river and as he ran, he kept close to the bank for he knew that there only would he be able to elude the fierce hyenas and the black bear.

It was the first time Run Fast had ever traveled forth from the Cave People alone; there was a trembling in his strong limbs, and upon the breaking of a twig, or the falling of a branch, he started forth closer to the river.

And the waters rushed continually past him with a mad roar and he knew that he had only to throw himself into the current to be borne swiftly back in the direction whence he had come. Of this one thing Run Fast had no fear, for he had been accustomed to the water for many seasons.

For many hours he traveled, only pausing at the edge of the river and dipping his palms, cup-wise, to drink.

And when he grew hungry Run Fast skirted the edge of the forest

for nuts. Then he resumed his journey, for he remembered the word of Strong Arm, and his gesture toward the sun, when Strong Arm spoke of the homes of the Hairy Folk. This meant that it would take one of the Cave Men a day of hard walking to reach their dwelling places.

When the Western sky was covered with the gold of the setting sun Run Fast found a raft tied to a tree with a piece of bark. The raft was rude and very heavy, being merely the trunk of a great tree across which was bound branches and pieces of cane, which served to prevent the log from rolling over in the river and dumping the people into the water.

Run Fast knew the raft belonged to the Hairy Folk, for according to the words of Strong Arm, there remained but a little way to travel before he would reach their homes.

But he marked the spot where the raft lay well. If the Hairy Folk discovered his approach, he had only to throw himself upon the raft and be borne toward the Hollow where dwelt the tribe of the Cave People.

So eager was Run Fast to reach the enemy that he slipped through the wood, like a shadow in the evening. The rustle of leaves was not heard as his feet sped over them. And he was in the land of the Hairy Folk before he was aware.

When he saw the men walking about or squatting over a piece of bear meat, Run Fast slipped into the brush where, unseen, he could watch the manner of living of these folks. His limbs trembled sorely for the quick beating of his heart refused to subside, so heavy was it with fear.

But his heart said over and over again that did he but kill one of the men of the Hairy Folk, or return to his people with one of their women, all the Cave People would look upon him with wonder and admiration. He knew also that if the men of the Hairy Folk discovered him he would have need to run very swiftly to elude their vengeance. It was this thought that brought the sweat to his brow and caused his hair to bristle with fear.

The longing to feed his anger against the enemy burned within him, but Fear taught him reason. So he lay long among the bushes, awaiting an opportunity to harm them.

Men he saw lying with distended bellies, after a meal of fresh meat, but no women. Darker it grew, as the sun continued to ride low in the West, and he had need of all his new found courage to prevent his limbs from running away.

Came a time when he felt he could endure the waiting no longer that a woman walked forth from one of the caves. Tall she was and very thin, and so heavy grew the hair upon her chin and face that he first

mistook her for a man. Heavily she walked, as though she were very old or weary with much pain. And at her heels trotted a small brown boy.

Long Run Fast watched her eagerly for his cave was lonely for want of a wife. His eyes gleamed and he heard in his mind the yells of the men of the Hairy Folk when he should carry off one of their women.

At length as the woman bent her steps toward the caves Run Fast rushed upon her, like the winds that come when the buds grow large. He made no sound, but the brown boy who first saw him set up a cry of alarm. With a sweep of his arm, Run Fast struck the boy to the earth and seized the woman, whom he bore, clawing and scratching, to the bank of the river.

The hairy woman showed her great teeth, making hideous sounds of rage. She tore at his hair and dug her teeth into his arms.

But nothing stopped Run Fast and on he dashed, dragging, pulling and finally carrying her as he went. Soon they reached the edge of the river where lay the raft. And close upon their heels, mad with rage, came the men of the Hairy Folk.

Very quickly Run Fast tore loose the bark that held the raft and drew the woman onto it with him. Then he gave a mighty shove that sent them whirling into the river, where the current caught the raft and bore it swiftly down stream.

The men of the Hairy Folk were now on the bank of the river and some of them leaped into the water. Others hurled their bone weapons toward Run Fast. But none of them struck home, and beating down the woman he paddled with his hands, and they were soon beyond pursuit.

At this season of the year the current of the river made about five miles an hour, and the distance it had taken Run Fast a hard day's journey to cover, would be made by the raft in a few hours.

Continually the old woman struck at Run Fast and he had great difficulty in keeping her from throwing herself into the river. But a blow from his fist soon quieted her and she ceased to struggle.

By and by the stars came out and the moon showed her face and covered the surface of the river with a flood of gold. The old woman snarled, but Run Fast held her very tightly in his arms.

His heart sung a song of pride and triumph for he knew that he would no longer be the scorn of the Cave People. No more would he be compelled to sit alone in his cave with the howl of the hyena to make him more lonely.

The day of his triumph was at hand and with tenderness he drew the old woman close to his breast. And the stars laughed and the moon smiled, while the raft floated steadily, noiselessly down the river. But the face of the woman was hard with pain, for she knew that men may come

and men may go, but the small brown boy, in the home of the Hairy Folk, would be her boy forever.

Who can know the understanding of the dog, which lost in a strange land, finds his way home again! Or the animals of the forest, how they find the old haunts through the unknown ways! And who among us can say how Run Fast understood that when the moon rose high in the heavens the raft would be nearing the bend in the river which appeared before the Hollow, wherein lay the homes of the Cave People!

For the Cave People were unable to count. One, they made known by the pointing of a fore-finger upward; and two by pointing two fingers. But beyond this, they had no signs for the numbers but flung out their hands as though to say, "many."

But Run Fast knew even as his brothers would have known under



similar circumstances. And when the raft curved about the bend, he paddled with his hand to steer the boat close to the shore.

Very cautiously he pushed the woman on to the bank before him, for the beasts came often to the river edge to drink, but he saw no danger. Then, making fast the boat, he bore the woman of the Hairy Folk over the rocks to his cave and rolled a great stone before the entrance.

And his heart was glad and his blood was warm, for he knew that no longer would he be an outcast among his own people.

* * * * * *

Two suns had come and gone again when Run Fast bent his steps toward the forest, and the old woman disappeared. Doubtless she turned

her face toward the home of the small brown boy among the Hairy Folk. Run Fast was thus again made lonely, but the voices of his brothers cheered him. Always they said, "man, man," when he appeared, for he had proven his courage and his bravery among the tribe. The young women looked tenderly at the strength of his limbs and he was become honored among his people.

* * * * * *

[Charles Darwin says in his Descent of Man: "In utterly barbarous times the women have more power in choosing, rejecting and tempting their lovers, or of afterwards changing their husbands, than might have been expected." He gives several illustrations. Page 620, Crowell edition.]

Among the original germs of thought, which have exercised the most powerful influence upon the human mind, and upon human destiny, are these which relate to government, to the family, to language, to religion, and to property. They had a definite beginning far back in savagery, and a logical progress, but can have no final consummation, because they are still progressing, and must ever continue to progress.—Morgan's Ancient Society.

Socialism for Students

By Joseph E. Cohen.

VIII. SOCIALIST PHILOSOPHY.



FROM the earliest times what man lacked in knowledge he made up in imagination. And the less he was informed as regards what occurred about him, the more extravagant were the speculations he indulged in. Consequently his intellectual growth consists, to some measure at least, in a process of disillusionment.

By degrees man has extended the realm of the known and limited that of the unknown. At first the universe appeared as chaos. Then it was seen that everything exists in motion through time and space. Then the distinction became clear between the animate and the inanimate, between the organic and the inorganic, between the lower animals and man. Then came the classification of phenomena: the study of the heavenly bodies, of the activity of matter, of its composition, of organic life, of consciousness, and of society. Having classified the data gathered, man formulates theories, learns the purpose of everything and offers his explanation of what we are, how we came to be and whither we are going.

Philosophizing about things is the highest function of the mind. For in a proper sense philosophy is something more than science; it is like standing upon one's tiptoes above what we know to take a peep into what is just beyond and what some day we may understand. It should be stated at once, however, that there is more poetry than truth in the verse: "We are such stuff as dreams are made of." Sentiments of that kind belong to the earlier ages, when men were engaged in speculating as to the number of spirits that can dance on the point of a needle. Philosophy deals with the realities of life, no less so than does science. We spin our philosophies only as we human beings must, because of what we and the universe are. Science commences where metaphysics ends. Science does not lose itself in metaphysics. Metaphysics finds itself in science.

Ideas originate in our brains, not outside of us. What we call the mind of man, like everything else, began in simpler forms. Fitch

and Jacques Loeb even trace it back to inanimate nature. The impulse below intellect is intuition, which is developed further in many animals than in man. Thus animals scent danger more quickly than man and are better weather prophets. And because woman is nearer to the lower forms than man, intuition is more deeply seated in the female of the race, enabling her to peremptorily pass judgments that the male arrives at only after laborious thought. Intuition is often spoken of as a feminine attribute.

Man thinks what he cannot help thinking. Professor William James, in his work on "Psychology," states his fundamental proposition in this wise: "The first and foremost concrete fact which everyone will affirm to belong to his inner experience is the fact that consciousness of some sort goes on. "States of mind" succeed each other in him. If we could say in English "it thinks," as we say "it rains" or "it blows," we should be stating the fact most simply and with the minimum of assumption. As we cannot we must simply say that thought goes on. This observation every one verifies when he speaks of a thought coming to him "as quick as a flash."

Just as we cannot conceive of another color except those we know or a combination of them, so we entertain only such ideas as are the result of the experience of what is in us. "Imagination cannot transcend experience," Lester F. Ward puts it. When philosophy tried to do so, he says, "it floated in the air and fought the battles of the shades." "The history of successive meanings of words solves the first difficulty; it shows the concrete meaning always preceding the abstract meaning," remarks Lafargue in his "Social and Philosophical Studies." Among many instances of like nature, he calls our attention to the legends surrounding certain numbers, showing what a hard time the savage had in training himself to count beyond two. And Professor Seligman says: "Everywhere the physical, material substratum was recognized long before the ethical connotation was reached."

Ideas are of value only as they respond to material, historical fact. Detached from the conditions to which they rightfully belong, their significance is warped. The problems confronting society are not hypothetical. Thus secession should hardly have shocked the North, since abolitionists and New Englanders advocated it long before the South carried it into execution.

Dualism—separation of ideas from things—appears in many shapes. It is one of the most striking features of some outworn philosophies. Thus Kautsky says of Kant: "Through him did philosophy first become the science of science, whose duty it is not to

teach a distinct philosophy, but how to philosophize." Yet Kant believed there to be in everything "the thing in itself," something other than the combination of its qualities. Instead of examining the merits and demerits of men and institutions, this process of reasoning would make us hold to "the divine right of kings," "the sacredness of contract" and the infallibility of courts.

The consequence of dualism is, as in Spencer's case, the consideration of an unknowable, separate and distinct from the knowable, forever closed to the human mind. To which it might well be said: If there is, we do not know of it. Much is indeed unknown. But some of what was formerly unknown is now known. While we do not rush to the other extreme—ultimately everything will be known—we can say that considerable of what is today unknown will some day be known.

Again, in Hegel's case, there is dualism based upon the idea as the primary. Engels describes the Hegelian philosophy in these words: "In this system—and herein is its great merit—for the first time the whole world, natural, historical, intellectual, is represented as a process, i. e., as in constant motion, change, transformation, development, and the attempt is made to trace out the internal connection that makes a continuous whole of all this movement and development. . . . From this point of view the history of mankind no longer appeared as a wild whirl of senseless deeds of violence all equally condemnable at the judgment seat of mature philosophic reason, and which are best forgotten as quickly as possible; but as the process of evolution of man himself." Hegel sought in history the evolution of ideas as a philosophy of history, rather than the development of institutions out of and into social orders. As a consequence Hegel lost himself in the pursuit of the absolute. His method is satisfactory; the content of that method, the system is insufficient.

It is hardly accidental that Spencer and Hegel are found defending the existing order, disciples of so-called "individualism." For a philosophy seeking the absolute is, more or less, a mirage of class dominion. The absolute in philosophy accompanies the absolute in economics, politics and social relations, accompanies the concentration of property, power and position into the hands of the monopolist.

Breaking away from the Hegelian school, and marking another step forward stands Feuerbach. Feuerbach declared his position to be: "Backwards I am in accord with the materialists, but not forwards." This attitude, Engels, in his work on "Feuerbach," has very well hit off. "The under half of him was materialist, the upper half

idealist." Feuerbach is intermediary, the connecting link. The next school is that of Marx, the materialistic conception of history. Marx's method differs little from the Hegelian. But in the gathering of data, material conditions and social relations play a more important part than speculations. The Hegelian system is turned right side up.

Caution must be exercised in employing the Marxian method. Ideas are not ignored. They are included. They are accepted as part of the historical data. But they do not exist alone. And the actual conditions that brought them into being are generally first considered. Marx emphasizes this point when he says in criticism of Feuerbach, "The materialistic doctrine that men are the products of conditions and education, different men therefore the products of other conditions and changed education, forgets that circumstances may be altered by men and that the educator has himself to be educated. It necessarily happens, therefore, that society is divided into two parts, of which one is elevated above society. (Robert Owen, for example)."

In Socialist philosophy there is no pursuit of the absolute, other than lies in recognizing the universe as the only absolute. Says Dietzgen, in his "Philosophical Essays": "The absolute and the relative are not separated transcendentally, they are connected with each other so that the unlimited is made up of an infinite number of finite limitations and each limited phenomenon possesses the nature of the infinite." Entertaining any other absolute is but a way of regarding the capitalist order as absolute and final. The Socialist, for his part, regards the ending of the career of our ruling class as the beginning of the career of the working class, as clearing the road for grander intellectual achievement.

With the Socialist, therefore, everything is relative. Everything exists by contrast. All things considered, what is here is superior to what has been, but inferior to what will be. In the words of Emerson: "The reputations of the nineteenth century will one day be quoted to prove its barbarism."

Again society is not one general mass of owners and producers, some of whom happen to be more intelligent, industrious and thrifty than others. Society is split up into two distinct classes, those who work most and possess least, and those who work least and possess most. This deep-rooted contradiction is at the bottom of many others. It accounts to a great extent for the double code of ethics, the contrast between precept and practice, between the real and the ideal—a contrast so glaring that Ibsen makes one of his characters

say: "Don't use that foreign word: Ideals. We've got the excellent native word: lies."

Wages and profits, poverty and plenty, slavery and mastery, go together. Truth is relative, not absolute. There are no absolute standards of right and wrong. Everything is right or wrong only in relation to everything else. Estimates are of importance only as they conform to historical needs. There is no valid comparison, for instance, between the condition of the workers today and that of the workers of decades ago. A comparison of moment is that which shows whether they own a larger or smaller share of the national wealth, and whether they are masters of their lives more so than formerly.

As between right and wrong, wrong is the outgrown. As between true and false, false is the surpassed. Truth and right are all there is to false and wrong, with something in addition. To do right one must comprehend up to and beyond wrong. Just as the higher animals have grown out of others lower in the scale, and civilization out of barbarism and savagery, so what is morally right has grown out of what has become wrong. Right is superior to wrong—by contrast.

Socialism is capitalism, and all that has gone before, with something in addition—collectivism in the means of material existence. Socialism has, from being utopian, become scientific, and is developing from theory to practice. Socialist theories are—by contrast—more satisfactory than others, but ready to be abandoned should a better explanation of social change be advanced. And they are not sufficient unto themselves. They are broadening in the light of additional knowledge. "Nor do the Socialists consider Marx infallible," comments Hillquit in "Mr. Mallock's Ability." "Marxism is a living, progressive theory of a live, growing and concrete social movement, not an ossified dogma nor a final revelation. And the disciples of Karl Marx have always shown a true appreciation of the spirit of their master by developing, extending and, when necessary in the light of newer developments, even modifying his teachings." Furthermore, just as there were other playwrights, precursors and contemporaries of Shakespeare, who helped create the Elizabethan drama, so were there other thinkers, precursors and contemporaries of Marx and Engels, who helped describe the scientific foundations of modern Socialism.

Historical materialism operates in the domain of sociology. Now, sociologists admit that social conditions are not the result of specific pre-arranged carried-out plans, but exist as the sum total of conflicting currents. What is necessary, therefore, is a clear under-

standing of the operation of the law of cause and effect, so that, for the future, the consequence of every proposal may be anticipated.

The analysis of the process of reasoning is the special task of philosophy. Philosophy takes up the thread where historical materialism drops it. This is made clear by Dietzgen when he says: "The positive outcome of philosophy concerns itself with specifying the nature of the human mind. It shows that this special nature of mind does not occupy an exceptional position, but belongs with the whole of nature in the same organization." Historical materialism is supplemented by materialistic monism. Monism is the Socialist's method of reasoning, his dialectic. "The dialectic is," as Engels says, in "Landmarks of Scientific Socialism," "as a matter of fact, nothing but the science of the universal laws of motion, and evolution in nature, human society and thought." And again, "Nature is the proof of dialectics," just as history is the proof of historical materialism.

The dialectic may be resolved into thesis, antithesis and synthesis. Against the thesis that the idea is foremost comes the antithesis that the material is foremost, following from which the synthesis accepts the idea through the thing. Against the thesis of hero worship comes the antithesis of historical conditions, following from which is the synthesis that, to a great extent, the individual is the instrument through which the general impulse finds expression. The Socialist position is neither at one extreme nor the other, neither idealism nor the old materialism, just as to lead a normal life is to be neither a profligate nor a miser.

Let us now consider the non-Socialist. As likely as not he is given to ancestor worship, holding that the proper course lies in a "return to the faith of our fathers." He fails to see that, to be consistent in this, civilization would have to be deprived of the institutions it has acquired since their time. For our forefathers, who were used to the ray of the candle, might be blinded by an arc light. Moreover, what of value there was in their faith persists in our day. For the good, no less than the evil, liveth after them. Indeed we go so far as to say, in view of our additional wisdom and broader mental horizon, however lofty were the principles and ideals actuating them, the principles and ideals of our generation are loftier and grander.

Or, often, the philosophy of the non-Socialist is based upon notions that have been "abstracted" from actual conditions—abstract principles of right, justice, equality and the like. Such is a philosophy of ideas and dangles in the air. Its meaning is lost, buried in the grave of antiquities. It boasts of no body, no substance. Such

philosophy looks upon society as a conflict, not of men and economic interests, but of ideas of justice.

An example of a philosophy of abstract principles is anarchism, in many respects the antithesis of Socialism. Plechanoff, in "Anarchism and Socialism," calls the anarchist a utopian, defining the utopian as "one who, starting from an abstract principle, seeks for a perfect social organization." The anarchist forgets, it is not principles men profess which we must consider, but what they perform. Not creeds, but deeds. Jefferson, who is often quoted as having uttered the words, "The country that is least governed is best governed," himself stretched the authority vested in him as president to acquire the Louisiana territory. A philosophy is known by its fruit. So Plechanoff quotes Proudhon, acclaimed the father of anarchism, offering this moth-worn homily as a solution of the labor question: "Workers, hold out your hands to your employers; and you, employers, do not deliberately repulse the advances of those who were your wage-earners."

Proudhon proved himself a utopian when he devised a banking system for the exchange of labor products years after Robert Owen's. As in the case of the pursuit of the absolute, the philosophy of abstract principles paints a capitalist utopia. So Kautsky says: "Anarchism arose from the reaction of the petty bourgeoisie against capitalism, which threatens and oppresses it."

Anarchists join with votaries of capitalism in decrying the tendency upon the part of the workers to rely on "paternalism," in looking upon Socialist control as a despotic bureaucracy that would stifle "individual incentive" and "personal liberty," and in warning us that Socialism is the "coming slavery." Keeping pace with capitalistic thought, moreover, anarchists advise the workers to refrain from voting just when the ruling class is exerting itself to disfranchise them.

A philosophy laying stress upon the aristocracy of ideas is one way or another a philosophy of the artistocratic class in society. The philosophy of the common people is carried upon the broad, democratic back of the realities of life.

It is because "necessity is the mother of invention"—especially material necessity—that there are simultaneous inventions in mechanical appliances and simultaneous spinning of like philosophies. So it happens that, while every philosopher imagines his system to be right, his truths to be "natural" or "eternal," and his social scheme to be perfect, they are, none the less, the outcome of conditions at a certain time and place, and serviceable, if at all, only in their proper

relation. What was once the faith of the cottage has often become the creed of the castle. So Nietzsche says, in his "Human, All Too Human," which may be taken as a refutation of the extreme philosophy that goes by his name: "Yet everything uttered by the philosopher on the subject of man is, in the last resort, nothing more than a piece of testimony concerning man during a very limited period of time." In so far as they did not echo former philosophers, the "natural rights of man" of the French Revolution and the "unalienable rights" of the American people are the rights of the rising French and American bourgeoisie, contingent upon the advent of modern industry.

It is the important fact of modern industry, too, the operation of enormous productive agencies requiring the co-operative labor of millions of workers, which shows that the problem confronting us is social, not personal. For as one question after another assumes the proportions of a social quantity indicating that a social cause has brought it into being and that it must have a social solution, it goes without saying that the solution does not lie in so-called individualism, but in growing solidarity; not in the independence of the ego, but in the interdependence of humanity.

At the same time the psychological element growing out of the fact of the class struggle, class consciousness, is also of great importance. It is not enough that economic conditions should be deplorable and that there should be pity for the distress of the poor. The point must be reached when the workers realize that their salvation is to be found only in class action.

But even in the field of psychology, materialism has come to be considered of prime importance. "At present psychology is on the materialistic tack," declares Professor James, "and ought in the interest of ultimate success to be allowed full headway even by those who are certain she will never fetch the port without putting down the helm once more." And then comes Professor Elmer Gates, who, in his work on "The Mind and Brain," declares his experiments show that training the mental faculties increases the number of brain cells of the localities brought into play, that cells are multiplied by agreeable sensations and diminished by disagreeable emotions, that mind is a purely physiological function and that mind building is just as reasonable an aim as body building. But, more than that, historical materialism explains why psychology busies itself with the crowd and mass movements, rather than with isolated persons, why it has developed from "individualistic" to "social."

The Socialist philosophy, like all others, is partisan, with this

reservation: It is the viewpoint of the most numerous class, the class most necessary to the existence of society, and, as such, it comes nearest to being the viewpoint of society as a whole, out of which must grow the monistic philosophy of the future.

At the same time the Socialist subscribes to the sentiment expressed by Engels, shortly before his death, to Labriola: "We are as yet at the very beginning of things." For society is not of one piece. It is the sum total of many divergent interests and tendencies, together with numerous relics in institutions and thought of former ages. No philosophy can exhaust society. And for us, just as Marxian economic theories cover only capitalist production, just as the theory of the class struggle does not explain all conflict but only that due to the division of society into classes, just as historical materialism does not account for all social relations but only offers a method for finding the connection between them, so does the Socialist philosophy as a whole not aim to interpret everything about us but only those more important activities that go far toward determining the general welfare.

The Socialist, to make use of a common expression, "takes things philosophically." He knows that the great "reform" waves that sweep over the country, and the confusion of issues in campaign times are not so much so agencies of reaction as they are symptoms of public dissatisfaction. He knows that, beneath the smoke, the fires of social change are blazing ever more brightly. He knows that theories, doctrines, philosophies and movements must pass through the crucible of experience. The Socialist takes things philosophically for his cause is reared upon the solid foundation of historical conditions.

While the Marxian theories are indispensable for a clear understanding of the structure and trend of society, they must be taken only as theories. It is only as they are continually examined in the light of experience that they do not ossify into cold formulæ but remain a live philosophy and a philosophy of life.

It is because these theories are in harmony with everyday affairs, that Socialism is already the philosophy of tens of millions of people of all countries. The Socialist philosophy is in the safe keeping of the Socialist movement. It is as broad as the movement itself, as vast and as grand in its aspirations and ideals. That is why it has come to be the most precious stone in the sling of the modern David, Labor, with which to strike down the Goliath of class rule.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A COURSE OF READING.

The following list of books is recommended to the student. They cover the subject touched upon by the above article, and it is suggested they be read in the order named:

Physical Basis of Mind and Morals. By M. H. Fitch. $1.00.
Feuerbach. By F. Engels. 50 cents.
Landmarks of Scientific Socialism. By F. Engels. $1.00.
Anarchism and Socialism. By George Plechanoff. 50 cents.
Mr. Mallock's Ability. By M. Hillquit. Socialist Literature Co., New York.
Ten Blind Leaders of the Blind. By Arthur M. Lewis. 50 cents.
Human, All Too Human. By F. Nietzsche. 50 cents.
Social and Philosophical Studies. By Paul Lafargue. 50 cents.
Philosophical Essays. By Joseph Dietzgen. $1.00.
Positive Outcome of Philosophy. By Joseph Ditzgen. $1.00.

These books, with the exception noted, are published by Charles H. Kerr & Company, Chicago.

While small property in land creates a class of barbarians standing half way outside of society, a class suffering all the tortures and all miseries of civilized countries in addition to the crudeness of primitive forms of society, large property in land undermines labor-power in the last region, in which its primal energy seeks refuge, and in which it stores up its strength as a reserve fund for the regeneration of the vital power of nations, the land itself. Large industry and large agriculture on an industrial scale work together. Originally distinguished by the fact, that large industry lays waste and destroys principally the labor-power, the natural power, of human beings, whereas large agriculture industrially managed destroys and wastes mainly the natural powers of the soil, both of them join hands in the further course of development, so that the industrial system weakens also the laborers of the country districts, and industry and commerce supply agriculture with the means by which the soil may be exhausted.—Marx's Capital, Volume III.



V. POWER OF THE PRESS.

ACCORDING to government as it exists today, might is right. I am not going to attack that position; it is too strongly entrenched to make any attack on it successful. The press is one of the mightiest factors of our civilization. It is supposed to defend every official under the government. And it does. The reporter for your daily paper will take the word of the police when writing up articles about a prisoner. Consequently, police officials acquire a lying tongue when talking to reporters. Police officials disregard the truth more recklessly than any types of men I have ever seen. Even a hardened convict could learn lessons in lying from these gentlemen of the club and pistol. Your street man or agent could not but admire the degree of fluency attained by these blue-coated defenders of the virtues of our civilization. The remarkable skill in prevarication shown by police officials will cause laughter, but the effects of their words are enough to make the angels shudder with grief.

If it please the police officials they tell the reporters that the prisoner just taken in is a "dangerous character," "menace to society,"

"unfit to be at large" and like capitalistic phrases. And the reporter, faithful to his salary ignores the prisoner every time. Quoting from a pamphlet written by Charles Budlong, a man who served three years in the Rhode Island State Prison: "The press is largely responsible for the unjust attitude that the public assumes towards prisoners. Sometimes a poor fellow without a cent in the world will be driven by hunger to steal something. The papers are notified that a bold and daring robbery has been committed and the desperate criminal has been captured by a heroic band of blue-coated and brass buttoned guardians of the public weal. The reporters, eager to secure "copy" for their various publications, hastily assemble at the station house where the prisoner is confined, hear the glowing accounts of the police in which said police are represented as being the bravest of the brave, and then with lurid imagination proceed to write up the affair. Ofttimes there is scarcely a word of truth in the entire article." Having been a newspaper reporter myself, I am in a position to know something about it. I can truthfully say that in all my experiences I never knew a criminal case to be correctly reported. The press is so strong that it forms the minds of the people for them. Very few people think for themselves, allowing their editor to take this burden from their shoulders. Consequently, the editor will print just anything that suits him. BUT should you reader try to get even a letter that does not jibe in with the editor's opinion into the paper, particularly, if you are a person of "no importance" it will be ignored. Try it and see.

The press makes or unmakes statesmen. It elects the officeholders, it protects the police, it sways the minds of the vast majority of the people just as easily as the policeman swings his club. The son of President Taft, if raised from infancy to manhood upon Socialist literature, would be an agitator. It is said that under our present form of capitalistic government it is impossible for people to think for themselves. Perhaps this in most instances is true. The newspapers should treat criminal matters with a deep pall of silence. As it is today crime is popularized to a high degree. It is popular! And the reader must take what is given him in his newspaper. The capitalistic press of today is to a great extent responsible for the constant increase in crime. They aid and abet the officials in "striking terror to the heart," thus encouraging the monstrous brood known as the yeggs and police officers. The newspapers sympathize and support all connected with our vile administration of justice. So "crime-waves" and "reigns of terror" occur and the people are stampeded and terrorized by the officials, while the press popularizes it with extra

editions and all the people have to do is to foot the bills and pay their taxes.

VI. THE SWEAT BOX.

When a person is "ushered" into the sweat box, he is confronted by the officials at the station house. Detectives and deputy sheriffs are there, and many a time the chief himself taks part in the castigation. The prisoner is surrounded upon all sides by a vicious, snarling pack of reckless men who vastly resemble the wildest beasts of a five-continent menagerie. These beasts in the shape of men have made a long, practical study of their system. Barking and growling, they attack the man before them. Their voices punctuate the affrighted air with maddened and inflamed tones. It would be almost impossible to believe, were it not seen that such an institution as the sweat box exists upon the land hallowed by the heroes of the Revolution. It is a horrifying, revolting exhibition of brutal, domineering power. Honest judges have from time to time refused to accept testimony coming from a sweat box. But these judges are rarely to be found. The prisoner is accused of every crime that has been committed within the officer's recollection for a lifetime. Frequently the prisoner, entirely innocent, will plead guilty to escape the constant, bestial jungle-bred snarls of the human bloodhounds that encompass him.

Darwin asserts the upward evolution of man; these officials almost disprove it. The chief of police himself, like a savage wolf of the northern wilds, unites with his "men" in procuring a confession. Occasionally, the victim like Topsy will "'fess" too much. If the prisoner is nervous, in the estimation of the officials, he is guilty of the crime for which he has been charged; if he is cool, he is a hardened character. No matter what he does or how he acts, "guilty" is the verdict and from their decision, in most cases, there is no appeal. The officers arrange it, so that in the midst of their vicious and snarling language there will be a lull during which "Hennessey" or some like reptile in the shape of man will say in sweet and gentle tones: "Confess, my boy, and we'll be easy on you." And the prisoner urged and egged on by kind sympathetic words will burst into tears. He will confess believing that the officials will deal gently with him and he can afterwards live a better life. Poor devil! He has yet to learn that an officer's word is not worth the hiss of a rattlesnake. A person knows what to expect from a reptile; the ordinary man does not know what to expect from a police officer. The police know their power! The press is with them! They can snap their fingers in the

face of the people and they continue to do it day on day! The police maintain there is no such thing as innocence or virtue, except it is fortified by plenty of money in the banks. Under the present system, they are pretty near right about it. And as I have outlined before, the police hate an innocent man or woman a thousand times worse than they hate the most degraded criminal. Should the prisoner not



"DOWN AND OUT."

confess during the first "seance" he is thrown into the dungeon for weeks or months to be fed on bread and water, the hard cement floor for his bed with a various assortment of huge rodents for company. When he is again "sweated" more talented "men" conduct the persecution and in nine cases out of ten the prisoner breaks down and admits that he is guilty, even though he is innocent, so that he make

escape with a "light" fine; a promise to such effect being always given by the officials and afterwards, invariably repudiated by them. And when the prisoner has confessed, he sees before him year on year behind prison bars, a heavy sentence given to him, that weighs down his heart and soul and makes him curse the day he was born, makes him hate the officials that have placed him where he is. As to the officers themselves, they see another soul trampled under foot, good situations in perspective and they join each other at the close of the confession in a banquet of the choicest foods, best liquors and cigars, during which some one of them will break forth in the reckless and degraded:

"Aw, haw, haw, haw."

So much for the triumph of law and order.

VII. POLICE JUDGES, JAILS, WORKHOUSES, BRIDEWELLS, CHAIN GANGS.

The rapidity with which cases are conducted in our police courts of the large cities is simply wonderful. Here is where the "drunks" are arraigned and also those charged with petty thefts and crimes. Preliminary examinations are also held here and the prisoner ninety-nine times out of 100 is held over to await the action of a higher court. Prisoners here, generally, throw themselves on the "mercy" of the court. They soon learn what that mercy is. In most cases it means the most extreme sentence that the judge is permitted by law to give.

Here is where the policeman appears against his prisoner, saying, just anything that suits him, to send his man to jail. Should the jails be full or overcrowded the prisoner is sometimes discharged even after pleading guilty, as there is scarcely room for him to stand inside the jail. When this occurs our young reporters will have it that the lenient judge "saw fit to temper justice with mercy" or the kindly judge "thought he would give the prisoner another chance to reform so he discharged him with a reprimand." When you give your fate to another's hands the die of your doom is cast. While there is nothing especially humorous in the police courts, except, perhaps, to those who administer the so-called justice, here is a joke that appeared recently in a comic weekly:

Judge Bullpup—To innocent stranger, who has just been "captured."—"Have you ever been in jail before?"

Innocent Stranger.—"No, sir."

Judge Bullpup (kindly).—"Never mind, you are going to be. Six months!"

The average American will publicly announce or privately express his "confidence" in the courts as models of dignity and integrity, but let that same American be arrested and you will find him quite shy of that confidence he once had.

Jack London in his story "My Life in the Underworld" tells how he was arrested in Erie, Pa., how he was going to claim all of his constitutional rights. He found he didn't have any but some minutes later, came to himself in a dazed condition, under sentence of six months.

In the police court, the testy, dogmatic judge sits dooming prisoners to various terms. He falls, sometimes into good humor. At times he will crack jokes with the prisoner before him,

"What be your name, me man?"

"Casey."

"That's a good name for a rockpile. Guilty?"

"Yes, yer honor."

"Six months! Next case."

Should the prisoner have the audacity to crack jokes with the judge and the judge should get the worst of it, the prisoner may look for just a little bit more time to be tacked on to his sentence.

The dignity of the court must be upheld. Rapid fire justice is the order of the day. Should every prisoner demand and insist upon his rights—no matter, if in most cases, a fair trial would be refused him, the present degradation of our courts would be improved. It is superfluous to say that these reforms rest upon the people. Nothing favorable to the people can be looked for from those in authority. Justice will continue to go from bad to worse as long as it is left in the hands of the capitalistic press, the police and the judges. Only a few months ago a judge in Los Angeles, California, proclaimed what he would do to the unemployed when they appeared before him. His screed was in every paper of the city and approved by the press. Just think of it! A judge giving out publicly in advance of any trial his biased sentence in a land where there is supposed to be "Equality before the law." It is the unemployed who always have to bear the brunt of the policeman's club, his behest to take a bath in mid-winter, in an icy stream, to bear with fortitude the huge chunks of coal that are thrown at him by the officer to rout him from his sleep in a box car, to avoid the bullets fired by the power crazed official in some freight yard and to finally receive a sentence from a judge that is well known to be prejudiced against him.

Those convicted of petty crimes, such as spitting on the sidewalk, sleeping in a box car and similar offenses are sent to the rockpile or

to jails, workhouses or bridewells. There are ofttimes uncleanly places where rats vie with vermin for possession of the victim. After fighting with these parasites the live-long night the prisoner is fed on "jail slops." Whatever official purchases this food frequently gets his graft out of it. So it can be readily understood that it pays to feed the prisoners on the cheapest possible kind of grub and garbage. In most places they are worked to the limit of their endurance. Knock-down arguments are the only ones used in these places. While on this subject gratitude should be extended to certain persons in authority who, moved by feelings of humanity, foresaw that these places would be foul, filthy places of residence under any circumstances, and with feelings that showed their kindly spirit, established chain-gangs in various cities throughout the country. All a prisoner has to do all day is to wear a ball and chain on his legs and to wield a pick-ax and shovel. This enables the prisoner to breathe the fresh air during the day and to make a profit for others while being punished for breaking some law that a few years ago was unheard of. It is argued by some violent constitutional Americans and by certain members of the Socialist Party that these things are a disgrace to any country and particularly to America, "land of the free and home of the brave." They insist that in Russia conditions are no worse than in the United States. Not long ago the police officials of some city in Oregon related to the press with great gusto that a Russian refugee had called at the station house and through an interpreter expressed his strong desire to return to his prison cell in Siberia.

After serving his sentence, the victim of authority is told to "hit the grit," and if he succeeds in getting out of town without being captured, an officer gets him in the next town, his description having been wired ahead, as he was too profitable to be allowed to escape so readily. Again after he has served his sentence, the same trick is performed again and again and the victim finds himself, year in, year out, working like a beaver for society but never getting a cent of profit out of it himself. Moreover, he is compelled to feed hosts of parasites in the shape of vermin of all kinds and these parasites are not a whit more gentle in taking from him the last drop of blood in his body. Chased from town to town, knocked about from pillar to post, never having a vote, never having the least voice in affairs of the day, the American tramp and hobo is one of the most abject specimens of humanity to be found inside of the American inferno.



"AN OFFICER GETS HIM IN THE NEXT TOWN."

VIII. SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTIES—THE SECRET SERVICE —PROSECUTING ATTORNEYS.

The sheriff and his deputies are not so dangerous an element as the police. And be it said right here that the officers of today are no protection to the common people. They are, however, under Capitalism, a protection to the moneyed element. The sheriff is generally a stout, white-looking personage of hog-like girth. He is a huge hulk of indignation and wrath at all times. Snapping red eyes, violent and brutal in speech he is as much of a tyrant as a Turk in his angry robe of scarlet. His own selection of deputy sheriffs are scattered around the country, plug-ugly looking types of a most felonious stamp. They stand ready to do his bidding night and day. The sheriff and his deputies wear stars which they conceal under their coats until they are ready to make an arrest. They are in cahoots with the police and all of them are hand in glove with the judges. What chance does the average individual stand in a crowd like that? None whatever.

One of the lowest stages of degradation reached by man is the detective. William D. Haywood in fitting language, in his public speeches pays his respects to these "snakes in the grass." As the

mood strikes him, or for a certain sum, the detective will swear away the life or liberty of any one. The word of an official of any kind should not be accepted in court unless corroborated by some one in good standing. Yet it is accepted at par in every court in the land.

Any method to win results is the motto of the detectives. Most of them have eyes that resemble those of the most venomous reptiles. The Pinkerton brood was the first to be raised in the United States.



"THE DETECTIVE."

They have rendered great service to Capital. They came particularly into notice in the Homestead strike; they were also used in the Western portion of the United States during the Haywood-Moyer-Pettibone trial and kidnaping. Thousands of them are at work today both inside and outside of labor unions seeking at all times to serve their masters. The detectives work at all times in the dark. It is only during times of high excitement that their deeds are brought to light. Garbed in citizens' clothes, they attract no attention. It is only when the "trap" is sprung, that the detective looms up, hideous as hell, the "game bagged," a home ruined. Frequently innocent men and women are sentenced to long terms in the "pen," and all because the detective must get his salary and the wheels of so-called justice must be kept well oiled. It is only when the capitalists get to fighting amongst themselves, that the detectives are shown up by the capitalist press. Certain United States Senators, while shouting about what they were doing for the dear "pee-pul" decided to do some private grafting on their own hook. So many were engaged in different grafts of all kinds that they hired detectives to spy on each other; the result will doubtless be that the spy system will hereafter be used only against the labor organizations. Even Edwin C. Madden, who in his day was indefatigable in trying to suppress *Wilshire's* and the *Appeal to Reason,* became disgusted with the way his masters were being treated, and wrote a book exposing the United States Secret Service.

In all cities of the country there are city, county and state prose-

cuting attorneys. The meanest men that can be found usually fill these offices. The average lawyer is not particularly noted for his high moral character, but probably the deepest degradation to which a lawyer can sink is to be found filling the aforementioned offices. The prosecuting attorney is always and at all times a liar. Although he knows personally many a time that the defendant is entirely innocent he will try by every means in his power to convict him.



The Economic Aspects of the Negro Problem

By I. M. Robbins.

VIII. THE NEGRO PROBLEM FROM THE NEGRO'S POINT OF VIEW.



NTIL now we have discussed the negro problem from the outside, as it were, that is from the point of view of the white man; whether the prejudiced Southerner, or the more liberal minded Northerner, or finally the outside observer, absolutely devoid of any preconceived opinion in regard to the entire situation. No matter how sympathetic and impartial we may try to be we still remain on the outside. For be it noticed for the benefit of the suspicious, that the sympathetic attitude of these studies to the colored race may not be explained by any relationship between the author of these lines and the negro race. For a fuller understanding of the complicated situation it is absolutely necessary to obtain a look at it from the inside, from the point of view of the negro himself.

For many years, nay centuries, the psychology of the negro has remained a closed book for the white man. In her well known novels Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has idealized this psychology without much concern for the actual facts. She was writing for a definite moral purpose, and not to further anthropological investigation; and from her point of view was entirely justified. But notwithstanding all the literary value and historical influence of her works, as scientific material these books are not very helpful.

Besides, Mrs. Stowe's types are the complex types produced by two hundred years of slavery. It would have been extremely interesting to enter the inner world of that infuriated negro, whom the negro dealer had caught in the jungle of wildest Africa, and brought him over, chained in the dark and ill-smelling bunker of the ship, to the distant land, where he was sold to work the rest of his life in the marshy rice fields, or the sun-baked cotton plantations. It would

have been highly instructive to follow up the evolution of that wild beast into the mellow and faithful Uncle Tom of a century later. But this psychologic problem never had the good fortune to find its scientific investigator.

In the glorious days of slavery, that is during the first third of the last century, the white south was firmly convinced that it was the destiny of the negro both, according to God's will, and the dictum of science, to be nothing else than a faithful Uncle Tom. That the negro was satisfied with his lot was the strongest article of faith—of the white man.

Such assertions may even be heard to-day, though perhaps not so frequently as forty years ago. The famous South Carolina Senator Tillman, perhaps one of the strongest negro haters in the South, in theory at least, once remarked that the main proof that they deserved the treatment accorded to them was found just in this: that no other race would tolerate such treatment.

Is it then true that the negroes have acquiesced in the treatment which the white men accord them? That they are satisfied with their present legal, social, and economic position? And if they have become so used to it, how far may it be explained by their inherently slavish nature, and how much by two hundred and fifty years of slavery enforced upon them?

All these are questions which do not seem to trouble the average southerner when he proceeds to solve the negro problem. And yet, it is quite evident that upon the answer to this question must depend our entire view as to the future progress of the negro race and the role which it is to play in the future history of the American nation. For surely in the discussion of the fate of ten million people, their own wishes and feelings must at least be considered and consulted. In other words, it is quite a common-place thought to insist that in the solution of the negro problem the negro himself will not remain a disinterested onlooker.

In our effort to penetrate the psychology of the dark man, a brief trip into the past will prove very helpful. It is true that we do not know the psychology of the original African Negro, but it is fair to assume that in a practical way the slave owners and the slave dealers of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century were somewhat familiar with it. And it is quite certain from the evidence available, that the negro, as the white man knew him then, did not at all approve of the system of slavery. For all through the legislation of the colonies and the early history of the republic, one sees the strong tendency to prevent the possibility of a negro rebellion. This

explains the strong prohibition of the most peaceful negro assemblages, the special negro codes, the laws against vagrancy, etc. Notwithstanding this special legislation, slave rebellions were frequent, and even the bloodiest retribution that followed in their stead did not succeed in suppressing them altogether.

Slavery gradually civilized the negro, that is, got him used to the position of a slave. For even a carnivorous animal is easiest to be trained when born in captivity. But even when these patriarchal relations of master and slave were established, (which, the south would have us believe, were full of deepest affection and attachment on both sides), these ideal and idyllic relations did not keep hundreds and thousands of slaves from fleeing north, or buying their freedom at a very high price. Nor was this longing for freedom in any way exceptional. The better, more educated class of the negroes, south as well as north, considered it their duty to help each and every negro who was trying to gain his freedom by flight. These systematic and frequent escapes became possible only because of that famous organization (the so-called "Underground Railway"), whose ramifications were to be found in each and every state of the Union.

If all through the period of slavery negroes energetically voiced their protest against slavery not so much by words as by acts, they were no less anxious, immediately after the emancipation, to express their conviction that they were no lower, nor worse, than the white folks. Uncle Tom was not the ideal of those few negroes of that period who had ideals at all. It was rather Toussaint L'Ouverture, that full-blooded negro, who succeeded in creating a negro republic in Haiti. The brilliant mulatto, Frederick Douglass, whose oratorical fervor has earned for him an international reputation, never tired for twenty years repeating his protest against the quasi-scientific contention that the negro was a member of a lower race. With less talent, hundreds and thousands of negro senators, representatives, and local elected and appointed officers labored to prove the same theory. It is quite true that the new institution of freedom and all the new political and social relations that went with it were not clear to the majority of the members of the negro race. But on the other hand it is no less certain that during the early seventies all the cultured negroes, few as they were, sincerely hoped that with emancipation all barriers between the races would fall, and that there could be no discussion of the possible inequality in the political and social position of the negro and the white man.

I have shown in one of the preceding chapters how short a time the period of negro equality had lasted; and now more than thirty

years have passed since the white man has regained his power and has again begun to teach the doctrine of his superiority. The ten million negroes who inhabit the United States at present, were brought up under very different conditions, in very different political atmospheres, and could not be expected to have one uniform attitude towards the negro problem. The men and women who have received their first formative ideas in the days of slavery, or in the days of reconstruction, or finally in the days of forcible suppression of negro rights, cannot take the same point of view even if they are on the same level of culture and civilization.

Besides this historical difference of generations, the other lines of cleavage must be taken into consideration, such as between the educated and the illiterate negro; the city and the rural negro; and last but not least, between the rich and the poor negro.

Therefore the question: What is the attitude of the negro towards the so-called negro problem? is not so easy to answer as it might look. Without any difficulties the white man can find among the negroes some support of his own point of view, no matter what that point of view is. If the white man wants to prove the perfectly satisfactory condition of the **status quo**, he needs only point at his faithful old colored mammy. And the foreigner may shed bitter tears over the tragic fate of the negro race, as pictured in the pathetic writings of William Du Bois.

Now, some discrimination becomes necessary. The spiritual life of the large illiterate negro mass is important enough in itself, and would make a fascinating study, but this mass is often unconscious of the general problem except as it affects the direct personal affairs of each individual, and one cannot look to this mass for any coherent theoretical solution of a social problem. The conscious attitude of the small intelligent and educated class of American negroes is therefore much more important for our purposes.

Inevitably the name of Mr. Booker Washington looms heavily into the foreground. Nine out of ten Americans will mention the name of Mr. Washington as that of the greatest living negro. The vast majority of the Americans are convinced that Mr. Washington is the one undisputed leader of his people, the negro Moses destined to lead his race into the holy land. Some years ago a southern white professor actually named Mr. Booker Washington as the greatest man in the South living. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has settled a handsome competence upon Mr. Washington and called him one of the most useful men in the country. This to indicate the role Mr. Washington plays in the political and social life of America.

To understand the policy and platform of this famous man, we must recall a few facts of his very interesting biography, with which many readers are undoubtedly familiar. A mulatto born of a slave woman, and himself a slave until the age of ten, he succeeded in obtaining his primary schooling in a small negro school, the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute of Virginia. In 1881, when only 22 years old, he was entrusted with the care of a similar but very much smaller school in the village of Tuskegee, Alabama, where he remained permanently. It was altogether due to his efforts that the little Tuskegee became the model and greatest school for the education of the negro race in the world.

One is not surprised therefore to find that Mr. Washington became a great enthusiast over technical and trade education for the negroes, until he began to consider it the only and surest solution for the entire negro problem. On the other hand the management of a large and insufficiently endowed educational institution developed in Washington all those qualities which are essential in America for any success in that trying position—a great deal of tact and diplomacy and ability to secure large contributions which are necessary for the existence and further development of his institution. Like many other private educational institutions, Tuskegee cannot exist without such liberal contributions; and they must come from the white men's pockets, for these are the only ones containing the necessary wherewithal to stimulate the noble cause of negro education. The slaves of yesterday have not yet succeeded in accumulating "swollen fortunes." In the beginning, these contributions came exclusively from the North. Later, charitable people were found in the South who felt the necessity for doing something to improve the strained race relations. But only a very tactful man could succeed in obtaining this southern money, and the price of tact is sometimes one's sincerity and one's human dignity.

It is not intended to insinuate that Mr. Booker Washington had this heavy price to pay. But there can scarcely be any doubt that the conditions of his work were partly responsible for the growth of his theory of the gradual uplift of the negro race. Mr. Booker Washington has suffered too much from the white man's contempt and cruelty and injustice to view calmly this aspect of the situation. Being a man of world reputation he can scarcely be expected to admit the truth of the contention that he is a member of a biologically lower race. Nevertheless, you will not find in all his numerous writings one single bold statement: we are as good as you are. On the other hand it is not difficult to find phrases which the southerner, somewhat

stretching the point, may interpret as an admission of the inferiority of the negro race. Repeatedly he emphasizes the fact that the negro lives in the midst of another race, which is much superior in education, in property holdings, in experience and in general development.

The white southerner is equally pleased by the fact that Mr. Washington does not have any faith in the efficacy of protest and struggle as a way to obtain one's rights. He insists (in his well known book on the future of the American negro), that the impatient extremists, not familiar with the southern conditions, can only do great harm to their race.

Again, in harmony with the average southerner, he persistently minimizes the existing race conflict in the South. If there are exacerbations of the race feeling in some parts of the South at a time, there is also a great deal of peace, good will and co-operation between the races; but he does not mention the conditions of negro existence, by means of which such peace is bought. Instead of increasing the existing antagonism he prefers to point out every little hopeful symptom of adjustment, every kind or just act or word which may accidentally escape the mouth of a southern gentleman or appear on the pages of a southern newspaper. He points out that those expressions of regard and distinction which fell to the lot of a few prominent negroes recently (evidently including himself), would have been unthinkable some fifty years ago. In his famous autobiography, he is careful to point out each and every little fact of that nature, including the honorary degree of Master of Arts by Harvard University, and the talks he had with President McKinley.

In 1895 Mr. Washington was invited to speak at the opening exercises of the Atlanta Industrial Exposition; later he was elected a member of the jury of awards, and even became its secretary. ' About one-half the jury were white southerners. "Nevertheless," proudly says Mr. Washington, "I was treated with full respect." He does not seem to notice that this exceptional treatment might have been due to his exceptional standing and reputation, and counts that as a great victory for the entire negro race. "Suppose," he says, "that some months before the opening of the Atlanta exposition there had been a general demand from the press and public platform outside the South that a negro be given a place in the opening programme and that a negro be placed upon the board of jurors of awards. Would any such recognition of the race have taken place? I do not think so. The Atlanta officials went as far as they did because they felt it to be a pleasure as well as a duty, to reward what they considered merit in the negro race. Say what we will, there is something in human

nature which we cannot blot out, which makes one man in the end, recognize and reward merit in the other, regardless of color and race."

This is quite a characteristic point of view. Another incident is no less interesting. Mr. Washington conceived a scheme to gain for Tuskegee the distinction of a visit from the President of the United States, for such a visit was evidently going to increase the reputation of the school. The careful and diplomatic McKinley, before giving his consent consulted dozens of southerners as to whether such a step would not injure their feelings, and finally granted the request. Washington well understood the fears of the President, and carefully refrained from sitting down at the table during the luncheon which followed the public reception, and was afterwards thanked by the President for the modesty displayed during the visit.

But one must not draw the conclusion from the facts related that Mr. Washington is simply a shrewd politician who makes the best of the opportunity to further personal ends. His sincerity and self-sacrificing devotion to his work and the cause of his race are evident to any one who has spoken to him, as the writer of these lines has done. And it is just because we are dealing here with a sincere and honest social policy and not the shrewd schemes of an unscrupulous climber, that Mr. Washington's experiences are so interesting.

As the man, thus the platform. "The Negro must not expect to improve his condition by a firework of words only," this is a statement that runs through all the writings and public speeches of Washington. The world, he thinks, will never pay any serious attention to the effort of the negro to conquer the right of participation in the political life of the country, until the negro will show better ability for useful economic work and accumulation of property. "The south," he said as early as 1899, "will come to assert the necessity of an educational and property qualification for the voters of both races. Thus, three things are necessary for the proper solution of the negro problem. A kinder attitude of the two races to each other, education of the negro and accumulation of property by the negro." Washington absolutely denies the possibility of expatriating the American negro, and does not even believe that a very large part of them will ever emigrate to the northern or western states. He is convinced that the negroes will remain in the South, and therefore the solution of the negro problem must come in the South and be effected by the South.

To him, furthermore, education and property are not two different factors, but rather different aspects of the same condition. Education must be directed so as to help the negro to work, earn, and

save money. During the times of slavery, he points out, the negro was the main productive power of the South, he was familiar with all the trades, all kinds of productive labor. With the emancipation of the slaves all this has radically changed. The next generation knew nothing, could do nothing. This condition of affairs must be remedied. The negro must learn not to talk but to work. Ability to do things (efficiency, Washington would say, if he were trained in the vernacular of modern economics), and accumulation of capital, those are the main aims the negro must strive for. And Washington strongly intimates, though he does not say it in so many words (for the feelings of the radical negro elements must be taken into consideration, if he is to preserve his undisputed leadership), that the struggle for political rights were better left alone for the present. He has a firm belief in the efficiency of money. While a guest at a banquet of well-to-do negroes in New York some years ago he said something to that effect: "I noticed that most of you had paid for your tickets with bank checks. What a fine example for the entire negro race to emulate! I hope to see the day when each and every negro will have a bank account."

There is an entire social philosophy in these few words, a system of what the Germans have so aptly called Weltanschauung. It is certainly broader than the negro problem, and were it possible, might solve all the economic and social questions of the age—except the one: how to get the bank account.

Washington answers that question. Skilled labor must be the way to acquire such universal prosperity. To understand this point of view, it is necessary to keep in mind the fact that large concentrated capitalism is still very young in the south, and that there is still room left—for how long, who can tell?—for the labor of the skilled artisan. The negro must therefore learn to work, and work better, whether in agriculture, the trades, commerce, in the professions or as a domestic servant. And while he makes this problem of work quite broad, Mr. Washington nevertheless insists mainly upon the lower classes of labor, understanding as he does that the professions, etc., are open only to a small minority of the select negroes. Mr. Washington's school is therefore to him not only simply a useful institution among many others; it stands as the embodiment of the only true method to solve the entire negro question. For in order to spread among the negroes the knowledge of trades and mechanical pursuits, such trades and mechanical schools are absolutely necessary. But Washington goes even further than that. Not only does he advo-

cate such trade education, but he even attacks the usefulness of a purely intellectual education.

After the civil war, northern charity did a great deal to stimulate college education among the negroes. When it became clear that the southern schools of higher learning are closed to the aspirations of the exceptional negro, and are likely to remain so for a long time, the northern friends began to bring young negroes north, and give them an education in northern colleges. Later many special schools were opened for the negro youths of both sexes under the high sounding name of colleges and universities, but in reality little more than high schools and academies. Most of these schools do not at all please Mr. Washington, and call forth very severe criticism, of a tone that sounds very strange from a man whose language is so mild and reserved when he discusses the white man and his actions. In his book on "The Future of the American Negro," he very sarcastically tells of meeting a young negro who had received his education in one of the best colleges in the country. The young man was familiar with chemistry, botany, zoology and political economy but he could not tell how many acres of cotton his father was planting a year, and how many in corn. He had met another young negro, a school graduate, who was sitting on the steps of his log cabin with his French grammar in his hands. The poverty, dirt, and disorder of the cabin were appalling notwithstanding that French grammar. The French grammar made such a deep impression upon Washington's mind that he seldom misses the opportunity to mention this particular incident. The utilitarian conception of education which he emphasizes is sometimes childlishly narrow. He is grieved to meet a girl "who knows how to find every country on the globe, but cannot serve dinner properly, or set the table." He hates to see a colored girl who knows more about theoretical chemistry than how to wash and press a shirt. It is perhaps in such statements, that Washington possibly unconsciously admits the racial inferiority of the negro race; for surely no modern educator would insist that the art of the laundry woman must occupy a higher position in the educational program of all humanity than chemistry, and that serving a dinner was more educational than elementary geography. In any case, one thing does not wholly exclude the other, and education of the brain need not come in competition with education of the hands.

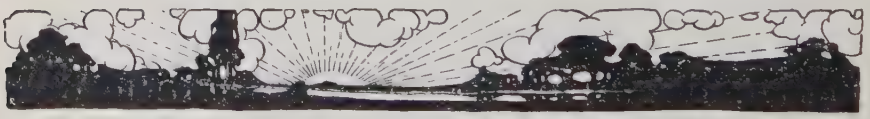
It is true, that in some speeches, especially when speaking to an intelligent negro audience, he admits that contention; it is true that his own son received a thorough education in Harvard; that the majority of the instructors in Tuskegee are college graduates. Never-

theless, the contrasts he draws between the results of the one and the other kind of education show clearly enough that he would be willing to substitute entirely industrial for general and liberal education. For it could scarcely be said that liberal education has been over-done in the case of the negro. The negro is not yet top heavy in his educated classes, and there is not yet any superfluity in the knowledge of French and literature among the colored citizens of the south.

But Mr. Washington's point of view is evidently a practical one. He is convinced that the money which goes for the support of those colleges and universities would have gone to better advantage if given to Tuskegee or similar institutions.

At this institute Washington closely follows his ideas; and whatever we think of his plans for the solution of the negro problem, the enormous importance of the work he is doing cannot be denied by any one who took the trouble to visit his model industrial school, as the writer of these lines has done. Tuskegee has been described so frequently by its friends in American literature, that it seems unnecessary to go over the familiar field. One might say that no description does the school justice; that it is only necessary to spend a few days within the walls and the atmosphere of the school to lose all one's prejudices against the negro, unless one has actually been born with them. The school contains more than ninety buildings, and nearly 2,000 students and a better behaved body of students I have never seen in any American University. In the line of general education the program of the school is rather limited, and falls far behind that of the average American college. It is probably lower than that of a good northern high school, and only better than that of a good public school in New England. But in addition to the academic department, about thirty-five different trades, both for the boys and the girls, are taught. The labor principle is strictly carried through the organization of the school. The majority of the students earn their living while in school by doing some kind of work for the school. The girls are taught housekeeping in addition to the other trades.

(To be Continued.)





Socialism Becoming Respectable. Comrade Kohler's communication in this month's "News and Views" department shows how the signs of this process strike a proletarian. But some of our socialist readers may think that he is misinformed or has misinterpreted the recent acts of some of our party members. We therefore give a somewhat lengthy quotation from one of the most respectable periodicals in the United States, the Congregationalist and Christian World of Boston. In its issue of May 15, Prof. John B. Clark of Columbia University, a man who stands in the very front rank of Capitalist economists, writes:

Not at once by a single stroke is it proposed to confiscate private property. The effort will be made to reach the goal by a series of approaches, although the goal is kept constantly in view and the intermediate steps are to be taken in order that they may bring us nearer to it. What should we do about the movement while it is pursuing this conservative line of action? If we could stop it all by a touch of a button, ought we to do it? For one, I think not. On the general ground that it represents the aspirations of a vast number of working men, it has the right to exist; but what is specifically in point is that its immediate purposes are good. It has changed the uncompromising policy of opposing all half-way measures; it welcomes reforms and tries to enroll in its membership as many as possible of the reformers. It tries to secure a genuine democracy by means of the initiative and the referendum—something that would accomplish very much of that purification of politics of which the Socialist and others as well have so much to say.

Factory laws, the abolition of child labor, the protection of working women and the proper inspection of factories are measures that we all have at heart; and most of us desire the gradual shortening of the working day and general lightening of the burden of labor. When it comes to a public ownership of mines, forests, oil wells and the like, there are few of us who are not open to conviction and many of us are ready to assent to that policy by which the government holds on very carefully to such properties of this kind as it possesses and even acquires others. Inheritance taxes and income taxes, which the Socialists desire, have been widely adopted. In short, the Socialist and the reformer may walk side by side for a very considerable distance without troubling themselves about the unlike goals which they hope in the end to reach.

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Will it be safe to join the party and work with it, as it were, *ad interim?* The

platform is always there telling very distinctly whither the movement is tending, and it is no modest platform which even the immediate demands now constitute, if we take account of all of them; for it includes the national ownership of railroads and of all consolidated industries which have reached a national scale and have practically killed competition. It demands the public ownership of land itself, a measure so sweeping that our kindly farmer would feel restive in the ranks if he really thought there was any probability of its adoption. What the reformers will have to do is to take the socialistic name, to walk behind a somewhat red banner and be ready to break ranks and leave the army when it reaches the dividing of the ways.

Will it be safe for the capitalistic reformers to join the Socialist Party for the sake of bringing about reforms which tend to delay the collapse of capitalism? Professor Clark thinks it will, and he is a man of no mean ability. But if he is right, will it be safe for the Socialist Party to shape its policy with a view to catching the votes and even the membership applications of these reformers, who will be, in Professor Clark's words, "ready to break ranks and leave the army when it reaches the dividing of the ways"? That is the issue that must be met within the Socialist Party in the near future. There will be no lack of arguments on the reform side. There are hundreds of efficient party workers who have put in many hours of unpaid labor, and who feel that the fat salary of a public official would be a suitable reward. And the salary is a possibility if we can only attract enough reformers to come in and help with their votes. There are party editors working for uncertain salaries whose pay would no doubt be sure and liberal if the reformers' money could be poured into socialist channels. And behind these few, who perhaps after all are influenced rather unconsciously than consciously by their material interests, there are many thousand converts who have come to us through sentimental sympathy rather than class consciousness, who will accept Professor Clark's overtures with joy, and with not a thought for the collapse of the allied army "when it reaches the dividing of the ways." Opposed to these will be found an increasing number of wage-workers in the great industries, whose personal experiences have taught them the vital reality of the class struggle, and by their side will be those whose study of socialist literature has convinced them that their own ultimate interests are bound up with those of the wage-workers. We who take this position hold that it is better to let the reformers do their reforming outside the Socialist Party rather than inside. We hold that the function of our party is to prepare for the revolution, by educating and organizing, and that the quickest way to get reforms, if any one cares for reforms, is to make the revolutionary movement more and more of a menace to capitalism. Two things are certain.

One is that the opportunists, so highly commended by Professor Clark, now hold most of the official positions in our party and control most of our periodicals. The other is that the great mass of the city wage-workers remain utterly unmoved by the eloquent propaganda of opportunism. The outcome? That will turn on forces stronger than arguments. Captains of industry are making revolutionists faster than professors and editors can make reformers. And when revolutionists shape the policy of the Socialist Party, reformers will find little in it to attract them.

The Rights and Powers of a Czar. To our valued exchange, **The Exponent,** published by the Citizens' Industrial Association of St. Louis, we are indebted for the following news item and clear-headed remarks:

When Charles Moyer was president of the Western Federation of Miners he was arrested by order of the Governor of Colorado, and as a precautionary measure was held in jail for two months and a half. Afterwards Moyer brought suit against ex-Governor Peabody, the officers of the militia and the state of Colorado asking heavy damages claiming that as no complaint was ever filed against him his imprisonment was unlawful.

The Supreme Court of the United States has recently decided the case in favor of ex-Governor Peabody and the state of Colorado.

The court holds that when public danger menaces, the executive warrant may be substituted for the judicial process, and that so long as such arrests are made in good faith and in the honest belief that they are necessary to impede insurrection, the governor is the final judge and cannot be subjected to an action on the ground that he had not reasonable ground for his belief. The effect of this is to make the governor supreme whenever rebellion against civil authority is imminent in his state, and to give him the rights and powers of a czar, without being subject to an action in damages by any man who thinks his rights were trampled upon.

At first blush this seems rather queer doctrine for a Republic but a little reflection will convince one how necessary it is to have that power, to quell insurrection. Like the much objurgated injunction, its usefulness is in the emergency.

We like the consistent way in which The Exponent here avoids such irrelevant questions as "justice" and "natural rights." The important point is that it is essential to the welfare of the capitalists who own the government that their officers be empowered to take summary measures against any workingman who menaces their interests. This is self-evident to the average capitalist, and any workingman who does not yet see it clearly had better use one of his enforced vacations these days to do a little studying and thinking. As long as capitalists control the industries of the country they must control the government. And they are going to use that government in accordance with their own interests. When workingmen come to realize this clearly, they will be ready to act both in the shops and at the polls, as intelligently as the capitalists, and the weight of numbers

will not leave the issue long in doubt. Meanwhile the one all-important task of socialists is to point out to other working people the things that we see, and start them using their brains. Once started, they will keep on.

Fred Warren's Conviction. A jury in a United States District Court has convicted Fred D. Warren, editor of the **Appeal to Reason,** on a charge of misuse of the mails. The penalty under the statute is one to five years in the penitentiary. An appeal will be taken, and Warren will doubtless remain out on bail until the higher courts have passed on the case. When Haywood had been kidnaped and was being held in defiance of law, the **Appeal to Reason,** as an object lesson, sent out bulletins offering a reward for the kidnaping of Taylor, who was under indictment in Kentucky, and whom the governor of Indiana, for political reasons, refused to deliver to the Kentucky authorities. The object, of course, was to discredit the whole practice of official kidnapping, and Warren's arrest and trial on a technicality is an obvious trick to "get" the **Appeal** on a technicality. Fortunately J. A. Wayland, the owner of the **Appeal,** has ample funds with which to fight the case, and ample means for securing the utmost publicity, so that this attempt to crush the **Appeal** is likely to fail like previous attempts. Fred Warren is one of the most valuable men in the socialist movement today, and he deserves and will receive the united support of the Socialist Party.

A Step Backward: Shall We Take It? The weekly bulletin of May 8, issued by the National Secretary of the Socialist Party, announces that Local Milwaukee has proposed a national referendum, to amend Article VI, Section 1, of the National Constitution by substituting the following:

> The National Executive Committee shall be composed of seven members from the membership of the party, and they shall hold office for two years. The members of the Executive Committee shall be elected by referendum vote. The call for nominations shall be issued on the first day of October in years with uneven numbers. Each local shall be entitled to nominate seven candidates. Thirty days shall be allowed for nominations, ten for acceptances and declinations, and fifty for the referendum. Nominations from five locals shall entitle a candidate to be placed on the ballot. The seven candidates receiving the highest vote shall be elected. Vacancies shall be filled in a similar manner. Members of the Executive Committee may be recalled by a referendum vote, in the manner provided for referendums in Article XI hereof, except that in such cases the initiative shall not be held open for thirty days but shall be sent out immediately.

The present section of the constitution, which this motion would repeal, provides for preferential voting. No election has yet been held under it, since it was adopted too late to be put into operation for

the last election. It may have its faults, but it has one shining merit, and that is that it makes impossible the election of a candidate who is objectionable to a majority of the party members. The present National Executive Committee was elected under provisions very similar to those which the Milwaukee motion seeks to restore, and each member was elected by a minority of the votes, the majority scattering their votes among a multitude of candidates. Victor L. Berger of Milwaukee received the highest number of votes at the last election, but he fell far short of a majority. At the next election, if the referendum is defeated and the present section of the constitution stands, he will, if a candidate, have to choose in which one of seven columns on the ballot his name is to stand. All other candidates who choose can have their names placed in this same column. Each voter will then be required to number the names in each column in the order of his preference, and the candidate opposite whose name the sum-total of figures is lowest will be elected. Now we believe, and we think Comrade Berger is aware, that there are several thousand party members who, if there are thirty candidates in his column, will take pleasure in writing the figures 30 opposite his name. And this is not at all because we attribute improper motives to him or wish him out of the party. On the contrary we have the highest regard for his personal qualities and want to work with him. But we think his views on tactics are inconsistent with the revolutionary aims of the Socialist Party. Of course, the preferential ballot is a two-edged sword that will cut both ways. The Milwaukee comrades, and those who agree with them as to tactics, will doubtless write the largest possible figures opposite the names of those who are known to be uncompromising revolutionists. Thus such comrades as have not thus far been prominent in the controversies over tactics may head the ballot. But even so, this is better than the discarded system which Local Milwaukee would re-enact. For the tendency of the old system was to haphazard voting, each member marking the names of personal friends, or of traveling speakers whom he may have heard or admired. The system of preferential voting will encourage members to look into the public record of each candidate, and see whether he stands for the tactics which the voter believes to be the best for the party. By all means let us vote down the Milwaukee referendum.

The Des Moines Referendum. It may be worth while to add a few words on the referendum of Local Des Moines, which is sent out simultaneously with that of Local Milwaukee, since both may receive the necessary number of seconds and be presented for voting at the same time. The proposition, so far as the Constitution is concerned,

is far less objectionable, in fact, it is in many respects an improvement on the section in the present constitution. It preserves the principle of preferential voting, and would prevent our present government by minority as effectually as the constitution which it is proposed to amend. It contains, however, a provision for printing the list of candidates on the ballot over and over, as many times as there are candidates. This opens the way to endless confusion both in the marking and the counting of the ballots. We believe one election should be held under the constitution as it stands; then there will be time enough to amend. Local Portland's referendum, which the **Review** was almost alone in publicly commending, received nearly 40 per cent of the votes on its main proposition, and some of its provisions will have to be included in the constitution before long. Meanwhile, let us try the tool we have and see how it works.

Postoffice Socialism. No reader of the REVIEW should overlook the stirring events in France, related in our department of International Notes. It is not many years since most of the people in America who thought they were socialists imagined that the postoffice was a small section of socialism already arrived, and that if postoffice methods could only be extended to take in the whole of industry, "the people" would have gained a final victory, and all would be peace and happiness for ever and ever. Most of these comrades have already learned better, but to the few who cling to those ideals, the news from France must come as a rude awakening. The class struggle between wage-workers and capitalists is a stubborn fact that keeps asserting itself in the most persistent and troublesome ways. The wage-workers are obliged to sell their labor-power for a small fraction of what they produce, and they are becoming aware of the fact. Once awakened, they are wholly indifferent to the question of whether the employer that exploits them is a capitalist corporation or a capitalist government; in either case they are ready to fight for better pay and better working conditions. Events in France show that a capitalist government is as ready to fight back as a capitalist corporation. And the moral for socialists is that we may well leave to capitalistic reformers the agitation for extending the functions of government to take in the operation of additional industries. That will come fast enough. Our task, as a party, will be to protect the employes in such industries, as well as the employes of privately owned industries, in their right to organize and to strike. The experience of France may soon be duplicated here.



FRANCE. The Government vs. the Workingclass. During the past month the eyes of the civilized world have been centered on France. It is significant that what was passing there, the thing that everyone instinctively felt to be of supreme moment, was neither a military campaign nor an election. The capitalist world knows where the real struggle of modern society is taking place. It talks a good deal about politics and war, but it is the conflict between employers and employed that makes the cold shivers run up and down its spinal cord. The capitalist may well be proud of his class-consciousness. He has few illusions about the class struggle. Our great American newspapers, for example, have openly recognized from the beginning that in the battle now going on in Paris, the French government represent the bourgeois power of the world. And when, on April 25th, a delegation of French postal employes reached Brussels with the intention of attending a convention of their Belgian confreres, they were met by the police and told to take the next train back to France. More important still is the evidence of an understanding between the English and French governments with regard to the policy of the French ministry. It is understood that this matter was made the subject of discussion on the occasion of King Edward's last visit to Paris. It behooves workingmen to see at least as clearly as the capitalists; to understand that it is their fight that is being waged on the other side the water.

Recent events in Paris furnish an excellent opportunity to study the forces of modern society. France is industrially less developed than America, but Frenchmen of every class are keenly alive to social tendencies. More than this, French capitalists are not as good politicians as their American prototypes; they express their views and reveal their purposes with a brutal frankness. For both these reasons the French situation offers a good chance to gauge the temper of the capitalist mind, to discover the direction of bourgeois industrial and political organization. On the other hand, here we can learn from actual observation how the proletariat must conduct its fight, where it must concentrate its energy.

On the capitalist side two things have been noticeable from the beginning. The first of these is that the majority of the members of the Chamber of Deputies have not even pretended to represent the workingclass. If the 10,000 employes of the post and telegraph were the only workers concerned this attitude on the part of the deputies would not be remarkable. Government employees have long been regarded as the property of the ministry. They are even forced to vote in favor of the government that happens to be in power. Their days are long, their wages are small, they are denied the rights accorded to other workers—and have been from the beginning. So they have little to expect in the way of attention. If they stood alone it would be quite natural for the ministry to say, as it actually did, that it was defending the nation as a whole against the demands of a small group. But the working class all over the country made it very clear that it sided with the strikers; that hundreds of thousands of workers were in favor of granting the demands of the postal employes. Did this have

any effect? Not the least—till Paris was isolated and business had almost come to a standstill. Not till business was interefered with did the majority of the deputies take notice. On March 22nd, just before the final agreement was concluded, M. Clemenceau told a committee of the strikers that he could not consider the dismissal of M. Simyan, the offending under-secretary; and as to the other demands, he could promise no reform in the treatment of employes—in fact all he could do was to make a declaration of personal good will; the government would be generous! There was not even the least pretense to sympathy or justice. And this attitude of M. Clemenceau the Chamber of Deputies supported by a vote of 344 to 138.

But another feature of the governmental policy is even more instructive. the terms of the agreement which ended the first strike were made as vague as possible, and no sooner had the strike been called off than the Prime Minister recommenced his old tactics. Promises counted for nothing; he seemed bent on avenging himself by humiliating the workers. He had given his word for example, not to prosecute anyone for participation in the activities of the strike. On the day that saw the end of the struggle the strikers had had put up posters proclaiming their victory and saying that the work of M. Simyan was to be undone, that he was no longer to be recognized as their superior. At that time, of course, M. Simyan had been so disgraced that everyone took for granted that he was to be dropped. On the 25th M. Clemenceau sent out official notice to the effect that the authors of this poster were to be discovered and punished. Fortunately the employes had anticipated something of this sort; their committee was still intact and they were ready for action. Immediately a great protest meetiong was called and a delegation waited on M. Clemenceau. On the 26th the matter was violently debated in the Chamber. Jaurés was at his best and the ministry was hard put to it for excuses. Finally a motion was passed in favor of giving associations of government employes a legal status, but denying the right to strike. The next day M. Clemenceau backed down completely so far as the affair of the poster was concerned.

But just a month later his old policy was again put into operation. Seven postal employes were summoned by personal letter and informed that they would be expected to appear before a court to answer to a variety of charges. One was accused of having spoken in a public meeting in favor of organizing a May Day celebration in conjunction with workingmen not governmental employes! Another was to answer for the same crime and in addition to explain why he had called MM. Clemenceau and Briand renegades. The other crimes recited were of like nature. These seven governmental employes had called meetings, advocated working class solidarity and denounced the ministry. No other misdemeanors were alleged—except that in one case a man was charged with having advocated antimilitarism and antipatriotism.

On April 30th the ministry formally decided to bring the seven up for trial, and on the following day they were suspended. The trial was set for May 8th. On May 3d a number of other employes were suspended on similar charges.

The latest French paper I have seen bears the date of May 7th, so I do not know the details of the trial. But if we may judge from subsequent events it seems clear that the accused were found guilty.

This recital makes it plain that the government did not keep its pledges. If it did not promise to dismiss M. Simyan, it certainly did engage itself to reform the administration of the postal department and to refrain from the persecution

of individual employes. And these things it has not done.

Meantime the employes have been alive to every turn in the situation. The attacks of March 25th and April 27th were met by the calling of monster protest meetings. On May 6th a formal statement of the case against the government was printed and spread broadcast. The acts of the ministry were recited in detail and the men were warned to hold themselves ready for another strike. On the same day a committee of employes' association, having been denied an audience by M. Clemenceau, replied by taking the steps necessary to organization as a syndicat, or regular labor union, with the rights of other labor organizations. This deliberate act meant a new struggle. The chamber of deputies took up the whole matter for discussion, but without coming to any conclusion. So there was nothing left but to declare a strike; and this was done on May 11th. Enthusiastic meetings were held, and the support of the working class was even more nearly unanimous than before.

At the present writing (May 21st) the struggle is still on. The government is better prepared than it was in case of the former strike. In connection with chambers of commerce, banks, etc., it has arranged a temporary mail service. The general strike which was called ended in apparent failure. Just what the immediate outcome will be it is impossible to say.

In the meantime a number of things seem certain. (1) Whatever the immediate result the struggle will go on. The government is blindly determined, and the working class is thoroughly aroused. (2) The fight is being prosecuted on a strictly revolutionary basis. The ministry maintains that the employes must submit to authority; the employes maintain that they have right to a voice in the management of their department. That is, it is the fundamental principle of capitalist organization which is at stake. (3) The government has proved before the eyes of all the world the reality of the class-struggle. After what has happened no one can possibly maintain that a republican legislative body represents the interests of the working class. All the deputies except the socialists took their stand openly in favor of breaking pledges made to the workers. (4) Events have shown that the revolutionary strike is the best immediate weapon of the proletariat. Appeals to reason, justice, sympathy—all were ineffective. Everything the employes gained was won by the use of industrial power. (5) A number of bye elections which occurred on April 25th showed that the lessons learned in the industrial conflict are to be applied at the ballot box. The socialist vote was increased beyond all expectations. One real fight in which the politicians were forced to line up and show their colors has done more to enlighten the French people than years of propaganda work.

ENGLAND. I. L. P. Tactics. The annual conference of the Independent Labor Party met at Edinborough during the Easter holidays. The debates were heated and their outcome spectacular—so spectacular, in fact, that little else has been talked of recently in English labor and socialist papers. Nevertheless the significance of the whole affair is by no means clear.

The discussion, of course, centered round the relation of the I. L. P. to the Labor Party. As was expected, the widespread dissatisfaction with the Labor members of Parliament came to effective expression. In the first place, a motion was introduced to break the alliance with the Labor party and hereafter present I. L. P. candidates as socialists. This motion was lost by a rather large majority. The next move of the malcontents took the form of a resolution in favor of greater independence of action within the alliance. At present the I. L. P. is not permitted to run its

own candidates on a separate ticket even if it is willing to bear the expenses. The resolution proposed that in general the party co-operate with the other members of the alliance to elect common candidates, but in case it feels itself strong enough in any constituency it take the liberty to put up independent candidates. The Administrative Committee fought this resolution, and the vote in favor of it may be taken as a measure of the opposition to the party policy; the vote stood 244 to 123. But this did not end the struggle. Unfortunately personal elements entered in and beclouded the whole discussion. Victor Grayson and Keir Hardie, representing the opposing factions, seemed bent on having a fight to the finish. The next motion introduced was of a nature calculated to bring them to close quarters; it proposed to cut off the salary of members of parliament unless they signed the constitution of the Labor Party. This was plainly directed at Grayson, who has insisted on acting independently. After a debate bristling with bitter personalities the motion was carried by a large majority. This was a decisive victory for the Administration Committee. And when the old members of this committee were re-elected their trimph seemed complete.

At this point, however, affairs took a turn which upset all calculations. In the report of the committee appeared two paragraphs having reference to Grayson. It was told how he recently refused to speak from the same platform with Keir Hardie, and how consequently the committee had cancelled Grayson's dates under its auspices. "After lengthy discussion," in the words of F. W. Jowett, "the conference, more with a desire to heal the breach between the two sections than for any other reason—and feeling that in the essential matter concerning the I. L. P. policy the conference had overwhelmingly decided on the side of the leaders—conceded to the malcontents the two paragraphs and referred them back." This action seems quite simple and intelligible. The conference showed all through that it had a good deal of sympathy with Grayson and his supporters, and it was not interested in personal quarrels. But, taking this action as a pretext, four members of the Administrative Committee handed in their resignations. These were: Keir Hardie, Ramsay Macdonald, Philip Snowden and Bruce Glazier.

This dramatic coup seems to have been an absolute failure. New members were elected to the committee and the work of the party goes on quietly along the old lines. But in the papers there has been a tremendous outcry, and the issue has been so buried in words that nobody seems to know exactly what has happened. My impression is that all the excited talk has little significance, that the rank and file of the I. L. P. is little affected. It is dissatisfied, it is more revolutionary than its leaders, but it has not lost faith in its old tactics. The progress of revolutionism is steady but slow—and especially slow to break with accepted forms of organization.

Position of the S. D. P. Another conference occurred at Easter time, that of the Social Democratic Party. I have read the reports of this conference with a good deal of care, trying to find something to show that the S. D. P. leaders are rising to the present situation. But I must confess to being disappointed. Engels would seem to have been right when he referred to one of these leaders as a mere sectarian; were he here now he would probably include certain of the others. It is not so much any particular thing that was done as the general tone of the proceedings. One feels that for these men there are no problems, everything has been settled. For example, when a motion was introduced looking toward the affiliation of the S. D. P. with the Labor Party it was merely laughed at. No one would expect it to be accepted, but such a motion opened up the whole problem of the socialist-labor situation in England, and one might have expected a serious discussion.



WORLD OF LABOR



BY MAX S. HAYES

Amusing things are happening these days. It appears as though leopards are changing their spots. The Hons. J. W. Van Cleave, C. W. Post and David M. Parry, leaders in the union-smashing brigade, are proclaiming themselves the "best friends" that organized labor has, or perhaps ever will have. Mr. Van Cleave so stated at New Orleans in an interview, and Mr. Post has repeated the sentiment quite frequently, so much so that he has apparently ceased to run paid "ads" in the daily newspapers denouncing unions and is taming down in a most wonderful manner.

Possibly these gents have learned from their famous predecessor, the Hon. David M. Parry, now basking in the moonlight of obscurity, that organized labor will not go out of business because they choose to rant and howl against it. And possibly the Hons. Van Cleave, Parry and Post are working a shrewd scheme, similar to the one practiced by "Sissy" Easley, the promoter and sole owner and proprietor of the National Civic Federation. In any event, the Hons. Van Cleave, Parry and Post asseverate that they are the "friends" of organized labor, provided that certain amendments are adopted, but, they declare, they are unequivocably and uncompromisingly opposed to the Socialists.

The unions are all right, they intimate in so many words, if only they would cut out socialism, which they can't stomach, God bless 'em! All the efforts of our newly-found "friends" have been, and will continue to be, directed against the "socialistic abuses" of the unions, such, for instance, as demanding higher wages and shorter hours, which would mean "confiscation" of the wealth produced by Van Cleave, Parry, Post & Co., and which demands are entirely European and consequently un-American.

In taking the tactical position that they do, the Hons. Van Cleave, Parry and Post are logical. It is the old, shelf-worn scheme of "divide and conquer." They have observed the tendency of the workers toward accepting the philosophy of socialism, which means their downfall, and, in order to more easily conquer labor, these middle class plutocrats, aiming to curry the favor of the Rockefellers, Morgans and Harrimans, who are crushing them, are plotting to create a conflict between the radical and conservative elements in the organized labor movement.

They won't succeed. That trick is played out. The radicals are going along with the conservatives, who are now in control of union affairs, in whatever the latter may undertake, and all the while the radical or socialist propaganda will be pushed, persistently and systematically, until it is accepted, just as radical thoughts and ideas throughout the ages have been adopted and progress hastened and a higher civilization established.

The trouble with our "friends" is that they have made no study of the materialistic conception of history, and are as ignorant of social science as are the untutored and pugnacious workers whom they denounce for slugging a scab here and there. The radical, thinking element of the labor movement know the position

they occupy full well, and they do not require any soothsayers to show them what is up the Van Cleave-Parry-Post sleeve. Sleek and smooth as those gentlemen and their votaries may be, they can make up their minds that they are not dealing with dunces when they tackle socialists. The socialists will meet them always. If it is a case of diamond cut diamond, the "Reds" will be there, in or out of the organized labor movement.

It is not improbable that this change of policy among the leaders of the union-smashing brigade, at least so far as Van Cleave is concerned, is also largely influenced by the fact that a great many of the middle class capitalists are becoming somewhat tired of the game to disrupt organized labor. Perhaps they are being bled too hard for financial support or perhaps the big plutes are giving them no thanks and credit for the voluntary sacrifices they have been making. At any rate the petty capitalistsic brethren are beginning to turn on Van Cleave. A short time ago he was roasted to a turn at the Citizens' Alliance meeting in St. Louis and his feelings were injured to such an extent that he resigned the presidency of that body. Now I am informed by a member of the National Association of Manufacturers that a quiet movement has been on foot for nearly a year to dump Van Cleave overboard at the convention of the foregoing organization, but that he smelled a rat and announced his retirement. It is also rumored that the stockholders of the Bucks Stove & Range Co., smarting under the unenviable notoriety gained by that concern in the injunction cases, are planning to oust Van Cleave at the first favorable opportunity that presents itself.

So the changing views of the wily "Jeems" become all the more transparent. From Roosevelt and Taft to "Sissy" Easley the "reform" champions of capitalism have been greatly annoyed by the consistent actions of the Van Cleave-Post-Parry school of smashers. The rough-shod tactics of the latter, according to the diplomatic and smooth gents who train with and run the Civic Federation, were causing the spread of socialistic doctrine more than any other single influence. And it appears that Van Cleave is shrewd enough to see for himself that the vinegar policy has been less helpful to capitalism than the Roosevelt-Taft-Carnegie molasses policy, and so Van and his crowd are starting the "friendship" racket and lambasting the Socialists. There are two reasons why Van Cleave can join the merry gang engaged in "smashing socialism," the first being, as stated above, to divide and conquer the unions, and the second reason is that to hurl defiant speeches and editorials at the socialists distracts the attention of those of his brethren who are reaching for his remunerative job as president of the Bucks Stove concern.

It is really amusing how some wise fellows can allay opposition among their own followers and retain their honorable positions by hollering "wolf" at the socialists. "They're after me! Down with the socialists!" That is the rallying cry that works wonders on certain occasions. Considering their numerical strength the "Reds" are small factors, but when it comes to playing the part of bugaboo and ghost the socialist has got everything faded in ancient and modern times.

The settlement of the miners' trouble in the anthracite region and the prevention of a national suspension by the adoption of a three-year agreement providing for the same conditions that prevailed heretofore, with slight minor concessions from the operators, was perhaps the best thing that could have been done under prevailing circumstances. The truth is that the miners were poorly organized and financially unable to engage in a long siege, and that is pre-

cisely what they would have been compelled to undergo, for the operators were fully aware of the weakness of the union. In fact the most uncompromising element among the mine barons, led by "Divine Rights" Baer, were very anxious that the men should throw down their tools, and were even advocating a 10 per cent reduction of wages to force a strike. They have a surplus of 10,000,000 tons stacked up and hoped to boost prices materially and at the same time batter the union to pieces and starve the men into helpless submission. It was a cold-blooded proposition—but good "business."

However, Baer didn't have his way, and it looks as though he has lost his grip in anthracite mining affairs and that Harriman, the conquering railway magnate, who recently obtained control of the Erie road, is the new power in that industry. Harriman did not want a strike. Whether the interests that he represents had an insufficient surplus of coal accumulated, or whether he feared the widespread agitation that would naturally follow a national strike, is not quite clear—probably both reasons influenced this famous industrial captain. At any rate he put his foot down hard and the "divine rights" gents salaamed, likewise the workers.

In accepting conditions as he found them, President Lewis, of the miners, acted wisely in not leading to slaughter those men who were organized. It is difficult enough nowadays, with capitalism centralized into an almost insurmountable stone wall, for militant, well-drilled, well-organized and financially strong unions to make an impression on that stone wall of plutocracy, let alone an awkward squad or demoralized army such as the anthracite miners are, weakly organized and financed, possessing little or no knowledge of the powers with which they are confronted, and simply pitting their stomachs against the money bags. Witness the contests of the printers for the eight-hour day, which cost them $6,000,000, and that of the hatters in a defensive fight to save their organization, which is running into the millions, both unions among the strongest (if not the strongest) in the American labor movement, and then the reader will begin to get an idea of what labor is up against in this country.

It sounds like, and is, a rehash to point out to the miners and all other trade unionists the necessity of cutting loose from their old ideas and prejudices and looking the new conditions that confront them straight in the face. Locally here and there, the unions may win fights, and at considerable cost, too. But when it comes to a national battle it is a terrible uphill struggle. This is no theory, but an actual condition. I know what I am writing about, for during the past four years I have been on the firing line in the contest waged by the printers, with a half century of organized prestige behind them and a willingness to make the tremendous sacrifices that they did, and with an enemy in front that was not as well fortified as are the capitalists in most trades, and yet we still have quite a number of capitalistic entrenchments to conquer. With all the powers of their capital and their government to support them, the employers are almost invulnerable. But they can be undermined and blown off the backs of the working class. If the toilers will only understand the conditions as they really are and take advantage of their long-neglected weapon, the ballot, they can make themselves masters of the situation.

At their last national convention in Indianapolis the miners, by resolution, declared for socialism. Now let them make good their word—as their fellow-craftsmen are doing in Europe. When the miners and other workers rally to the standard of the socialist party and put themselves in political power the master class and its scabs will learn to be good or get to hell out of the country.

As was predicted in the Review months ago, the industrial battle on the Great Lakes could not be avoided and will probably continue throughout the present season. The Lake Carriers' Association is determined to destroy organized labor so far as its interests are concerned and asks for no compromise and offers none. The marine workers made repeated efforts to arrange a settlement, and even surrender some vital points, provided that the existence of their organizations were not forfeited, but all to no purpose. So there was no option but fight to the bitter end. It is a sorrowful sort of spectacle, this great contest. Here the workers have been struggling and sacrificing for years to upbuild unions that would guarantee them a limited amount of protection, when along comes a capitalistic union and denies them the right that it claims for itself, viz., to organize for the mutual benefit of those enrolled. Thus the class war is on, and during the past month both sides have delivered some powerful hammer blows. It is a give-and-take, rough-and-tumble fight. The unionists have been winning over crews or parts of crews and the corporationists have been running in strike-breakers in droves. No human being can foresee the end.

Much the same condition that prevails in marine circles exists in the hat-making industry. The unionists are successfully laying siege to the hat factories and very few competent strike-breakers are being obtained. On the other hand the union manufactories are running night and day to fill accumulating orders. The strike or lockout has cost each side fully a million dollars, with little prospect of an immediate settlement of the struggle. On top of their other troubles, the hatters have discovered a bogus label that is being placed in scab hats on the market by unscrupulous manufacturers or dealers, who are are attempting to take advantage of the increasing demand being made for union-made hats because of the strike.

Having "smashed socialism" to his entire satisfaction, the Rev. Charles Stelzle, labor commissioner of the Presbyterian church, is now sounding prominent union officials on the subject of forming a "Temperance Fellowship," along the lines of a similar British organization, at the forthcoming convention of the A. F. of L. at Toronto. Rev. Stelzle has written union officers that "the time has come" to take a determined stand on the liquor question. So we'll probably have a "dry" discussion in the Toronto convention, as the hotel and restaurant employes, brewery workers and other crafts are demanding that a stand be made against the prohibition wave.

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Why such a book as **The Bomb**, by Frank Harris, should have created a sensation in England, and then fallen completely flat in this country, is a problem for which I have been quite unable to find a solution. That such a story should appeal strongly to the general novel-reading public of any country is in itself a surprising thing.

The book deals with the bomb-throwing in Chicago in 1886, for which seven men were punished, four of them being "murdered—according to law," as our author says. During those trying days Mr. Harris, who is a journalist by profession, was working upon a London newspaper. The cabled reports from Chicago were so one-sided, and so bitter in their condemnation, that they caused him to believe that there had been a terrible miscarriage of justice, and he made up his mind, so he tells us, that if ever he got the opportunity he would investigate the matter "and see whether the Socialists who had been sent to death deserved the punishment meted out to them amid the jubilation of the capitalistic press." That opportunity came after more than twenty years, in 1907, when Mr. Harris was able to visit Chicago and make a study of the matter. The result of his investigations is given in **The Bomb.**

Those of my readers who are familiar with the details of that great miscarriage of justice will remember that, during the trial, it was brought out that the bomb was actually thrown by one Rudolph Schnaubelt. Mr. Harris makes his story the personal confession of this Schnaubelt, his autobiography. The story keeps very close to the lines of the evidence given at the trial. According to it, the only guilty person among the seven who were convicted was Louis Lingg, who made the bomb, and of whom a remarkably intimate account is given. Mr. Harris makes of Lingg a great and terrible figure, dwarfing all the others in intellect as well as in the bitterness of his hate. The book is strongly written and forms an admirable summary of the whole tragic business. It is published by Michael Kennerley, New York.

* * *

The alienation of the masses from the church is an old plaint. For many years the leaders of the Christian churches have been lamenting over empty pews and asking eagerly why the workingman does not attend the services of the Church in larger numbers. The latest to discuss this problem of "the gulf between the masses of the laboring people and the churches of today" is Mr. C. Bertrand Thompson, who publishes his ideas upon the cause and cure of the separation in a volume of 220 pages, entitled **The Churches and the Wage Earners.**

Of course, Mr. Thompson has his remedy, but it is nothing more than a programme of platitudinous generalities such as one hears at every gathering where the subject is discussed at all.

"The churches must offer the people a modern Christianity in harmony with current modes of thought in history and science." Theological preaching is an utter failure. "The churches must look to the problems of the present rather than of the past." "What the people of today need, and what the ministers ought to give them, is social preaching, discussion of social and economic matters from the highest ethical and religious point of view. The churches must train a new conscience prepared to meet the new temptations of a commercialized age."

From the passages quoted the reader will be able to get a fair view of Mr. Thompson's attitude. He belongs to that great army of religious people who discern clearly enough the causes of the failure of the church, but only dimly perceive its significance. His proffered remedy is a counsel of perfection, for no church in Christiandom could stand honest and thoughtful "social preaching" as described by Mr. Thompson.

One chapter of the book is devoted to "Christianity and Socialism." Following the lead of Professor Francis G. Peabody, of Harvard, of whom indeed Mr. Thompson is little more than an echo, he attacks the contention that Jesus was a Socialist; that Socialism is the logical expression of his teaching. His attack is not so effective as Peabody's, but, many of our Christian comrades who make the mistake of basing their arguments for Socialism upon a few isolated Bible texts would do well to read what both have to say upon this point. It does not follow that in saying this I accept the conclusion of Mr. Thompson that Socialism and Christianity are incompatible; that Socialists cannot accept "the conclusions of Christian ethics," any more than that I approve of the unfair spirit which pervades his entire discussion of the subject. If Mr. Thompson's book is a fair sample of the spirit of the "newer" and "broader" Christianity which he advocates, the old will do quite as well.

I have an instinctive distrust of textmongers. When I come across a chapter in a book like this headed "Atheistic Socialism," and see that the whole literature of the movement has been ransacked to find texts which, when properly isolated from their contexts, support the indictment, I always feel like keeping close hold upon my purse, so to speak. Text-baiting and intellectual dishonesty are almost invariably associated. Had one the necessary time, it would be easy to prove that, in a very large number of cases, perhaps a majority, the passages thus quoted entirely misrepresent the works from which they are forcibly wrested to serve a partisan purpose.

Thus, recently it was my good fortune to lecture in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Henry Ward Beecher's old church. At the close of the lecture, one of the most prominent members of the church arose and quoted from a pamphlet which he claimed to have obtained from the office of the **Outlook**. He further claimed that the pamphlet had been very carefully studied by Mr. Roosevelt, who had marked certain passages in it. Now one of these passages made Karl Marx responsible for a terrific onslaught upon the family, calling it a system of prostitution and claiming that Socialism would do away with the whole system of marriage. The pamphlet was written by a Catholic priest, a Jesuit, and the alleged "quotation" was manufactured. The crafty Jesuit simply took some words of Marx which bore an entirely opposite meaning, and then interpolated and eliminated and twisted to make the passage suit his case. A more impudent literary forgery it would be impossible to name. Fortunately, I was able to expose it at the meeting, much

to the discomfiture of the "prominent member" referred to.

Mr. Thompson not only follows very closely Professor Peabody's "Jesus Christ and the Social Question," but makes acknowledgment of the latter's assistance. Now, upon page 16 of Professor Peabody's book Marx is quoted as making a sweeping attack upon religion—an ideological outburst which Marx could not by any possibility have written. The same passage was quoted by a New York Labor "leader" and he was hailed by Mr. Roosevelt, who was then in office, as the savior of the nation from Socialism. At that time, in the New York press, I fully exposed the trick. The "quotation" was not from Marx at all, but from a bitter enemy of Socialism, Wilhelm Marr, the anti-semite humbug, whom Marx despised. Professor Peabody, when I called his attention to the matter, undertook to see that the passage was deleted from any further editions of his book. But now Mr. Thompson, despite his working with Professor Peabody, reproduces the passage on pages 134-135 of his book, giving as his reference an article in the "Pall Mall Magazine." So it becomes necessary once more to expose the lie. Should any of my readers desire to get the exact particulars concerning this passage which is so constantly used by unscrupulous opponents, they will be found on pages 69-70 of the new enlarged edition of my "Socialism" (1909). Time and space alike prevent investigation of other alleged quotations, equally shady.

"The Churches and the Wage Earners" is the product of a mind that faces both ways at once. Forced to admit the failure of the churches, and making admissions which obviously lacerate his heart, he is moved to spiteful wrath at the progress of Socialism, both within and without the churches. Like the proverbial attorney with a bad case, he resorts to the expedient of abusing the lawyer for the plaintiff. To my mind, the dominant characteristics of the book are its onesidedness and its insincerity. As an "attack" upon Socialism it is rather a week popgun. The book is published by Scribners Sons, New York.

* * *

Comrade Kropotkin is the title of a useful little biographical sketch of the great Anarchist-Communist, to give Peter Kropotkin the rather self-contradictory title he claims for himself. Its author, Victor Robinson, is a young man of marked ability and literary ambition who may do good and valuable work if he can only be induced to drop all his affectations and write simply. He seems, unfortunately, to have been influenced by Elbert Hubbard to such an extent that his literary style has most of the Fra's vices and almost none of his virtues. Curiously enough, he falls foul of his hero, Kropotkin, and laments his lack of literary style! When Mr. Robinson can attain a style nearly equal to that of Kropotkin's "Mutual Aid," for instance, or the "Memoirs of a Revolutionist," he will be a much better literary craftsman than he is today. For the present, he needs most of all to forget Fra Elbertus, whose style at its best is not worth copying, and, above all, to eschew adjectives. He weakens his sentences by loading them with adjectives. The use of the adjective is very perilous for a young writer, and I am half inclined to agree with whoever it was that said "no person under forty years of age has any business using adjectives." So much I say because of the ambitious programme Mr. Robinson has sketched out for himself, and because of the promise his work contains in spite of all its youthful shortcomings.

* * *

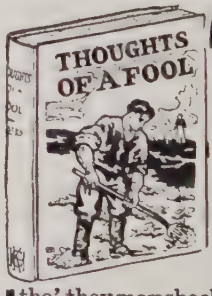
Victor Grayson, M. P., the stormy petrel of the English Labor Party, and Mr. G. R. S. Taylor have written in

collaboration a book entitled, **The Problem of Parliament, a Criticism and A Remedy,** which forms an interesting contribution to the current discussion of Socialist political policies. The book is a rather vigorous criticism of the British Labor Party and its methods, but it is by no means devoid of interest for the American Socialist, especially at this time when so much is being said concerning the possibility of the formation of a Labor Party here patterned after the English model.

The authors find it an easy task to show the weakness of the Labor Party by appealing to its parliamentary record. They argue that the Socialists in the party hold a peculiarly anomalous position; that at every step they are compelled, in order to keep the combination intact, to subordinate their Socialism in deference to the pure and simple trades unionists in the party. In place of the existing combination, which more or less completely paralyzes the Socialists, they would have a Labor Party, composed of the non-Socialists of the organized labor movement, and a distinctively Socialist Party. No matter how small the representation of such a Socialist Party in the House of Commons might be, the strength of Socialism would be greater than under the present system. Upon all matters relating to the trades union programme it is practically certain that the Socialists would act with the Labor Party, so that there would be no actual weakening for practical work. At the same time, they argue, the Socialists as an independent group would not be under the necessity of subordinating their Socalist programme, and consequently there would be a much more aggressive Socialist force in parliament. The Socialist Party, our authors believe, should be comprised of representatives of the various Socialist bodies, each retaining its own separate organization, but uniting for electoral purposes upon exactly the same principles as the Labor Party is now constituted. The book is published by the New Age Press, London.

* * *

From the same publishers comes a little book by G. R. S. Taylor, one of the authors of the book just noticed. It is entitled **Leaders of Socialism,** and consists of a series of "interpretative sketches" of the following: Owen, Saint-Simon, Fourier, Louis Blanc, Lassalle, Marx, Hyndman, Sidney Webb, Keir Hardie, Bernard Shaw, Jaurés, William Morris and Robert Blatchford. It is rather an inconsequential sort of a book. The biographical information contained in the sketches is of the slightest, while the "interpretations" are not particularly illuminating. Of all the Socialists of all time Jean Jaurés seems to Mr. Taylor to be the greatest and most nearly full-rounded. As for living English Socialists, if the government had the power to tie up all the Socialists of England in one fatal sackful and to grant that only one solitary Socialist might be spared, the one to be spared fo maintain the fight should be H. M. Hyndman. Upon the whole, the book is a fair sample of the superficially clever products of some of our young English "Intellectuals" of a smart type.



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SERIOUS THOUGHTS. Fellow industrial proletarians, what shall we do with the "educated socialist" and the "respectable socialist?" It is plainly evident that we must do something with these well-meaning comrades. We must remand them to the rear or repudiate them if we want to establish the Industrial Republic. This is plain as can be. Behold the Socialist movement in the United States today! It is really in a deplorable state of confusion. One day the cry is "Votes for Women," the next day, "Down with Hinky Dink," the next, "Hurrah for 3-cent fares," "Down with the Japs," and the rest of the incessant nonsense that has emanated from the councils of our "leaders." We do not want benevolent feudalism; we want socialism. We want to abolish the competitive system; we want to establish the Social Republic. We are not interested in "grafters," "Votes for Women," "Right to Work" and the rest of the nonsense that is heralded as "immediate demands." We have only one "immediate demand," and that is the abolition of capitalism. We proletarians have no time to waste on "Votes for Women," "3-cent fares," "right to work," etc. We do not care about "The Spiritual Significance of Socialism." We proletarians are tired; we want a rest; we want to stop feeding, clothing and sheltering those ingrates who murder, starve and jail us outlawed proletarians. We care not whether Socialism is or is not "artistic," "spiritual," "moral" or "immoral." We want to stop washing the dirty clothes of the present idle wasteful ruling class and use our time and energy to plant something to eat, to make clothes for ourselves, to build ourselves houses to live in, to take long spells of rest, to spend a day or two or a week or two lying under the shade of a tree—eh, fellow-workers, would it not feel pleasant to lie on some green grass now instead of slaving in a poisonous workshop making "artistic" furniture for the brutal rich! "Right you are," I hear you answer. Rest, rest, rest, is what we weary proletarians want and that we behold in Socialism; that is the producing class will only have to work a few hours every day and then we can spend many, many hours lying on the grass beneath the shade of a tree. We are tired of work, work, work. We are dissatisfied with the present "civilization." We want Socialism. If we can't get Socialism, then we shall abolish the present "civilization" anyhow, for no matter what the result will be, we are positive that we shall get more rest than what we do now. We won't have to slave at night by the aid of electricity, making "works of art" for a lot of vampires. So then, fellow Socialists, increase and swell the cry "Away with Capitalism" and stop the foolish chatter about "Spiritual Significance of Socialism," "Votes for Women," "Right to Work," etc.

CHARLES O. KOHLER.

"THE PROLETARIAN ATTITUDE." I read with much interest the article

of Comrade Duchez on the above subject, in the April Review.

I think I can sympathize fully with his view of the Socialist situation, although I am not a coal miner, yet for the greater part of my life have worked for capitalist employers. Still in some respects I do not view the question just as he seems to. He draws a sharp and distinct line between the honest and conscientious "intellectual" and the "proletarian" Socialists.

It seems to me his definition and classification of the two elements in the movement are unnecessarily emphasized. In fact, I cannot see why such a distinction ought to be drawn at all.

A man or woman may be both an "intellectual" and a "proletarian" at one and the same time, surely. Many people in the movement who would be called "intellectual" are at the same time "proletarian," which, if I understand the definition of the word means a wage worker. I do not know where the line would be drawn in defining the two. If book education gives one the right to the title of an "intellectual," who can say just what kind of an education is necessary or what manner of diploma he must have? And, again, who can draw the line between the workers in different industrial pursuits and say who are entitled to be called "proletarians" and sift out those who are not entitled to that distinction?

As I said before, I am not a coal miner, neither am I a boiler maker, a carpenter or a blacksmith, yet for many years have worked for wages and earned my living as a bookkeeper, and feel that I am as much entitled to be called a "proletarian" as our comrade who is a coal miner. Both of us are filling our places as necessary wage slaves under the Capitalist System, and our interests are truly identical in working to change that system. We both work for capitalist corporations, both have to depend upon our physical and mental powers for the things necessary to our existence and that of our loved ones dependent on us, and I am at a loss to know why it is necessary or expedient to work up feeling and animosity over hair splitting points of this kind when it would seem our whole strength and time, which we can devote to the cause, might better be used to educate our brother workers in all lines to see the class struggle as we see it, and thereby undermine the strength and power of our common enemy, the capitalist system.

Our comrade draws the line sharply between the "intellectuals" and "proletarians," classing himself with the latter, where he certainly belongs, yet I would as surely place him with the "intellectuals" and prove my contention by his own, well written article.

If some, outside of our movement, wish to classify us as "intellectuals" or outside of that "crowd" simply on the score of a college or higher education, let them do so, but let us not lose sight of the fact, which is recognized by many people, that education, practical, vital education, requires something more than having the diploma of a college or university.

I most assuredly agree with our comrade that we must zealously and jealously watch our movement, and not allow the power to fall into the hands of any but thoroughly grounded in the faith, class conscious, proletarian socialists, but we should at the same time be broad enough to take in all wage-working, class conscious socialists under that head, and pick out the best material from among the great variety of useful workers to fill positions of trust. All are needed and have their place in the movement, and we certainly cannot afford to exclude any whose hearts are right simply because they do not work at our kind of labor.

We, the workers must recognize our brother wage-workers in all callings and give each and everyone the benefit of our comradeship and credit for what he is doing for the common cause.

"Workers of the world"—**ALL** workers—that is all who live by the efforts of their own labor—"unite."

Only in this way can we hope to overthrow capitalism and establish a co-operative commonwealth of all the workers. T. J. MAXWELL.

THE NEBRASKA SITUATION. In answer to your inquiry about the Nebraska movement would say that I feel proud to be, for the present, a part of this growing state movement. As for "factionalism," about which you, no doubt, feel concerned, I know little about it, have heard little about it, have encountered next to none of it. Socialist consciousness is moving in an economically determined course. Everybody is something—knows something, and knows it better than anybody else does. There are none great, except by comparison. All covet opportunity.

The Socialists of Nebraska are building the foundation for a state movement that will, ere long, give a good account of itself.

Capitalism is not so much evolving in Nebraska as it is being imported. The Nebraskan conforms to capitalism reluctantly.

The doctrine of Nebraska has been: "Every man serve himself." He does not readily conform to the doctrine of many men serve the few. Capitalism has in reality been transplanted in Nebraska.

He is yet of the generation who staked their own claims. He does not like the idea of dividing up with the idle rich, once you are able to "show him." The Nebraskan is just "sore" enough about something, he knows little about, to

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listen to what the other fellow thinks he knows.

Superstitions and traditions are not the fixed quantity of the east. Leaders, whose type thrive in the east, must handle their "buncome" in Nebraska with care. The Nebraskan is not a good subject for exploitation. He enjoys just enough good things to want to enjoy more.

The Nebraskan is not, as the New Yorkers sometimes think, putting his "trigger" finger through a course of physical culture, but he retains just enough spirit of western justice to enjoy a "square deal," and to fight for it. To show him is the problem. Not a problem of his intelligence but a problem of reaching him.

In the northeastern portion of the state, Socialism has little foothold. No other section of the country is more ready for socialist propaganda. Here we are in need of local socialists who understand propaganda. It is also a question of raising expenses of propaganda.

To make finished politicians of the voting socialists is a question of how to carry to them, somehow, the science of organization.

The Nebraskan Socialists, like the majority of others, have fallen into the error of believing that socialism must win just because its philosophy is sound. The Socialists have yet to learn that Socialism will win only as we make it win.

Who can word the science of organization so that it will be understandable, irrefutable, clean cut and defined? The writer who can and will do this will do the socialist party a valuable service.

CLYDE J. WRIGHT.

THE AIM OF SOCIALISM. "In its normal form, the circulation of commodities demands the exchange of equiv-

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alents."—K. Marx's Capital, Vol. I, page 178.

This statement is so definite that it must either be explained as it stands or rejected. Contemplating first then that commodity which is the arch-source of all others, "labor power," we find that its value is determined by the average labor time necessary for its production. Whether therefore a working man receives 50 cents or $5 per day, whatever wages he receives is equal in value to the average labor time necessary to produce his labor power, or to the value of his means of subsistence—and so we find that in this case indeed equal values are exchanged, for practically all the money paid for wages is in its turn converted into means of subsistence. Applying the above definition to the values of all other commodities we arrive at the same conclusion, what is popularly considered a kind of arbitrary overcharge over and above the value on the part of the capitalist and which goes under the designations Profit, Rent and Interest, is in reality nothing but part of the value of commodities—namely, that part which is produced during the time given by the laborer gratis to the capitalist. But this part of the value should properly be recovered by the former instead of being filched as it is by the latter, and it should serve to increase the value of his labor-power, i. e., of his means of subsistence (by increase in value is here to be understood an increase in quantity and quality) and to provide him with a living worthy of human beings. That is what Socialism seeks to accomplish and if that is going to lead to barbarism, then let it be so, Mr. Roosevelt. Capitalism will be stopped when the laborer shall receive the value of his product instead of the value of his labor power.

J. ROSENSTEIN.

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A REPLY. Dr. Thomas C. Hall's somewhat belated contribution to the May issue of the I. S. R. can hardly be considered as an answer to my article in the number of the Review for August last year. The learned Doctor does not even attempt to refute my arguments, beyond labeling them "dogmatic." He insists on being classed with Catholic priests, orthodox Greek popes, Mohammedan dervishes and Jewish rabbis. De gustibus non disputandum est. . . "Men of good will" are always welcome in the socialist camp, no matter what they believe or do not believe in. What socialists have to guard against is false pretense, so very characteristic of expiring creeds. It was always considered bad manners to tell the truth, but I am in that respect at least in good company. That I am not a dogmatist all those who read my writings will testify. I am at least as tolerant in matters of religious creeds as some Christian socialists. One accusation of my esteemed opponent is true: I did not study theology, astrology, necromancy, occultism and similar "Sciences." Mea culpa, mea maxima! However, I did not discuss "theology, but the mutual relation between the institutional church and socialism. I hope to subject Dr. Hall's article to a detailed analysis in the Truthseeker in the near future.

Yours fraternally,

ISADOR LADOFF.

PORTLAND, OREGON. State Secretary Sladden of the Socialist Party sends us clippings from one of the leading capitalist papers reporting a parade of union men and socialists as a protest against Judge Wright's decision against Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison. The paper states that between 8,000 and 10,000 union men formed the parade, and that nearly 1,500 of them were socialists. The Portland comrades are to be congratulated on the fact that they are in close and intimate touch with the unions,

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and that without swerving a hair's breadth from the straight road to revolution.

FROM ARKANSAS. I have just finished reading an article in the April number of the International Socialist Review, by Louis Duchez, under caption "The Proletarian Attitude."

For one I would like to acknowledge my hearty concordance. I congratulate the Socialist Party upon having within its ranks, I congratulate myself that there is yet a man who can stand on the ground and talk, whose classification is accurate, the reflex of the things about him, whose discriminating mind selects unfalteringly the course that leads direct, whose understanding and courage expose pitfalls and seduction, who steps boldly up and tears aside the mask of Glory and reveals that it covers no bread and butter. Not a man of yesterday nor tomorrow but a flesh and blood man awake to his position, a man accustomed to doing things, who knows what he wants and is going after it. He will do to follow.

R. ALLEN (*A Railroad Agent*).

MODERN MEXICO, an English duplicate of the Mexican Herald, a governmental organ, says in a recent issue:

"Puebla, April 12.—The English idea of associating in societies when out of work has evidently struck this place, as a number of men, instigated by a certain maniac, formed such a society and were proceeding to upbraid the tyrants of capital and other movements of similar vein. The ringleader was discovered to be crazy and was shut up in the asylum, thus nippipng the movement in the bud."

I send you this clipping because it shows clearly to my mind the way, or one way, capitalists will try to shut socialism out of Mexico. Simple enough. "Why, the man is crazy."

So I think. The socialist who opens up his unanswerable batteries in public in Mexico must be needing the shelter of an asylum. There is no safety in Mexico for free speech.

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PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

FINANCIAL REPORT FOR APRIL.

The **Review** and the book business carried on with it are the property of 2,055 stockholders scattered all over the world. Many of these stockholders are locals or branches of the socialist party, each with many members, so that it is safe to say that most of the readers of the **Review** are directly or indirectly owners of the business. This being the case, we believe it is well worth while to use the space necessary to explain our receipts and expenditures from month to month, so that those who put in the money may know how it is expended. Last month we gave complete figures for March. Here are the figures for April:

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURES.	
Cash balance, April 1	$ 248.27	Manufacture of books	$ 562.02
Book sales	1,543.53	Books purchased	207.05
Review subscriptions and sales	709.82	Printing April Review	477.00
Review advertising	122.50	Review department work	25.00
Sales of stock	172.14	Wages of office clerks	347.10
Loans from stockholders	110.00	Charles H. Kerr, on salary	100.00
Donation from Eugene Dietzgen	250.00	Mary E. Marcy, on salary	85.00
		Postage and expressage	322.37
		Interest	12.00
		Rent	70.00
		Miscellaneous expenses	28.78
		Advertising	602.38
		Copyrights	25.50
		Loans returned to stockholders	127.06
		Cash balance April 30	165.04
Total	$3,156.26	Total	$3,156.26

As compared with March, the **Review** receipts show a very slight decrease, while the expenditures on account of the **Review** are considerably diminished. This is partly explained by the fact that in beginning to supply the **Review** returnable to newsdealers we were obliged at first to print many surplus copies until experience showed which dealers had a steady sale for it. The loss on this score is not yet over, but it is considerably diminished. The book sales are still far below what they should be, but we believe that the circulation of

"What to Read on Socialism," of which we have printed 30,000 copies since the first of May, will tend to increase sales soon. This should also help the sale of stock, which dropped to a low point during April. The donation of $250.00 from Eugene Dietzgen was a timely help, which saved us from what otherwise would have been an embarrassing deficit. Comrade Dietzgen has done his full share, and we must not expect more from that source. But more money is urgently needed to extend the work of the publishing house in the near future. Two of the directors have pledged $125 each, provided a total of $750 is contributed by others. An announcement explaining the need of help has been mailed to all stockholders whose addresses are known and who are thought to be able and willing to help. The special need of ready money at this time was partly explained in last month's **Review.** One new complication has, however, arisen during the month, which makes our need all the more urgent.

Mary E. Marcy, secretary of the publishing house, who has for the last year handled nearly all of the editorial and business correspondence, was taken seriously ill early in April. She kept at her work through sheer force of will, long after she should have given up, and was finally taken to the hospital in a critical condition. She is not yet out of danger, and her recovery can in any event only be slow. This has crippled our work for the last month, and has without doubt been a factor in reducing our receipts, since our correspondence has necessarily been limited to the most essential routine letters, while all plans for the extension of our work are awaiting our secretary's recovery. Lack of ready money has even made it impracticable to employ the temporary help that we really need, and a prompt lift from each stockholder will be necessary to meet the emergency. An appeal was sent out on May 14, and responses are beginning to come in as we go to press. Those who have not answered are urged to do so at once.

Marx's Third Volume. The inevitable delay in typesetting, proofreading, electrotying, printing and binding have put us back in the publication of the third volume of Capital so that copies can not be ready for mailing before the middle of June, and possibly a few days later. But it will be worth waiting for. It will contain 1,048 pages, printed on extra paper and handsomely bound, in style uniform with the previous volumes. Mechanically it will be the best book we have yet published. It will be equal to capitalist books on economics issued at $5.00 a volume, and our price will be $2.00 a volume, with our usual discount to stockholders. Do not fail to read **Ernest Untermann's** article in this issue explaining the contents of the volume.

It is, we trust, well understood that the publication of a signed article does not imply that the editor of the **Review** agrees with all views expressed in it. Comrade Untermann says much that is true and much that is valuable, but we trust that our readers will hold him, not Marx nor the **Review**, responsible for what he says of "industrial monopoly" toward the end of his article. By the way, Marx's third volume contains ample data showing that most of the "high prices" on trust-made goods which are popularly attributed to monopoly are really due to the working of the law of the average rate of profit. In fact Comrade Untermann points this out elsewhere in his article. There will be plenty of controversies over this third volume when our speakers and writers begin to read it. If you want to follow them intelligently, read it yourself, and remember that to understand it you must have read the first and second volumes. The whole set should be in the library of every socialist local.

Bound Volumes of the Review. This number of the **Review** completes its ninth year and volume. Several of the issues of the year are entirely out of print, but we have saved 300 sets of sheets for binding. Early next month the volumes will be ready for delivery in cloth, uniform with previous volumes. The price will be $2.00 postpaid. To stockholders, $1.20 postpaid.

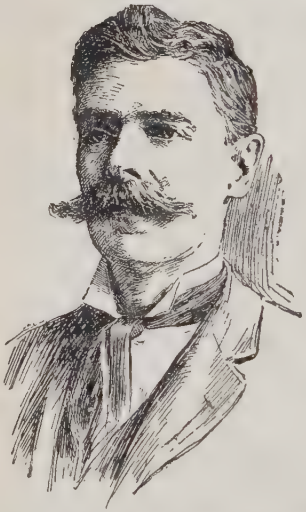
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A Title Page and Index for Volume IX will be mailed free to any subscriber who asks for it promptly. In future we shall probably bind no more volumes in cloth; those who want bound volumes will

have to arrange for their own binding. Let us suggest now that this special offer on bound volumes may interest many librarians, since public libraries are beginning to have an unprecedented call for socialist literature, and the volumes of the **Review** contain a wealth of information on socialism not otherwise obtainable. Remember that this low price will soon be withdrawn.

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